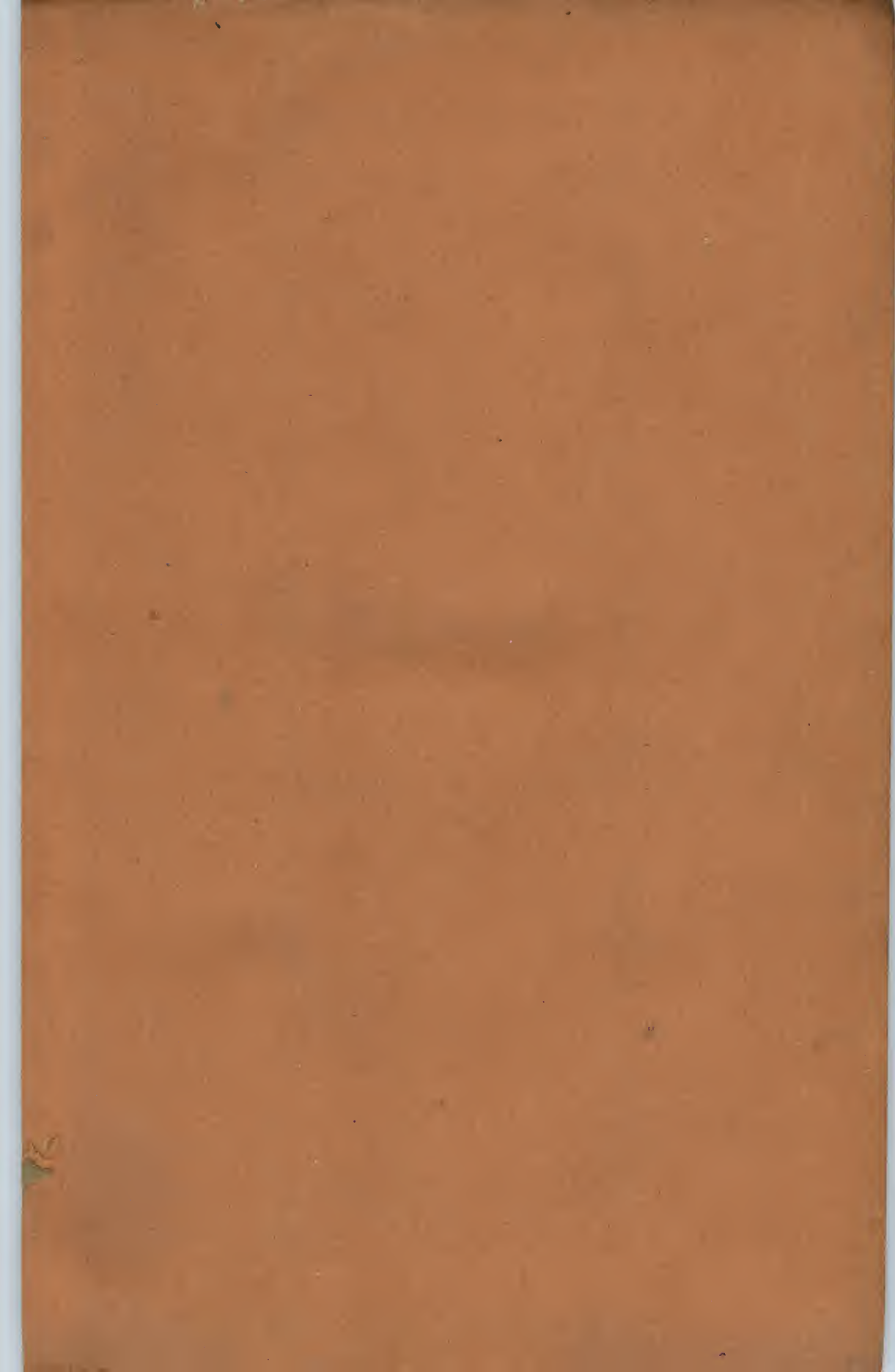
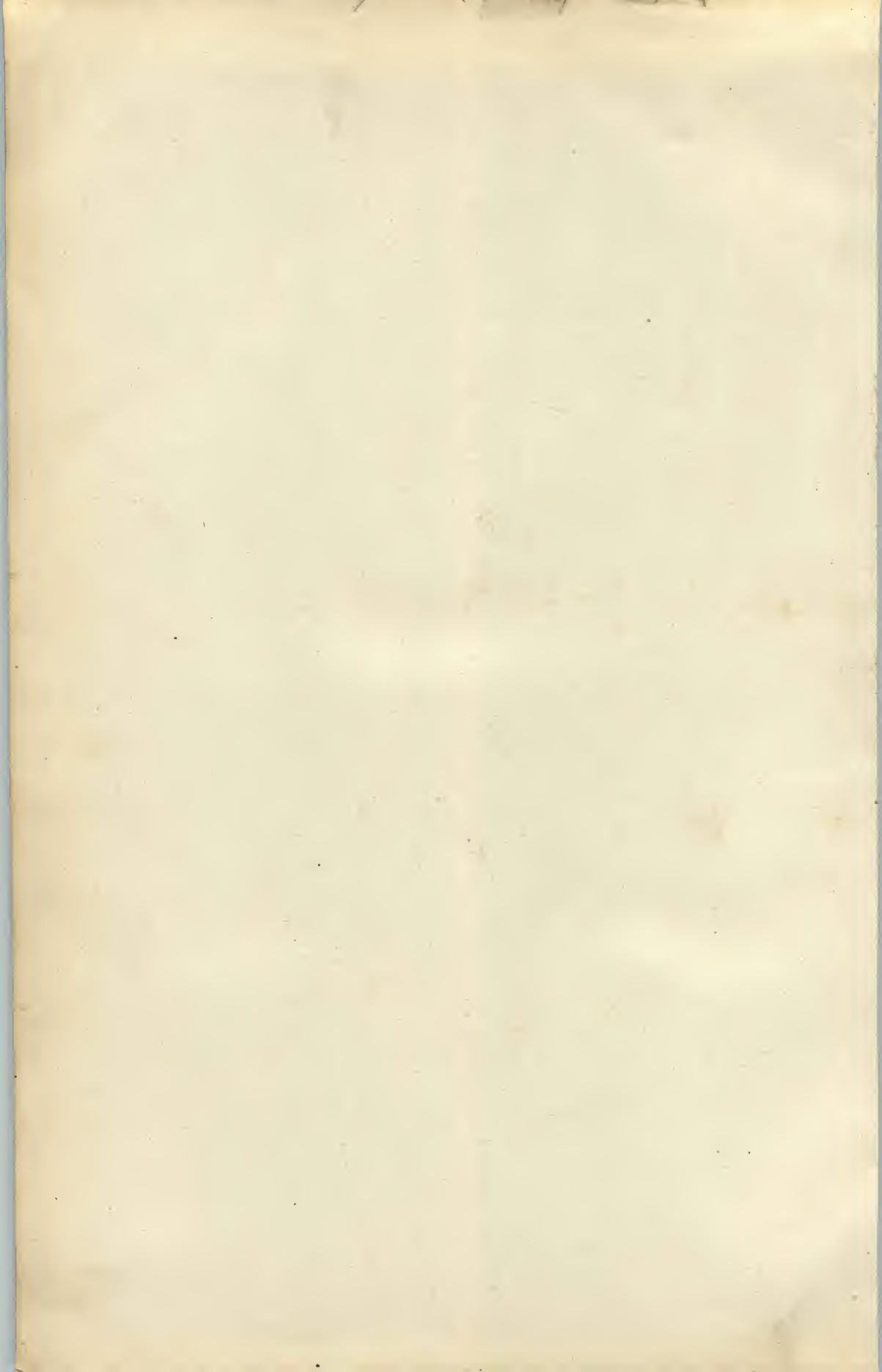
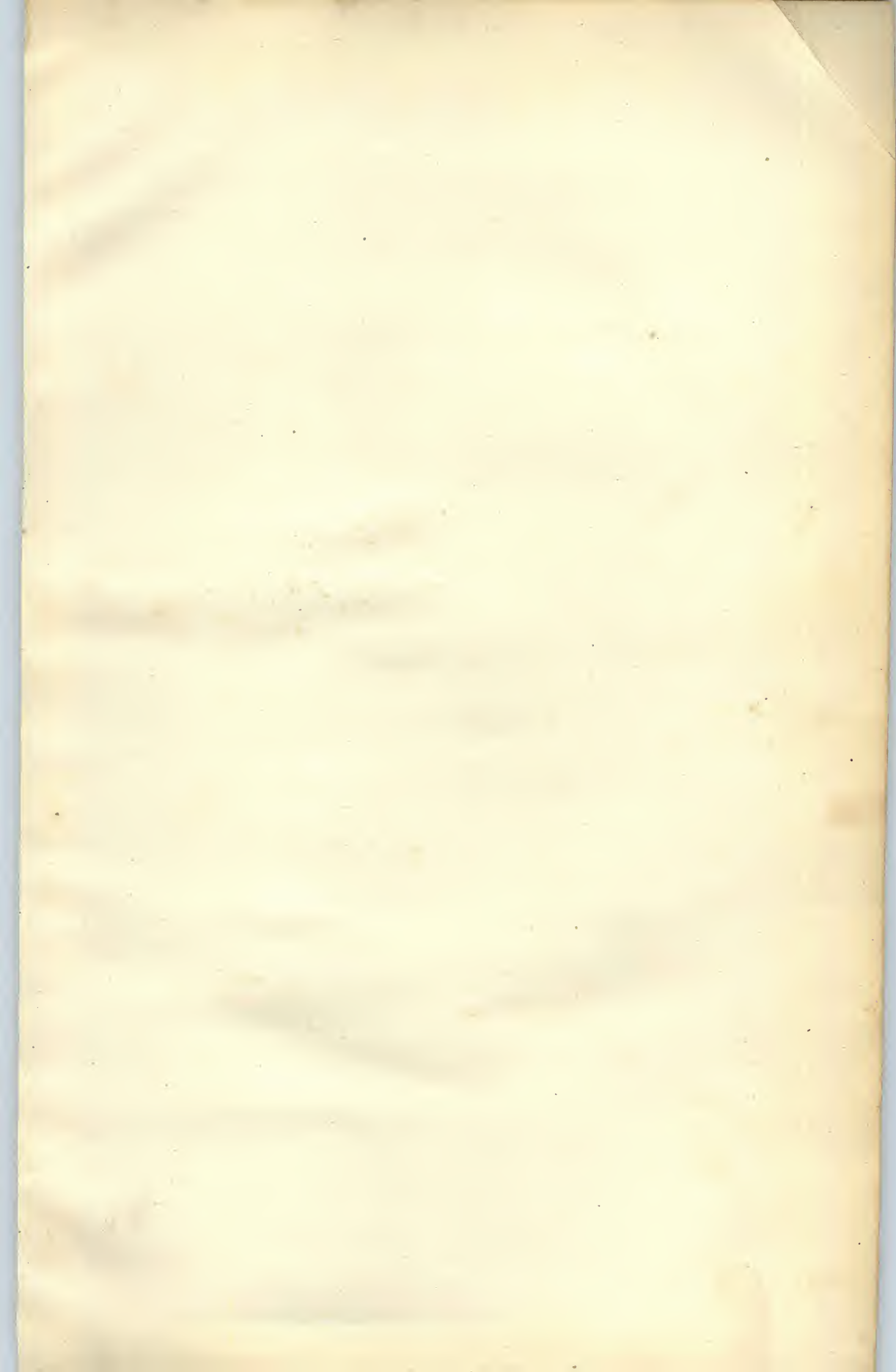












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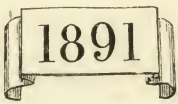


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1891



W. & R. CHAMBERS, LIMITED

LONDON & EDINBURGH



CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

FOR THE PEOPLE OF GREAT BRITAIN

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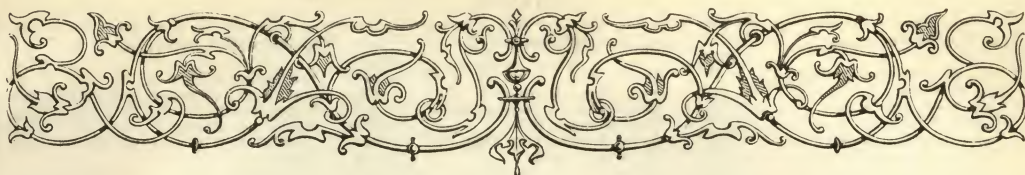
Edinburgh :

Printed by W. & R. Chambers, Limited.



W. & R. Chambers, Limited, Edinburgh.

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CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 366.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 3, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

By GRANT ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,' 'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER I.—BY THE GATE OF THE SEA.

WHEN any man tells you he doesn't know Petherton Episcopi, you may immediately conceive a low opinion of his character and intellect. For all the world, in fact, has been to Petherton. Not, of course, in the same broad sense that all the world has been to Margate and Great Yarmouth; nor yet in the same narrow and restricted sense that all the world has been to Brighton and Scarborough. The vulgar mob that frequents the first, the fashionable mob that frequents the second, would find in Petherton nothing to satisfy their essentially similar and gregarious tastes. Birds of a feather flock together in the crowded promenades of the Spa and the Pierhead. But the quiet, cultivated, nature-loving few, the saving minority who form the salt of the earth (according to Matthew Arnold) in these latter hurrying scurrying centuries, all of them seem by some native instinct or elective affinity to have picked out the very name of Petherton from the list of competing English watering-places at the end of Bradshaw.

You have been there yourself, I feel sure beforehand, so I needn't describe it to you. It is of a type, indeed, with Lyme Regis, and Sherringham, and St Ives, and Overstrand; with Newquay, and Aldeburgh, and Mundesley, and Budleigh Salterton; one of the many unspoilt nooks and corners in a broken gap of rockbound coast, shunned by the vast class of noisy tourists to whom the seaside means only a pier and an esplanade and a military band and a crowd of loungers—but dearly prized by simple old-fashioned souls, like you and me, to whom the seaside is synonymous rather with open cliffs and heather-clad heights and creeping surf and

a broad beach, broken only by the fishermen's boats and the bare brown legs of the shrimpers in the foreground. Hence, when any man tells you he doesn't know Petherton, you may set him down at once with tolerable accuracy in your own mind as a son of the Philistines—a member of the Yarmouth and Scarborough contingent—and take his mental and moral gauge accordingly.

Charles Austen Linnell—he was careful to put the accent, himself, on the last syllable—found Petherton suit him to the very top of his liking. It lies surrounded, as you know, by high sloping hills, with a sea-front undescrated as yet by the financial freaks of the speculative builder, and a tiny stone pier of Plantagenet antiquity, enclosing in its curve one of the quaintest and oldest coasting ports in all England. There are endless 'bits' to sketch in the neighbourhood; and Linnell, who loved to describe himself as 'a painter by trade,' found subjects ready to his hand at every turn of the picturesque old borough. He stood in front of his easel on the west cliff, that summer morning, gazing with ingenuous admiration and delight, first at the cottage with the creeper-covered porch, and then at his own clever counterfeit presentment of the same on the sheet of thick white Whatman's paper stretched out before him. And well he might; for it was a cottage of the almost obsolete poetic type, the thatched and gabled cottage with low overhanging eaves now being rapidly crowded out of existence in the struggle for life by the bare and square brick and slated workman's dwelling-house. Happy the farm-labourer, if only he knew his own good-fortune, the painter mur-

mured half unconsciously to himself (after the second Georgie), whose luck it was to dwell within those pretty, rose-clad, insanitary windows.

As he held his handsome head appreciatively on one side, and surveyed his own work with the complacent smile of the satisfied artist, an unexpected voice from behind startled him suddenly. 'What, Linnell!' the voice cried. 'You here, my dear fellow. I'd no idea of this. How lucky I met you.'

Linnell turned, blushing crimson like a girl. To say the truth, he hated to be caught in the obvious act of admiring his own poor tentative water-colours. 'Ha, ha, the prowling art-critic!' he answered, with a guilty air. 'Our avenging angel! We can never escape him. He dogs the trade like its own evil conscience. I didn't know, Mansel, you were looking over my shoulder and appraising my poor ineffective efforts.'

'Well, that's a nice way to welcome an old friend, after I don't know how many years that we haven't seen one another!' Mansel responded good-humouredly, grasping his hand hard with a friendly pressure. 'I steal upon you unawares from the middle distance, making sure it's you, in the full expectation of a warm reception; and I get called in return an avenging angel, and likened unwarrantably, out of pure wantonness, to the most hateful and baneful of created things, the crawling art-critic. For I, too, you know, have felt the creature bite my heel. I, too, have crushed the loathly worm. I, too, have suspended myself from a hook in Suffolk Street.'

Linnell wrung his old friend's hands warmly, 'You took me so by surprise,' he replied in an apologetic tone. 'I'm afraid you must have thought me an awful fool, surveying my own handiwork with a complacent smirk, as if I were a Cox or a Crome or a Turner. But the fact is, my dear boy, every fellow on earth who paints at all must throw his whole heart into it; he must cultivate egotism, and believe in himself, or he'll never get other people to believe in him. Not that I believe in myself, for one moment, at bottom: I know I'm not worth a crooked sixpence, viewed as a painter. But don't think I didn't know you for a fellow-journeyman. I've seen your name at the Institute often, and admired your work, too, if you'll allow me to say so. It's queer, indeed, we've never knocked up against one another accidentally anywhere since we left Christ Church.'

'Well, not so queer,' the other replied, 'if you take into consideration the patent fact that you go and bury yourself for half the year in the wilds of Africa, and only come to England for the other half, when all the rest of us are hard at work in Cornwall, or the Highlands, or Norway, or Switzerland. Very few artists frequent the desert in mid December, and you never show up in winter in London.'

Linnell blushed again, this time with a faint flush of visible pleasure. 'You knew, then, that I spent the best part of my time in Egypt or Algiers?' he murmured timidly.

'My dear fellow, how could I call myself alive, I should like to know, if I hadn't admired those Moorish maidens with the wistful dark eyes and the Mohammedan voluptuousness, or those dim streets where veiled beauties mysteriously descend interminable steps of the native quarter, which testify to your existence in the Grosvenor annually? Not to know them would argue myself unknown with a vengeance. Everybody worth naming has seen and praised your glossy Nubians and your dreamy Arab girls.'

'No; have they, though, really?' Linnell echoed back with eager delight. 'I didn't know any one (except the critics, confound them!) ever took the trouble to notice my things. There's so much good work in the Grosvenor always, that one naturally expects the *lesser* men to be passed by unheeded.'

'Besides,' Mansel continued, without rising to the fly, 'I've heard of you now and again from our neighbours, the Maitlands, who keep a villa or something of the sort over yonder at Algiers, and made your acquaintance there, you remember, last winter.'

Linnell's too expressive face fell slightly. If the secret must out, he preferred to be tracked by his handicraft alone. 'Why, yes,' he answered in a disappointed tone; 'of course I know the Maitlands well. It's through them, to tell you the truth, that I'm here this summer. The old General knocked up against me in town last week, and asked me to run down and stop with them at High Ash. But I wouldn't accept the invitation outright, of course: I hate visiting—cramps individuality: I always like to be my own master. Besides, they've got a girl in the house, you see, and I bar girls, especially that one. She's a great deal too much up in the clouds for me, and she makes me fidgety. I prefer women who keep their feet planted on the solid ground. I was born on the earth, and I like to stop there. However, the old man's account of the place pleased me, and I've come down to stop at the Red Lion, accordingly, and do some sketching—or at least what I take, myself, for sketching—among the cliffs and cottages.—From what you say, then, I infer you abide here.'

'You infer like a treatise on deductive logic. We do abide here. We've got a bit of a *pied-à-terre* in a humble way on the hilltop yonder. A poor thing, but mine own. You must come and lunch with us this very morning.'

'Thanks. It's awfully good of you to think of bidding me. But you're married, I see. Inference again: you said *we*. Perhaps Mrs Mansel won't be equally glad to see a perfect stranger at a moment's notice. Ladies object to the uninvited guest, not unreasonably. I'm not

an old Oxford friend of *hers*, too, you know, my dear fellow.'

Mansel laughed. 'Oh, Ida won't mind, I'm sure,' he answered hastily, though with the internal qualms of the well-trained husband. 'She's quite accustomed to my Bohemian habits. I insist upon going out into the highways and byways and bringing home whomever I light upon.—That's a pretty sketch of yours. As smooth as usual. Your quality's so good! and so much depth and breadth in the shadows of the door-way!'

Linnell put his head on one side once more, with a dubious air. 'Do you really think so?' he said, evidently reassured. 'Well, that's a comfort. I'm so glad you like it. I was afraid, myself, the grays and yellows in the thatch were all wrong. They've bothered me terribly. Would you put a touch or so more of olive green for local colour in the dark corner by the deep red creeper there? I'm not quite sure I've brought out the complementary shades under the eaves distinct enough.'

'Not another stroke!' Mansel answered decisively, eyeing it hard with his arms crossed. 'Not a dash! not a tinge! not a jot! not a thought even! You'd spoil the whole picture if you altered a single bit of the colouring there, I assure you. That's the fault of your detail, I've always said, if you won't be offended at an old friend's criticism. You spoil your best work by over-elaboration. I can see at a glance in all your most careful pieces—oh yes, I've studied them in Bond Street, you may be sure'—for Linnell had waved his hand deprecatingly—'that you do a good thing, and you do it to a turn, and then you're afraid to leave well alone; so you touch it up, and you touch it up, and you touch it up again, till all the breadth and force is taken clean out of it, and only the detail and the after-thoughts are left on your canvas.'

Linnell shook his head with a despondent air. 'It's too true,' he said slowly. 'I know it only too well myself already.'

'Well, then,' his friend answered with the prompt brusqueness of sound common-sense, 'be warned by experience, and avoid it in future. Don't go and do what you know's an error. Have the courage of your convictions, and leave off in time. The minute I looked at this bit on the easel, I said to myself: "By George, I didn't know Linnell had it in him." The ease and verve of the thing was just what I liked about it. And then, at the very moment when I'm standing admiring it, you propose to go and spoil the entire effect by faking it up to get the local colour strictly according to Cocker. Local colour and all the rules be hanged! The picture's the thing; and the picture's a vast deal better without them. Besides, I want you to get this particular sketch good. You know, of course, whose cottage you're painting?'

'No; I don't,' Linnell answered, surveying it carelessly. 'John Noakes's or Simon Stokes's, I should say, most probably.'

'Wrong!' Mansel cried, lowering his voice a trifle to a mysterious under-tone, for dim figures were flitting half unseen behind the high box

hedge opposite. 'That poetical-looking cottage,'—and he sank to a whisper—'you'll hardly believe it, but it's Haviland Dumaresq's.'

At that famous name, Linnell drew himself up in sudden surprise. If Mansel had counted upon producing an impression, he hadn't gone far wrong in his calculation. Linnell whistled a long low whistle. 'No; you're trying to take me in,' he exclaimed at last, after a short pause. 'We always called you "The Wag" at Christ Church, I remember. You can't surely mean Haviland Dumaresq the philosopher?'

Mansel smiled a smile of conscious superiority. 'You remind me of what Lewis Carrol said one evening at High Table,' he answered quickly, 'when we were all discussing the authorship of the Homeric poems. Everybody else had given his pet opinion on that endless problem, and while they all gabbled about it, Carrol sat and looked on grimly. At last somebody appealed to him for confirmation of his own special dogma. "Well," said Carrol, looking up in his dry way, "I've got a theory of my own about the Iliad and Odyssey. It is, that they weren't really written by Homer, but by another person of the same name." In Haviland Dumaresq's case, however, there's no room for any such doubt. No two people in the world could possibly be called by accident by such a singular combination of names as that.—Don't shake your head. I'm quite in earnest. This is the original and only genuine Dumaresquian Theory. When you ask for the real Encyclopædic Philosophy, see that you get it. And here's the shop all the true stuff comes from.'

Linnell glanced up at his old college friend in breathless astonishment. For a moment it was clear he could hardly believe his own ears. 'Are you really serious?' he asked at last, gasping. 'I've always believed in Dumaresq most profoundly; and I can't suppose he inhabits a hovel. The Encyclopædic Philosophy has almost put a girdle round the world in my own portmanteau. I never went anywhere that I didn't take it. And do you mean to tell me the man who wrote it—the philosopher who transcends space and time—the profoundest thinker of our age and nation—the greatest mathematician and deepest metaphysician in all Europe—really lives in a labourer's cottage?'

'Why not?' Mansel answered with a screwed-up face. 'It's a very picturesque one.'

'Picturesque! *Je vous l'accorde*. But convenient, commodious, suitable, no. And painters as we are, we must still admit a man can't live on pure picturesqueness. Dirt and discomfort, I've always maintained, are necessary elements of the picturesque. But dirt and discomfort are personally distasteful in their actual form. It is only when painted that they become agreeable. What on earth can make a man like Haviland Dumaresq bury himself here, in such a mere cramped outhouse?'

'Poverty,' the local artist replied laconically.

'Poverty!' his friend echoed, all incredulous, a frank indignation flashing from his eye. 'You don't mean to tell me the man who first formulated that marvellous Law of Sidereal Reciprocity is still so poor that he has to inhabit a ploughman's hut in a remote village? For the honour of our kind, I refuse to believe it.'

I won't believe it; I can't believe it. It's a disgrace to the age. I knew Dumaresq was comparatively little read or known, of course—that's the natural penalty of extreme greatness—but I always pictured the philosopher to myself as a wealthy man, living in easy circumstances in a London square, writing his books in a luxurious library, and serenely waiting for future generations to discover the true proportions of his stature. Bacon left his fame by will, you remember, to the care of foreign nations and the after-age. Foreign nations have found out Dumaresq already: the after-age will find him out in time, as surely as it found out Descartes and Newton.'

'You speak enthusiastically,' Mansel answered with a careless wave of his hand towards the rose-bound casements of the poetical cottage. 'I'm glad of that, for I'm always pleased when anybody comes here who has so much as heard poor old Dumaresq's name. The old man has led a life of continued neglect: that's the long and the short of it. All his hopes have been blighted and disappointed. His great work, though it's had here and there in all parts of the world a few glowing and fervid disciples like yourself, has fallen flat, for the most part, so far as public appreciation's concerned; and everything he expected to do he's failed in effecting. He seems to me always like a massive broken Egyptian pillar, rising among the ruins of Karnak or Luxor, as I see them rise in some of your own pictures.' Linnell's eye flashed with pleasure. 'And it's a great point for him to meet nowadays with anybody who sympathises at all with his aims and his methods. He's had so little recognition in life, in fact, that, old as he is, a word of encouragement, a single compliment, an allusion to his work in ordinary conversation, seems to thrill him through and through with surprised enjoyment. I've seen him as pleased as a child at praise. He acknowledges it with a singular stately courtesy, as a right deferred, and holds his head higher in visible pride for the rest of that evening.'

'How pathetic!' Linnell cried. 'Yet I can easily believe it. What I can't believe is that Haviland Dumaresq should still be living in absolute poverty. I hope, when you say that, you don't mean me to take your words in the literal acceptance that he wants for money?'

'But I do, though, my dear fellow. I do, every word of it. The man's as poor as the proverbial church mouse. He never made a farthing out of the Encyclopædic Philosophy: it was dead loss from beginning to end: and he lives to this day from hand to mouth by doing the merest scientific hackwork for London publishers—Popular Educators, you know, and that sort of clap-trap.'

With a sudden start, Linnell folded up his easel very resolutely. 'Come away,' he said in a firm voice. 'I can't stand this sort of thing, for my part, any longer. Haviland Dumaresq in want of money! Haviland Dumaresq lacking the bare means of support! Haviland Dumaresq buried in a pigsty! The thing's disgraceful. It's not to be endured! Why doesn't some rich person somewhere take the matter up and establish and endow him?'

'Some wealthy countryman of yours across

the Atlantic, for example?' Mansel echoed good-humouredly. 'Well, yes, Americans are always fond of that earthly-providence business. I wonder, indeed, they've never thought of it.'

Linnell's face clouded visibly to the naked eye. 'What,' he cried with unmistakable annoyance in his testy tone. 'That old mistake alive and green still! How often shall I have to correct the blunder! Didn't I tell you at Christ Church, over and over again, that I wasn't an American, and never had been—that I'd never a drop of Yankee blood in my veins—that my connection with Boston was a purely accidental one? My father merely settled there for—ur—for business purposes. We are not and we never were American citizens. I hate to be called what I'm not, and never will be. But that's neither here nor there at present. The question for the moment is simply this—Why doesn't somebody establish and endow Haviland Dumaresq?'

Mansel's face brimmed over with suppressed amusement. 'Establish and endow him!' he cried with a short laugh. 'My dear fellow, I'd like to see the man, American or otherwise, brave enough to suggest it to him for half a second. He'd better have a fast trotting horse and a convenient gig waiting round the corner before he tries; for Haviland Dumaresq would forthwith arise and slay him with his hands, as King Arthur proposed to do to the good Sir Bedivere, unless he evacuated the premises with all reasonable haste before the old man could get up and at him. He's the proudest soul that ever stepped this earth, is Haviland Dumaresq. He'd rather starve than owe aught to any man. I can fancy how he'd take the proposal to subsidise him. The bare mention of the thing would kill him with humiliation.'

By this time Linnell had finished folding up his easel and picture, and addressed himself vigorously on the road homeward. 'What are you going for?' Mansel asked with an innocent face.

'Going for?' Linnell repeated with profound energy. 'Why, *something* must be done, I suppose, at once, about Dumaresq. This state of things is simply intolerable. A man with a world-wide reputation for the deepest thought among all who can think—that is to say, among all except absolute dolts and idiots—there, there, I haven't even patience to talk about it. *Something* must be done, I tell you, this very day, to set things square for him.'

'Exactly,' Mansel went on, gazing up at the sky in a vacant far-away fashion. 'You're rich, we all know, Linnell, like the mines of Golconda. You drop as a universal provider from the clouds'—

He broke off suddenly, for Linnell had halted, and looked back at him half angrily with a sudden quick suspicious glance. '*Me* rich!' the handsome young artist cried with an impatient snap of his long middle finger. 'Again one of those silly old exploded Christ Church fallacies. Who ever told you I was rich, I'd like to know? You never had it from *my* lips at anyrate, Mansel. I wish unauthorised people wouldn't make one against one's will into a peg to hang startling myths and romances upon. A painter by trade, whose pictures only sell by accident, can never be rich—unless he has private means

of his own, of course—works a gold mine or a Pennsylvanian oil-well. I own neither. Still, for all that, I feel it a burning shame to the times we live in that Haviland Dumaresq—the deepest thinker of our age and race—should end his days in a ploughman's cottage.'

CHAPTER II.—LINNELL'S MYSTERIES.

They turned aside into the deep-cut lane that led by tortuous twists towards the main road, and walked along for a second or two in solemn silence. Mansel was the first to break their reverie. 'Why, Linnell,' he cried, with a start of astonishment, pointing down to his friend's feet with an awkward gesture, 'you're all right again that way now, then, are you? You—you don't find your leg trouble you any longer?'

Till that moment, the new-comer to Petherton had been strolling along easily and naturally enough; but almost as the words passed Mansel's lips, the older resident noticed that Linnell was now limping a little with his left foot—an imperceptible limp to a casual observer, though far more marked within the last few seconds than it had been a minute or two before attention was called to it. Linnell glanced down and smiled uneasily. 'Oh, I hobble along rather better than I used to do,' he answered casually with an evasive laugh. 'They sent me to Egypt for that, you know. Dry as blazes in Egypt. The old affection was rheumatic in origin, it seems. Damp intensified it. I was told a warm climate might do me good. Sir Anthony Wraxall—astute old beggar—advised me never to let myself feel cold in my limbs for a single moment; and I've done my best ever since to follow out his directions to the letter. I've spent every winter for the last five years on the Nile or in Algeria. I've camped out for weeks together in the middle of the desert: I've dressed half my time like an Arab chief to give my limbs free play: I've ridden all day long on my horse or my camel: I've never walked when I could possibly get a mount of any sort: and in the end, I'm beginning to hobble about, I'm glad to say, in a way that remotely resembles walking. I suppose the treatment's getting me round at last a bit.'

'Resembles walking!' Mansel exclaimed with surprise. 'Why, my dear fellow, you can walk every bit as well as all the rest of us. To tell you the truth, you stood so firm, and turned about and walked off so naturally, that I'd almost forgotten at the first blush all about your old difficulty.'

'That was because I was excited and indignant about poor old Dumaresq,' Linnell answered hastily with obvious embarrassment. 'I always walk better when I'm emotionally roused. It takes my mind off. I forget I've legs. When I play lawn-tennis, I never think for the time being about my lameness. It's when my attention's called to the existence of my feet that I feel it worst. Self-consciousness, I suppose.—But don't let's discuss me. The empirical ego's always tedious. There are so many other much more interesting subjects than an individual man to talk about in the universe!'

'I'm not so sure of that,' Mansel replied reflectively. 'Man, says Emerson, is perennially interesting to man; and I always like to hear

about you, Linnell. I expect another winter or two 'll set you up completely.—Why, my dear fellow, where are you going off to? You're coming to lunch with us, aren't you? That's our little box, you see—up there on the hill-top.'

'Oh, thank you,' Linnell answered, gazing round him abstractedly. 'But I don't think I'll come in to lunch to-day, if you please. I've too much respect for Mrs Mansel's feelings. If you 'll allow me, I'll drop in upon you this afternoon, and pay my respects first in due form—and respectable clothes—to your wife and family. In England, you know, all things must be done decently and in order.'

'But not in Bohemia, my dear fellow: not in Bohemia.'

Linnell glanced down nervously upon the deep blue bay. 'Your Bohemia and Shakespeare's are much the same, it seems,' he answered, smiling. 'Each is provided with a sea-coast, gratis, by poetical license. But I won't avail myself of your kindness, for all that. I'll go back to the inn first and change my suit. These shabby old painting things aren't fit company for ladies' society. This afternoon, if you 'll allow me to call, I shall hope to come up, arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, and leave my card respectfully upon Mrs Mansel.'

A sudden thought seemed to strike the would-be host. 'You're a bachelor, of course?' he exclaimed interrogatively.

Linnell's eye wandered down once more, with a timid glance, towards his left foot. 'Do you suppose a painter whose works don't sell would be likely to burden any woman on earth with *that*?' he asked somewhat bitterly—'least of all, a woman whom he loved and respected?'

'Come, come, Linnell,' the other man cried with genuine kindness. 'This is too ridiculous: quite overwrought, you know. You carry your sensitiveness a deal too far. A fine manly handsome fellow like you—an upstanding man, who can ride, and swim, and play lawn-tennis—to talk like that—why, it's simple nonsense. I should think any girl in her senses would be glad enough, if she could, to catch you.'

'That's the way you married men always talk,' Linnell answered shortly. 'As soon as you've secured a wife for yourselves, you seem to lose all the chivalry in your nature. You speak as if every woman were ready to jump at the very first man who happens to ask her. That may be the way, I daresay, with a great many of them. If so, they're not the sort I'd care to marry. There are women and women, I suppose, as there are fagots and fagots. I prefer, myself, the shrinking variety; the kind that accepts a man for his own sake, not for the sake of getting married merely.'

'You know what the Scotch girl said when her parents represented to her the various faults of the scapegrace who'd proposed to her?' Mansel put in laughing. "'Oo, ay," she said; "but he's aye a man, ye ken." And you have there in a nutshell the whole philosophy of the entire matter. Still, setting aside all that, even, I know no man more likely'—

Linnell brushed him aside with his hand hastily. 'Well, here our roads part,' he said, with some decision in his tone, like one who wishes to check an unpleasant argument. 'I'll

see you again this afternoon, when I've made my outer man fit for polite society. Till then, good-bye.' And with a swinging pace, he walked off quickly down the steep hill, erect and tall, his easel and picture slung carelessly by his side, and no trace of lameness perceptible anywhere in his rapid stride and manly carriage.

Mansel gazed after him with a painter's admiration for a well-built figure. 'As good-looking a fellow as ever stepped,' he thought to himself in silent criticism. 'What a pity he insists on torturing himself all his life long with these meaningless apprehensions and insoluble mysteries!'

He strolled up slowly to his own gate. In the garden, his wife was busy with the geraniums—a pretty young girl, in a light summer dress and a big straw hat that suited her admirably. 'Ida,' he cried out, as he swung open the wicket, 'who do you think is stopping at the Lion? I met him just now, in Middle Mill Fields, doing a water-colour of Dumaresq's cottage. Why, Linnell of Christ Church. You recollect, I've often told you all about him.'

'What, the lame man, Reggy, who had the dog that ran after the Proctor?'

'Well, he used to be lame once, but he isn't now a bit—at least not to speak of: you'd hardly notice it. Still, though the lameness itself's gone, it seems to have left him just as sensitive and nervous as ever—or a great deal more so. He's coming up here this afternoon to call on you, though, and you'll be able to judge of him then for yourself: but as far as I can see, there's nothing on earth left for the man to be sensitive about. Make much of him, Ida: he's as timid as a girl; but he's a nice fellow for all that, in spite of his little mysteries and mystifications.'

'He's a painter, too, isn't he?' Mrs Mansel asked, arranging a flower in her husband's button-hole. 'I think you showed me some things of his once at the Grosvenor or the Academy.'

'Yes; he daubs like the rest of us—does the Nubian girl trick and the Street in Cairo dodge; not badly either. But he's taken all that up since I last saw him. He was the merest amateur in black and white when we were at Oxford together. Now, he paints like a man who's learnt his trade, though he rather overdoes things in the matter of elaboration. Works at texture till you can't see the picture for the painting. But I don't believe he can live on his art, for all that. He's rich, I imagine, though for some strange reason he won't allow it. But that's his way. He's full of all sorts of little fads and fancies. He makes it a rule never to admit anything, except by torture. He's an American born, and he calls himself an Englishman. He spends money freely right and left, and he calls himself a pauper. He's straight and good-looking, and he calls himself a cripple. His name's Linnell, and he calls himself Linnell. In fact, he's all made up of endless little ideas and affectations.'

'There's a Sir Austen Linnell down our way in Rutland,' his wife said musingly as they turned towards the house, 'and he calls himself Linnell too, with the accent the same way on the second syllable. Perhaps your friend and the Rutland man may be some sort of relations.'

'Can't, my dear child. Don't I tell you he's American? No baronets there: republican simplicity. Boston born, though he hates to be told so. The star-spangled banner's a red rag to him. Avoid chaffing him, for Heaven's sake, about the hub of the universe.'

They had entered the drawing-room while they spoke by the open French windows, and Mrs Mansel in a careless way took up from the table by the corner sofa a Grosvenor catalogue. 'Ah, this must be he,' she said, turning over the leaves to the alphabetical list: 'See here—"329, The Gem of the Harem; 342, By the Edge of the Desert: Charles Austen Linnell."—Why, Reggy, just look, his name's Austen; and he spells it with an *e* too, exactly like the Rutland people. I don't care whatever you choose to say—American or no American, he and the Austen Linnells of Thorpe *must* be related to one another.'

Her husband took the little book from her hands incredulously. 'Not possible,' he murmured, gazing hard at the page. 'I'm not quite sure, but I fancy I've heard it said at Christ Church there was something wrong somewhere about the family pedigree. Linnell's father made his money out of a quack medicine or something of the sort over in America, and sent his son to Oxford, accordingly, to make a gentleman of him, and get rid of the rhubarb and sarsaparilla. They say Linnell would never go back to his native land again after he took his degree, because he hated to see all the rocks on the Hudson River and all the peaks of the White Mountains plastered over in big white letters with the touching inscription, "Use only Linnell's Instantaneous Lion Liver Pills." At least, so Gregory of Brasenose told me, and his father, I fancy, was once an *attaché* or *chargé d'affaires* at Washington.'

'But how does he come to be called Austen, then?' Mrs Mansel went on with true feminine persistency, sticking to her point like a born woman. 'And Austen with an *e* too! That clinches the argument. If it was only an *i*, now, it might perhaps be accidental: but don't go telling me Austen with an *e* comes within the limits of anything less than a miraculous coincidence.'

Her husband glanced over her shoulder once more at the catalogue she had seized and examined a second time. 'It's odd,' he said after a pause, 'distinctly odd. I see the finger of design in this, undoubtedly. It can't be accident, as you justly remark with your usual acumen: mere coincidence, as you observe, always stops short at phonetic spelling. And now you mention it, I remember Sir Austen does spell his name with an *e* certainly: I had a cheque from him once for "The Smugglers' Refuge"—that picture we let go too cheap, Ida.—But there are two ways of accounting for it, all the same: there are always at least two good ways of accounting for everything—except the action of a hanging committee. Either Linnell's descended from a younger branch of the Rutland family, which went out to America in the *Mayflower*—all good Boston people, I understand, made it a point of honour to go out in the *Mayflower*, which must have had accommodation for at least as many first-class cabin passengers as the whole fleet

that came over with William the Conqueror—or else, failing that, his excellent papa must with rare forethought have christened him Austen in order to produce a delusive impression on the public mind in future years that he belonged to a distinguished and aristocratic county family. Godfathers and godmothers at one's baptism do often perpetrate these pious frauds. I knew a man once whose real surname was plain Dish; but his parents with great presence of mind christened him Spencer Caven, so he grew up to be Spencer Cavendish, and everybody thought he was a second cousin of the Duke of Devonshire.

Mrs Mansel, for her part, had been educated at Girtton. So superficial a mode of settling a question by pure guesswork offended her views of logical completeness. 'It's no use arguing *a priori*, Reginald,' she said seriously, 'upon a matter of experience. We can ask Mr Linnell about it when he comes here this afternoon. I've invited Mr Dumaresq and Psyche to drop in for a set of tennis, and your Christ Church friend'll be just in time for it.'

When Mrs Mansel got upon *a priori* and *a posteriori*, her husband, who was only a painter after all, knew his place too well to answer her back in the same dialect. He only stared at the catalogue harder than ever, and wondered to himself in a vague way why Linnell should call himself Austen.

But at that very moment, at the Red Lion, the artist himself was sitting down at the little davenport to dash off a hasty and excited note to his agent in London:

DEAR MATTHEWS—Can you get some fellow who knows all about such things to give you an exhaustive list of all the public libraries or institutions in Great Britain, Ireland, America, or the colonies, to which a man interested in the matter might present a complete set of Haviland Dumaresq's *Encyclopedic Philosophy*? The bigger the number you can hunt up the better. Perhaps the people at the London Institution would put you in the way of finding it out. In any case, try to draw up a good big catalogue, and forward it here to me at your earliest convenience. But on no account let any one know why you want the information. I've sent a cheque for fifty guineas to that poor fellow you wrote about at Colchester: many thanks for calling my attention to his painful case. Only I could have wished he wasn't a German. Teutonic distress touches me less nearly. Never mind about buying-in those New Zealand at present. I see another use for the money I meant to put in them. In breathless haste to save post.—Yours ever sincerely,

CHARLES AUSTEN LINNELL.

'There,' he said to himself as he folded it up and consigned it to its envelope: 'that'll do a little good, I hope, for Dumaresq. The only possible use of money to a fellow like me, whose tastes are simple and whose wants are few, is to shuffle it off as well as he can upon others who stand in greater need of it. The worst of it is, one spends one's life, in that matter, perpetually steering between the Scylla of pride and the Charybdis of pauperism. The fellows who really need help won't take it, and the fellows

who don't need it are always grabbing at it. There's a deal too much reserve and sensitiveness in the world—and I've got my own share too, as well as the rest of them.'

GOOD FORM.

'MANNERS maketh Man,' is the motto of Winchester School, bequeathed by its worshipful founder, William de Wykeham; and a more appropriate one for a great training-place of English boys it would be hard to find, for in spite of such specious ideas and cheap sentiments as 'A rough diamond,' 'The sham veneer of polish,' 'A man's a man for a' that,' behaviour and general bearing do more to make or mar our social position—social position being taken to mean daily intercourse with our fellows, and not the separate layers of humanity which go to build up what is termed Society—than any array of talent or amount of virtues.

Wherever men live together in communities certain well-defined regulations for conduct are in force, and indeed are a necessary part of the system, for social rules are needed to preserve harmony and decorum in daily life equally with codes of penal laws or statute-book enactments. Comprised under the head of 'Etiquette,' these rules are found ready drawn up for use, to be committed carefully to memory before one can venture to walk with ease and confidence along the social highway of life. And to the uninitiated the acquirement of this knowledge is no lightsome task, and to the late-in-life learner altogether a cheerless and confusing business.

But above and beyond etiquette there is a wider and loftier principle; more elastic, because its precepts are unwritten, and less irksome, because less exact and rigid, which we know by the somewhat vague and abstract term of 'Form.' Form, like Patriotism, Virtue, Honour, and even Love itself, is almost undefinable, and refuses to be described by clear-cut sentences or arbitrary distinctions—a word which, like charity with regard to sins, covers a multitude of meanings and applications.

The racing man consults his text-book, 'Form at a Glance,' to note his favourite's wins. The oarsman rows in 'finished form,' but lacks power. The sportsman misses bird after bird because he is in such 'wretched form' to-day. Miss Dash is a lovely woman, but she 'has no form'; and Tom, Dick, Harry, may be a good-hearted fellow, but then 'he is such bad form.'

Form in its wide, general sense means some sort of standard, varying according to the nature of the thing to be measured, and in the foregoing senses may be considered as more or less concrete. Bring it into relationship with conduct and social and moral surroundings, and it at once becomes more or less abstract; and it is in this sense it touches Etiquette under the nomen Good Form. Etiquette is a rigid line, to step over which is to transgress. Form is more flexible, and gives and bends to suit certain exigencies. Etiquette is the lamp lighting the high-road. Form is the lantern which the wayfarer carries to guide his steps when obliged sometimes to leave the beaten track and cross awkward bits of irregular country. Etiquette concerns itself

entirely with what ought to be done, whilst Form considers chiefly the way of doing it. Etiquette may demand what Good Form will forbid; and conversely, Good Form will ask what Etiquette vetos. Strict Etiquette, for instance, insists that rank takes precedence; but Good Form would suggest that the peeress in her teens should give way to the white-haired vicar's wife. Good Form would hint that if by mischance some guests were at table in morning-coats, the host should be in undress also, to set them at their ease; but Etiquette would peremptorily bid him don the swallow-tail.

Whether or not we choose to scoff at the importance which is attached in the upper circles of society to the observances of Etiquette, we cannot but admit that there is something peculiarly attractive about those who are unostentatiously Good Form, and that they involuntarily exert a refining and improving influence upon all with whom they come into contact. The quiet well-bred man who is polite, courteous, and chivalrous, must leave to a certain extent his fellows, and leave them better for his example. The gentle, high-toned woman with her easy grace, sure always to do and to say the right thing,

Grandly forbearing, lifting life serenely
E'en to her own nobility of soul,

must reign a queen.

There is no surer index to the state of society than its ideals of Good Form; for, like fashion in dress and art, these change with the manners and ideas of succeeding generations, and therefore reflect the lives and thoughts of the men and women of the times. The coarse jests, the full-flavoured conversation of Sheridan's day—then quite Good Form—would shock the inmates of a nineteenth-century drawing-room. The roystering dicing blade of the reigns of the Georges, with his affectation and conceits, would be cold-shouldered by his successors of St James's and Pall-Mall. The gentleman who cracked his couple of bottles, and gracelessly fuddled himself at the dinner-table, would now be left to drunken solitude, whilst his disgusted fellow-guests sought tea and the ladies.

But though we have improved vastly upon the past in many matters of morals and behaviour, we have in some things lowered the standard of Good Form. True, it is not now the mark of a gentleman to get drunk, to swear before ladies or a parson, to be everlastingly parading his honour and standing upon punctilios; yet the present tone is distinctly low, and, alas, lowering in much; and one is inclined to hold with that 'sweet-voiced singer,' Fred. Locker,

The crops of dandies bud and bloom,
And die as fast as ever;
Now gilded youth loves cutty pipes,
And slang that's rather scaring—
It can't approach its prototypes
In taste, or tone, or bearing.

In Brummell's day of buckle-shoes,
Lawn cravats, and roll collars,
They'd fight, and woo, and bet—and lose,
Like gentlemen and scholars.
I'm glad young men should go the pace;
I half forgive *Old Rapid*.
These louts disgrace their name and race,
So vicious and so vapid.

Be this as it may, it is indisputable that the

old-fashioned politeness and stately courtliness of our grandfathers have fled, and that, unless we quickly pull ourselves together and wake up to the needs of the moment, chivalry will soon become merely a word which will recall virtues of bygone ages, and be associated only with the romances of yore.

No doubt, the changed conditions of life, the hurry and skurry of business, and the tussle for very existence, are largely responsible for this. We have not time to be polite, and if we stay to consider others, we ourselves may be jostled out of place. But is not the prevailing tendency of self-indulgence and luxuriousness equally to blame for this decadence of manners? To watch how the so-called gentleman of to-day elbows his way into theatre, train, omnibus, and everywhere else; to see him smoke in the presence of ladies; to note how he will remain seated and leave a lady to open the door for herself; and to listen to the free and easy conversation with which he favours the fairer sex, are but instances of the general style of behaviour to which we are becoming accustomed—behaviour for which, not many years ago, he would have had to answer with pistol or small-sword.

Of course, the plea put forward for him is that the girl and woman of the period are descending to his level, and therefore must not be astonished at being treated as equals; but that is merely begging the question, for the chivalrous knight does not lower his bearing, but carries himself nobly wherever he may be, renders due homage to womanhood whether in rags or silks, and does devoir to the milkmaid as well as to the queen. By the way, there is no truer test of Good Form, in its wider and best sense, than behaviour towards inferiors in station or advantages—a principle which was the first care of a gallant colonel of a certain dashing cavalry regiment, who used to send for each newly-joined 'sub' and say: 'You know, Mr So-and-so, that every regiment has its own traditions and swagger. Now, the swagger of the — Hussars is, that they have no swagger; and whilst you belong to us, sir, you will treat a ploughboy as courteously as you would a nobleman.'

Perhaps, after all, it is the negative side, or Bad Form, which exercises the greater influence upon our conduct; and many a one who would be utterly careless about doing a thing because it is Good Form, would shudderingly shrink from aught which ever so slightly seemed Bad Form. And yet, this is hardly to be wondered at, for the 'Thou shalt nots' are more forceful to most of us than the 'Thou shalt,' and it is so much easier to 'leave undone' than to do—add to which, the 'must nots' are collectively much more certainly and unmistakably defined.

Form, Good and Bad, is a most important factor in the life of each and all, which, rightly appreciated and applied, keeps society fresh, vigorous, and wholesome. 'Cleanliness is next to godliness,' the sanitarian insists; but Good Form is surely an attribute and embellishment to godliness itself, to say nothing of its being largely part and parcel of the morality of Christianity. It would be impossible to dispute the fact that if Good Form was more carefully cultivated by sincerely good people, they would recommend religion far more strongly to the outside world

than they do; for who will say but that most folk prefer to hold intercourse and have dealings with a polite polished sinner—using the word in its conventional sense—rather than to associate with a rude ill-mannered saint.

There is a story told of the hero of Khartoum which not only strongly emphasises the difference between Good and Bad Form, but also strikingly points the moral of all this. Gordon had taken his passage from the Mauritius to Cape Colony in a trading brig; and whilst waiting for the tide, a number of people came on board to say good-bye, amongst them an officer of 'high degree.' This individual strutted up to the captain, who with his wife was on deck, and without exchanging civilities, or even raising his cap to the lady, swung a cane, and peremptorily asked, 'Is the Colonel at home?' Gordon, who had seen the whole proceeding, came forward, treating the visitor very coolly and formally; and on the latter's departure, at once turned to the seaman and his wife, and warmly apologised for the other's rudeness, saying that if he had still been in command of the troops, he should have considered it his duty to tell the unmannerly fellow what he thought of his breeding—or rather want of it.

This paper commenced with 'Manners maketh Man;' it shall end with the complementary form of that proposition, 'The want of them the fellow.'

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

BY WILLIAM ATKINSON.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS—CHAP. I.

THE taut and trim Clyde-built steamer *Athabasca* was slowly steaming at the regulation speed through the peaceful waters of the broad 'Soo' Canal—the Soo, by the way, being usually written down in a geography or atlas as 'Sault Ste Marie.' The stiff white canvas with which the 'bridge' is draped, to protect the ship's officers from the exceedingly breezy breezes of the northern lakes, was for the time being tinted a bright crimson by the rays of the sun, which, like a huge disc of fire, was setting in the west. It was about five o'clock in the afternoon of a clear November day, and the *Athabasca* was making her last trip of the season in the interests of the Canadian Pacific Railroad. The steamer had just completed half her journey 'up,' having left Owen Sound the previous evening six hours late, owing to a snow-storm which had delayed the mail-train from Montreal. Provided no mishap occurred, she was due at Port Arthur, Thunder Bay, the next day at noon.

While November is a delightful month for yachting in the Mediterranean or for navigating the Nile, there is nothing particularly enchanting in steaming some seven hundred miles across the two most northerly of the great American lakes in the 'fall' of the year. As a consequence, the passengers on the *Athabasca* were few and far between. From Owen Sound there was only

one first-cabin passenger, but another had just joined the boat. The ship's officers being too much engrossed with their duties while in the Soo to permit of their entertaining the passenger from Owen Sound, that individual was amusing himself as best he might by gazing over the vessel's side at the weed-grown timbers forming the bank of the canal, and at the wild country in its sombre autumn garb beyond. He had arrived at that peculiar state of mind known as a 'brown-study,' when he was joined by his newly-acquired—and as yet unknown—fellow-passenger, who had boarded the steamer at the lock.

'Howdy, pardner?' exclaimed the new-comer with much cordiality—his intentions being good, though his speech was unconscionably bad.

'How do you do, sir?' was the reply, spoken somewhat timidly.

'Kinder late in the season for touristin'?' remarked the new passenger, evidently with a view to ascertaining the true purpose of his fellow-traveller's presence in the *Athabasca*.

'Yes, I should think so: I am not a tourist myself,' was the quiet rejoinder.

This information rather non-plussed the interrogator, who felt that he would have to devise some other plan of campaign. To assist him, he took from his pocket a cigar, thrust it between his teeth, and without lighting it, commenced to chew the end rather vigorously.

Extreme types of manhood met in these two men thus suddenly thrown together. One was slight and frail; the other was a giant. The first was all intellect; the other was chiefly blood, bone, and muscle. One was evidently a gentleman by birth and education; the new arrival was a very rough diamond indeed. Both men were of much the same age, and both were passengers on the Canadian steamboat bound for the North-west. There the resemblance ceased; though, without reflection, one might have remarked that both spoke the same language. They did—with the marked difference, that one spoke the Queen's English, while the other indulged in Lake Superior English 'as she is spoke' along the north shore.

The slight young man was a clergyman, an ordained priest of the Church of England. He had gained some repute at Oxford as a student and thinker, and had graduated from his Alma Mater with honours. All through his university career Digby Rockingham had been somewhat of a religious enthusiast. Aided, perhaps, by his surroundings at Oxford, he had developed into a pronounced ecclesiastical enthusiast. He was, nevertheless, a good and devout man, and so much in earnest that, when convinced of the need of church extension by means of missionary efforts, he at once closed his well-loved books, laid aside his pen, and entered the service of the Church which he so ardently revered. Leaving Africa and China to others, the almost equally benighted regions of the Canadian North-west enlisted the sympathies of the young clergyman; and he was at his own request set apart for missionary work in the wild and bleak district lying immediately to the north of Lake Superior. Being fortunate enough to possess a by no means inconsiderable private income, the Rev. Digby Rockingham was enabled to start

upon his mission well equipped with many excellent means of grace as well as several most appreciable bodily comforts. In other words, the hold of the *Athabasca* contained far more articles of baggage marked 'Rev. D. R.' than usually go to make up travelling outfits of the most extravagant tourists.

Now Mr Rockingham was not by any means of a sullen disposition, nor was he altogether unwilling to enter into conversation with a fellow-voyager. But no man whose musings have perchance carried him in the spirit thousands of miles away, cares to be rudely disturbed by a friend, much less by a stranger. Having been disturbed, however, he could not again engross himself in his brown-study, and he then bethought him that he had been unintentionally impolite; so he pulled himself together, and, laying his hand gently upon the big man's sleeve, said: 'Pardon me; I am afraid I gave you a very poor impression of myself when you spoke just now. You will think I do not care to converse with you, when, indeed, the reverse is the case.'

The giant was evidently unused to accepting apologies, and only stared rather curiously at the speaker, who continued:

'The fact is, my thoughts were miles away, and I hardly knew what you asked or what I said in reply.'

Slowly the other removed his much mutilated cigar from between his teeth and nodded his head. 'I tumble,' he said. 'Sorter star-gazing, eh? I've been there myself. Well, put her there, Colonel, and let's get acquainted. There ain't a pile of passengers this trip, so we may as well be neighbourly.' As he spoke the man extended his massive hand, encased in a sealskin mitten, large enough to make a fairly good door-mat, for Rockingham to 'put her there.' 'First of all, Colonel, I'll introduce your humble servant, Eli Brock, native of Michigan, United States of America, and at present foreman of the Gravenhurst Copper Mines, recently opened up on the north shore. I'm just going up, confound the luck, to stay over yonder all winter, as there's a sight of cleaning-up and fixing to be done afore the miners commence work in the spring.—You're going up to Port Arthur or Fort William, I s'pose, Colonel?'

'Yes, at first. I cannot tell where I shall ultimately establish my headquarters. I am a clergyman—here is my card—and I intend at once to build a church at some place where there is not one already. Perhaps you can assist me, Mr Brock?'

'First and foremost, Colonel,' replied Brock, who twirled the card in his fingers as if doubtful whether the correct thing was to read it and then throw it overboard or consign it to his pocket—'first and foremost, Colonel, oblige by striking off the "Mister." Eli is good enough for me. The boys call me Eli, and I reckon they ain't gents like you, not by a long shot!—Yes, sir, I can help you this much. You can take any settlement along the north shore this blessed minute, and I'm durned if you'll find e'er a church or meeting-house in the hull lot, Colonel! So you can't go far wrong in locating a church.—You'll excuse me for calling you Colonel, sir? I see you've got a title; but I'll be switched if I know what

R E V means, and Colonel comes sorter easy and familiar.'

Digby Rockingham laughed heartily at the curious candour of his new friend, and as the supper bell rang at that moment, the two locked arms and walked to the dining-saloon together.

The travellers were afforded no opportunity to view from the lake the rugged and desolate 'north shore' of Lake Superior. Hours before they were due at Port Arthur, the steward—from Inverness—remarked dryly that there was a 'muckle mist'—a mist, however, which Mr Brock insisted was neither more nor less than a 'golden-drenched soaking rain-storm!'

The young clergyman had used his time to good purpose in improving his acquaintance with the foreman of the copper mines. If he had searched the whole of the Dominion of Canada he could never have discovered a man better acquainted with the territory adjacent to the north shore.

'I'm going to lay over for the night at Port Arthur,' he said, 'and you'd better do the same, Colonel. There's a tolerable good hotel in the town, where they will take care of your traps and truck. In the morning the stage sets out for Kincardine, a tidy sort of settlement as near as we can travel to the Gravenhurst Mines. Little Pig—he's my Injun, and a blamed good feller for Injun trash—will meet me at Kincardine, and you can go 'long of me if you so fancy.—What do you say, Colonel?'

'I think I shall avail myself of your company as far as possible, Brock. Yes, if you will be so good, count me your travelling companion as far as the mines.'

Towards sundown on the day after the arrival of the *Athabasca* at Port Arthur, the weekly stage was approaching the thriving settlement of Kincardine. Let no one suppose that this stage was such a one as Charles Dickens loved to present to his readers in striking pen-pictures, or a specimen of the modern reproductions which, on summer mornings, roll away from the 'White Horse Cellar' in Piccadilly. It was an old lumbering vehicle which the London General Omnibus Company might reasonably have discarded half a century ago. There were no outside seats, which loss was not greatly felt during the cold months of the year, and those in the inside were far from comfortable. Upon the door of the stage, in the rear, some embryo artist in sign-writing had inscribed with very yellow paint, 'Royal Mail'—the mail on the present trip consisting of four or five letters thrust into the lining of the driver's hat, and a score or so of ancient newspapers, which were tucked away under the very much worn and flattened cushion of the box.

As to the passengers, there were three, two of whom have been introduced to the reader. The third was a young woman, who was evidently extremely shy and reserved, several overtures from Mr Brock having utterly failed to draw her into conversation. Even when the stage had stopped at noon for dinner at a wretched tavern, she had remained in her seat to eat the refreshment which she carried in a hand-bag, and had politely declined the glass of brandy-and-water tendered her by Rockingham, who knew that the girl must be well-nigh frozen.

By the time the stage came in sight of Kincardine, silence had reigned in the old bus for an hour or two, for all the passengers were completely tired out with the slow and dreary journey over forty miles of rocky road. Slowly as they had travelled, it was with quite a jerk that the driver halted his team in front of a huge one-story shanty, which Rockingham rightly estimated must have covered almost half an acre of ground. This was a sort of western 'Whiteley's,' or a 'Bon Marché' in the wilderness, and was the profitable emporium of an enterprising Scot, whose name, Dugald M'Dougall, had been painted by the artist of the 'Royal Mail' in letters four feet long upon one end of the log shanty. The legends inscribed upon the front of the place were many and various, among them being 'Hotel,' 'Post-office,' and 'General Store.'

Cold as was the day, Mr M'Dougall, displaying his shirt sleeves, came out to meet the stage, being sufficiently loyal to Queen and country to give his personal attention to Her Majesty's mails; his loyalty to his native land being proven by the fact that his grizzly hair was covered by a Glengarry bonnet.

Dugald M'Dougall was a character, and a very important character in the community. Although the directors of the neighbouring copper mines at Gravenhurst were larger employers of labour, and really disbursed most of the cash which ultimately found its way into M'Dougall's till, they were non-resident, and were seldom seen at Kincardine. Their foreman and representative, Eli Brock, was, both in the matter of wealth and social and political standing, far behind Dugald. M'Dougall was the only man who could furnish the necessities of life to the miners, and could give or withhold credit when ready-money was not forthcoming. He was agent for the Hudson Bay Company, which position gave him great prestige among the Indian hunters and half-breed trappers. Furthermore, besides being postmaster, he held Her Majesty's Commission of the Peace, and, as the only magistrate within a wide radius, could sentence miscreants to imprisonment in the jail at Fort William, and could punish them still more by refusing to issue licenses for the sale of intoxicating liquors.

Mr M'Dougall was evidently expecting the young woman, who now alighted from the stage, but was plainly at a loss to account for the presence of the clergyman. Brock perceived this, and at once introduced his companion.

'My friend the Colonel, Dugald,' he remarked, either forgetting Rockingham's name, or else thinking it unnecessary to mention it.

M'Dougall did not notice the omission, for he promptly responded: 'Glad to meet you, Colonel;' and then escorted the girl into the 'hotel.'

'Seen Little Pig around here?' asked Brock of a half-breed lad who was watching the stage-horses changed.

'Naw! Little Pig ain't been up yere since you went 'way.'

'Seen my rig, then?'

'Yaw!'

'Where?'

The half-breed was either too lazy or too busy with his chewing tobacco to make a verbal reply;

he jerked a thumb in the direction of M'Dougall's barn.

'Who drove it up?' asked Brock.

The boy grinned stupidly and then replied: 'Gal.'

'Look here, you leather-skinned pup!' shouted Brock, who hated half-breeds in general, and this lad in particular. 'If you don't know enough to speak civil when you *do* speak, I'll teach you, by thunder! Who are you calling a "gal," I'd like to know?'

The half-breed continued to grin, although his grin was not so 'healthy' as it had been at first.

'Don't stand there, showing your dirty teeth! I want you to tell me who brought my rig up here.'

Brock knew well enough, but his experience told him that he must not back down from any position once taken towards a half-breed. He was merely giving the young rascal a lesson.

'Madge,' said the boy sullenly.

'No; that won't do. Try again,' thundered Brock.

'Miss Madge.'

'Yes, you cross-bred cur; don't you ever forget to call a lady that is a lady "Miss." Listen! Go and find Miss Madge, and tell her I am ready to start. Hurry, now, and if I find that you ever forget the "Miss," I'll break your neck!'

Eli Brock was a queer mixture of humanity. He knew that there were certain terms of respect by which it is proper to address certain persons. But of their correct application he knew very little; so that to him Colonel was equivalent to Reverend, and answered the purpose fully as well; while, so long as a young woman was addressed as 'Miss,' it seemed to Brock to matter very little whether her Christian name or surname was added. For himself he did not care a snap of the finger. Miners and Indians alike were perfectly free to call him Eli or Brock, though they usually spoke of him as the Boss. But for his friends, and especially those of the gentler sex—who were few—he was very exacting in his notions of courtesy.

'Have to do it, Colonel,' he remarked apologetically to his companion.

But Digby Rockingham, inwardly noting his own physical insignificance, knew that he would have to devise some other method if he would successfully cope with Indians and miners.

HOME-LIFE IN NATAL.

THERE are certain peculiar characteristics pertaining to domestic life in every quarter of the globe, consequent on climate and other local influences. Life in an Indian station has of late years been made tolerably familiar to all; not so life in South Africa; and the following notes, penned from Pietermaritzburg (termed for brevity 'Pomburg'), the capital of Natal, apply generally to all other settlements in the colony.

It is a common thing to hear new arrivals, more especially if on their first tour of foreign service, remark that they are greatly disappointed with Natal, as everything is so thoroughly English; and so it undoubtedly appears at first

sight, the more so should the one hansom cab we boast chance to be at the railway station on their arrival. But a residence of only a few hours is sufficient to bring home to them the bitter reality that they are not in 'Merrie England.' The hotel at which they must perforce put up until they can find a home of their own first opens their eyes. There are at least a dozen hotels in the city, the difficulty being to choose between the 'Grosvenor,' the 'Langham,' the 'Imperial,' and the rest, bearing equally pretentious titles. The first twinge is perhaps felt on the vehicle that has brought them from the station pulling up before a small low shanty of the labourer's-dwelling order. Can this be the 'Grand?' Oh, what sacrilege! But it is, in very fact; and out they are bundled bag and baggage, wearied after their six hours' journey up our corkscrew line from Durban, into a tiny bedroom ten feet square, scantily furnished, and illuminated by one solitary dip, there to furnish up their travel-stained persons while awaiting the call to dinner, a meal that painfully recalls one's early school-days. But my intention is not to dilate on the so-called hotels out here, which are nothing more, except in name, than boarding-houses; and so I will pass over the dreary weeks often spent in one of them while waiting for some householder to vacate, and start from the time of entering the new home, merely mentioning in passing that rents are just now fabulously high on account of the newly-discovered gold-fields in the Transvaal, a poky little cottage of five tiny rooms fetching from seventy to eighty pounds a year.

Furnishing is no more difficult here than in England, as there are several large dealers, both new and second hand; and among a shifting population like ours, auctions are exceedingly numerous. The articles are naturally inferior, and much higher in price. One novel experience is, however, met with, since the landlords, an independent lot, do not, as at home, provide the kitchen range. One has therefore to be sought after, which in subsequent moves is carried about, a pursuit that opens one's eyes to the enormous variety of such articles that are thrown into the market, and one becomes perfectly bewildered in listening to the respective merits of the 'Mistress,' the 'Fortress,' the 'Plantress,' the 'Marchioness,' the 'Trafford,' and a hundred other kinds; after having mastered which, the size that will fit the opening in the kitchen has still to be considered, whether a No. 5, 6, 7, 8, or —.

Having furnished the abode sufficiently for occupation, the troubles of housekeeping begin, and in this colony they really are troubles, more especially just now, when high prices are raging. The only cheap article of diet is meat, which is from 8d. to 9d. a pound; bread, 6d. per two-pound loaf; butter ranges from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a pound; eggs—and they are not always the freshest—from 2s. 6d. to 4s. a dozen; and all else in proportion—clearly showing that this is no country for a poor man.

For vegetables we are entirely dependent, outside the produce of our own little patch of ground, on the natives who have come over from India, an industrious population that has settled down in our midst; and so quickly are their

numbers increasing, that their immigration is one of the burning questions of the day out here. John Chinaman is also getting in the thin end of the wedge, and setting up little grocery stores here and there. The Kaffir detests manual labour, and never tills the ground or sows anything except a patch of mealies hard by his kraal, sufficient for his own need and to cover the amount of his hut-tax; and perhaps a little Kaffir corn from which to manufacture his beer, a beverage not at all unlike ours in taste, but in appearance resembling cocoa made with milk more than anything else I can think of. The natives of India—all of whom, for some reason or other, come under the generic term 'coolie' out here—hawk their wares round in the early morning, and the first shrill cries one hears are 'Nice fowl and eggis, Missis!' 'Nice beanis, Missis!' 'Nice carrots, turnips, tomatoes, Missis!' They all have three peculiarities—they convert all monosyllables, such as eggs, beans, &c., into disyllables; they only offer their produce to the 'Missis;' and all of it is *nice*.

No tradesman except the butcher, who rides round every afternoon to ascertain what is required for the next day, calls for orders. Our milkmen, or rather milk-boys, are unique, their sole garment consisting of an old piece of sacking, with pockets of like material—sometimes as many as sixteen in two tiers, sewn on back and front, somewhat like an enlarged cartridge belt. In each pocket is an old wine or beer bottle, containing the milk, which the boy empties at the house, eventually returning to the farm whence he set out with the same number of empties as he started with full.

The wages of Kaffir servants range from ten to twenty-five shillings a month, plus clothing, house, and food, which runs each up to from twenty-five to forty shillings, in addition to which it is customary to give each of them sixpence every Saturday to buy meat or tobacco. The most aggravating feature connected with them is that after they have been in service for a few months and are just getting into your ways, they want to return to their kraal and live for some weeks a life of complete idleness on their earnings.

A horse costs about three pounds a month for feed alone, and is for some months in the autumn liable to be carried off in a few hours by horse-sickness, an equine malady peculiar to this part of the world, concerning the cause of which little or nothing is known. It is no uncommon thing for the cavalry regiment stationed here to lose two or three horses a day from it. Dew is considered the main cause, and during the sick season, stringent regulations are enforced. No government horse is allowed to be out after 5.30 P.M.; the stable doors are not to be opened before 7.30 A.M., nor is any animal to be ridden at such a pace as to make him sweat; but whether these precautionary measures are really efficacious is an open question. Directly the frosts set in, the sickness disappears.

Society here, as in every other colony, is very mixed, and entertaining consequently limited; but there is one wrinkle connected with the social treadmill which, to use an Americanism, strikes a new-comer as decidedly 'cunning.' When we go out, or feel inclined for a siesta, or for some

other reason desire to remain undisturbed, we hang outside the front door a notice, 'Not at Home,' and below it a small basket or other receptacle for visitors' cards; and as but a very limited number of Kaffir servants have any knowledge of English, the advantage on that score alone is obvious. From this cause the door is frequently opened by the occupant in person.

Two daily papers, 'The Witness' and 'The Times of Natal,' are published in Maritzburg, and the following advertisements, culled from recent issues of which, prove that the Natalian is no whit behind his American brother in the science of advertising:

COOK.—Wanted, for a small hotel, in a very small village in the Orange Free State, a good-tempered, cleanly Female Cook. Wages, £40 per annum. A good home and kind treatment for a suitable party. Ladies, and parties with a taste for the piano and tailor-made dresses, need not apply to 'PIN,' office of this paper.

WANTED, a Young Lady as Lady's Companion, and to assist in teaching three children. Apply to J. P. J., Biggarsberg. **N.B.**—Three Eligible Bachelors kept on the premises.

WANTED, Three Husbands.—Three Good-looking Young Ladies of cheerful and sociable disposition, good housekeepers, &c., wish to correspond with good-looking young gentlemen of good character, good-tempered and sociable, with sufficient means to keep a wife comfortably.—Address letters to—XLZ, care publishers of 'Witness.'

CHALLENGE.—I will box any man in the colony at 10 stone, twelve rounds or to a finish, with small gloves, from a Hundred Pounds to Two Hundred a side.—W. KELLY, Standard, Church Street.

The way these papers are delivered at our houses is decidedly primitive—by a small boy, who rides round and throws them into the garden whatever the state of the weather, so that it behoves us during the rainy season (September to February) to be on the lookout for their arrival, or they are shortly reduced to a mass of illegible pulp.

The trade in matches to this colony must be prodigious, owing mainly to Boer tobacco, which is generally smoked, and which requires a deal of lighting. The medium-sized boxes of safety matches find most favour. Vesuvians or fusees one never sees, and wax matches but rarely. Corrugated iron, too, which forms the staple outside covering of nearly all buildings in South Africa, sometimes walls as well as roof, must form an enormous item of import.

Though we are highly civilised in certain respects, we are sadly behindhand in others. Our roads and pathways, for instance, would disgrace any community, abounding as they do in dangerous pitfalls, so much so that outdoor exercise after dark is attended with considerable danger. The streets after dusk are lighted by oil-lamps up to midnight, after which, save on moonlight nights, when the lamps are not lighted at all, the city rests in total darkness till daybreak following, which would be a serious matter were it not for the fact that any native found in the streets without a pass from his

employer after the 'Kaffir bell' has rung at nine P.M. from the Police Station is quickly run in.

Our system of drainage is primitive, the soil being collected twice a week by night-carts, which carry it out into the country, where it is buried. An old packing-case is our stock dust-bin, into which all rubbish is shot from Monday to Monday, on the morning of which day it is carried by the Kaffir boys into the road in front of the house, to be emptied into one of the scavenger carts that carries its contents away outside the confines of the city.

Our houses are devoid of bells, their functions being performed by the human voice divine. In only a very few of the newest houses is water laid on, a stand-pipe in the garden serving the others for all domestic purposes. We have no postmen, and consequently no house-to-house delivery of our letters, which we have to fetch or send for from the General Post-office. On the arrival of the English mail, generally on a Tuesday morning, two guns are fired from the camp, which is situated on rising ground at the upper end of the town, as a signal that its heterogeneous contents have been sorted and are ready for delivery. Then for a stampede! Whites, blacks, orderlies mounted and on foot, servants of all colours and shades, literally besiege the post-office for some hours as they would a bank that had suspended payment. One end of the building is fitted up with rows upon rows of little locked and numbered pigeon-holes, the private letter-boxes of those who care to pay a guinea a year for the luxury of avoiding the general scramble, and obtaining their letters and papers at leisure; and it will hardly be credited that in this widely-scattered city, boasting some twenty miles or more of streets, there are only two pillar boxes besides the one at the railway station. And there is a great peculiarity about these said streets, owing to which—an old Dutch custom, I believe—it was not until I had resided here for several months that I found out what street I was living in. This sounds absurd, but it is a fact, nevertheless. The plan of the city is simplicity itself—seven main streets, each two miles long, crossed at right angles by six lesser ones. The plots of ground between the main streets on which the houses stand are named; not the streets themselves. For example, our three main thoroughfares are called Church Street, Longmarket Street, and Loop Street. Now, in walking down Longmarket Street the houses on the right-hand side are in Loop Street, but those on the left in Longmarket Street. Similarly, in perambulating Church Street those on the right-hand side are in Longmarket Street, while those on the left are in Church Street.

We are well supplied with places of public worship; chapels of all denominations abound, including a Salvation Army barrack. We are not so well off for places of indoor recreation. A fabric dignified by the title of 'The Theatre Royal,' a hall with a raised platform at one end, where at intervals travelling companies take the boards, and amateurs, charitably inclined, cater for our amusement; a Skating Rink, just opened; and a well-managed Public Library, make up the list. The Oval, a level spot in the middle of the Park, furnishes outdoor amusement on most afternoons throughout the

year in the shape of either a cricket or football match, according to the season; and every Saturday afternoon, when one or other of the military bands adds its lively strains to the spectacle, the general public flock there in crowds. Every Monday afternoon, too, the Polo ground with its music and afternoon tea attracts a goodly number of both sexes.

It will thus be seen that in spite of everything being upside down with us, of a north wind blowing hot and a south wind cold, of Christmas day occurring in midsummer, of the flowers being without scent and the birds without song, and our dwelling beneath the Southern Cross instead of under the Polar Star, we manage to jog along and to make life more than a mere matter of existence.

RAILWAY PORTERS.

THE Railway Porter is a familiar personage to every one, and most of us have at times been able to appreciate his services. Go to a station when we may, whether there are trains about or not, we can generally find a porter somewhere, and very seldom do we find him idle. His duties are many and not always pleasant, and his hours of work are often very long; yet withal, his looks, with few exceptions, bespeak the contented man. Porters include several classes of men. There are goods porters, who do not often come in contact with the public; parcel porters; shunting, lamping, and carriage-washing porters; and platform porters. The last mentioned are best known by the public, and their position amongst the body of porters is most envied. Their duties are more varied and interesting than those of the other classes; they see the public in their joys and sorrows; and on one and the self-same day may see christening, wedding, and funeral parties. They also have the chance of increasing their weekly wages by a few gratuities. Though their duties all over the country may be similar, porters try to avoid certain stations, as much as tramps do certain workhouses. These hard stations are invariably large ones, and their bad character generally comes from the hard discipline of some inspector or foreman, who would have been a model slave-driver had his lot been cast in some of our colonies in days gone by.

Portering may be said to be the first step in railway life; some may begin their career in the service in a higher sphere, but many who have started as porters now hold very high positions on the railways in this country and in the colonies. At large stations, like the London termini, Liverpool, Manchester, &c., and such junctions as Crewe, York, and Rugby, the porter is hard worked. The perpetual moving about, shutting doors, loading and unloading vans, answering questions by the hundred a day, makes their work much harder than it appears to the casual observer; and most men after a time are glad to get to a good country station if there is no chance of a suitable promotion. The position of brakesman or goods guard is generally offered to porters of some experience; but men who have been years at a country station, who have a cottage and garden,

and a family into the bargain, are not over-eager to accept such a promotion. A few shillings a week more will hardly compensate them for breaking up their homes; so that as a rule porters at country stations remain porters, and do not fare badly. In London and the large provincial towns it is unusual to see the same faces amongst this class of men for many years together, as it is from the large stations that men are made brakesmen and goods guards, it not being often necessary for them to change their homes.

But let us look at the characters of railway porters. There are good, bad, and indifferent men amongst them, the same as in any other class of humanity, but the bad are in a decided minority. The lazy ones are soon spotted by their superior officers, and the uncivil will sooner or later be reported by the public; and in both cases their tenure of office will be short. The criminal calendar can show very very few railway-men on its list, and those that are there are mostly thieves. In our travels we shall find that, in the matter of civility alone, porters are not all alike. At one station we may find he errs on the side of too much civility; at another he will be found disagreeable, or even rude; and at several stations the word indifferent will convey his character to one's mind. He has no interest in his work, and he therefore fails at it. The civil man soon finds out that his character is appreciated, that the longer he stops at a station the more friends he has, and that the public always seek his services in preference to others less amiable. If porters would but remember that civility costs nothing, and is often well rewarded, there would be no cause for one being favoured more than another; and irrespective of 'tips' and other favours, the civil and obliging man has that contented mind which is brought about by being at peace with all the world. The face reflects the man, and the happy face is approached by the timid, who would dispense with information if they had to seek it from a disagreeable-looking individual.

At one of the Leeds stations there is a man who has been a porter for many years; he attends in the booking lobby, and waits on passengers arriving by cabs, &c. He is an old favourite of constant travellers, and rumour says that he can retire any day on his past earnings. His little fortune has been made by civility; and there are probably many more all over the country that can say the same. It is certainly true that porters who are advanced in life get the lion's share of public favour; but they were young once, and have served an apprenticeship, which has taught them something to their advantage.

The indifferent porter is the hardest to deal with. He has no interest in his work; he would be the same sort of man in whatever occupation he was engaged in. His answer to most questions is, 'I don't know,' and we might add, 'and don't want to know.' Whatever is put before him to do, he does, but not willingly; he is a sort of labour machine which won't go without making. No special fault can be found with him, so that he does not generally get into trouble; but for all that, such men are a source of annoyance to inspectors and foremen,

who cannot always be at a man's back to see that he does his work; and who are not always sure that an important order will be executed when it is merely given. These sort of men do nothing without being told, and fill up their time with dawdling about, or playing with some such article as a knife or piece of string; when not even so much occupied, they sit down and muse over their hard life.

The uncivil porter is always in hot water; he is generally a sharp man at his work, and does it well; acts up to all orders, and is in every way but one a good servant. If he cannot be civil, he need not be rude or impudent, but his manner is just sufficient to make his questioner feel insulted. If he loses his temper, however, there is no doubt but that his language will be both rude and impudent, and he will then draw largely from the vocabulary of slang. But, as before remarked, this class of men soon have to move on. They will be sent from one station to another, so that they can have a fair trial, till the record against them is so black that they are requested to leave the service, or maybe allowed the option of resigning.

All railway companies are very particular about civility being shown to the public, with perhaps one exception, known to most railwaymen; but even that company has now improved in this respect, as well as in many others. A bald-headed director of this company was travelling with some strangers, and at one of the stations one of them asked the name of the place. A porter pointed to the name-board, remarking: 'Can't you read?' The director was somewhat vexed, but said nothing. At the next station, another of the passengers asked if they changed there for A—. 'Sit still, and don't bother; this ain't a junction,' the porter replied. The director, who was much surprised at the incivility of the porters, told the strangers who he was, and expressed regret that they had been so spoken to. 'I will see, however,' he said, 'if they will speak in the same way to me.' At the next station he put his head out of the window, but could get no one's attention till the train was moving off, when a porter came up and shouted to him: 'Keep your bald head in, old buffer, or you 'll catch cold.' He fumed with rage; but the strangers seemed to enjoy his defeat.

There was trouble at those three stations the next day; and three faces were seen no more on those platforms.

There is a minimum height for porters; hence short men are not seen, neither are very tall men. There is, however, no regulation as to rotundity, but fat porters are scarce. Constant exercise, I should imagine, keeps the superfluous fat down.

The agricultural districts are the recruiting-grounds for porters; perhaps it would be more correct to say breeding-grounds, for no company has any official to do the recruiting. As a railway now runs within walking distance of every village throughout the country, men seeking employment on the railway soon find out all particulars necessary to get into the service. It is not unusual to come across half-a-dozen porters at our large stations, each plainly showing by his talk the county he comes from; and it would be highly interesting to get them together and

hear their conversation with one another. Raw recruits from Yorkshire, Lancashire, Northumberland, Norfolk, Somersetshire, and Cornwall, on a London platform holding a serious conversation would lead a Londoner to think that he was verily amongst strangers. They must go wherever they are sent, and before they are appointed, must be examined by a doctor. All things then being satisfactory, they are supplied with their uniform and a book of rules and sent where they are wanted. The new hand can generally be told by the look of discomfort he cannot help showing in appearing in corduroy and brass buttons for the first time. It is surprising how neat some porters can appear with one uniform a year, which includes two pairs of trousers; and equally surprising how slovenly some are before their clothes are three months old. It is very awkward for these latter individuals when their new uniform comes late. One of this class in the West Riding had to apply two or three times for his new clothes, which were overdue, but still they did not come. He knew that his garments were worse than seedy, and feared that they might fall to pieces; so, as a last resource, he wrote direct to the superintendent, telling him of his trouble, and adding, that should the uniform not come at once, he should have to adopt the charcoal system. A reply soon came back, asking for particulars of the charcoal system. The porter then replied, that as different parts of his body were becoming visible through his clothes, he intended rubbing them with charcoal for decency's sake. It is needless to say that the new things were soon sent.

Now, are railway porters as a body of men as well off as they would be in any other occupation for which they are fit? The answer must be 'Yes.' Four-fifths of them have been farm-labourers, labourers about towns, or men without a trade; and in such capacities they would seldom rise above the level of being able to keep body and soul together, whereas directly they join a railway they have regular wages and prospects of promotion. What regular wages mean, only those know who have had employment for part of a year and have had to make shift for the remainder. Every porter must belong to a Sick Fund; and if he is not a member of one at the time he joins the service, he must belong to the one carried on by the company, so that in times of sickness he still draws enough money to keep himself. It is very necessary that this should be compulsory, for there are many men who are quite indifferent about sickness till it comes, and it would not do for great companies to hear that their servants were dying for the want of attendance and the necessities of life.

As for promotion, it may be said of the porter, that the position of general manager is within his reach, as much as the bâton of a field-marshal is said to be within the grasp of a French soldier. Every man is allowed a short holiday in the year, and on most companies they are paid their wages during that time. They have free passes for their wives and family on these occasions. If they live away from a market town, passes are issued to their wives for the purpose of marketing. These are great consider-

ations. All the railway companies may not be so generous; but the great lines certainly are. The conclusion that must be come to, then, is, that a man with no trade or definite occupation can do very much worse than become a railway porter, and that he can easily get that situation, providing he can read and write and can get testimonials as to his character and respectability. With industry and ambition he then has a future before him, and that future will be his own making.

SOME SAVAGE CONTRIBUTIONS TO CIVILISATION.

MOST savage tribes possess two things in common with one another—a national beverage, which they use at special seasons of rejoicing and festivity; and a poison of some description, which they employ to test the guilt or innocence of their offenders; or, in times of war, as an arrow-poison to ensure a fatal result to the wound inflicted by the weapon. Both of these are always composed of a very powerful product of the vegetable kingdom, and it is therefore not surprising that most of the known agents have been taken advantage of by doctors and hygienists, and form important additions to the science of medicine and dietetics.

Amongst the native beverages thus utilised may be mentioned the coca of the Peruvians, the kola of the West Africans, the kava-kava of the Fijians, the guarana of the Brazilians, and the maté of the Paraguayans; whilst amongst the poisons may be included the wourali or curare of the South American Indians, the ouabaïo of the Somalis, the *Strophanthus hispidus* of the west coast of Africa, and the Calabar or ordeal bean of Calabar. The three first-named poisons are used by the natives as arrow-poisons; whilst the last, as its name implies, plays the part of a relentless judge, and very often of an executioner at the same time. No doubt, many of our readers are aware of the mode of procedure. A meeting of the tribe is called together under the presiding genius of the medicine-man, who, after sundry gesticulations and howlings, selects the victim, and forces him to partake of the poisonous beans. If report speaks truly, a favourable or fatal result rests entirely with the prisoner. The natives say that if the man has a free conscience he will not be afraid, but will eat largely of the beans, relying upon his fetich to preserve him; whereas, a guilty man will be fearful, and eat as sparingly as possible. Taken in quantity, the beans act as an emetic; whilst small doses ensure death. In this country, pharmacists extract the active principles, which are known to oculists and surgeons under the names of Eserine and Physostigmine, and are employed by them with most gratifying results in the various diseases to which the eye is subject.

The arrow-poisons proper, as a rule, act as muscular poisons; the minute quantity which finds its way into the blood from the arrow is hurried round with the corpuscles, and as soon as it reaches the heart, paralyses the muscles and stops its action. Their great importance, therefore, in medicine is in cases of heart disease. Curare is mainly used hypodermically in cases

of tetanus; strophanthus has also been used internally for the same complaint; but its name was made by its importance as a cardiac tonic. Ouabain, the glucoside derived from the ouabaïo, has the same chemical and physiological properties as strophanthus, but is very much more toxic. In some experiments recently made in Paris upon frogs, it was found that after a subcutaneous injection of one-fortieth of a milligramme of crystallised ouabain, the heart was stopped in six minutes; while the same quantity of strophanthin took twelve minutes. The injection of even so small a quantity of crystallised ouabain as one-eightieth of a milligramme stopped the heart in eight or nine minutes. Generally, the toxic dose of ouabain for a rabbit is one-tenth of a milligramme per kilogramme of the weight of the animal, death ensuing in twenty-five minutes; whereas of strophanthin four-tenths of a milligramme are required to cause death in about fifty minutes.

Introduced by the stomach, the poison acts far less powerfully. A young dog weighing three kilogrammes two hundred and eighty grammes, being given eight milligrammes in thirty cubic centimetres of water, was seized with all the symptoms of ouabain poisoning, but survived. Ouabain was found to have an anæsthetic action on the eye, but produced at the same time irritating effects. The experiments were conducted upon rabbits; but subsequent experiments upon the cornea of man have not been sufficiently favourable to warrant its use for this purpose. The last complaint for which it has been tried is whooping-cough, and the infinitesimal doses given have produced marvellous results.

MY LOVE OF LONG AGO.

THERE are faces just as perfect;
There are eyes as true and sweet;
There are hearts as strong and tender
As the heart that's ceased to beat;
There are voices just as thrilling;
There are souls as white, I know,
As hers were when she went from me—
My love of long ago.

New lips are ever telling
The tale that ne'er grows old;
Life's grays are always changing
For some one into gold;
But amid the shine and shadow,
Amid the gloom and glow,
She walks with me, she talks with me—
My love of long ago.

When I think of all the changes
That the changing years have brought,
I am glad the world that holds her
Is the world that changes not.
And the same as when she left me,
She waits for me, I know—
My love on earth, my love in heaven,
My love of long ago.

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 367.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 10, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

BAD TEMPERERS.

THERE are some vices which possess what may be called a respectable exterior; they succeed occasionally in borrowing the garments of some neighbouring virtue and passing themselves off as relations of his. Even when their character as faults cannot be denied, people are found to palliate them and minimise their evil tendency. Among such sins are envy, jealousy, pride, and bad temper. To say that such a one has rather a hasty temper, or that he is difficult to get on with, or that he is too fond of having his own way, is hardly, in the opinion of many people, to say anything really to his discredit; yet, when we analyse that disposition of mind which is commonly called 'bad temper,' we shall find that it is neither more nor less than the malignant desire of making other people suffer pain. Even in the case of a 'hot' or hasty temper, this is true. No one would use angry words to another if he did not mean that they should wound, and intend to relieve his angry feelings by the suffering they may cause.

If the temper is a sullen or sulky one, its malignant character is still more apparent: the sulky fellow begins by feeling offended; probably he has some little cause for taking offence, or he has at least an opportunity for imagining that he has been slighted. He persuades himself that some one has been wanting in the affection or respect which is his due. He feels himself insulted, injured; and he has not magnanimity enough to pass over the matter without taking care that the slight offered should be expiated by suffering. His self-love demands that some one should suffer; and the suffering of the victim—although he might be shocked to think so, and might refuse to believe it—affords him a certain satisfaction and a certain pleasure. When the offender has been made to feel that it is no light matter to neglect the comfort of the ill-tempered man, or to prefer any other interests to his, when he or she has been made thoroughly miserable, the sulky man is appeased; he is per-

haps even penitent; his demon has been gratified, and is no longer hungry. The fact that the bad temper, with its symptoms of black looks, or harsh words, or sullen silence, was maintained until the suffering of the victim became evident, is enough to show that sulkiness is really a much worse kind of fault than people generally imagine.

The well-known fact that a man's temper very often depends on his physical state for the time being is often accepted as a complete justification for petulance or savageness of manner. A man of nervous temperament, or a person afflicted with a sluggish liver, can no more help feeling irritable or gloomy than a man with a wooden leg can help limping. He is entitled, therefore, to some degree of consideration from others on account of his natural defect; but after all, men are not entirely the slaves of their nerves or their internal organs. To feel irritation or despondency is one thing; to allow such feelings to master one and drive one whither they will, is quite a different matter. If a man has a weak heart or a tendency to gout, he generally thinks it a duty to take account of these physical infirmities, and avoid any indulgence in amusements or in food which may tend to confirm them; but few people think it worth while to attend to the state of their nerves, for the sake of sparing their families an outburst of temper. It may be as plain a duty for a man to eat a good dinner as it is for him to get through his day's work, or to vote—when he does vote—according to his conscience. If, after the agreeable remedy of dining, a man with a fairly good disposition still feels that the conduct of his friends and of the world in general is unbearable, or that he would rather continue to sulk than not, he may feel pretty certain that the blame is not entirely due to physical causes; but the probability is that he will be ready to put it on anybody or anything rather than on himself. When a man in a temper has got so far as to see that he has been unreasonable, he is in a fair way of recovery. The difficulty is to make him see

things in their true light; for a sulky temper induces a mental blindness which is quite as impervious to argument as the hottest passion. Concession is of no use—it is jealously suspected as having its root in the very proposition which is not to be borne for a moment, namely, that temper is at the bottom of the whole thing. The sulky man wants no forbearance, no sacrifices for the sake of peace; he will not be bribed back again into good humour, like a naughty child. In his heart he knows that he is unjust, morose, peevish, and childish; but his pride will not suffer him to believe it. He must therefore be approached with caution, for anything that seems to imply the truth increases the pain of the wound which his self-love has received. The injustice of an implied assertion, that the original slight was a mere trifle, naturally seems to him very great. Under these circumstances, it is a relief to the sulky man to speak his mind; and perhaps it is generally better that he should do so. Often, however, the only cure for his mental ailment is a period of solitude.

It is not an uncommon thing in this, as in more serious matters, for the world to make mistakes, and ascribe to some men better tempers, to others worse ones, than they actually possess. A man may not only be thoroughly selfish and exacting, but ready to fly into a passion at a small provocation, and yet pass for being good-tempered, simply because those around him are afraid to cross him, and give him no opportunity for breaking out. His likes and dislikes are always taken into account and considered beforehand; this is known to him, and the sacrifice is pleasing. The members of his family—for temper is chiefly a feature of family life—think that peace is cheaply bought at the price of their own inclinations; and congratulate themselves on the fact that papa or Uncle Richard is in such a good temper. The fact is that he is in an abominably bad one; he is probably quite unconscious of the fact, and unconscious, too, that in their hearts the other members of the family think him a nuisance, and breathe more freely when he is out of the house, more freely still when he is a hundred miles away.

On the other hand, a man may be so confirmed a grumbler that he may be universally voted a bore and a person of execrably bad temper, while in reality he is no worse off in that respect than many of his neighbours. He grumbles more as a matter of habit than anything else; and plays, as it were, with his temper. As a rule, he does not lose his self-control; he has nothing of that cruel love of wounding other people's feelings which is the essence of a really bad temper; he simply fumes and fusses about because he likes it. Occasionally, under a load of unusual aggravations, self-control gives way, and the grumble changes to a veritable storm; but as a rule, the croaker remains satisfied with making himself passively disagreeable. How disagreeable he is, he probably has little idea. It is his nature to find fault and look at the seamy side of things; and he has never set himself to counteract the natural bent of his mind. Yet he may be a very lovable kind

of man; his peevishness may be tiresome; but those who live with him know that it is mere habit, a habit which, from long indulgence, has come to be second nature; and they bear with him patiently, more patiently, perhaps, than he deserves. Nothing, indeed, is more surprising than the fact that not only habitually discontented people, but irritable, angry, bullying fellows may, and often do, retain the love of their fellow-creatures.

Some ill-tempered men are loved not only beyond their deserts but beyond what one might think possible. Perhaps this is because they make up for their defects by an unusual warmth of affection; but there is one description of ill-tempered man who is never liked, whether he receives a dutiful affection or not, and that is the man who always insists on having his own way. A passionate man is not always, perhaps not often, in a rage; a sulky fellow is not perpetually sulking; but an exacting man is continually irritating. There are people who quietly and perhaps good-humouredly, but with fixed determination, insist that other people's preferences shall give way to theirs; and who, if they are thwarted, make themselves infinitely disagreeable. A man of this stamp may have many good qualities; he may be respected, but he cannot be loved. Not even his nearest relations can avoid feeling a certain constraint in his presence, and a sense of relief when he is absent. The flower of love may live through many injuries; but it cannot survive in an atmosphere of perpetual frost.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER III.—LOVE—THIRTY.

WHEN Linnell appeared upon the Mansels' tennis-ground at half-past three that afternoon, it was in quite other garb from the careless painter suit he had worn on the hill-side in the incognito of morning. He was arrayed now in the correctest of correct gray tweeds, and the most respectable of round felt hats, in place of the brown velveteens and Rembrandt cap wherewith he had sallied forth, to the joy of all young Petherton, at early morn for his day's sketching. Yet it was difficult to say in which of the two costumes he looked handsomest—the picturesque artistic suit of the cosmopolitan painter, or the simple rough homespun country dress of the English gentleman. Linnell was tall, and very dark: his deep black eyes were large and expressive; and his rough beard and moustache, trimmed with a certain loose touch of artistic freedom, gave a decided tone of manliness and vigour to what might otherwise have seemed too purely cultivated and refined a face. As it was, nobody could look at Charles Linnell without seeing in him at a glance the best product of our English school and college training—a man first, and afterwards a gentleman.

As he crossed the lawn to where Mrs Mansel sat on a rustic chair under the shade of the big umbrella-like lime-tree, he saw that two other visitors were already before him, each of whom equally attracted at once the artist's quick

and appreciative eye. The first was indeed a noble presence—a tall and thin old man, gray-haired and gray-moustached, clad in a close-fitting light pea-jacket and slouch hat, which seemed to bring out in singular relief the full height and spareness of his long lithe figure. No one could have passed that figure by unnoticed even in the crowded streets of London. The old man's face was full of vividness, fire, and innate majesty. Though close on seventy, he was young still in expression and bearing: he held his gray head proudly erect, and the light that flashed from his keen and deep-set eyes was instinct even now with youthful vigour and unquenchable energy. The high arched forehead, the projecting eyebrows, the sharp clear features, the strong and masculine chin, the delicate mouth, instinct with irony, the powerful lines scored deep on the thin cheeks and round the speaking corners of the acute gray eyes, all told alike of profound intellectual strength and subtlety. The very movements of his limbs were free and unrestrained: he stood aside two steps for Linnell to approach with something of the statuesque Greek gracefulness. The artist had no need to wait for an introduction. He felt sure instinctively it was Haviland Dumaresq, the Encyclopædic Philosopher, who stood in the flesh there visibly before him.

The other stranger, no less striking in her way, was a young girl of sixteen or seventeen, in the first flush of a delicate pink-and-white peach-like beauty. Linnell was so taken by her girlish face and graceful form that he had hardly time to bestow a passing glance upon the maturer and more maternally attractiveness of their common hostess. Even so, he was but dimly aware of a pair of soft and full round cheeks, mantled by a dainty suffused bloom, and with a temptingly rosy mouth set full beneath them, too simple as yet to be even coquettish. Linnell was a shy man, and Haviland Dumaresq's presence at once overawed him. He was so much agitated by the stately courtesy—a courtesy as of the grand old courtly school—with which the great thinker had stridden aside two paces to let him pass, that he could fix his eyes steadily neither on Mrs Mansel nor on her pretty little visitor. The lawn swam in a vague haze of uncertainty around him, out of all which only the tall spare figure on the one hand, and that pair of rose-petal cheeks on the other, loomed distinctly visible through the mist of his own shyness on his perturbed and unsteady mental vision.

Happily Mansel came forward to his aid in the nick of time. 'Ida,' he said to his wife as she rose from her seat to meet and greet the new-comer, 'this is my friend Linnell of whom you've heard me speak often.—Linnell, let me introduce you to Mr Dumaresq, whose work you know and appreciate so deeply already.—Psyche, this is a dear old Oxford friend of mine: he paints pictures, so you're sure to like him.'

Linnell bowed all round at each introduction with mechanical politeness. So many new acquaintances all at once, one of them distinguished, and two pretty, were far too much for his unstable composure. He muttered some inarticulate conventional phrase, and looked about him uncomfortably at the lawn and the garden.

Haviland Dumaresq himself was the first to break the awkward silence. 'Linnell,' he repeated, in a rich and powerful but very silvery voice: 'I hope I caught the name correctly, Linnell. Ah, yes; I thought so. One seldom catches a name right at a first introduction, because all hearing is largely inference; and here, where no context exists to guide one's guesses, inference is impossible. The world is all before one where to choose: any one name is just as likely to occur in an introduction as another.—You said Linnell, with the accent on the last, I notice, Mansel. I'm a student of names—among other things'—and he looked the artist keenly in the face with a searching glance. 'I've only met the name, so accented, once before. Sir Austen Linnell was with me at Trinity—not the present man, of course—his father, the General. They're all Sir Austen Linnells in succession in the Rutland family—have been ever since the Restoration, in fact, when the first man was created a Baronet for welcoming King Charles the moment he landed.'

'Mr Linnell's name's Austen, too,' Mrs Mansel put in suavely, as she reseated herself with Girtonian grace on the rustic chair.—'We happened to look you up in the Grosvenor Catalogue this morning, Mr Linnell—I couldn't recollect the name of that sweet picture of yours, The Gem of the Harem: Reggy and I admired it immensely this year on varnishing day. And there we found you set down at full length as Charles Austen Linnell, you know; and we wondered whether you mustn't be related to the Rutland people.'

'Austen with an *e*,' Haviland Dumaresq interposed with great gravity. 'Names of similar sound but different in spelling are almost always of distinct origin. Phonetic decay assimilates primarily unlike words. Turner, for example, is only plain turner, a man who puts wood in a lathe for chairs and tables; but Turnor with an *o*, like the Turnors of Norfolk, are really Tour Noirs, of Norman origin. There the assimilation is obviously late and obviously phonetic.' For it was a peculiarity of Haviland Dumaresq's mind, as Linnell soon learned, that he saw nothing—not even the merest small-talk—as isolated fact: every detail came to him always as a peg on which to hang some abstract generalisation. The man was pure philosopher to the core: he lived in the act of organising events by squads and battalions into orderly sequence. To Linnell himself, however, the timely diversion came very pleasantly: he hated his own personality, or his own name even, to form the subject of public discussion.

But he wasn't permitted to rejoice over the side-issue long. Mrs Mansel brought the conversation back again at a bound, with feminine instinct, to the purely personal and immediate question. 'Mr Linnell spells *his* Austen with an *e* too,' she said briskly.—'I suppose, Mr Linnell, you're a member of the same old Rutland family?'

Haviland Dumaresq turned round upon him once more with a strange display of earnest interest. Linnell hesitated. His face was crimson. 'Of the same family,' he repeated after a pause with obvious reluctance: then he added with a little sidelong suspicious look; 'but the

younger son of a younger son only. I hardly even know my cousin, Sir Austen, the head of the house. Junior branches are seldom held of much account, of course, in an English family.'

'Primogeniture is a great injustice—to the elder sons,' Haviland Dumaresq murmured reflectively in his measured tones. 'It deprives them of all proper stimulus to action. It condemns them to a life of partridge-shooting and dinner-giving. It stunts and dwarfs their mental faculties. It robs them of all that makes life worth living. Still, it has its compensating advantages as well, in the long run, for the nation at large. By concentrating the whole fortune of able and successful families—judges, bishops, new peers, and so forth, the cream of their kind, who have risen by their own ability to the top, leaving the mere skim-milk of humanity at the bottom—on one single rich and useless representative, the scapegoat, as it were, of the family opulence, it turns the younger sons adrift upon the world, with their inherited intellect for their sole provision, and so urges them on to exceptional effort, in order to keep up their position in society, and realise their natural expectations and the hopes of their upbringing. I'm not sure that it isn't a good thing, after all, for an aristocratic community that a certain number of its ablest members should be left to shift for themselves by their own wits, and after having been brought up in comfort and luxury with a good education, should be forced at last to earn their own living in the hard struggle for life which is the rule of nature.'

'But all younger sons are not poor,' the girl they called Psyche put in blushing.

Linnell turned to her with a quick keen glance. 'Not quite all, perhaps,' he said with a decisive accent; 'but so large a proportion of the total sum, that you may almost take it for granted about any of them whenever you meet one.'

His interposition turned the current of the conversation. They sat for a few minutes talking trivialities about the beauty of the place and Linnell's first impressions of Petherton Episcopi: then Mansel said, turning to the philosopher: 'Where do you think I picked up my friend this morning, Mr Dumaresq? He was at work on the slope yonder, sketching your cottage.'

'It's a pretty cottage,' Dumaresq answered with a slight inclination of his leonine head. 'So bright and fluffy. The prettiest place I've ever seen. I've always admired my own cottage.'

'Oh papa,' Psyche broke in, red-faced, incidentally settling for Linnell off-hand the hitherto moot-question of her personal identity, 'it's so very tiny.'

'For you, my child, yes,' the father answered tenderly. 'But for me, no. It exactly fits me. My niche in nature is a very humble one. In all those matters I'm a perfect Stoic of the old school. I ask no more from fate or fortune than the chances the Cosmos spontaneously bestows upon me.'

'It makes a very pretty sketch,' Linnell interposed gently, in his diffident way. 'Will you allow an old admirer of the Encyclopædic Philosophy—perhaps one of your earliest and most devoted adherents—to present it to you as

a memento—a disciple's fee, so to speak—when finished?'

Dumaresq looked him back in the face with an undecided air. He drummed his fingers dubitatively on his knee for a minute. Then, 'You are a professional artist?' he asked slowly.

'A professional artist? Well, yes, of course; I sell my pictures—whenever I can; and as far as I'm able, I try to live upon them.'

'Then I must *buy* the sketch,' Dumaresq answered with a quiet and stately decision in his manner. 'If you'd been an amateur, now, I would gladly have accepted it from you; but I, too, am a workman, and I have my principles. In art, as in literature, science, and thought, the labourer, we remember, is worthy of his hire. I should like to have a fitting presentment of our little home. It would be nice for Psyche to possess it hereafter.'

The calm dignity and precision of his tone took Linnell fairly by surprise. The man couldn't have spoken with more majestic carelessness if he had been the lordly owner of five thousand acres commissioning a Leighton or an Alma Tadema. Yet Linnell had only to look at his own studiously simple threadbare dress and the neat quietness of his daughter's little print to see that five pounds was a large matter to him. The picture when completed would be worth full fifty.

'We won't quarrel about that,' the artist said hastily, with a little deprecatory wave of his white hand. 'I'll show you the sketch as soon as it's finished, and then we may perhaps effect an equitable exchange for it. Or at least,' and he glanced shyly on one side towards Psyche, 'I may possibly be permitted to offer it by-and-by for Miss Dumaresq's acceptance.'

The old man was just about to answer a hurried refusal, when Mansel intervened with a pacificatory remark. 'Linnell was telling me this morning,' he said, dragging it in by all-fours, 'how greatly he admired and respected your philosophic system. He has all your doctrines at his fingers' ends; and he was quite surprised to find an ungrateful world didn't crowd to Petherton in its millions, by excursion train, to pay you the tribute of its respect and consideration. He means to have some royal confabs with you on Dumaresquian subjects whenever you can spare him an hour or two of your valuable leisure.'

'Papa sees so few people here who care at all for the questions he's interested in,' Psyche said, looking up, 'that he's always delighted and pleased when he really lights upon a philosophic visitor and gets a chance of exchanging serious opinions.'

The old man's face flushed like a child's with ingenuous pleasure; appreciation came so late to him, and came so rarely, that it went to his heart with pathetic keenness; but he gave no sign of his emotion by spoken words. He merely answered, in the same sonorous silvery voice as before: 'Philosophy has necessarily a restricted audience. Intelligence being the special property of the few, the deeper and wider and more important a study, the narrower must needs be the circle of its possible students.'

Mrs Mansel tapped her parasol impatiently. Girton-bred as she was, she yet believed by long

experience it was possible to have too much of poor dear old Dumaresq. 'Psyche, my child,' she said, yawning under cover of her Japanese fan, 'shall we go on now and have our game of tennis?'

They fell into their places in the court as if by accident, Psyche and the new-come artist on one side, Mansel and his wife opposite them on the other. Dumaresq sat by observant and watched the play: it always interested him to look on at tennis: the run of the balls is so admirably pregnant with suggestive ideas for sidereal motions!

As for Psyche, she never before had enjoyed a game with any one so much. Linnell was so handsome, and played so admirably. In the excitement of the game, he had quite forgotten his lameness now, and remembered only the quick sight and nimble movement of his desert experiences. No man in England could play tennis better, indeed, when he managed to drop out of mind his infirmities; and that afternoon he was happily able to drop them altogether. He remembered only that Psyche was beautiful, and that to play with Haviland Dumaresq's daughter was something very different indeed from playing with the common nameless herd of squireen femininity on the lawn of the vicarage in some country village.

For to Linnell, Haviland Dumaresq's was so great a name as to throw some reflected halo even around Psyche.

As father and daughter walked home alone, after five o'clock tea, in the cool of the evening, to their tiny cottage—the old man tall, erect, and grim; Psyche, one rosebud blush from chin to forehead—Haviland Dumaresq stopped for a second at the turn of the road, and gazing at his daughter with a lingering affection, said abruptly: 'I felt I must buy it. I was obliged to buy it. I couldn't take it from the man for nothing, of course. Whatever it costs, I shall have to pay for it.'

'How much is it worth, do you think, papa?' Psyche asked, half trembling.

'I know so little about this sort of thing,' the old philosopher answered gravely; 'but I shouldn't be in the least surprised to learn he wanted as much as ten pounds for it.'

'Ten pounds is an awful lot of money,' Psyche cried, affrighted.

'Ten pounds is a very large sum indeed,' her father echoed, repeating the phrase in his own dialect. 'Too large a sum for any one to waste upon a piece of paper with the image or simulacrum of a common dwelling-house scrawled in colour upon it. But there was no help for it; I had to do it. Otherwise, the man might have pressed the thing upon me as a mere present. And a present's an obligation I never can accept. We can save the necessary amount, perhaps, by giving up all needless luxuries for breakfast, and taking only tea and bread without butter.'

'Oh papa,' Psyche murmured aghast.

'Not you, my child, not you!' the father answered hurriedly. 'I never meant you, my darling—but myself and Maria. I think the existing culinary utensil calls herself Maria.'

'But my dear, dear father!'

'Not a word, my child. Don't try to interfere with me. I know what's best for us, and I do

it unhesitatingly. I must go through the world on my own orbit. The slightest attempt to turn a planet from its regular course recoils destructively upon the head of the aggressive body that crosses its cycle. I'm a planetary orb, obeying fixed laws: I move in my circuit undeterred and unswerving.'

They walked along a few yards farther in silence. Then Haviland Dumaresq spoke again. 'He belongs to a very good family, that painting young man,' he said with a jerk of his head towards the Mansels. 'The Linnells of Rutland are distinguished people. But he's a younger son, and worth nothing. A younger son, and got no money.—Lives on his pictures.—Worth nothing.'

'Papa!' Psyche cried, in a ferment of astonishment, unable to suppress her surprise and wonder. 'What a funny thing for you to say—you, of all men, who care nothing at all for money or position. He's very clever, I think, and very handsome, and I know he's read the Encyclopædic Philosophy.'

Dumaresq held his proud gray head prouder and higher still against the evening sky. 'I mean,' he said evasively, 'the young man's poor. An artist who hardly lives on his art. All the more reason, then (if it comes to that), to pay for his picture. His time's his money.'

But Psyche herself vaguely knew in her own heart that that was nothing more than an excuse and an after-thought. She knew what her father really meant. She knew and wondered. For never before in all her life had Psyche Dumaresq heard that austere philosopher reckon up any man by his fortune or his family. And why should he make so unfavourable an exception against so pleasant a person as this new young painter?

She didn't understand the simple and well-known human principle that no man is a philosopher when he has daughters to marry.

UNCLAIMED STOCKS, DIVIDENDS, AND BANK DEPOSITS.

By S. H. PRESTON.

Just one hundred years ago, the then Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr Pitt, being very anxious to replenish the Treasury, with the smallest possible friction to the long-suffering taxpayers, conceived the happy idea of utilising the accumulated unclaimed dividends on Government Stocks, then in the coffers of the Bank of England. Accordingly, a Return was prepared, from which it appeared that these unclaimed dividends had grown thus: In 1727 they amounted to only £43,000; in 1774, to £292,000; and in 1789, to £547,000. Mr Pitt proposed that £500,000 of these accumulations should be paid into the national Exchequer, and the Consolidated Fund made liable to recoup on claimants making good their title. The proposal was stoutly opposed by Mr Burke and Mr Fox, as well as by the directors of the Bank of England; but Mr Pitt carried it by a large majority.

The result of the discussions in parliament and in the press proved highly beneficial to many persons who, up to that time, were ignorant of the fact that stockholders or their representatives

could easily recover these long-forgotten funds. Innumerable claimants appeared, and instead of the Bank being able to advance to the Government £500,000, the actual sum handed over was only £376,739, 0s. 9d.

In 1791, the first official list of unclaimed dividends on Government Stocks was published, containing 'the names and descriptions of the proprietors of unclaimed dividends in the Public Funds, which became due before December 31, 1780, and remained unpaid on December 31, 1790, with the dates when the last dividends became payable, and the number of dividends due.' The list filled two hundred pages, and the information given proved invaluable to the public. Supplements were published annually for many years afterwards, but some fifty years since they were discontinued. These unclaimed dividends may therefore now fairly be classed as 'hidden moneys.'

Two hundred years ago, the national debt amounted to only £664,263, with an annual charge of £39,835. At the commencement of the American War it had risen to 130 million, and at its conclusion to 250 million. The great Revolutionary War cost the country the stupendous sum of 600 million; and in 1817 the national debt reached its highest point—namely, 840 million. During Her Majesty's reign it has been largely reduced, and now stands at about 700 million, with an annual charge of 26 million.

Owing to the enormous increase in the national debt, the unclaimed dividends mounted up rapidly, and in 1808 stood at £1,047,891. In this year a further sum of half a million was advanced thereon to the Government, without protest on the part of the Bank of England. In 1815 the unclaimed dividends had risen to £1,297,742.

The number of stockholders is now nearly 250,000, and, according to Mr E. W. Hamilton's highly-interesting pamphlet on Mr Goschen's wonderful Conversion and Redemption scheme, unclaimed funds are credited to no fewer than 10,900 accounts, which include more than forty holdings of over £10,000 each. The holding of one individual alone in Consols and Reduced Threes amounts to no less a sum than £187,598. The unclaimed redemption money amounts to £7,849,775, 9s. 7d.; unclaimed Stocks, &c., in the hands of the National Debt Commissioners on October 1, 1889, £576,365, 18s. 6d.; total amount of redeemed stocks compulsorily converted by Treasury warrants, £8,436,141, 8s. 1d.

It appears that out of 68,800 letters posted by the Bank of England authorities, notifying the conversion of stock, no fewer than 12,700 were returned through the Dead Letter Office, owing to change of address, and the Bank learned for the first time that hundreds of stockholders were dead and their representatives unknown.

It may here be convenient to state the mode in which unclaimed dividends on Government Stocks are ordinarily dealt with. After ten years' non-claim, the dividends are transferred to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt till claimants appear. On a claimant appearing, but not till then, the Bank of England advertise for further claimants, giving (1) the amount and denomination of the stock;

(2) the date of the transfer to the National Debt Commissioners; (3) the name, address, and description of the claimant; and (4) the name, address, and description of the person who originally held the stock, with an intimation that unless a better claim is made within three months, the stock and dividends will be re-transferred. The above particulars would be infinitely more valuable to many persons interested if published at the date of the transfer to the National Debt Commissioners, and afterwards as a schedule to the annual parliamentary Return on the subject, which at present gives very little information, as will be seen by the following extracts: On April 4, 1889, the dividends 'due and not demanded' amounted to £550,548, 2s.; on July 4, £419,959, 14s. 6d.; on October 4, £439,511, 17s. 3d.; and on January 4, 1890, £409,207, 11s. 4d.—the greater portion whereof being advanced to the Government.

It is curious to contrast this Return with a similar one issued ten years ago. The figures were then as follows: On April 4, 1879, the dividends 'due and not demanded' amounted to £923,822, 2s. 1d.; on July 4, £836,367, 17s.; on October 4, £868,435, 18s. 6d.; and on January 3, 1880, £856,010, 17s. 8d. It would therefore seem that the unclaimed dividends are lessening much more quickly than the national debt.

It is worth noting here, as an exemplification of the value of small things, that it is not customary to pay fractions of a penny on dividends on Government Stocks, and that some few years since these accumulated fractions amounted to £143,000! This nice little nest-egg was handed over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The Bank of England is also custodian of a large number of boxes deposited by customers for safety during the past two hundred years, and in not a few instances forgotten. Many of these consignments are not only of rare intrinsic and historical value, but of great romantic interest. For instance, some years ago the servants of the Bank discovered in its vaults a chest, which on being moved literally fell to pieces. On examining the contents, a quantity of massive plate of the period of Charles II. was discovered, along with a bundle of love-letters indited during the period of the Restoration. The directors of the Bank caused search to be made in their books; the representative of the original depositor of the box was discovered, and the plate and love-letters handed over.

No complete list of these unclaimed boxes has ever been published; consequently, one often sees advertisements seeking clues to such deposits. The following are examples: 'Information required as to the whereabouts of a quantity of diamonds, jewellery, and plate belonging to the late Madame Marie —, who died at St Pancras, after a residence of fifty years in London. Apply to —, solicitors.'—'Bankers, brokers, solicitors, and others having any bonds, moneys, or other property of Sarah Ann —, deceased, of Great Marlow, Bucks, are requested to communicate with Mr —, solicitor.'

If all the boxes lying unclaimed for ten years or longer in the cellars of the Banks of England and Ireland, at Coutts', Drummonds', Child's, and other well-known bankers, were unearthed and their contents examined, wonderful treasures,

in the shape of plate, jewellery, and other valuables might be handed over to the representatives of the original depositors. Many missing titles, deeds, wills, and other valuable documents might also be restored to their rightful owners.

The following extract from an advertisement issued in 1881, by order of the Court of Chancery, Ireland, with a view to discover the real owners of the following valuables deposited in a bank in Dublin, gives a fair idea of the valuable nature of unclaimed bank deposits:

'No. 1. Box containing a number of silver articles, coins, medals, and seals, and having on it a crest and the name "E. S. Cooper."—No. 2. Box containing a number of silver articles, of which several are crested with a coat of arms, supposed to be those of Viscount Netterville.—No. 3. Box containing thirty-nine articles of plate, some of them bearing a coronet.—No. 4. Box containing diamonds and articles of jewellery, lodged by Dr Andrew Blake and George Jennings on December 22, 1795.'

Sometimes it happens that deposits are made, and, strange as it may appear, totally forgotten by the owners. A remarkable case of this description came before the late Vice-Chancellor Malins, in which it appeared that a lady died at Marseilles at the great age of ninety-eight, who, although entitled to £56,000 in the Funds, and to more than £20,000 accumulated dividends, was constantly borrowing money from her relatives; from which it may be inferred that this large deposit had escaped the lady's memory.

It is not undeserving of notice that in a schedule to the annual parliamentary Return issued by the Supreme Court of Judicature (England), is given a list of unclaimed boxes and other miscellaneous effects deposited in the Bank of England, belonging to suitors or their representatives. The following are the more curious items: A bag of clipped money, in *Jones v. Lloyd*, August 1726; a box containing small articles of jewellery; a sealed envelope containing a promissory note for £400 in favour of John Spilman; a paper marked 'George Colman, Will;' a debenture dated 1799; *Bouverie v. Jacques*, plate, &c.; *Salin Kyrburg v. Pomansky*, said to contain bills of exchange for 25,000 francs; *E. A. Williams*, deceased, plate, jewellery, and presentation plate; *Lousada's* estate, diamond brooch bequeathed to wife of G. A. Lousada; *Joshua Blackburn*, a person of unsound mind, plate and jewellery (six wooden and four tin boxes); *Wade Gery v. Handley*, heirlooms (two boxes).

The suitors' moneys have proved of great value for national debt purposes; for instance, in 1881, Mr Gladstone borrowed no less than forty million of these funds. Moreover, the surplus interest has been treated as a banker's profit, and one million, part thereof, applied towards the erection of the Royal Courts of Justice. Other portions of the unclaimed moneys in Chancery have been devoted, pursuant to Act of Parliament, in part payment of the salaries of the judges and other officials. It is also on record that the Four Courts, Dublin, were raised from dormant Irish funds in Chancery; and the Register House, Edinburgh, was mainly built from money arising from 'forfeited estates.'

The surplus assets and unclaimed dividends in

bankruptcy have been similarly applied towards the payment of, and office accommodation for, the officials—doubtless, a meritorious object; but creditors or their representatives would have liked to have had a chance of sharing in these 'windfalls.' Many of them would certainly have been the richer had their names, addresses, and descriptions, with the amounts awaiting distribution, been published in the newspapers. Small sums of five pounds or under, of which there were doubtless many thousands, would have amply repaid the cost of advertising.

In the session of 1886, a Bill, styled 'Unclaimed Deposits,' was introduced into the House of Commons by private members, its object being to compel companies having unclaimed funds awaiting distribution to keep a register of such unclaimed moneys, such register to be accessible to the public at all reasonable times on payment of a small fee. The second reading of this measure was carried by one hundred and seven votes to eighty-eight; but unfortunately the Bill failed to become law. That some such measure is much needed is abundantly proved by the balance-sheets of the leading railway, assurance, gas, water, dock, and canal companies, which all contain a heavy item under the head of 'Unclaimed Dividends.'

Public attention has recently been called to the subject of unclaimed bank deposits in Scotland, by the provosts, magistrates, and town councils of certain burghs in Scotland presenting petitions to parliament urging 'the important necessity of bringing forward a measure to compel all chartered and incorporated banks in Scotland to publish the name, description, and address of every person who may have lodged moneys or securities which have not been operated upon for fourteen years. Some such arrangement would be agreeable to the spirit of the 'Presumption of Life Limitation (Scotland) Act' of 1881, which assumes Scotsmen not heard of for seven years or upwards to be dead, and their next of kin may institute proceedings to 'uplift, possess, and enjoy' their estates or property. The Act has given rise to many successful claims by persons desirous of possessing themselves of estates of relatives long lost sight of.

In the session of 1888 a Bill was introduced by the Lord Advocate and Solicitor-general for Scotland, by which it was proposed to give further facilities to the heirs of missing Scotsmen to 'uplift' their estates, with a proviso that if within fourteen years the missing owners should reappear, they should be entitled to demand and receive back their property. 'Missing heirs' have turned up unexpectedly after a considerably longer period than fourteen years' sojourn abroad, and they would certainly have a moral claim to their property, no matter if half a century should have passed since the runaway disappeared.

The unclaimed deposits in Scotch banks are supposed to be very large, and it is to be hoped that parliament may accede to the petitions for publicity. The three oldest banks in Scotland were established in 1695, 1727, and 1746 respectively.

The need for the publicity sought for by Scotsmen is strikingly illustrated by the case

of the City of Glasgow Bank, wound up some years since. At the time of the failure it had liabilities amounting to £14,000,000, with very small assets. Calls of £500 and £2250 on each holder of £100 stock were made. These calls realised £13,063,147. Interest to the amount of £260,000, which might have been claimed by the creditors, appears to have been waived, and no claims had been made in respect of £54,143, when the liquidators obtained a special Act of Parliament, transferring to an 'Assets Company' the remaining debts and liabilities.

Another remarkable case was that of the Western Bank of Scotland, which stopped payment in 1857, with liabilities amounting to nearly nine millions; and after the lapse of twenty years, the fund, in the shape of unclaimed dividends, &c., remaining to be dealt with was £10,368. In the liquidators' balance sheet it is curious to note the alarming difference between nominal and estimated assets, thus—credits and overdrawn accounts, set down in the company's books at £2,800,000, or thereabouts, are estimated to realise the insignificant sum of £439, 18s. 3d. The bank was finally wound up by an Act of Parliament passed in 1876.

Occasionally, but very rarely, persons interested in unclaimed dividends of banking companies are advertised for. The latest example is that of the Commercial Bank of London, calling on certain shareholders or their representatives to claim dividends on shares declared before the year 1860. The amount unclaimed is not stated, but it was recently mentioned in the House of Commons to be £13,000.

In the session of 1885 an Act of Parliament, styled East India (Unclaimed Stock) Act, was passed, applying the provisions of the National Debt Act, 1870, to unclaimed dividends on unclaimed Stocks, &c., of the Government of India.

At the Colonial Conference in 1887, it was stated that the unclaimed dividends on Colonial Stocks amounted to upwards of £150,000; and it was proposed that similar provisions to those contained in the East India Unclaimed Stock Act should be applied to the Stock of colonial governments.

Successive Chancellors of the Exchequer having for about a century utilised various unclaimed funds in the manner before indicated, it seems a convenient moment for suggesting the introduction of a comprehensive Bill, dealing with *all* unclaimed funds in the following manner—
(1) By compelling all banks, companies, &c., to advertise full particulars of all Stocks, Dividends, and Deposits unclaimed for ten years or upwards.
(2) In the event of no legitimate claimant appearing, the funds to be realised, and the proceeds paid over to the Chancellor of the Exchequer towards the reduction of the national debt, the Government indemnifying the Bank against future claims, and making the Consolidated Fund liable for such eventualities. And (3) Lists of all such unclaimed funds to be corrected annually, and made accessible to the public at the Bank of England on payment of a small fee.

Should such a measure receive the royal assent, no one could reasonably complain; many families would be the richer; valuables lying

buried in bank cellars would be utilised, and the State would come in for so enormous a 'wind-fall' that the national debt would be appreciably reduced.

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

CHAPTER II.

THE half-breed evidently profited by Brock's sharp language, for he certainly lost no time in reappearing, hanging on to the rear of a sorry-looking vehicle that might have been painted black or crimson for all that could be seen beneath a thick coating of mud. This lack of style in the carriage was more than atoned for by the exquisite pair of small but graceful Canadian horses, whose shaggy coats and long tails showed that they were better fed than groomed. Brock's eyes were all for the horses; but for Rockingham, the horses possessed very little attraction as compared with their fair driver.

Seated upon the front seat of the rig, clad in the richest of rich furs—none too fashionably cut and fitted, however—was a girl of perhaps twenty-three or twenty-four years. Her physique was simply perfect, and her face was aglow with the flush of good health. She did not strike Rockingham—she never would have struck anybody—as being particularly intellectual, although she was plainly no dunce. She looked what she was, a Canadian Diana, whose well-rounded arm concealed muscles of iron that could check a fiery team or strike a man to the ground at will; an utter stranger to alarm, and a woman whom no Indian, and scarce a white man, dared contradict, for fear of what might follow the flashing eye and the stamping foot.

'How are they, Madge?' asked Brock, critically eyeing the favourites, which he had not seen for two weeks.

The girl was displeased with this inattention to herself, and said so. 'It's a wonder you wouldn't ask how *I* am. You can see *they* are all right.'

'Humph!' grunted Brock, not at all ill-naturedly; 'if you don't look as well as the ponies, I'll eat my hat!'

He leaned down to examine the feet of one of the animals; but Madge was in a bad humour, and was bound to show it. She took the whip in one hand and gave both the horses a sharp cut across the haunches, causing them to rear upon their hindlegs. Almost any other woman would have been terrified, but Madge Latimer held them well in hand with a grip of steel.

Brock understood the girl pretty well, and knew there would be a scene if they did not start soon. 'Jump up behind, Colonel,' said he.—'Here, Madge, let me take the lines.'

'Take 'em then,' replied the girl, throwing the reins across the horses, that still quivered with pain. 'I'll ride behind with—with—Say, Eli, why don't you introduce the gentleman?'

'That's so,' quietly responded Brock, whose anger towards Madge had vanished now that he had the reins of his pet team in his own hands. 'Colonel, this is Madge Latimer—knows more about horses and Injuns than any other woman on the north shore.—Madge, my friend the Colonel.'

"The Colonel?" Colonel who?"

'Derned if I can remember, Madge.—Whoa, there!—Get acquainted with him and find out. All ready?"

'Eli!' shouted Dugald M'Dougall as the party for Gravenhurst started off; 'mind, noo, and tell the folks at the mines to send the bairns to school next week. Monday, at nine o'clock. Dinna forget.'

Bad as were the roads leading from Kincardine to the mines, the ponies did not occupy many minutes in traversing the two miles between M'Dougall's emporium and Eli Brock's headquarters. Nor, few as the moments were, did Madge Latimer fail to make the most of the opportunity thus afforded to improve her acquaintance with Rockingham. She did not go about it by asking him his name; she was not particularly curious on that point. If 'the Colonel' was sufficient for Brock, it was good enough for her; and she had fully made up her mind that Rockingham was one of the directors of the mines, whom Brock had brought to Gravenhurst to consult upon some prospective improvement or extension.

Two or three matters became in a twinkling plainly apparent to the girl. She believed she saw that Brock, although tacitly accepted by herself and the community as her affianced husband, cared no more—if as much—for her than he did for his horses. On the other hand, she felt, more than she had ever felt before, that it was quite useless for her to attempt to quench her own passion for the sturdy and muscular foreman of the Gravenhurst Copper Mining Company. Woman-like, she knew of but one sure method by which to arouse some fire and enthusiasm in the heart of her lukewarm fiancé, and the means for forthwith adopting that method she recognised in the man seated beside her. It mattered little to her what the name of the new arrival might be—indeed, he might be nameless, for all Madge cared. What she did remark with much satisfaction was the very patent fact that Rockingham was 'a gentleman born and bred'; and this meant a great deal to Madge Latimer just now.

Within a day's march of Gravenhurst there was not a man or boy, from the half-breed trappers up to Dugald M'Dougall, J.P., who might not pay every possible attention to the girl without awakening the feeblest spark of jealousy in the foreman. The reason for this was because Brock knew perfectly well that, both physically and intellectually, he stood head and shoulders above all the men in the vicinity—not even excepting the Justice, who was a married man anyhow, and did not count. But this man—possibly rich, and doubtless college-bred—was altogether different, and might be developed into a serious competitor for Eli Brock's interest in the handsomest woman on the north shore. So thought Madge, and at once arranged her cards to play them accordingly.

You see, Miss Madge Latimer, although but the untutored child of an uncultured miner, brought up far from the refining influences of the best of her sex, and living amid the wild surroundings of the thinly and roughly populated North-west, was a woman; and a woman upon the bleak and barren shores of Lake Superior is

in many respects similar to the women of the old civilisations of Great Britain and other favoured countries. Being a persevering young woman, and in the habit of usually carrying her point, Madge made great headway during the ten minutes' drive behind Eli Brock and his team of fast steppers. By the time she was gallantly assisted from the buggy by Rockingham, she had not only succeeded in starting just the tiniest flame of jealousy in Brock, but had much more than interested Brock's guest in herself. For during that same ten minutes Rockingham, the enthusiast and ascetic, had never said a word to Madge of his sacred calling nor of his purpose in visiting Gravenhurst. To tell the truth, those matters never once entered his head, and he did not pause to consider whether he was in the Dominion of Canada or upon the plains of Utopia.

Digby Rockingham became suddenly aware that he was—as Brother Chadband would have remarked—a 'human man' as well as a missionary priest, and deep down in his heart he was obliged to confess that he was fascinated with the rare beauty of Madge Latimer. But after she had left him, he soothed himself with the unspoken excuse that it was merely a passing intoxication, and that he would soon forget the girl in his future work.

The Rev. Digby Rockingham found in Gravenhurst nothing that was artistic, and very little that was picturesque. What he did find was a pioneer mining village, consisting of a score or two of shanties, that were little more than huts, scattered along the south side of a ridge of dwarfed hills. These cabins were the residences of the miners who were so unfortunate as to be the possessors of wives and families; the unmarried men making it a point to migrate to fairer scenes during the severe months of the northern winter.

Adjoining the engine-house, near the principal shaft leading to the mines, was a building known as 'The Office.' The lower part of this rather extensive structure was devoted to the office proper and the storeroom; the upper part, divided into several rooms, formed the dwelling of Amos Latimer. These roomy quarters Latimer tenanted free of rent, except that, by way of consideration, he took the foreman into his family as a boarder, for which accommodation he was, however, liberally paid.

Rockingham's inquiries elicited the information that the normal population of Gravenhurst was about seventy souls all told; and that the territory tributary to M'Dougall's store and the Kincardine post-office numbered about three hundred people—exclusive of Indians—scattered over a considerable area. The young clergyman learned from no less an authority than the J.P. himself that these people were entirely without religious advantages; and from personal observation he could note the amazing ignorance of the majority. So, after much earnest deliberation, Digby Rockingham resolved to select in Kincardine a site for his church; and further resolved, if possible, to fill that church with a congregation to be gathered from the heterogeneous populace within riding distance. If he could not, like John Wesley, assert that the world was his parish, he at least

mapped out for himself a parish that would in acreage furnish a 'circuit' which few of Wesley's followers of to-day would care to 'travel.'

Kincardine was not Rockingham's first choice, for although that settlement was 'politically' the 'capital' of the district, its population was not nearly so dense as that of Gravenhurst. But when Rockingham proposed to erect in Gravenhurst a mission church, his proposition was strenuously opposed by the foreman and M'Dougall. Brock averred that the miners, who were constitutionally opposed to religion in any guise, would be very apt for 'pure cussedness' to demolish a church on almost any pay-day; which was true enough, although the real reason of Brock's opposition was his desire to have the young clergyman as far removed as possible from Madge Latimer. He liked 'the Colonel' well enough; but he already viewed with some suspicion Rockingham's increasing interest in the girl.

As for the Justice, he wanted the church at Kincardine that it might add to the importance of the 'cross-roads.' 'Ye ken,' he said to Rockingham, 'I'm no Episcopalian, as is weel known. If ye'd been a Presbyterian, noo, it wad have pleased me better; but a kirk is a kirk, and I doubtna she'll lend dignity to the village. So, if ye'll locate near me, there'll be a guid piece o' land at your disposal; and, if ye'll permit, sir, Dugald M'Dougall will donate the steeple. Let yon Gravenhurst ne'er-do-weels come to Kincardine when they want food for the soul, as they do when they need food for their carcasses!'

All through that winter Digby Rockingham preached each Sabbath in the 'parlour' of M'Dougall's hotel, and during the intervening days visited every settler he could reach, without regard to race, colour, creed, age, or sex. But he met with much opposition and little encouragement. M'Dougall, who was probably the only man in the neighbourhood who knew anything about 'High Church,' gave it as his private opinion that 'the Colonel' was too 'sacerdotal' to accomplish much good in the North-west; and as a matter of fact the people did fight shy of the earnest young Oxford scholar. And yet they respected him. It was so apparent that he was thoroughly in earnest in his endeavours to do good that, not even when whisky got the better of the miners, did they once insult 'the Colonel,' as they persisted in styling Rockingham. They thanked him for his invitations, but that was all. For when, late in the spring, the little mission church was opened for public worship, not one of them so much as attended the opening service. The mission church of St Athanasius was a Lilliputian 'frame' structure, with little on the exterior—except the pigmy steeple presented by the Justice—to render it noticeable. But inside, all that good taste in ecclesiastical architecture and æsthetic art could do to beautify it was there, and the Dean of the most beautiful and complete English minster would have found in Rockingham's mission church all that was necessary to carry on the services of the church, and to celebrate with befitting grace and dignity all her most solemn sacraments.

But when, on a bleak and drizzly Sunday in May, the one bell in the little steeple ceased

ringing, and Rockingham, clad in full canonicals, Prayer-book in hand, walked from his vestry-room to the reading-desk, four adults and half-a-dozen children formed the entire congregation. The Justice was there; Madge Latimer, drawn by feminine curiosity as well as by an especially warm invitation from Rockingham, had persuaded Brock to escort her; while the fourth person old enough to listen to a sermon was the young woman who had been the clergyman's fellow-passenger in the stage from Port Arthur. Rockingham was a brave fellow, and had grown pretty well inured to disappointment, but he could have wept as his eyes rested upon the scant gathering, and his heart was heavy when, later on, but one communicant knelt at the altar railing. This—the only person in the whole of Rockingham's extensive parish who entered with anything like zest into his work—was the traveller who had declined Brock's friendly overtures on the rough ride from Port Arthur to Kincardine. Her name was Martha Seagrave, and she was a certified teacher, who had been sent by the Provincial government—at M'Dougall's earnest solicitation—to open and conduct an elementary district school. She ably seconded Rockingham's every effort in behalf of the church, and was a veritable parish helper. She was both organist and choir, and upon too frequent occasions she was also the congregation. She loved the church and the work of the church. She also loved—Digby Rockingham.

Martha Seagrave was not beautiful; her best friends would never have averred it, or even thought it. But she was good, and she was clever. Rockingham did not think the girl either lovely or lovable. He admired her sweet soprano voice, and he appreciated her assistance rendered in so many ways; but that was all. For only in the handsome but wild and irresponsible Madge could Digby Rockingham see aught that was more than he could perceive in all the other women of his acquaintance.

As for Madge Latimer, she remained as passionately enamoured of Eli Brock as such a girl could ever be, although, as time passed, she discovered that the foreman paid her less attention than ever. The reason she could not understand, and really there was no reason. Brock was in no hurry, as he told himself—and Madge too—to tie himself up. He read Madge's heart fairly well, and felt tolerably sure that he had only to speak the word to claim the belle of Gravenhurst for his wife. But Madge did not feel at all flattered by Brock's treatment of her, and was determined upon a little revenge, costly as she knew that revenge might prove.

For several Sundays immediately following the opening of the church, Madge Latimer attended very regularly the Sunday morning services, and professed to take some interest in the various plans devised by Rockingham for bettering the people from a religious stand-point. Rockingham noticed the girl's frequent presence at church with much real pleasure. Brock also noticed the same fact, but without any pleasure whatever. And yet the foreman had no serious suspicions. So long as the 'foolin' around' was all on the girl's side, he did not care very much, although he was vexed to think he had brought to the settlement a man who could arouse

false pride, vanity, and chagrin in Madge, to the extent that Rockingham had done. Brock felt confident that the clergyman had no place in his heart or mind for women of any kind or degree; and besides, he felt sure that the girl herself cared nothing at heart for 'the Colonel.'

'It's just some of Madge's monkey business,' said the foreman to himself; 'and, by the Great Horn Spoon, I ain't bothered near as much as the gal—not by a jugful!'

What of jealousy lurked at the bottom of Brock's heart was covered up by Madge when that young woman invited her fiancé to escort her to church one Sunday afternoon. Brock looked upon this as sure proof that Madge was quite willing for him to know of her attendance at the mission church and of what she did there; whereas the girl's object was precisely the opposite. She wished to convince Brock that his footing was not so secure as he imagined, by showing him how she could weave the spell of her personal charms about the clergyman. Only, unfortunately for Madge's plans—though fortunately, perhaps, for the foreman's peace of mind—Rockingham was feeling unwell, and slipped that evening directly from the vestry-room to his quarters in M'Dougall's hostelry without passing through the church.

But the very next Sunday afternoon Miss Latimer requested Brock to harness for her the team of which he was so fond. She knew very well that Eli would never go to church two Sundays in succession, so that she felt perfectly safe in inviting him to drive her to church. He promptly declined the invitation, and Madge drove off alone. She had deceived Brock, for she knew there would be no service at the church, because upon alternate Sundays Rockingham visited the ever-nearing terminus of the Canadian Pacific Railroad, which was then being constructed. It was two o'clock when Madge reached 'the Corners,' and she wondered whether Rockingham had already ridden off on the ungainly hack which he had purchased for purposes of parochial visitation. No; he had not started. There was the 'plug'—as Madge herself remarked—fastened to a hitching-post at the door of the hotel.

'Take that thing away,' said Madge to a dirty Indian boy as she drove up to the doorway.

The small copper-coloured individual made no effort to comply with the young lady's request. He merely jerked his thumb towards the house, as if to intimate that the owner of the 'thing' was inside.

'Very good,' said the girl, who, when on her dignity, was a person of few words. Her actions, however, were very vigorous. She alighted from the buggy, unfastened the hack's hitching-strap, and bestowed with her open hand a smart slap upon the animal's haunches, which sent him as fast as he could scamper towards the barn.

'Now you go, too!' said the girl to the Indian boy. She cracked her whip as she spoke; and the lad, doubtless knowing discretion to be the better part of valour, swiftly followed the horse as Rockingham stepped through the inn doorway.

'This is an unexpected pleasure, Miss Madge,' said the clergyman.

'I thought it would be,' replied the girl with

surprising frankness, for she was quite willing to believe that Rockingham meant what he said. 'I thought I would drive you over to the railroad for once, and see what it is like.'

'It is exceedingly good and kind of you, I must say. I am only afraid that if you wait for me over at Pickering, you will arrive home rather late.'

'How late?' asked Madge.

'Well, we can hardly expect to be back here before nine o'clock.'

'Oh, pshaw!' laughed the girl. 'I don't call that late. Why, when we lived in Michigan, I used to go to dances with the boys, and quite often the folks were eating breakfast when I got back.'

Such an avowal from any other young woman would have rather shocked the modest and (hitherto) very proper young divine. But Madge might have confessed to almost anything without the least fear of censure from Digby Rockingham.

'I suppose your father and mother know where we are going? And of course Brock will not mind you driving his horses so far?'

'I didn't tell mother, because mother doesn't care what I do. And I said nothing to Eli, because it's none of his funeral. He may know or he may not, and I'm sure it doesn't worry me which way it is. As to the horses, they like to go as well as I do.'

They bowled along at a brisk pace by a rocky road that kept them well in sight of the dark blue waters of Lake Superior. Madge furnished most of the conversation, though Rockingham proved himself such an attentive listener that he well-nigh forgot the heads of the sermon which he had so carefully thought out for the benefit of the railroad men.

Only two persons, as they saw Madge and the clergyman driving away behind Brock's team, gave so much as a second thought to the fact. One of these was Martha Seagrave, who would have forfeited all the rest of her life for an afternoon and evening seated in a buggy beside Digby Rockingham. But what she saw and thought she kept to herself. The other was Brock's groom and valet, Little Pig, the Indian—known officially among his people as Spotted-Son-of-the-Great-Spirit, though the 'spots' were only such as would have disappeared by the judicious use of a little soap—and he forthwith carried the news to his master. For Little Pig, having once suffered a severe horse-whipping at Madge's hands while Brock looked on, cherished no good-will for either the girl or the foreman.

THE ART OF VENTRILOQUISM.

VENTRILOQUISM is without doubt an ancient art, one which was, and is at the present time, surrounded by a halo of mystery. It is remarkable that in this advanced age so much doubt and misconception prevail respecting Ventriloquism. This is due in a great measure to the fact that the happy possessors of the gift are inclined to retain the secrets for their own profit, and so prevent a host of competitors from taking the field. Although there is no ocular proof, it is quite certain that the art played a very

important part in the early ages; some exponents go so far—and there is every reason to believe their statement—as to affirm that the destinies of rulers were influenced by it, inasmuch as it was a secret held by the priests alone, who, by means of talking gods, or idols, found ready means of bringing their intrigues to a successful issue. Happily, times have changed, else an art which to-day creates so much merriment would soon be stamped out.

Ventriloquism is not a gift; it depends in a great measure on the histrionic ability of the student as to whether he will succeed in making a mark or not; but it is nevertheless true that any one possessing a certain amount of perseverance and zeal can become to a certain extent an exponent of the fascinating art, causing their friends to wonder at the number of voices within them. Those so endowed are able, if they seize the opportunity, to cause considerable amusement or annoyance to their fellows, but not to the extent that a great many people believe. Many having read that laughable book *Valentine Vox*, readily believe all the illusions said to have been performed by that mythical personage. The writer has been asked on numerous occasions to 'throw' his voice to the side of a person some distance off, so that it would appear to proceed from his own pocket or some other equally absurd place.

Now as to the meaning of the word ventriloquism. It is derived from the Latin roots *venter*, the belly, and *loquor*, to speak; but belly-speaking is certainly a misnomer, and leads many people to imagine that the voices are produced from that portion of the body. That is not so, the ventriloquial voice being formed purely and simply in the throat; the muscles of the stomach only being requisitioned to give sufficient strength or power to the voice. Ventriloquism may be classed under three heads: Ventriloquism proper, Colloquism, and Polyphonism. Under the first of these heads comes the distant voice—that is, imitation of sounds as they appear when heard from a distance and in various places and directions. The 'man-up-the-chimney, on-the-roof, and down-the-cellar,' illusions which nearly every one has had an opportunity of hearing, are the outcomes of this voice. Again, there are the 'street cries,' in which the performer has a miniature drawing-room window, and gives imitations of varied and humorous well-known street cries, heard first a very long way off; then gradually the man is heard coming nearer and nearer, passing the window, and going slowly away again in the distance. The window being made to open and close makes the illusion perfect. Lieutenant Cole is the best exponent in this particular performance which the writer has ever heard. It is doubtful whether he is the originator; but it certainly is the most attractive manner in which the distant voice can be applied.

Colloquism consists of the imitations of various human voices; for instance, it is usual for most ventriloquists to introduce comical, life-size, talking automata, the heads of which are made of papier-mâché, the interiors being fitted with springs and cords, by the aid of which the performer controls the mouth, eyes, hair, &c., of his talking family—the mouths of which being

made to move at the same time as the words are uttered by the performer, and, owing to the uncertainty of the direction from which sounds emanate, and which—by the way, is the true secret of all ventriloquial illusions—the voice really appears to proceed from the figures.

Polyphonism or mimicry is the imitation of cattle, sheep, sawing, planing, &c. Mr F. Leslie is one of the cleverest mimics in this particular branch. A testimony to the excellence of his imitation of the turkey is afforded by the fact that on one occasion, when exercising, he was actually driven from the farmyard by the turkey-cocks, jealous of the attractions which the intruder's voice had for the fair ones of the harem. This branch in ventriloquism is rather difficult to acquire, although there are numerous sounds that can be copied without any particular gift. A great many persons are excellent mimics without being ventriloquists, for in nearly every school can doubtless be found a youth who amuses his fellows in the playground corner with his crowing and cackling.

A few practical hints as to the modes of procedure to be followed by would-be learners may not be out of place here, although half-a-dozen lessons from a good professional would do infinitely more for them than all the books that have ever been written upon the subject, and which, by the way, are usually a mass of theoretical phraseology. Before any attempt is made with the voice, the student must be prepared to devote some time and attention to the breath, which he must get entirely under control, so as to be able to hold it for a considerable time without straining. This, of course, must be a gradual process. Before commencing to practise, a strong inspiration should be taken, as the lungs require to be furnished with a plentiful supply of air, which has to be well controlled and allowed to escape gradually. He must endeavour to breathe through his nose and keep his mouth shut. This is a hint which it would be as well for every one to remember, and so save a great deal of cold-catching and illness. The learner must study at all times to imitate sounds, not as they are heard at their source, but as they fall upon the ear after travelling from a distance. That is the golden rule of ventriloquism; and if it is continually kept in mind, success is certain. As conjurers endeavour to deceive the eye, so ventriloquists try to deceive the ear.

The 'distant voice' originates at that spot in the throat where the 'cluck' takes place when drinking, so, without any facial contortions or movement of the lips, the words must be forced against the back part of the palate one by one, with a series of short quick breaths, at the same time strengthening the sounds by using the muscles of the stomach, which will give them increased power, so that they will reach the audience clear and distinct. The farther off the sound is supposed to be, the smaller the quantity of breath must be expired. The great fault with beginners is straining after effect. No sooner do they make a little headway and begin to feel their feet, than they want to run, a proceeding which will bring their endeavours to a dismal failure.

In conclusion, we would warn the student against getting discouraged; the great thing that

is required is perseverance. It is not the slightest good trying to obtain a gratifying result unless prepared to devote a great portion of his time to this fascinating and amusing art.

R. WORTH KEATS.

JOHN LATHAM'S LIFE AND FATE.

By MÉNIE MURIEL DOWIE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE Pennygowan shooting was let at last! For three years it had remained unprofitably vacant upon Mr Malcolm its owner's hands. But Mr Tom Sinclair had beat up an old college friend, John Latham, and together they had determined to enjoy an eight weeks' autumn holiday; so they had rented the sparsely-feathered Pennygowan moors and set up their bachelor establishment in Pennygowan Lodge.

Sinclair had cousins—the Bruces of Ardmuir—in the neighbourhood, and he was not without especial reasons for choosing a shooting in this rather desolate vicinity. A year ago, he and Margaret Bruce had met in a London drawing-room, and they ascertained their exact relationship to one another during a conversation which Tom had somehow never managed to forget. The 11th of August was a wet and dreary day; gray clouds hung low on the tops of the hills, and soft white vapour steamed up from the flat shallow lochen. As the two men drove along in the single gig belonging to the hotel at K—, they looked at the damp landscape with a considerable feeling of disappointment. The whole thing seemed terribly unpromising.

'Where's the house?' asked Latham, shaking the dewdrops from his moustache.

'There!' answered Sinclair, pointing to the arid-looking hill-side nearly opposite, where appeared a low white building among some trees. The road led round the head of a small loch, whose placid rain-stung waters lapped upon a flat shore of mud and fine gravel, with little tufts of harsh grass at intervals. At the farther end, the ground rose slightly in a heathery hillock, on which two giant fir-trees stood, black, sharp, silhouetted in marked contrast upon the white-gray landscape.

The driver broke into some long knotty speech in his own powerful idiom, from which Tom, who had a fair understanding of the natives, and boasted Scotch blood, sifted the facts that the land now covered by the 'lochen' had been forest, and the 'old laird' (not Malcolm, who was only owner by right of purchase) had cut it down tree by tree as his exchequer grew lower. There had been a saying in the district whose origin none knew; it had been:

Hand your hand from Gowan wood,
Or seek your death in Gowan flood;

and it had come true. The old laird had been found lying on his face in the shallow water which had issued from the peat, filling the pits the burnt tree boles had left, and now forming the Black Lochen, or, in Gaelic phrase, Lochendhu.

Both young men listened to this piece of superstition, and asked a few questions as to how the old laird had got in there and why he hadn't got out. But the driver, though strenu-

ously denying that he 'made anything of such talk,' could give no explanation, and adhered to his belief in the powers of some supernatural agency.

Once inside the Lodge, and warming themselves before a bright fire, the Sassenach sportsmen forgot about the lochen, the legend, and even the sentinel firs that seemed to look reproachfully on the glistening expanse of water lying on the graves of their fellows. There were the dogs to look at, the keeper to interview, shooting-boots to have greased, cartridge cases to fill, and leggings to find. This kept them busy enough; and we may seize a moment to sketch them roughly for the reader.

John Latham was a hard-working barrister, without much endowment of this world's goods, but having a very sound head on his shoulders. Tom Sinclair was a barrister also, and idled almost as hard as his friend worked. He was continually wanting a week off or a day or two's rest to set him up after an exhausting round of pleasure. The sum of his professional earnings since he had been called was four guineas exactly, but he had seven hundred a year of his own, just enough to make life in chambers tolerably pleasant. Circumstances were accountable for the friendship between the two; since, had Latham's room not been on Sinclair's stair at Trinity, they would most likely never have come together.

It was Sunday afternoon, four days later, when they again found themselves in the hired gig, this time driving along a lovely hill-road towards Ardmuir. It would have been a perfect day for a walk; the air was fresh and clear, sweet with the honey-smell of thyme and purple heather, and on the highest hill-top no mist lingered; still, after four days' hard shooting and moor tramping, our sportsmen were glad of the gig. A basket lounge under the beeches of Ardmuir, with Margaret Bruce pouring out tea for them, was a very acceptable change. Of course they stayed to dinner, and accepted an invitation from Robert Bruce, the eldest son, to try their as yet untouched grouse moor on Ben Arie.

'No one ever begins the season upon it,' young Bruce explained; 'the heather flowers later, and the birds are always backward. Suppose we say Wednesday?'

They were delighted to say Wednesday, and further, to accept gentle Mrs Bruce's invitation to drive over to dinner on Tuesday night, and bring their shooting-clothes, so as to start fresh in the morning. Then a return visit from Robert and his friend, Captain Sawles, to the lesser joys of Pennygowan was promised; and the young men drove home under a silver moon, which sent floods of radiance pouring down a glen or hid coyly behind a dark hill-top in most enchanting wise.

'Hullo! Look at the firs!' exclaimed Tom, as they turned a sharp corner and joined the road by the loch-side. 'How queer they look with their long shadows in the water! I vote we go out there some night when the moon's up, eh?'

Latham assented vaguely.

The scene had a strange fascination for him. He stared fixedly at the flat piece of water—

a sheet of shining metal in the moonlight, with the faithful image of the spiral pines reflected in it—till his eyes grew strained and lost the power of sight. Browning's thought about a black Italian cedar came to him. "Death's lean uplifted forefinger," he murmured unconsciously, half aloud.

'What's that, Latham?' Tom inquired, touching up his horse as he steered carefully in at the gate and left the weird landscape behind. 'Tired? But we've had a rare day, haven't we?'

Somehow, John Latham answered, and shook off the lethargic dreamy influence that was settling slowly on his mind. Yes, they had had a rare day. He had seen the sort of woman that made him think of marriage. It was strange that all in an afternoon he should meet a girl and be able to tell himself: 'If I have a wife, I shall want her to speak and walk and look like that!' And day-dreaming over a worn volume of Browning, he forgot utterly how, in other days, he had argued that marriage for him must carry some weight of worldly advancement with it.

Tom lit a pipe and let it go out, and sat staring and smiling at the fire—they were glad of fires in the evening, even in August. 'A fellow must marry some day,' was the sum of his reflections, 'and if so, why?'—And then Margaret's face, with the smile she had worn as she put her hand in his and said 'Good-bye,' rose before him!

No description of the weeks spent at Pennygowan would serve our story; woven in with the healthful August shooting was an unfortunate love-thread that hurt the lives of both men. They each loved Margaret Bruce. Owing to a difference of character, Sinclair showed his state of mind and heart quite plainly to his friend and all the world, while Latham yearned over his in secret. His was a hard case. He was a poor man; but his brains were his capital, and having made a good start and achieved a slight reputation as an intelligent junior, he knew that, with the family influence he could command, a few years would see him on the high-road to fortune.

Tom, on the other hand, had an income, but no power or will to increase it: seven hundred a year might do as a beginning for the young people; but after? And then Tom cheered himself with the idea that, given an impetus, he would be able to 'stick' as well as any one. Something rather more than mere 'sticking power' is required at the English Bar.

Latham saw their positions clearly, and felt very keenly on the subject. If he proposed, and was accepted, he would have to ask the girl to wait at least three years; while Tom could come proudly forward with his immediate competence, and no one, in this out-of-the-way corner, would know enough of the world's ways to distinguish between the ultimate prospects of the two. Still, Latham would not put himself forward till Tom had spoken, and though he would have been rather glad than otherwise had it crossed Sinclair's mind that he had a rival in his friend, he himself could give no hint of his feelings, and the time wore on till the end of their tenancy of Pennygowan was reached.

On the last afternoon, Tom had driven over to Ardmuir to learn his fate; he had made a feint of asking his friend to come too; but the latter had steadily refused. Deeply disappointed as he was to think he should not say 'Good-bye' to Margaret, Latham yet comforted himself with the thought that he would write—would run up for a week at Christmas, if Sinclair's success left him a hope and an opening.

The afternoon went slowly with him; he was restless and uneasy. Sometimes he cheered up at the memory of a look of Margaret's; surely, she loved him? Then, again, he would recollect some little passage of words between her and Tom, and tell himself he had no chance!

With Sinclair she was merry: with himself, grave, and often silent. That she was shy in his company because she had learned to love him, and he had never shown her his heart to let her know it was all hers—he never guessed. He was only a man, and he had no intuitions.

A scrap of the easy chat at the Ardmuir dinner-table had afforded him some food for reflection. Margaret had mentioned the moonwort, the smallest, almost the rarest of the three British flowering ferns; every shooting-day the gentlemen had promised to find some for her, no matter what precipices it led to their scaling—and every day she had been disappointed. Was it, Captain Sawles drawlingly inquired, a Scotch edition of the Edelweiss, Swiss swains lost their lives in searching after for their lady-loves, and if so, what was to be the fate of the successful finder? Then Margaret had shaken her head and flashed back a laughing look. There wasn't the slightest resemblance between the two, she said. Latham had been very quiet, but—he had found the fern; and that very day Tom had carried the tiny parcel to put into Miss Bruce's hands.

In the long evening, after a solitary dinner, to escape the torture of useless thoughts, he took his gun and wandered by the loch-side with some half intention of starting a stray duck. The night was beautiful; the moon already glowed with a touch of the ripe-corn colour; later, when darkness came down, she would catch more light from a sunken sun and flaunt her ruddy orange. Latham with his water-spaniel strolled to the little hill where stood the firs; he fired both barrels at a water-fowl already out of range, and was so uninterested in the matter that he never put another cartridge in his gun, but leaned with it at his side against one rough red-ochre trunk and watched the cloud-play in a great space of sky that lay, unbroken by hills, before him.

He had been there some time, when the sound of gig-wheels warned him of Tom's return. Latham raised his voice in a shout; and Tom got out and tied the reins to a tree; then he walked swiftly towards the hill on which his friend stood, the latter making no effort to come and meet him. For Latham was too excited, in his unseen way, to move. His pale face cut out against the dark tree trunk, he stood watching, in a passion of expectancy, Tom Sinclair's approach towards him; the big arteries at his throat and wrists throbbed heavily like some great engine.

Sinclair walked quickly; even in the distance,

Latham could see a sprig of white bell-heather, Margaret's favourite flower, in his coat. His brain fired, and a contrasting cold fell on his heart; but his voice was steady and even light as he uttered the significant word 'Well?'

John Latham had an iron nature; his self-control was most marked; but Tom Sinclair, in common with his other friends, utterly misappreciated his character, and took for coldness what was merely self-control and nothing more. They had never seen his passions at flood. 'Cool, calculating beggar, old Latham,' they said among themselves, and added with an air of palpably assumed envy: 'All the better for him—he's sure to get on.'

Carefully tempering the eagerness of his tone to merely friendly interest, he managed to add: 'What luck?' for Tom's errand could scarcely be considered a secret, although it had not been openly discussed between them.

'The devil's own,' was the answer, flung forth in a voice whose uneven jerks betokened an aroused frame of mind. 'You've spoiled this thing for me, Latham. Though you've been so quiet, you've acted like a cad.'

'Look here, Sinclair'—began his friend in amazement; but Tom's whole manner betokened ungovernable rage; he had evidently some cause of quarrel, real or imaginary, with Latham, and he had been nursing his wrath during the long lonely drive. He did not attempt to control himself.

'You've known almost from the first that I meant to marry Margaret Bruce, and you've seen how things were. I had a chance. Well, why should you interfere? You don't mean to marry! You can't possibly marry! You've often said you can barely keep yourself: then what do you mean by coming between me and the girl I'm on the point of being engaged to?'

'I don't know what you are talking about, Sinclair,' said Latham, when at last he could interrupt the bluster. 'In any case, your premises are false; still'—

'I'll tell you what I'm talking about in a very short time,' cried Tom, with renewed fury. 'I handed that parcel—fern, or whatever it was—that you sent. As she undid it, a half sheet of note-paper fell to the ground; she didn't notice it, but I did. I couldn't help seeing the words, I know your hand so well.' He stopped, with his angry eyes glaring at Latham. A dull red had suffused his friend's usually pale forehead, but he answered, without a trace of emotion, 'Well?'

'Well, you know what you wrote, I suppose?'

'Perfectly.'

'It mayn't have been much; but after what passed the other night at dinner, it had a meaning; and no man, unless he were going to propose to a girl, would have written it if he weren't an out-and-out cad.'

This was very sore to John Latham. His little message, 'I am happy to be the finder of your Highland Edelweiss,' had been penned in a smiling moment, and he had wondered a hundred times since if Margaret would accept the inference and smile too? To dream that it might be so had warmed his heart. He had been so true to his friend throughout all these weeks, and this wretched business was the outcome of his for-

bearance. He felt very bitter, though he did not emulate Sinclair's child's passion; he passed by without notice Tom's characterisation of himself. 'You are talking nonsense, Sinclair; and if you were calmer, you'd see it,' he said. 'Let us put an end to this. Are you engaged to Miss Bruce?'

'What's that to you!'

'Just this: if you are, it can't matter to you what I have or have not done, for you're the successful man. If you're not—what possible right have you to assume the guardianship of her affections?'

'She is my cousin, and I hope to marry her. I have a right to protect her from the insults of a man who is a'—

'Look here, Sinclair; take care what you say! You have referred to me as a cad already; if he were not my friend, I should thrash a man for less.'

'Don't let that stand in your way,' sneered Sinclair. 'You have ended that. I don't want to know a man who's a sneak and a liar.'

Latham had moved a pace away; but he stepped swiftly back with a muttered curse on his lips and a light in his eyes. Tom was ripe for a quarrel: at that moment, all he wanted in his brute rage was to flog the man who had, as he imagined, gone secretly to work to injure his cause. In a second, their hands were up simultaneously: Sinclair struck out in a wild inconsidered way; but Latham dealt a single powerful blow at his opponent's chest, and saw him fall like a log in the shallow waters of the lochen. He fell on his back, and a sharp stone caught the back of his head; but Latham, pausing to get his breath, did not notice that at once. 'Sinclair!' he called hoarsely, after a moment—'I say, Sinclair!'

There was no reply. Tom was apparently stunned. The least Latham could do was to get him on to dry land, anyway. He waded in, and called to him again; then, with a murmur of 'Fainted, by Jove!' he used all his strength, and lifted his friend, and placed him on the hillock beneath the trees. Turning in the moonlight to get some water in his cap, he saw blood on his hand; the next moment he had discovered the wound in the back of Sinclair's head; and, the quarrel as well as its cause utterly forgotten, he hurried over the rough ground to the house, and came back with their servant and general factotum to carry the wounded man home.

THE CHITATALÁ MAN-EATER.

It was towards the end of the hot season in India that Graham and I, then two 'subs,' stationed at Trimulgherry, one of the great military cantonments in the Nizam's dominions, obtained a few days' leave for the purpose of hunting up a man-eating tiger which had for some time carried on his depredations in a district to the east of the station, and had become quite a terror to the neighbourhood. This tiger had recently carried off a man who was driving home some cattle; and the brute had only been induced to drop his prey after being chased by the villagers up to the very edge of some iron pits in which he

had taken refuge, and from the subterranean caverns of which it would have been useless to attempt his dislodgment.

It is almost inconceivable what damage a single tiger will do when he once gets a taste for human blood. It is on record that one beast killed one hundred and eight people in three years, and that another caused the abandonment of thirteen villages by their terrified inhabitants.

We arrived at the village of Chitatalá in the evening, and at once enlisted the services of a sufficient number of Bhils and others who were to act as beaters, and who, by means of discordant noises from various kinds of uncouth instruments, and by using their voices freely, were to frighten the beast out of any cover he might take. Our little plan was to intercept him on his return to his lair from one of his foraging expeditions, and so prevent him reaching the iron pits in which he usually secreted himself during the daytime. Our progress to the pits was easy. Undulating hillocks abound in the district; but a great part of the country was comparatively flat, and was relieved only here and there by patches of low jungle vegetation (*Cassia auriculata*), over which palm and mango trees rear their heads. Foliage of all kinds had become parched under the fierce tropical sun which had been shining upon it during the past few months.

We posted ourselves upon a ridge to the right of a small patch of jungle, and had not waited long before the enemy hove in sight. He was trotting along in a somewhat unconcerned manner, probably feeling very contented with the result of his night's expedition; but we saw that he would pass some distance from our post in his attempt to reach his den. When he was within about two hundred yards of us on our right, we fired at him, and although, to use an Americanism, he 'squirmed,' our bullets evidently did not touch him in a vital place, for he jumped up and roared loudly, making a dash for the iron pits; but our men, who were posted in the vicinity, set up a great noise, shouting and beating their drums and cans with all their might. This uproar disconcerted the tiger; he turned tail and bounded into the patch of jungle on our right. We well knew the danger we were incurring, but we decided to follow the brute into the thick grass. Keeping the men close together, Graham and I advanced a few paces in front, and we could at once see from the quantity of blood on the trail that the tiger was badly wounded. We followed the traces through a dense patch of grass for several hundred yards, and then came to an open space where all traces of the wounded beast ceased. Whilst advancing theories to account for this strange fact, we were startled by a loud roar which came from a small ditch on our left. I looked up, and saw the tiger charging straight upon me, and I had barely time to spring aside before the infuriated animal was in our midst. A general stampede ensued, and it was literally every man for himself. I turned to fire at the beast, and was horrified to see that he had seized Graham by the arm, and was dragging him away towards a clump of trees on the right. Owing to the uneven nature of the ground I feared to fire again at the tiger, lest my

friend should be struck also; and unfortunately I could not get a steady shot at the brute's head (the only spot in which a shot would be immediately fatal). He growled continually, and looked suspiciously at us as I and the rest of the men followed at a short distance; but he seemed determined to hold his prey at all costs. At last I got a shot at the animal without placing Graham in much danger. The bullet lodged in the tiger's forehead, and he at once released his hold of Graham and rolled over dead. Graham was quite sensible; but the wound in his arm caused him intense pain. A drink from the 'chogul' or leather water-bottle restored him somewhat. We bound his arm with part of a jacket, and the men cut down some bamboo, out of which, with the aid of rifle-slings, handkerchiefs, and turbans, we contrived to fashion a litter. Into this litter we lifted Graham, and started back for Chitatalá. As we neared the village, the whole population turned out to meet us; and although I was anxious to get Graham back to camp as soon as possible, we were obliged to remain some time to allow the people to inspect the carcass of the animal that had been so long a terror to the neighbourhood. Nothing could exceed the joy of the villagers, and our procession was a triumphant one. The men praised our skill, and dusky maidens galore turned out and greeted us with floral offerings.

We transferred Graham to the buggy, and started for camp, which we reached in good time. Graham's wounds at once received the kindly care of the surgeon. Although serious, the doctor predicted for our friend a speedy recovery. Upon skinning the tiger, we found that it measured eleven feet five inches from the nose to the end of the tail. Thus did we cut short the wicked career of the Chitatalá Man-eater.

SEA WARE.

A BIT of driftweed tossed upon the shore;
By wave, and rock, and sea-grown creatures torn,
And bruised sore,
And left to perish as a useless thing
In sight and sound of its own ocean-lore:
Alone and lorn!

A bit of driftweed. Oh, the poets sing
Of flowers by children loved, by maidens worn;
But who is there would turn aside to pore
Upon the sea-tang which the waves do fling
On land, galore?

There came that way a savant who had thought
To spend on seeming trifles; for God taught
His heart to find fair Love in Nature's creed:
So he could bring

His great soul to the study of a weed.
He stooped, and caught

The ocean castaway within his hand;
And—that it had been formed by God's command—
He found much beauty in it. So 'twas brought
To rest among his relics. None might scorn
That humble thing—

The work of Nature, therefore nobly born.

JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 368.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 17, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

WINTER IN KIEFF.

AMONG our countrymen at home the idea prevails that a Russian winter is one of the most terrible experiences any one can undergo. We must confess that on our arrival in Kieff, during the early autumn, we looked forward with anything but great pleasure to the coming season. Visions of long dreary months, perhaps of being frozen or snowed up, of a few encounters with hungry wolves, and other instances of a like agreeable nature, floated before our prejudiced eyes. But the old adage that 'Truth is stranger than fiction' in this case was reversed. The fiction was a good deal stranger than the truth.

In this quarter of the 'Great Muscovite Empire' the winter does not last for more than at the most five months. The horribly unpleasant, dirty, wet, cold-catching transition period following autumn, with which we all are so familiar at home, is unknown here. Just imagine no fogs, no dark chilly days, no debating as to the suitability of lighting fires or not; the splendid heat of the 'Indian summer' changed almost instantaneously to the bright dry cold of what we are accustomed to speak of as 'ideal Christmas weather.'

Directly the first signs of the approaching hard season appear, precautions are taken to guard against its severity. Every house, great and small, is provided with double windows, which can be removed in the spring, and again replaced for the winter. Once more in their frames, they are then entirely closed, with the exception of a small pane at the top, for the purpose of ventilation, and pasted all round with slips of white paper, the open space between the outer and inner glass being filled at the bottom with cotton-wool. In the ornamentation of this last, the inmates of the various dwellings give great scope to their imaginations. The favourite arrangement is to strew it with little pieces of different-coloured wools; a less frequent way is to place tiny mounds of salt at equal distances upon it. In our house, our ideas of beauty, not reaching this

high artistic level, hindered us from using either of these methods of adornment, thereby causing great vexation of spirit to the Russian servant, who evidently feared that his master's credit would be considerably lessened in the eyes of the world.

The interior of the house is extremely well warmed. Each room has two stoves, which are built into the walls, and so effect the purpose of heating two apartments at the same time. Coal is an unknown article. Great logs of wood, brought from the huge pine forests which cover the immense plains, are exclusively used, each householder taking care during the summer months to stack a sufficient quantity in his courtyard for winter consumption.

In consequence of these precautions, one does not feel the cold nearly so much indoors as in England; and it is possible to wear the lightest clothing without the slightest inconvenience. Outside, of course, it is different. Then can be seen the long mantles reaching to the feet, lined with rich fur, chiefly sable. The deep collars to match, as broad as the wearer's shoulders, are so arranged, in the case of the male sex, as to be capable of being pulled up completely round and high above the ears, forming a necessary protection against the sometimes strong east wind and driving snow-storm. But when the snow-storms have ceased, when the wind has lulled, then comes the most delightful period of the winter, often lasting for weeks together without a break.

As a rule, skating and all the more active recreations are discarded by the rather indolent, ease-loving inhabitants of 'Little Russia.' The principal amusement is sledging. Those who have no practical experience of it can have no idea of the exhilarating sensation a sledge-drive produces. My first acquaintance with this delightful pastime is made upon a lovely morning in January. We—that is, myself and three friends—start from the summit of one of the many hills upon which Kieff stands. Our sledge, drawn by a pair of the strong black native horses, skins

swiftly and lightly over the frozen ground. Such a day as is seldom seen elsewhere, not a cloud discernible in the deep blue sky, every object far and wide wrapped in a pure white mantle. The long straight street which forms the centre of the aristocratic quarter presents a gay and animated scene. Sledges of all sorts and conditions continually cross and recross ours. This one, tearing along at such a terrific speed, belongs to the highest personage in the town, the Governor-general. It is of middle size, constructed to hold two persons. At the back is a tiny platform or step, upon which the servant, in his bright red cloak and white fur collar and cap, stands. A rather precarious position it seems, to look at. The horses are covered with what is called a 'snow-cloth,' which is fastened to the bottom of the sledge, and from thence to the necks of the animals. This covering, which resembles a large coloured net, is used to prevent the snow which is kicked up by the horses' hoofs from being thrown into the faces of the occupants of the vehicle. Kieff possesses neither trams nor omnibuses. All the traffic is carried on by means of little open *droskies*, a kind of cab, which has a pleasant and peculiar faculty for jolting and almost shaking the unfortunate traveller to pieces. These are replaced in winter by small sledges, very low, and not boasting much in the way of cleanliness. Our driver as he dashes along looks somewhat disdainfully upon his humbler brethren, not but what I have seen some of them compete in speed with their more imposing companions, especially if a customer is in view and the object of two rivals is to reach the spot where he stands first. Then the race to secure the coveted prize is often really alarming.

These modest conveyances, constructed entirely of wood, belong to peasants. They are certainly very simply put together, and with much more regard to practical use than to elegance. The greater part of the trappings and harness consists of rope, leather being little used. Rising high above the collar of the horse is the *duga*, which looks something like an immense crooked horse-shoe, and connects the two ends of the shafts together. For all heavy loads, such as hay, wood, &c., oxen are substituted for the horses. One may often see eight or nine of these primitive sledges standing before a yard door, waiting to be unloaded. The patient animals, seemingly impervious to the intense cold, will stand for hours, never attempting to move, content if they can seize the opportunity to surreptitiously extract a wisp of straw or hay from the stack in front of them. Here are some vehicles wending their way slowly towards the market. The owners and several members of their families recline at ease among their goods, well protected against the weather by their rough sheepskins, apparently not much changed since their first wearers grazed in happy ignorance upon some grassy slope of the steppe.

The pedestrians present as much variety as do the vehicles. I wonder what my fair readers would say to the outdoor costume of their Russian sisters: their immensely wide mantles allowing not even a hand to be seen, their heads enveloped in large shawls, placed over their hats, or, more

commonly, round fur caps, and tied under the chin. But custom is everything; and these two officers in their long gray cloaks, evidently see nothing amiss, but rather something quite the contrary, in the appearance of the two ladies with whom they are chatting so gaily.

Vanity is said to be an essential element in the feminine character, but it is a question whether it can find any place in that of the female peasants. Their winter dress consists of a somewhat shorter edition of the sheepskin coats worn by their male relations. The red homespun cotton skirt, beneath which peep the ends of the embroidered chemise, barely reaches below the knees, and is met by strong high boots, which do not differ in the slightest degree from those of the men, except perhaps in the colour, the gentler sex giving the preference often either to bright red or even white leather. And these boots are a necessity, for, besides their household duties, the women must take a considerable share in the field-labours, the fond but practical lover very often choosing the object of his devotion not for her fair face but for her strong arms. The good housewife, too, will frequently tramp many miles, in order to bring the produce of her little farm or garden to the market of the nearest town. Look at these girls who are just passing us, their open baskets slung over their shoulders by means of a wooden yoke. The live feathered occupants of these baskets, contrary to the usual habits of their species in other parts of Europe, lie as quietly as if they possessed no such power as flying, a fact which caused me no little astonishment until I learned that they are all tied together by the legs and wings, thus rendering escape impossible. This milk-seller, it seems, has already finished her day's work, for her empty earthenware pots swing carelessly from the long pole which she holds with one hand over the right shoulder.

Now our sledge must move aside to make room for a party of soldiers in their dull uniforms and *bashlyks*, a kind of cloth hood to protect the ears, not only worn by the military, but also by schoolboys, policemen, and even occasionally by ladies.

But I have omitted to mention one of the most prominent as well as most unsavoury features of the street-life—I mean the beggars. There they sit and stand, no matter how severe the cold is. Nowhere can one escape them. Their profession is exceedingly lucrative, for all good orthodox Russians consider alms-giving as a religious duty, and practise it without any regard to the wisdom or not of supporting and encouraging a large class of often utterly idle and worthless vagrants.

By this time we have turned the corner, and a charming view is before us, decidedly more oriental in appearance than European. Kieff is situated upon a range of hills, rising abruptly from a great plain. Essentially a city of churches, Kieff is known as the 'Holy city upon the Dnieper,' and boasts of being the most ancient religious metropolis of Russia, and the first spot from which Christianity was preached to the rude tribes then inhabiting the land. Thousands of pilgrims visit the celebrated monastery, whose dazzling cupolas and tall towers we see standing out against the blue sky. Upon the opposite hill, high above the low green-roofed houses, towers the Cathedral, the golden dome glittering in the morning light. To

the left we just catch a glimpse of the red buildings of the University; to the right is the broad summer promenade upon the cliffs overhanging the river. And above all, and more than all, in the valleys and on the hills shine the silver, gold, red and blue cupolas of the many churches, giving a peculiarly picturesque appearance to the whole scene. Close at hand is the Imperial Garden, a garden in name, but partaking much more of the character of a small wood, and what a delicious wood now! Not a bare branch is to be seen. The keen hoar-frost causes the trees in their silver sheen to sparkle like diamonds in the rays of the glorious sun. The snow upon the uppermost boughs, which has thawed in his genial glow, now hangs in tiny icicles from each little twig. Not a trace of brown earth, not a footstep.

But any one who imagines that here is a splendid opportunity for the time-honoured game of snow-balling makes a grand mistake. I thought so too, once, and tried the experiment, and so discovered my error. The snow is far too dry, and has a distinct quality of its own, being much more like salt than anything else. When on any high ledge exposed to the wind, it forms into the prettiest little silver feathers imaginable.

But our driver cracks his whip, and we soon leave the gardens far behind us. Here we are already in front of the fortress, an ugly useless building of wide extent. We rattle under the old gateway, and passing a small market or bazaar of very dingy aspect, we commence a rapid descent down the hill. Our man, in spite of all remonstrances, does not in the slightest degree slacken his speed, and we arrive at the bottom with a decided feeling of relief. Our rather alarming descent had prevented us from paying much attention to the wide prospect—the immense flat plain, stretching miles and miles away; the great frozen river, hardly to be distinguished from the equally frozen earth; the monotonous leaden hue over all, only broken by the lines of dark pine forests in the distance.

But now the short winter day is waning, and we intimate by gestures to our *isvoshtchik*, or coachman, that it is time to turn back, but not by the same road. We are now passing under the high overhanging cliffs, along the banks of the river, over which rough sledges heavily laden with ice, dug from the stream, are slowly making their way. This little chapel built into the wall, before which these peasants cross themselves so devoutly, contains some of the sacred *icons*, the very stiff expressionless pictures so much venerated by the Greek Church.

But we are nearing the end of our drive, and are crossing the principal street, corresponding to the 'High Street' of an English provincial town. The shops, though much admired by the townspeople, show little attractiveness, at least on the outside. Past the market, up the hill, and we are home. I regret that the red firelight does not welcome us, but the *samovar* (a sort of large teapots) is steaming on the table, and at least one gets good tea in this part of Europe.

The dogs are let loose; the *dvornik*, or house-porter, whose duty it is to act as watchman, and who seems capable of enduring the most extreme cold, and will often lie down and sleep in the long winter nights when the thermometer is many degrees below zero, stations himself outside,

and the stillness of night seems to fall upon all. Hooray! what do we find waiting for us? The greatest event in the day has happened: the post has been, and brought us 'letters from home.'

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IV.—A PROPHET IS NOT WITHOUT
HONOUR.

THE next evening, Linnell was to dine quietly at General Maitland's. Only a few Petherton friends to meet him—quite a simple affair, you know, Mr Linnell: the regulation country-town entertainment: our next-door neighbours: just to introduce you to whatever there is of Society at Petherton Episcopi. The Mansels were coming: of course the Mansels: and the vicar and his wife, and the Craiges from the Manor House.

'But not, I suppose, that old bore Dumaresq, and that gawky girl of his?' the General observed, as they sat in the drawing-room, demurely expectant, on the very stroke of half-past seven. 'He talks me off my legs with his crack-jaw philosophy. You haven't asked *them*, I do hope, Maria?'

'Do you take me for a fool, George?' Mrs Maitland answered with severe dignity, drawing herself up austere to her full height. 'Geraldine begged me to ask them, I need hardly say: she has no common-sense at all, poor dear Geraldine: but I was firm upon that point, perfectly firm'—and Mrs Maitland's high-bred chin and thin lips of the Vere de Vere caste showed her firmness most distinctly as she spoke. 'I put my foot down upon that sort of nonsense once for all. I said to her plainly: "Geraldine, you may form what undesirable acquaintances you like for yourself; but you shall not drag your poor papa and me into the thick of your vulgar society. I've called upon that horrid old man and his daughter on your account, and I very much regret now that I ever did it. It lets us in for endless complications. The Dumaresqs are people who move in a different grade of Society from our own, and any attempt to take them out of it and put them into one for which they're not fitted, can only be painful, and even ignominious to both parties." I said it plainly to her, "even ignominious." The fact is, George, we ought never to have known them. When one has to deal with a girl of poor dear Geraldine's unfortunate temperament, the only way to do is to resist at once from the very beginning all her absurd fads and fancies.'

The General sighed. 'It's a pity she won't be more practical,' he said with a faint reluctance in his voice, for he admired Geraldine. 'She's a fine girl, though she's our own daughter, Maria, and, by George, I like her for it. I like to see a girl stick up for her opinions. Still, it's a great pity, I don't deny, she won't be more practical. If only she'd take a fancy, now, to this young Linnell there!'

'This young Linnell has money,' Mrs Maitland assented curtly, arranging a spray of maidenhair in a specimen glass on the table by the bow window. 'I'm sure he has money. He won't admit it; but it's perfectly clear to anybody

with half an eye. He couldn't live as he does upon his pictures only.'

'And you think?' the General observed suggestively.

'I think he hasn't come down here for nothing, naturally,' Mrs Maitland went on with marked emphasis. 'He was very much struck with Geraldine at Algiers, I feel sure; but his head's stuffed as full of flighty sentimental nonsense as her own: and if he's thrown in with that blushing bread-and-butter slip of a girl of poor old Dumaresq's, he'll fancy himself in love with her just because she's poor and pretty and a nobody. That kind of man always does go and throw himself away upon a nobody, unless he's closely watched, and protected by others against his own folly. Geraldine's built the very same way. Nothing on earth would give her greater delight, I'm sure, than to marry a penniless poet, or painter, or music-master, and end her days with him comfortably in the workhouse.'

The General toyed with the Japanese paper-knife uneasily. 'It's a great pity she can't get settled,' he said after a pause. 'With Hugh's expenses at Sandhurst so very heavy; and Gordon at Aldershot always asking for remittances, remittances, and again remittances till one's sick and tired of it; and the two boys at the Charterhouse eating their heads off and doing nothing; it's really very much to be regretted, indeed, that she can't find anybody anywhere to suit her. And yet, Maria, I sympathise a great deal, after all, with Geraldine. A girl naturally prefers to wait and watch till she's found the man that really suits her.'

'It's not as if she met no young men,' Mrs Maitland went on, ignoring quietly her husband's last rebellious sentence, 'or never had any suitable offers. I'm sure no girl in England has been given better or greater chances. She was very much admired, indeed, at Aldershot: she goes to all the dances in Algiers: she's been up in town for three seasons running: she travels about fifty times more than most girls do: and that man in the 42d with the scar on his cheek would certainly have married her if only she'd have taken him, stammer or no stammer. I never knew any one more difficult to please or more impossible for an anxious mother to count upon.'

Their conversation was cut short abruptly at that moment by the entry of the peccant Geraldine in person. She was tall and dark, with fine features, a little marred, perhaps, by a certain conscious pride and dignity; but her strong chin was instinct with character, and her upright carriage spoke her at once a woman with a will not to be bent even by a conscientiously worldly mother like Mrs Maitland. Her father looked up at her with a glance of sidelong surreptitious approbation as she entered. 'Those passion-flowers become you, Geraldine,' he said, with a furtive side-look at his formidable wife. 'They're very pretty. Where did you get them?'

'Psyche gave them to me,' Geraldine answered with a careless touch or two of her fingers on the drooping spray that hung gracefully down from her shapely neck over the open bosom. 'They have a pale blue passion-flower growing

over their porch, you know, and Psyche picked me a few blossoms off it to wear this evening. She's such a dear, always. They *do* look well, I think. Unusual things like that always suit me.'

'You went round there this afternoon, then?' her mother asked.

Geraldine nodded a quiet assent. 'Psyche asked me to come round,' she said. 'She's full of Mr Linnell. She wanted to know from me all about him.'

Mrs Maitland glanced up sharply with quick inquiring eyes. 'Why, what on earth does she know of him?' she inquired half angrily. 'Has she met him anywhere?'

'She met him yesterday afternoon at the Mansels,' Geraldine answered, shortly.

'And what did you tell her, Geraldine? You didn't let her know he was rich, I suppose, did you?'

'How could I, mother? He always implies himself that he isn't. Even if I thought it, which I've no reason to do, it would be very wrong of me to say so to Psyche. I told her he was a most agreeable young man, though painfully shy and awkward and nervous, and that we knew him only as an English painter who often wintered in Egypt or Algeria.'

Mrs Maitland breathed more freely for a moment. Next instant, there came a small ring at the bell, and the servant, entering, announced Mr Linnell, followed in a minute more by both the Mansels.

Linnell took Geraldine in to dinner; but being the guest of the evening, he was sandwiched in between herself and her mother, an arrangement which ensured the possibility for Mrs Maitland of exercising throughout an efficient supervision over Geraldine's conversation with the eligible stranger.

'And how do you like Petherton now you've fairly settled down to it?' Mrs Maitland asked him as the soup went round. 'Have you found any subjects for sketching yet, Mr Linnell?'

The young man looked up with an embarrassed smile. If there was anything on earth that his soul hated it was 'being trotted out,' on his art especially; and he saw quite clearly that Mrs Maitland meant to trot him out in due course this evening, in order to exhibit his paces properly before the admiring eyes of Petherton society. 'Yes,' he answered shyly, with half an appealing glance towards Mrs Mansel opposite, 'I began to sketch a sweet little cottage on the hill-side yesterday; and when I'd got half-way through with it, I learned, to my surprise, it was no less a personage's than Haviland Dumaresq's. I'd no idea, Mrs Maitland, you had so great a man as the Encyclopædic Philosopher living in your neighbourhood.'

'Oh yes, Mr Dumaresq's very clever, I believe,' Mrs Maitland answered somewhat frigidly, with the austere manner which the British matron thinks it proper to adopt when speaking of people who are 'not exactly in our set, you know, dear.' 'He's very clever, I've always understood, though hardly the sort of person, of course, one quite cares to mix with in society. He wears such extremely curious hats, and expresses himself so very oddly sometimes. But he's clever in his own way, extremely clever, so

people tell me, and full of information about all the ologies. We have a great many of these local celebrities about here, don't you know. There's our postman's a very clever person too. Why, he writes the most amusing New-year addresses, all in verse, which he brings round every year when he calls to get his Christmas box.—Geraldine, don't you think you could hunt up some of Briggs's verses to show Mr Linnell, if he's interested in that kind of thing, you know, dear?

A faint smile played round the corners of Linnell's mouth at the juxtaposition in Mrs Maitland's mind of Haviland Dumaresq and the postman poet; but politeness prompted him to say nothing. Comment on his part on such a subject would have been wholly superfluous. He answered not the fool according to her folly. Geraldine, however, could hardly imitate him: she looked up, one flush of sympathetic shame from chin to forehead, and answered quickly: 'No, mother; I don't think I could find them anywhere; and even if I did, I don't think Mr Linnell would care in the least to see them.—You've met the Dumaresqs, Mr Linnell; so Psyche's been telling me. She says her father's always so glad to come across anybody who's read his books. He's a wonderful old man, so wholly absorbed and swallowed up in his work. He lives for nothing on earth, I do believe, but two things now—Philosophy and Psyche.'

'Two very good things indeed to live for,' Linnell murmured, almost inaudibly. 'I hardly know how he could do better.'

'Yes, he's wasted his life on writing books that were of no earthly use to himself or to anybody,' Mrs Maitland went on, taking up the thread of her daughter's parable; 'and I've no doubt, now his girl's growing up, he bitterly repents he didn't turn his talents earlier in life to something more useful, that would have brought him in a little money. A gentleman born—for he was once a gentleman—to live contentedly in such a hovel as that! But he was always headstrong, and so's the girl. He never cared for anybody's advice. He was offered a good place under Government once, but he wouldn't take it. He had no time to waste, he said, on making money. He went his own way, and wrote his own useless unsaleable books for his own amusement. And what on earth he lives upon now, nobody hereabouts can ever imagine.'

'His philosophy has had a very small circulation, no doubt,' Linnell ventured to put in apologetically, at the first pause in Mrs Maitland's flowing river of speech; 'but it has received an immense amount of attention at the hands of all profound thinkers. It gains every day more and more adherents among the most intelligent classes in every country. I believe it will prove to be the philosophy of the future.'

'I don't care much about these "everythings of the future" that we hear such a precious lot of talk about nowadays,' the General put in from the head of the table: 'the music of the future, the politics of the future, the tactics of the future, and all that sort of thing. For my part, I'm quite content to live in the present, where it has pleased a wise Providence to place me, and leave the future to provide its own philosophy, and its

own music, and its own tactics, too, whenever it happens to want them. I'm for the present day all round, I am. But I must say I think Dumaresq's a very fine soldierly kind of man in his own way, too; he's been set at his post to hold Philosophy, like a forlorn hope, and he sticks to it bravely, in spite of everything. He thinks he's got his work cut out for him in life. I don't know whether it's good work or bad: I don't understand these things myself: I don't pretend to. In my day soldiers weren't expected to take up philosophy: this wretched examination system that bothers us now hadn't even been invented: we fought and bled and did our duty, and that was all the country asked or wanted of us. It didn't inquire whether Nelson or Wellington had passed an examination in English literature. But Dumaresq thinks he's called upon by nature or his commanding officer to see this business through to the bitter end, come what may: and he sees it through, right or wrong: and by George, sir, I say, I honour him, too, for it. I've never read one line the fellow's written, and if I did read it, I don't suppose I'd understand a single word of the whole lot, for I've hard enough work to understand what the dickens he's driving at when he's talking, even—let alone when he's writing for the people who can follow him: but I can see he thinks he's sticking to his post, and, hang it all, when a fellow sticks to his post like a brick, if he's only a marine, you know, you can't help admiring him for it.'

'I quite agree with you,' Linnell answered, looking up hastily with most unusual decision. 'Haviland Dumaresq's a very great man, and the way he sticks to his work in life commands one's respect, whatever one may or may not think of his particular opinions.'

'Many of them very questionable,' the vicar remarked parenthetically.

'But most of them profoundly true and original,' Linnell answered with quiet dignity.

Mrs Maitland's feminine quickness told her at once that she had started on quite the wrong tack with Linnell, so she made haste diplomatically to retrieve her position. 'Oh, of course, he's a wonderful man in his way,' she said, with conciliating promptitude. 'Just look at the things he's fixed up in the garden for drawing water by hydraulic pressure or something, don't they call it? I know he's a very remarkable man. And what a picturesque funny little cottage! So you're really sketching it!'

'It is picturesque,' Linnell answered with a fresh return of his engrained dislike to hearing himself or his work talked about. 'The porch is so pretty, all covered with those lovely hanging creepers. I suppose Dumaresq—it seems absurd to speak of so great a man as that as "Mister Dumaresq"—takes care of it himself. I never saw creepers grow better even in Africa.'

'Aren't they just lovely?' Geraldine interposed quickly. 'They always remind me so of dear old Algeria. These passion-flowers I'm wearing came from there. Psyche gave them to me.' And she handed a stray one from the folds of her dress for Linnell to examine.

The painter took it and looked at it close. 'Miss Dumaresq gave it you!' he said slowly.

'She's very pretty. I should like her to sit to me. In Moorish costume, she'd be the very person for the foreground of that doorway I began at Algiers.—You remember the sketch, Miss Maitland: I showed you the study I made for it there—a horseshoe archway in an inner courtyard near the Bab-Azzoun gate, with an Arab girl in indoor dress just stepping out with a tray in her hands among the palms and bananas.' And as he spoke, he thrust the passion-flower without a word into his own button-hole, and pinned it in as if half unconsciously with a pin from the flap of his evening waist-coat.

Geraldine noticed his action with a quiet smile. He had money, she believed; and Psyche liked him. 'She's the very girl for it, Mr Linnell,' she cried, with unwonted graciousness—Mrs Maitland by this time had been engaged in conversation by the amiable vicar. 'Of course I remember your sketch perfectly. You must get her to sit for you. She'd be delighted, I'm sure. Now, do please go to-morrow and ask her.'

'I will,' Linnell answered, anxious once more to escape the subject—for here he was, talking a second time about his own pictures. 'I'm going there, as it happens, to dinner in the evening. I'll take the opportunity to ask her then if she'll give me sittings.'

Geraldine started. 'To dinner to-morrow!' she cried. 'To dinner at the Dumaresqs!' Why, that's quite a new departure for them. I never heard of their asking anybody to dinner before. Lunch, sometimes, or afternoon tea; but that's the outside. How very funny. I don't quite understand it.'

'But I do,' Linnell answered. 'I'm going, and the Mansels too. We're all invited.'

Geraldine paused for a moment in surprise. Then she added in an undertone: 'Psyche never said a word of it to me, which is very queer, for I was over there with her the whole afternoon, and she generally tells me everything that happens.'

'She didn't know herself, no doubt,' the painter replied with a glance at his button-hole. 'Dumaresq met Mansel and me in the lane about six and asked us then whether we'd come and dine with them, quite unceremoniously. He seemed rather preoccupied and dreamy this evening. He probably asked us on the spur of the moment, and only went home to tell her afterwards.'

'Probably,' Geraldine answered with a falling face and a slight sigh. 'He seemed preoccupied and dreamy this evening, did he? He's sometimes so. I'm sorry to hear it. But I'm glad you've to dine at Psyche's to-morrow, anyhow. Now, I won't let you off, remember. You must paint her in that picture.'

'But how about the Arab costume?' Linnell asked, his usual shyness disappearing for a moment. 'The portrait would be nothing without the haik and the yashmak.'

'I can lend you one,' Geraldine answered with great promptitude. 'I had it for the Newsomes' charades last season. It'll just suit her—a delicate creamy-white Arab wrap, with the loveliest salmon-pink silky covering.'

'Will you, though?' the painter cried, de-

lighted. 'How very good of you! That's just what I want. The picture shall be painted, you may take my word for it, Miss Maitland. Thank you so much for your kind co-operation.'

At that moment, Mrs Maitland, disengaging herself one second from the vicar's eye, strained her ears to the utmost to catch their conversation, while politely assenting to her neighbour's views on the best way of dealing with rural pauperism. She couldn't exactly make out what they were saying, but she was sure the conversation was unusually animated. She noted the tone of Linnell's voice, with its obvious note of pleasure and gratification, and she thought she even caught distinctly the words, 'Thank you so much for your kind something-or-other.'

Later on in the evening, while that safely plain Miss Craigie from the Manor House was putting her stock war-horse through its paces upon the big piano, Mrs Maitland noticed, to her surprise and pleasure, that Linnell was wearing a passion-flower in his button-hole. 'Why, what a pretty bouquet,' she said, glancing over at it archly. 'I think I know where you got *that* from, Mr Linnell.'

Linnell looked down awkwardly at his button-hole for a second in doubt. It was Psyche's passion-flower, from the creeper on the porch! How should he defend himself? A girl he had only once seen! Then a happy subterfuge flashed across his brain. 'Yes, Miss Maitland gave it me,' he answered with much boldness. 'It was one of the flowers she was wearing at dinner.'

In his timid anxiety to avoid the imputation of having got it from Psyche, he never saw himself what interpretation Mrs Maitland must needs put upon his blush and his words. But that astute lady smiled to herself and remarked inwardly that things seemed really to be coming to a head. Geraldine had given that young man a flower! And the young man for his part had worn it and blushed over it!

As the whole party of visitors walked home together from the Maitlands' that night, Mrs Mansel turned to the young painter and said with a meaning look: 'You and Geraldine seemed to get on very well together, Mr Linnell, in spite of your objection to ladies' society.'

Linnell laughed. 'Her arctic smile thawed a little this evening,' he answered casually. 'Besides, we've found an interest in common. She means to help me in the get-up of a picture for which I hope Miss Dumaresq will give me a sitting.'

At that very moment in the deserted drawing-room Mrs Maitland was saying in a confidential tone to her husband: 'Now, George, remember, when you go up to town next week, you must try to find out at your club the real facts about this young Linnell. Has he money or has he not? That's the question. We ought to make quite sure about his position and prospects before we let things go any further between him and Geraldine.'

'I think he's well off,' the General murmured in reply beneath his moustaches.

'Think! Oh yes. I think so, too. But where one's daughter's happiness is at stake, you know, George, one oughtn't to rest satisfied with mere thinking: one ought, as the Kirkpatrick said, to

"mak sicker." There's some sort of mystery hanging over the young man's head, I fancy. If he has money, why doesn't he marry, and take a country place, and keep his carriage, and hunt the county like other people?"

"Tastes differ," the General murmured with philosophic calm as he lighted his cigar. "Perhaps the young man doesn't care for hunting."

"Perhaps not," Mrs Maitland replied, loftily, curling her upper lip. "But a young man of means ought to care for hunting: he owes it to society; and if he doesn't care, you may depend upon it, George, he has some good reason of his own for wishing to be singular; and not a very creditable reason either."

NATURAL GAS.

It is strange that whilst in the States, and to some extent in Canada, Natural Gas is taking the place of coal, has been applied to numberless economic uses for years, and is being bored for all over the country, one hardly ever meets with any reference to it in our newspapers. Marsh gas, whose bubbles ignite on coming in contact with the air, and whose light has long been known by the name of 'Will-o'-the-wisp,' every schoolboy has read about; but that is quite another thing; it is generated from the decomposition of vegetable matter under water, whereas the American fluid is of a different origin, and comes from a thousand or more feet below the surface of the earth; it does not light spontaneously in the air, but when ignited, burns like ordinary coal-gas. It is very much of the nature of fire-damp, only too well known in our coal-mines.

Natural Gas can scarcely be regarded as a modern discovery, for, like many of our inventions, it is said to have been known amongst the Chinese long ago. In its modern utilisation, however, much originality may be fairly claimed by the Americans. The first that is heard of it in the States was in the year 1815, when it was found in Charlestown. Some six years later, a story is told of a woman going out one dark night to draw water at a place called Fredonia, in New York State: when she put down her lantern, much to her consternation a spring of gas by the well took fire. In 1824, when Lafayette passed through the same neighbourhood, in honour of the occasion, Taylor House, where he stayed, was illuminated with the gas laid on by pipes direct from the earth. The great reservoirs of natural gas were first tapped in the process of boring Artesian wells. As soon as one of the drills reached a certain depth, the whole apparatus was blown high up into the air, and the gas escaped by the vent with a roar that could be heard from afar. One American gentleman boring for water met with this experience, and, having no other use for the gas, stuck a tall pipe into the hole, applied a light to the top, when the flame shot upwards, and thus created a beacon-fire which illuminated the country round for miles. Years afterwards, this light was still burning, and probably may be seen to this day.

The city best known for the supply and utilisation of natural gas is Pittsburgh, in Penn-

sylvania. At a place called Murrys ville, some twenty miles off, gas was struck about the year 1874 by men who were boring for oil; and after it had been allowed to 'blow off' and run to waste for three years, it began to dawn on men's minds that this gas might be turned to some account. Very soon afterwards Pittsburgh was connected with the well by a pipe, and the gas began to be utilised in that busy city.

As soon, however, as the discovery became known, there was a rush on the new gas region, which can only be compared with the gold rush on our Australian colonies in the fifties. Land that had been almost valueless suddenly rose to fabulous prices; the old search for mineral oil was abandoned, and every one was prospecting for natural gas. Waste lands became populous villages; sleepy towns, that were almost unknown, got what the Americans call a 'boom' on account of their proximity to the wells, and suddenly woke up to find they were prosperous cities. On the discovery of gas at Tarentum, twenty miles from Pittsburgh in another direction, that little town suddenly became densely populated, and is now a large manufacturing centre. A similar cause raised the population of Findlay, in Ohio, which stood in 1884 at 4500, to 10,000 by the spring of 1887. At the end of the same year it had increased to 18,000, and the year following to 30,000.

But to return to Pittsburgh. Twenty years ago a heavy black cloud of smoke ever overhung the city, much as it overhangs Chicago now, through the abundant consumption of soft coal. At the present time the atmosphere is bright and clear, and scarcely a smoky chimney is to be seen. If you inquire how this has been brought about, you will be told that natural gas has driven coal out of the field. The extent of the new industry may be imagined when we find one company has nearly a million sterling sunk in wells and pipes for conveying the gas. From an account written five years ago we learn there were then six hundred miles of piping laid down in the neighbourhood of Pittsburgh, whilst the daily consumption of gas represented ten thousand tons of coal; still it was estimated that seventy million cubic feet, equal to seventy thousand bushels of coal, were running to waste every day. In the present year, the supply of gas is said to be 'overwhelming,' and one company has had to shut down three wells in order to adapt the supply to the carrying capacity of the pipes.

The depth at which the gas is struck in the neighbourhood now described is about thirteen hundred feet. The sudden uprush of the gas when first tapped is so great that the difficulties to be overcome in controlling it are enormous. Sometimes it catches fire, and to extinguish the roaring flame is a very serious business.

Independently of the danger of ignition, there is still the enormous pressure to contend with, seldom less than two hundred or two hundred and fifty pounds on the square inch, and sometimes even reaching five hundred pounds. In a case described by the *Pittsburgh Despatch* last March, the well 'came in' on the 22d January, and showed a pressure of five hundred pounds. For forty-eight hours the gas was allowed to blow off, and then four drillers set to work to plug the well with the customary appliances. While

they were so engaged, the well caught fire, no one could explain how, and in a moment a huge flame shot up into the heavens with a furious roar, and all the workmen were enveloped in the blaze. On the 24th a vigorous but unsuccessful attempt was made to extinguish the burning well. The column of flame was about one hundred feet high, and the heat was so intense that the men could not get near enough to do anything. By some process of smoke-stacking, the fire was eventually mastered. When finally brought under control, the gas is conveyed in the ordinary way by wrought-iron pipes from ten to sixteen inches in diameter. In the twenty miles between the wells and Pittsburgh there are at intervals stations where the pressure is regulated by means of safety-valves, and stacks of waste pipes burn the superfluous gas with greater or less fierceness day and night. In the course of its journey the pressure of the gas is reduced by friction to the extent of about seven pounds per mile, so that a pressure of two hundred pounds at the base would cease to exert itself at a distance of thirty miles.

When it reaches Pittsburgh, the gas is made use of in every conceivable way. For supplying furnaces it is far more valuable than coal; on account of the absence of sulphur in the fuel, it turns out a much finer sample of steel. The manufacture of glass and all large industries are now largely dependent on gas. The change produced by the substitution of gas for coal is very striking. Instead of the grimy sulphureous atmosphere to be met with in our large foundries, we find in a Pittsburgh shop the air is clear and unoppressive, and the men's faces and clothes are tolerably white and clean. The economy in another way may be gauged by the fact that boilers which in former days needed a hundred firemen and coal-heavers to attend to them can now be looked after by one man. In private houses quite a revolution has been effected by the introduction of natural gas. It gives light to the house by night, and supplies all the heat required in both sitting-rooms and kitchen. The coal-dealer is dispensed with, smoky chimneys are troubles of a bygone age, coal-dust is conspicuous by its absence, and the chimney-sweep has lost his occupation. Cheap, cheerful, smokeless fires have superseded stoves and rendered coal-scuttles, fire-irons, and ash-bins obsolete. The street lamps somewhat resemble flag-poles, from the tops of which blue sheets of flame shooting forth give light to the city by night.

The introduction of this new agent was naturally not unattended with considerable alarm, especially to nervous old ladies, who saw in the discovery a certainty sooner or later of a wholesale explosion; and even writers of scientific pretensions were not without their misgivings. One of these prophesied a grand collapse of the earth's crust through the withdrawal of the gas which had hitherto supported it. This was to affect the motion of the earth in its orbit, and cause it to lose its place among the heavenly bodies. Another wrote: 'The country along the gas belt from Toledo through Ohio, Indiana, and Kentucky will be ripped up to the depth of twelve or fifteen hundred feet, and flopped over like a pancake, leaving a chasm through which the waters of Lake Erie will come howling down,

filling the Ohio and Mississippi Valleys, and blotting them out for ever.' A third says that eventually there must be an explosion, by which Findlay and its neighbourhood will be blown skyward in an instant. After some years of trial, people are now beginning to cast away their fears and to welcome the cheaper and cleaner fuel.

At the same time, it must be acknowledged that the natural gas is not always amenable to discipline, but has a habit occasionally of playing some disagreeable pranks. Thus, a few months ago, near Kokomo (Indiana), a farmer named Wm. Shanks let his land to a company who were prospecting for gas. The boring began, and when a depth of about eight hundred feet was reached, the tools were shot up into the air with tremendous force. Out of the vent came a volume of water, spouting up to a height of one hundred and twenty-five feet, which continued without cessation for more than a week. The farm became flooded, and trenches had to be dug to prevent the wheat-crops from being submerged. The water was eventually shut off, and the gas and water separated; then the well came to be considered one of the most productive in the vicinity. A few weeks afterwards, however, jets began to issue from the ground all over the farm, and could be lighted by a match in a hundred places. In addition to this, the water was driven out of the farmer's well. The last report was that Shanks considered his farm ruined, and contemplated migrating to another spot to avoid being blown up.

Here, again, is a cutting from a newspaper, dated August 12, relating to Waldron, near Shelbyville (Indiana), where a farmer reports that 'he first heard a rumbling noise, and then the earth quivered, followed by a frightful explosion, ten acres of ground being torn up on both sides the river (Flat Rock), including part of the graveyard. Sheets of flame two hundred feet high then burst in all directions, and numerous hot geysers spouted from six to ten feet, gas blazing from ten to fifteen feet above the water. The river-bed was torn up and the stream diverted, the water filling up the huge fissures caused by the explosion. Many skeletons were thrown up from the graveyard, and small rocks projected two miles distant. The natural gas is still flowing from the entire surface.'

The appearance of a report in a newspaper is not always a warrant for its truth, and this account bears some suspicion of exaggeration on the face of it. Still, allowing it to be authentic, it would be a legitimate supposition that if this gas had been allowed a vent, the destruction said to have been caused by it would have been prevented.

The question which is now uppermost amongst speculators in gas is, how long will it last? Is the supply inexhaustible or not? Eminent men of science have been consulted, and have given hopeful but cautious replies. Experience has in one case at all events given an alarming answer to the question. In upper Sandusky (Ohio) there was a great gas well the 'Jumbo,' which last year supplied sixteen hundred fires; but in February the pressure was so much reduced that recourse to coal and wood again became necessary. As the whole town had been freshly piped for gas,

the failure caused considerable indignation. In Pittsburgh the companies have provided for a similar contingency, and are prepared to manufacture gas from coal or crude petroleum in case the present natural supply should fail. But the belief begins to gain ground that the fluid is now in process of being generated in the bowels of the earth; and one scientist at least has demonstrated not only that the production can be brought about by the action of heat and water in the presence of certain minerals, but that it increases as pressure is decreased. If this is true, then the generation will be accelerated in proportion to the quantity drawn off. The wells in Pennsylvania certainly support this theory, for although the country has been riddled with borings, so that there was every probability of killing the goose with the golden eggs, the goose has only been more prolific, and the pressure of gas is higher than ever. And, again, in Indiana one well at Fairmount, which furnishes eleven and a half millions of feet of gas daily, shows no appreciable sign of diminution, although it has been in continuous operation for over two years. Professor Orton, however, utters a warning against the extravagant waste of this valuable fuel. He tells us that ingenuity seems to have been taxed in finding means of getting rid of it; the roar of its escaping torrents rivals Niagara, and the glare of its useless conflagrations could be seen from the moon. But waste will diminish as the means of controlling the gas improve and as the use for it increases.

Little, perhaps, has at present been heard of natural gas in England; but it will soon be as widely known as mineral oil. Whether it will ever be discovered in Great Britain is extremely doubtful, as, unfortunately, we do not live on the belt in which, geologists say, the gas is to be found; but Canada may hope to be enriched by it. Wells can be seen both burning and in use near Calgary, on the Canadian Pacific Railway, and they have been bored with some success in the neighbourhood of Toronto. Still, it is to the North-west Territories that Canada looks forward for finding her greatest riches; and since along the Athabasca River, we are now told, there are vast beds of sand two hundred and fifty feet thick saturated with oil for hundreds of miles, it may be confidently expected that under that surface there lies a vast region of gas only waiting to be tapped by the borer's drill.

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

CHAPTER III.

THE drive of fourteen or fifteen miles to Pickering occupied less than two hours, and Rockingham was in ample time to conduct the service announced for four o'clock. That over, he and Madge took tea with the Construction Company's superintendent, who was an Englishman, and glad to entertain the preacher.

It was perhaps half-past seven o'clock when the horses were started homeward, and darkness was fast gathering. It was the close of a lovely day in early summer; such an evening as never fails to cast some refining influence upon even

the hardest natures. Through the clear Canadian atmosphere the stars shone in myriads, and from the shore to the horizon the waters of Lake Superior reflected in a broad band the silvery sheen of an almost full moon. In that sparsely settled corner of the world and at that time in the evening the travellers could hear nothing save the light tread of the two horses, and the incessant splash of the small waves as they broke upon the rocky shore near by. Madge Latimer, against her will, felt sentimental; while as for Rockingham, he would have asked for nothing better than the circumstances which encompassed him on that Sabbath evening.

Madge had started out with the full intention of having some 'fun.' With a woman's keen perception, she had long known that 'the Colonel' more than admired her; and with the average woman's vanity and love of conquest, she was bent upon learning from his own lips the exact place she held in his estimation. But the soft and soothing surroundings of that romantic summer evening led Madge a little further than she ever intended to go with Digby Rockingham. Just how it happened Madge honestly did not know, nor did Rockingham. It seemed like a dream to the girl as they drove along for miles, Rockingham holding her disengaged hand in his, while his face was so close to her own that she could feel his breath upon her cheek. That neither her companion nor she herself uttered a word, Madge scarcely noted, and the girl did not know that silence is frequently far more eloquent than speech. To do her justice, she was indulging in a reverie, in which her thoughts were almost shapeless, and in which Digby Rockingham scarcely figured at all.

They had walked the horses the entire distance, and Rockingham knew that it was past ten o'clock. A bend in the road reminded him that they would soon be at Kincardine. He tightened his hold upon the girl's hand and bent his head until his brow rested upon her rich wavy hair. Then he asked, very quietly but very deliberately: 'Madge, will you be my wife?'

The girl was startled. She knew she had herself to thank for this climax to their long ride; but such a direct offer of marriage was none the less unexpected. She had looked for a little 'love-making' from Rockingham, but she had not anticipated what is usually the finale of a long period of courting; and yet she knew, as well as she knew that she breathed, that the clergyman was not trifling with her. More than that, she felt that she could no longer trifle with him. For a moment Madge hesitated. She dare not say 'Yes;' for a day or two at least it would be pleasant not to say 'No.' It certainly would be a decided triumph as well as pleasure to know that she held in her hands the happiness, or otherwise, of the two most eligible men on the north shore.

'I think I cannot answer your question,' was the reply given to Rockingham, and given rather sheepishly for Madge Latimer.

'At least you do not refuse. When, then, may I see you, Madge, and press my suit?'

The outline of McDougall's emporium was now visible. Madge drew her hand away from her

companion and hurriedly said: 'I will attend Prayers on Friday evening. I will leave you now at the hotel.—Yes, here we are, and I insist. Indeed, I shall prefer to drive into Gravenhurst alone.'

'Say, Madge,' said Brock, rather gruffly, as the girl drove the horses into the barn, 'what fool-business is this?'

The foreman was in an ill-humour for two reasons. He did not care to think that Madge had been with 'the Colonel' some eight or nine consecutive hours; and he also feared that his favourite horses had been overworked.

Madge, who was tired and hungry, now that the influences of Rockingham and the moonlight ride were gone, was equally disgruntled. 'If it's a fool-business, it's none of *your* business, anyhow!'

'Oh, it ain't, eh? Well, we'll see.—Here, hold this lantern, will you, so I can see to clean these animals? Little Pig is asleep these two hours.'

Brock puffed and panted as he worked at the dusty horses, and his exertions seemed to charm back his usually even temper. 'Say, Madge,' he said, as he relieved her of the lantern, 'what's the matter of us getting married right off? What do you say?'

'Are you crazy?' retorted the girl. 'Don't you know me better, Eli Brock, than to bother me with such wild stuff at this time of night? I don't know whether I'll marry you at all—there!'

She was up in her room before Brock had his foot upon the doorstep of 'the office.'

Brock was now aroused. He did not disguise from himself the fact that he would be grievously disappointed should Madge after all marry some other man; nor did he pretend not to know that Madge Latimer was quite equal to keeping her word when she threatened not to marry him at all.

Eli Brock was ignorant of such matters as engagements; and if he had not been, it is doubtful whether he would have trusted Madge—to say nothing of the girl trusting herself or him—to keep her word even by the aid of a ring. So he resolved, by hook or by crook, to gain Madge Latimer's consent to an early marriage. It was Friday, however, before Brock had a leisure evening, when, after eating his supper, he inquired for Madge. She had, of course, gone out, and Little Pig furnished the additional information that she had gone to Kincardine. That suited Brock very well. He knew she had gone afoot, because his horses were all in their stalls, so he started out to meet her. He walked about a mile along the road, and, being tired, he selected one of the many huge boulders thereabouts upon which to recline. Most men indulging in a cigar would have betrayed their whereabouts, but Brock had a habit of gnawing a cigar without lighting it. He did so now. The gnawing process had reduced the length of the cigar perhaps three-quarters of an inch, when two persons approached from Kincardine and paused almost opposite the foreman's resting-place. One of them was Madge, the other was Digby Rockingham.

'Please, please, don't ask me for an answer to-

night. Perhaps it will be all right—I cannot tell. I must think about it.'

It was Madge who was speaking, and Brock heard every word. He could guess at what had preceded.

'Of course, of course, dear Madge. It is only right that you should take your own time. And yet, dear, you have as good as answered me. I have little fear for what you will tell me finally.'

For a space that seemed to Brock like several hours, but which was really only about three seconds, there was absolute silence. And then the foreman heard something that made his blood boil and started the perspiration from his brow—a single kiss.

'You insist upon going the rest of the way alone? You are not at all timid?' asked Rockingham.

'No, no! Good-bye.'

'Good-night, dear Madge.'

At that moment Eli Brock could have killed the clergyman without any compunction whatever. Jealousy and murder entered his heart together. His indignation towards Madge was certainly righteous; but his head remained level enough to tell him that the clergyman had done him no wilful wrong, and that as yet he had no absolute right to quarrel with the man whom he was bound to treat with some degree of hospitality. For the present the cigar suffered; Brock clinched his teeth upon that article and strode off by a circuitous route, 'across lots,' to Gravenhurst, where he arrived long after Madge Latimer was lost in dreams.

On the morning after the arrival of the weekly mail from Port Arthur, it was Little Pig's first duty to go to Kincardine for Brock's letters, usually of a strictly business character. On the Saturday morning following the scene just described, the Indian brought his master a letter from the proprietors of a rival copper mine, tendering him the position of manager. Brock had no desire to make a change, but he felt that he now held a strong card, and proposed to play it for all it was worth. 'Madge,' he said curtly, 'I asked you last Sunday evening if you would marry me—soon.'

'I know you did,' replied the girl, who sailed under no false sentimental colours when dealing with Eli Brock—'I know you did, and I told you that I might not marry you at all.'

'Look here, girl; I'm talking business. You know I think a good deal of you; you know I will treat you well and take good care of you. I've got money; I've got post-horses; I'll build you a good house, and take you to Marquette or Chicago, or any other blamed place every winter. What more do you want?'

'You needn't pile it on, Eli! If I marry you or any other man, it won't be for dollars or post-horses!'

'Now you're talking,' said Brock, pleased because he could see the girl honestly meant to be independent. He softened his own speech as he continued: 'Now, Madge, don't you think more of me than you do of any other fellow in this section or any other section? Ain't you and I built to hitch together in double harness?'

Brock was a handsome fellow, and he looked

his best as he strode across the room and laid his hand upon one of the girl's shoulders.

'You just think I'm dead-gone on you,' pouted Madge, 'and you take advantage of it. You don't treat me half-way decent. A stranger couldn't tell that you cared for me a little bit.'

'Oh, bosh!' laughed Brock; but changed his tone as he went on: 'It's just this way, Madge. If you don't want to marry me, I'm going to dig out of this place. See—here is an offer of another job, and I shall take it unless you want to keep me here. I'm not going to wait any longer, while you fly around with other men, I can tell you that!'

'Do you mean this?' asked Madge, fearful that she might after all lose the man whom she had for three years considered her personal property.

'Yes, I mean it. I'm through with fooling. If you want to do the square thing, you'll marry me inside of two weeks. If I'm not married at the end of that time, I leave Gravenhurst, that's all!'

That same evening Brock called upon Digby Rockingham.

'I wanted a word with you, Colonel,' said Brock.

Rockingham bowed.

'Fact is, Colonel, I kinder liked you the first day I sot eyes on you. You mind the time, I suppose, down at the Soo?'

'Very well.'

'Yes. Seemed to me you was square and 'bove-board, so to speak. I liked your general get-up, and I have a notion I treated you according. Ain't that correct?'

'I think I follow you,' replied Rockingham, who was really puzzled to know what all this was intended to prelude. 'Yes, you behaved very kindly to me, Brock.'

'Brought you along here and introduced you to all the folks—sorter showed you all there was to see—treated you *white*,* didn't I?'

Again Rockingham inclined his head.

'Well, see here, Colonel; I'd like to have a good opinion of you still. There ain't no use wasting words: *you* know what's happened since you settled down here: *you* know whether you've done me dirt or not, and I don't. Mebbe what's been done was your fault, and mebbe it wasn't—like enough it wasn't. But that's past and gone; it's neither here nor there. I don't take much stock in religion, Colonel; I take a man as I find him, regardless of perfeshins or church or anything of the kind. If he's white, he's white; and if he's snide, he's snide. I thought you was white. We'll say I still think you're white—shake hands on it, Colonel!'

Rockingham laid his small thin hand in Brock's broad palm, which the foreman clasped with a grip of steel.

'Now then,' he continued with much fierceness, 'listen. If you want to pass muster as a white man for the future with me, you'll mind what I tell you, Colonel. Don't you come to Graven-

hurst again *until I send for you*, or, by thunder, I won't answer for the consequences!'

Before the clergyman could collect his scattered senses, Brock's gigantic strides had carried him half-way home.

OLD CHELSEA AND ITS HOSPITAL.

PAST and present have seldom met together under pleasanter auspices than at the Exhibition in the grounds of Chelsea Hospital. And few parts of London are so rich in associations with the past as Chelsea. In 785 we find it mentioned under the name of Cealscythe; and in Doomsday Book it appears as Cercehede or Chelched. In the sixteenth century it began to assume the name of Chelsey. The history of the village, with its pleasant orchards and gardens sloping to the river, may be said to date from the time when Henry VIII. bestowed the manor of Chelsea on Catharine Parr as part of her jointure. After the death of the king, the young Princess Elizabeth was placed under the care of Catharine Parr and her husband Lord Seymour; and the old manor-house at Chelsea was doubtless the silent witness of many a girlish freak and frolic on the part of the future queen. Of the early residents at Chelsea the most illustrious was Sir Thomas More, who had a house on the site of Beaufort Row. Henry VIII. was at one time his intimate friend, and we are told, 'for the pleasure he took in his company, would His Grace sometimes suddenly come home to his house at Chelsea to be merry with him, whither, on a time unlooked for, he came to dinner; and after dinner, in a fair garden of his, walked with him by the space of an hour, holding his arm about his neck.' So wrote his son-in-law Roper. Erasmus has given us a beautiful description of his home-life. 'There is not,' he says, 'a man living so affectionate to his children as he: he loveth his old wife as if she was a young maid.' Speaking of his house, he continues: 'In it is none man or woman but readeth or studieth the liberal arts, yet is their chief care of piety. There is never any seen idle: the head of the home governs it not by a lofty carriage and oft rebukes, but by gentleness and amiable manners. Every member is busy in his place, and performing his duty with alacrity; nor is sober mirth wanting.'

Holbein lived as a guest of Sir Thomas More in his house at Chelsea, and worked there three years, doing the portraits of More, his relations, and friends. On More's execution, the family fell into considerable distress. The house had to be parted with, and there the neglected Anne of Cleves died in 1557. Near More's house lived Sir John Danvers, unpleasantly famed as one of the regicides who signed the death-warrant of Charles I. He married the mother of George Herbert the poet. His name is more pleasantly associated with the history of horticulture. He was the first to teach us the way of Italian gardens; and his grounds at Chelsea were laid out after the Italian fashion. Lord Bacon had a garden at Chelsea which was to enclose thirty acres in all, and contain a closely-shaven lawn or green of four acres, a wilderness of six, alleys or shady shrubberies covering four acres, and the orchards and garden proper occupying the remainder. The history of Chelsea is bound up

* In parts of the west and south of North America, to call a man 'white' is to pay him the highest possible respect. It is applied to a good man's heart rather than to his skin.

with that of Charles II. and his court. To him we owe the foundation of the famous Military Hospital which inspired the poet to write :

Go with old Thames, view Chelsea's glorious pile,
And ask the shattered hero whence his smile.

Chelsea College, or King James's College of Divinity, was founded by Dr Sutcliffe, 'to this intent, that learned men might there have maintenance to answer all the adversaries of religion.' This College, however, proved somewhat barren of results, and was at length granted, in 1669, to the newly-founded Royal Society. In 1681 it was purchased of the Royal Society, on behalf of the king, for the purpose of erecting a hospital for sick and disabled soldiers. There is a story that we owe its establishment to Nell Gwynne, who, one day taking pity on an old soldier who had fought for the royal cause in the civil wars without reward, besought Charles to found a hospital for persons in like condition. However this may be, the building was commenced by Sir Christopher Wren in 1682, and is said to have cost one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. In February of that year Charles himself laid the first stone. The sight of the old pensioners in their uniform of scarlet faced with blue, and quaint hats, is a familiar London sight. In 1838 the number of out-pensioners of the Hospital amounted to 79,332 at rates varying from 2½d. to 3s. 6d. a day. The in-residents were over 400. At present there are about 85,000 out-pensioners and 500 in. Amongst its famous inhabitants was Dr Burney the musician, and father of Madame D'Arblay. He was organist to Chelsea College, and was buried in the Royal Hospital. Another celebrity, of a different kind, was Christian Davis, *alias* Mother Ross, who was buried there in 1739. She had served in the campaigns under William III. and Marlborough.

In 1661 Robert Boyle, the distinguished natural philosopher and chemist, had a house at Little Chelsea; and the second Duke of Buckingham, whom Dryden styles,

A man so various that he seemed to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome,

lived in the house which had once belonged to Sir Thomas More. Thomas Shadwell, one of the forgotten poets-laureate, had a house in Church Lane. Rochester, the wit and poet, said of him : 'If Shadwell had burned all he wrote, and printed all he spoke, he would have shown more wit and humour than any other poet.' He is only remembered at present as forming a subject for the satire of Dryden, who, in his poem of 'MacFlecnoc,' says : 'Shadwell never deviates into sense.'

His genuine night admits no ray,
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.

A man more famous in the history of literature, Sir Richard Steele, the fellow-worker with Addison in the production of the 'Spectator'—the first magazine which introduced a pure and wholesome literature into the homes of England—had a house by the river-side at Chelsea. The pleasant village, nestling in its orchards and leafy gardens, with the quiet of the country, yet not too far removed from the gaieties of town, formed a fitting resting-place for Hortenzia Mancini, Duchess of Mazarin, a niece of the Cardinal, and

one of the beauties of the court of Charles II. Here at Chelsea, about 1694, the Duchess was the centre of a brilliant society which amused itself with the 'basset' table, or listened to the dramatic concerts, for which her house was famous. A frequent visitor there was M. de St Evremond, the friend of Condé and Turenne, who was spending his years of exile in England. It is sad to relate of this fascinating lady that during her stay at Chelsea she was in arrear for the poor-rates, as appears from the parish books !

A very important name in connection with Chelsea is that of Sir Hans Sloane, born in the year 1660. He purchased the manor of Chelsea; and at his death in 1753 bequeathed his valuable collection of pictures, books, natural history, and curiosities of all kinds, to the nation. He was some time surgeon-general to the army. In 1727 he succeeded Sir Isaac Newton as President of the Royal Society. Under his will, the family of Cadogan became possessed of Chelsea manor. In connection with Sir Hans Sloane must be mentioned 'Don Saltero's Coffee-house,' opened in 1695 by a man named Salter, an old servant of Sir Hans. His master had probably given him some of his own curiosities, which formed a nucleus for the collection of wonders which rendered the coffee-house so famous. Steele, in a number of the 'Tatler,' says : 'When I came into the coffee-house, I had not time to salute the company before my eye was diverted by ten thousand gimcracks round the room and on the ceiling. Benjamin Franklin, in his Life, tells us how he came with a party to see Don Saltero's collection; and on his return, at the request of the company, how he swam from near Chelsea the whole way to Blackfriars Bridge, exhibiting during his course a variety of feats of activity and address both upon the surface of the water as well as under it.' The coffee-house was situated in the middle of Cheyne Walk, so called from Lord Cheyne, who owned the manor of Chelsea near the close of the seventeenth century. In 1799 a sale of the curiosities took place. The catalogue included such marvels as 'the bone of an angel-fish,' 'a petrified crab from China,' 'a piece of Solomon's Temple,' 'a pair of garters from South Carolina,' 'the Emperor of Morocco's tobacco-pipe,' 'a curious flea-trap,' and 'a starved cat, found between the walls of Westminster Abbey when the east end was repaired'—from which list it is evident there was something to suit every one's taste.

In the reign of Charles II. the Thames at London was still a silvery stream, abounding in fish; and the fishery at Chelsea was of considerable importance. We hear that in 1664 in one week the Chelsea fishermen took nine salmon weighing together over one hundred and seventy-two pounds. The price realised was about sixteenpence per pound. Chelsea was also famous for its watermen in past times, one of whom Dibdin represents bidding farewell to his trim-built wherry, and farewell to oars and coat and badge :

Nevermore at Chelsea ferry
Shall your Thomas take a spell.

Doggett is forgotten as an actor, but remembered by the orange-coloured coat and silver badge given in the annual race between watermen which has been rowed since the year 1716,

from the Old Swan, near London Bridge, to the White Swan at Chelsea. The orange colour of the coat commemorates Doggett's strong Whig principles, and the institution was made in honour of the anniversary of the accession of George I. to the English throne. Six watermen take part in the race, which is rowed on the 1st of August.

In Church Lane, Chelsea, lived Dr Atterbury, first Dean of Carlisle, and then Bishop of Rochester. In 1722 he was suspected of a plot in favour of the Pretender, and was seized and sent to the Tower, which he only quitted to be exiled for the rest of his days. In 1711 Swift came to reside for a time in a house in Church Lane facing that of Atterbury. In his *Journal to Stella* for that year he mentions his arrival as follows: 'I got here with Patrick [his servant] and my portmanteau for sixpence, and pay six shillings a week for one silly room with confounded coarse sheets. I lodge just over against Dr Atterbury's house. And yet, perhaps,' he naïvely adds, 'I shall not like the place better for that.' Perhaps he had reason to change his mind, for Mrs Atterbury seems to have been most hospitable, not only giving him the use of the garden, library, and the rest of the house, but one day 'sent him some veal and small-beer and ale at dinner.' Altogether, one would think Swift found the Atterburys very charming vis-à-vis neighbours.

In Lawrence Street lived another of the classic novelists, Tobias Smollett, who came to Chelsea for the sake of his consumptive daughter. Sir Robert Walpole passed some portion of his life in a house near the Hospital, where, in lettered ease, 'unnumbered with the venal tribe,' he could 'smile without art, and win without a bribe.'

The name of Chelsea is intimately connected with old china. A porcelain manufactory was probably set on foot there by one John Dwight, who took out a patent in 1671 for the production of transparent porcelain. In 1745 the works were in full activity, the owner at that time being Nicholas Spremont, a Frenchman. In 1784 the Chelsea kilns were pulled down and removed to Derby. Old Chelsea china is of various kinds: some simply imitated from eastern china, either in blue or white; some in old Japanese style, painted a rich red and green, and heavily gilt; while the rarer specimens are more elaborate, and resemble the *Sèvres* porcelain with miniature painting on white panels. Blue, rose, and deep claret red are the most usual colours in Chelsea china. The mark is usually an anchor, often double, either painted in red or gold or moulded in relief. In some cases the anchor is supplemented by one or more daggers.

Another Chelsea institution, little less famous than its china, was the Bun House, which stood at the corner of Jews or Royal Hospital Row. Its fame was established by one Richard Hands. It was a one-storied building, with a colonnade projecting over the foot-pavement. George II. and George III., as well as Queens Caroline and Charlotte, used to patronise it. On Good-Fridays, an enormous crowd used to collect around the shop; and in 1839 it is said that upwards of twenty-four thousand hot cross-buns were sold. In this same year the 'old original' bun-house was taken down. Swift, in his before-mentioned *Journal to Stella*, speaks of the 'rare Chelsea buns.'

On the eastern side of the Royal Hospital stood the mansion of Richard, Earl of Ranelagh, the gardens of which, for their size, were esteemed the finest in England. About 1741 the grounds of this mansion were sold, and a project was formed of utilising them for recreation and amusement. A Rotunda was built there; and in April 1742 the first concert was given. These concerts took place for some time in the morning; but it having been represented to the magistrates that the young merchants and City apprentices were frequently seduced from their counting-houses and shops by these morning amusements, they were prohibited; and henceforth the doors opened at six in the evening. Thus Ranelagh was started on its prosperous career. In 1749 George II. attended a grand fête, given in the Venetian style, which has since become so common. The Rotunda was a very imposing edifice, but, as Mrs Carter remarks in one of her letters in 1742, it wanted 'some use for it answerable to the fineness and stateliness of the structure; for to be sure it is quite vexatious at present to see all the pomp and splendour of a Roman amphitheatre devoted to no better use than a twelpenny entertainment of cold ham and chicken.' A great regatta was held there in June 1775; and in the beginning of the present century, the Spanish ambassador was entertained there with great magnificence. On this occasion, the lower boxes in the Rotunda formed a Spanish camp, striped blue and red; each tent guarded by a boy dressed in Spanish uniform. The gallery formed a Temple of Flora, lighted by a number of gold baskets containing wax tapers. Women ornamented with wreaths of flowers made tea; and one hundred valets in scarlet and gold, and as many footmen in sky-blue and silver, waited on the company. Ranelagh attained its highest pitch of fame about 1782 and the few following years. Horace Walpole says in one of his letters that he went every night to Ranelagh, which had totally beaten Vauxhall. 'Nobody goes anywhere else. My Lord Chesterfield is so fond of it that he says he has ordered all his letters to be addressed thither.' Round the Rotunda were forty-seven boxes, with a table and cloth spread in each, and in these the company were regaled with tea and coffee. The smiles of fortune, however, eventually deserted Ranelagh, and after 1805 we hear no more of it.

In more recent times, Chelsea once more drew the world of fashion to Cremorne Gardens, which were situated to the west of old Battersea Bridge. Not so extensive as Ranelagh, Cremorne, after a brief period of prosperity, was closed in 1877.

Cheyne Walk has always been a favourite resort of artists and men of letters, from its beautiful and peaceful situation; and in a house in Great Cheyne Row, Thomas Carlyle wrote most of his famous works. In 1765, Cheyne Walk was famous for its medicated baths, set up there by an Italian quack named Dominicetti. These baths had a great reputation for several years. Dr Johnson could see no virtue in Dominicetti's system, and on one occasion, when a gentleman took the opposite view, he turned to him and said: 'Well, sir, go to Dominicetti and get thyself fumigated; but be sure that the steam be directed to the *head*, for *that* is the peccant part.' In spite, however, of his success,

Dominicetti eventually became bankrupt. Here also lived the eccentric miser Neild, who, at his death in 1852, left all his savings to the Queen. In this neighbourhood, in a river-side cottage, Turner passed the end of his life in full view of the river and the boats he loved so well, and painted so matchlessly.

Though the waterworks were not established until 1724, Chelsea was considered a good spot from which to draw a water-supply as early as 1696, for in that year Evelyn says: 'I made my Lord Cheney a visit at Chelsea, and saw those ingenious waterworks invented by Mr Winstanley, wherein were some things very surprising and extraordinary.' Winstanley is also remembered as the architect of the Eddystone Lighthouse. The Albert Bridge was opened in 1872; and in 1874 the Embankment gave a more modern look to this old-world part of the metropolis, for London in its onward march of bricks and mortar has long since absorbed the once 'pleasant village' of Chelsea.

JOHN LATHAM'S LIFE AND FATE.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

WHILE Dr MacLeod, who, during their stay, had been very friendly with both men, examined Sinclair where he lay supine upon his bed, Latham sat or stood in the bare dining-room, from which all personal effects had been removed for packing early in the morning. He had just twenty minutes to think of his position; but it seemed as though his brain had never been clearer in his whole life. Each point in the case stood out sharp and distinct; he, Latham, might become the victim of a few untoward circumstances! The right or wrong of the quarrel sank into nothingness beside more important considerations.

Sinclair had struck him twice, and he had a bruise on his eye to show for it. He had struck Sinclair once, and, as it happened, knocked him down. Had he fallen on the turf, he would have been up in a moment, and might have injured Latham; but, again, as it chanced, there had been a stone, on which his skull was fractured. He might die—probably he would; but could the presence of that stone incriminate Latham? Certainly not. To both, an accident had happened. Sinclair's accident was the fracture; Latham's, his implication in its bringing about. If Tom died, a person with an exceedingly sublimated moral sense might brand Latham as a murderer; but Latham himself had no false sentiment about him; and he knew very well that in the event of his friend's death he should not be a murderer, though heavy would be the load of regret for his evil passion, which for the rest of his life he might have to bear. He had established a thorough understanding between his moral nature and his worldly common-sense when Dr MacLeod came in. 'I am sorry to tell you it is all over,' he said, very gravely. 'The incision into the skull was remarkably deep. I feel surprised that Mr Sinclair lived so long.'

The doctor's words, bald as they were, were not so great a shock to Latham as they might have been; he had prepared himself to hear the

worst; nevertheless, his pale face was terribly stricken as he followed the doctor up to his friend's room. Standing by the bed, an impulse moved him, and he took the dead man's right hand in his. Dr MacLeod turned away; he did not know that the friendship between the two men was not of that rare and precious type which, we are told, is the deepest and most unselfish form of earthly love.

For a moment Latham was beside him again, grave and steady of voice as he said: 'Will you come and see the scene of the accident? The moon is bright; we shall need no lantern.' Quiet as his voice was, to himself it seemed as though some one else were speaking and he listening, looking on from a distance.

The doctor assented. 'A terrible ending to an autumn holiday,' he murmured half aloud.

To Latham it appeared as though a week at least had passed since he and his friend had broken all ties of friendship beneath those trees, when he again stood there with the simple Scotchman, whose restrained matter-of-fact manner and lack of all but the shortest comment was such a boon to him at this moment.

'Of course the matter will be looked into by the Procurator-fiscal,' MacLeod said, attacking, in kindly consideration of Latham's racked mind, the practical details of the matter. 'Leave the notification to me; I will attend to all that.—You will go over to Ardmuir? First thing to-morrow morning; Mr Bruce will come back with you for the inquest. Exactly. I will send word to MacDougall and the others. In this place it will be very quiet and—as little painful to you as possible.'

Latham winced somewhat, but looked Dr MacLeod straight in the face. Some moments before he had given an outline of the circumstances of the quarrel, so the doctor was in possession of the facts, and might be asked for an opinion.

'Then you are assured'—he began slowly, experiencing some difficulty in the phrasing of his question.

'There can't be a question as to who began the fight,' MacLeod said firmly, but in a cool unaffected voice. 'You knocked him down. Well, a man doesn't strike out when he's knocked down; and as you've got the bruises to show for it, it stands to reason he began!—Clear as day!'

Latham breathed heavily once or twice, but said nothing; inwardly, he was grateful to his shrewd, keen-sighted companion, but no method of saying so occurred to him.

They walked back to the high-road, and MacLeod said a few more words about next day and the precise form Scottish formalities took; then they parted; and Latham went to Pennygowan Lodge, and stood again beside his dead friend before he lay down to think through the long night-hours.

The early drive to Ardmuir would, under other mental conditions, have been pleasant, for the morning was as perfect as only a Scottish October morning can be; and John Latham was forced to reflect, as sooner or later every one must do, how nothing but our own misfortunes can take the smile out of the world, and how completely these can do it!

He saw Mrs Bruce only; Robert was on the hill. After half an hour she left him in the hall and entered a morning-room, where, before the door was shut, he heard the words: 'Maggie, darling, I have some dreadful'— And then, a moment later, a scream which tore his heart like rough steel. Margaret had loved her cousin, and he, Latham, had been the cause of his death.

After that, he left the house and drove back to Pennygowan. By twelve o'clock, young Bruce had joined him, and a grave and silent company assembled in the bare dining-room. Latham was pale, but composed; the bruise on his eye showed faintly blue, and attracted in turn the eyes of every one, being, as it was, a voiceless testimony to that hapless quarrel. His self-control stood him in good stead as he answered many questions and listened to the doctor's statement, brief and conclusive as it proved. Then the Procurator entered upon some long speech, which went past Latham as though it had never been; he only saw Robert Bruce's outstretched hand, and grasped it closely where they two stood in the bow-window. After that, there was nothing more to say.

He waited on apathetically almost till Sinclair was buried in a quiet hill-side graveyard, and he exchanged a few grave but cordial words with young Bruce of Ardmuir, then he passed out of their lives, as he told himself, 'for ever.' The vainest phrase that any mortal can use, surely; for are we not blown against one another like feathers or light thistle-down, by the gusts of Fate, and have we any more will in the matter than these?

So Margaret, who made a confidant of no one, was left to weep her bitter silver tears over the dried moonwort, and the half-sheet of note-paper, whose half-dozen words, in the handwriting of the man she loved—who had never spoken!—were all she had to cherish.

A dozen years later, Pennygowan Lodge looked much the same; to the eye of an accurate observer it seemed only to have taken on a deeper, damper tone of greenish gray as the moisture of successive winters trickled down the rough-casting which covered it. 'Gowan flood' was gone! Mr Malcolm had had it drained, and the land thus recovered, richly clad with cotton-grass, yellow asphodel, and the shyly-folded gentian among the pink heath plants, was valuable for peat-cutting purposes, and a boon to the crofters round about. Otherwise, nothing was changed; these drear unexplored country places never change. The hills lifted their lean shoulders as gauntly as ever; and now that the heather was over, red-brown deer-grass waved over their upper slopes, and gray sheep sprinkled them. Ben Arie looked down from its nobler height upon the same sweep of untractable arable land at its base, and the deep fissures in its steep sides ran over with the faded wealth of a glorious autumn time. Majestic clumps of fern starred the banks of the streams, rising green and glistening from a ruin of ruddy leaves; ripe haws the size of plums gleamed on the bared briers, and the hawthorns bent under clusters of crimson fruit—nowhere save in the Highlands is there this mad luxuriance of Nature's wild jewel-

trimmings—yet we hear there is barely three inches of soil above the bare rock! The fir-trees were still on their tiny mound; they watched over the springing sundew and purple butterwort as they had watched the small harsh rushes, and the ripples made by the dabchicks when the loch lay shining at their feet.

But great changes had come to John Latham: his name was as well known at the bar as that of its leading counsel. From a clever and enterprising junior, yet a man with a decent respect for old form and ceremony, he had risen to be the most sought after of subtle barristers. In politics he was as sane as he was progressive, and represented an immense constituency in Parliament; his speeches in the House made, if possible, more sensation than they had done and still did at the bar. Cool and clear-headed, grave and courteous, warmly eloquent yet wisely restrained, all that he attempted was well thought out and well weighed. Such was John Latham. Success had come up to him and taken him by the hand! There was nothing he might not be or do; no honour seemed too high for his attainment! So said his friends; so, even, admitted his enemies, and they marvelled that he had no wife or children to share his triumphs.

'Latham has no time for that kind of thing,' laughed a great Q.C., whom he had worsted in battle.

'No heart for it, you mean,' said the man he was speaking to, with a queer little smile which had a touch of regret in it.

For all who knew him felt that he had a disappointment hidden somewhere among his successes, a haunting sorrow of some kind, or a mysterious disease which preyed upon him; and in a measure these words were correct.

John Latham had had a disappointment—the loss of his love; and a haunting sorrow—the death of his friend; a disease—the restless longing to look once more on the spot where his life's tragedy had been enacted. It is not to be supposed that he drooped sentimentally before the world, or wore his heart upon his sleeve for 'daws to peck at.' He was at all times a pleasant man to meet, pleasant to speak to, witty and even cheerful in every-day life. Perhaps only the lines of his face in repose, and a certain grave gentleness of voice, together with a touch of pain in his smile, marked him out among his fellows as a man to whom sorrow had come early. Through all his brilliant days and weary nights he never lost a subtle under-consciousness, subdued, but wearing; he never forgot the sin of his anger, and the fury of his blow.

At Christmas-time a mighty contest was over; Latham had met his most powerful adversary, and snatched victory from his hands, establishing a noted precedent. He left the court flushed with the fire of his eloquence; warmed only in his brain, not in his heart; and escaping a press of congratulatory friends and colleagues, made swift preparations, and took the night-mail to Scotland. Christmas was nothing to him; his life knew no festivals. Within twenty-four hours he was walking on that narrow foot-path beside the road which, when last he had seen the place, bordered a lochen, and now skirted a brown-black peat moor. At every step his foot

crushed frost feathers from the worn grass-blades that stood bravely erect to show what King Winter had given them to wear. They, humble, oft trodden, lining the wayside, but not too small a thing for the white rime to bedeck. Oh the light white frost of a Highland winter morning! Winter, that is a grim reality elsewhere, but only a joke in the warm moist west! The reddened bracken, tall and green once for two rabbits to hide under one stem, dashed and soddened over by wind and rain, but with a light-gray sheen upon it like a fairy tissue of tinsel. The hills, bright in ruddy purples, cleaving high into a gold-blue sky; in the woods, along the streams, upon the moors, a very heyday of crisp cold.

Latham saw none of it; he walked sometimes with his head bent down, then again, with his pale tired face upright and unmoved; but he did not notice the glory of the mountains or the pureness of the air, and how much less the small cut gems that every leaf held up in honest pride. To him it was the place where his heart and his life's hope had died at one moment: it was here that the world had turned ash gray for him, and he could see it of no other colour. He passed Pennygowan Lodge with a single glance at its shuttered windows; he went towards the fir-trees with swift steps. What if the hungry birds in the nut-tree where Tom had tied the horse at the road corner that night, chirped of hope and pleasure, what joyful anticipation could come to him? It was the day before Christmas, and good people in the world were trying to spread happiness among the smallest saddest creatures; though he did not know it, those birds were twittering with impatience to fly down into the road and pick up some crumbs like a kind hand, a lady's hand, had flung for them as she passed with a basket of gifts for the children in the village.

In a moment he would reach the fir-trees; why did he hesitate? Only that there was some one standing on the crisp whitened ground at their roots; a lady, looking out calmly over the peat moor, but picturing something very different from the rough heaps of brown peat-bricks that rose before her. For half a moment Latham felt the shock of common every-day life jarring with his sacred sorrow; he had meant to be alone with that picture of the past, and here, the bit of lone ground which his eyes had, in imagination, so often rested on, where Tom Sinclair had fallen under his hand, was being visited by some one to whom the story of his deed was a piece of gossip, probably. Perhaps if he walked slowly by, she would go. He pursued his way, looking with studiously polite indifference straight in front of him. But as he passed, she raised her head; and at the slight half-sound that passed her lips, his own flashed round, and they recognised one another; he with a cry of 'Margaret!' quickly, nervously suppressed. What she said he did not hear; he only saw the lovely colour stealing up her cheek as she smiled and held out her hand. When he last saw her she had been a girl of twenty; but twelve years of quiet, uneventful life had changed very little her gentle face. She stood before him with her hand held out and her smile warming him to the heart—wrapping him, as it seemed, in a new sort of sunlight. She had forgiven him.

'May I take your hand, really?' Latham said,

wondering if she had got over the death of her lover, wondering why she smiled like that.

'Surely—or—I will take yours.' She clasped the hand he held out with a touch of diffidence, it almost seemed.

'You are very good!' he murmured, hardly knowing what to say.

'I have waited all this time to shake your hand,' she said, with some meaning in her tone, 'because I always thought'—She stopped, and he looked up quickly. The modest frankness of her eyes told him everything; in that one glance the soul of each lay open to the light. She knew they had quarrelled about her.

'But it was Sinclair you'—John stammered with a sudden beautiful uncertainty in his voice and words, but a dawning consciousness of something good and bright awaiting him.

'Oh no! it never, never was!' cried Margaret quickly, and paused with a catch in her voice. Had she been over-bold? Had she gone too far? Ah no. John stood before her, his hands hanging at his sides, and a suppressed excitement beating in his voice. 'If that is so, if that is true,' he said, with the forced calmness of high tension, 'say it all to me; don't keep it from me now, Margaret. I—I have never dreamed of it, or hoped for it, or dared to think— But if you never loved him! If that is true, and that you cared'—He stopped his pleading, then resumed with quick fire: 'Oh, did you care—do you care for me, Margaret?'

It seemed he had caught her hands before she replied, and that, standing with them clasped on his breast, he received her answer. 'Then—and now! All the time, John,' was what she said.

And after that, the gold of the morning and the sparkle of the frost was dull compared to the light in his life which was lit at her sweet eyes.

As they walked along the road to Ardmuir she traced the wheels of the carriage which should have taken her home; doubtless the man had driven on, thinking to overtake her.

But John, at her side, knew why the whole world was glancing and shining that day; he understood why the birds were twittering even though it was winter weather. Something in his heart sang too.

THE LEAVES.

No leaf as yet! though like a wraith of snow
The white bell-flowers have burst their sheathing
green,

And yielded to deep violets, and the sheen
Of those faint primroses that early strew
The garment of the earth. Verdure below;
But ne'er a budding leaf to come between
Our eyes and the blue ether, broadly seen
Through tracery of beeches, stretching low
From mighty rafter-boughs—the sere brown eaves
Of woodland palaces, where rocking high
The solemn rook in sable chorus weaves
A twig into his nest, and yet more nigh
A wild bird sings of love among the leaves—
The leaves that are to be when spring is by.

C. A. DAWSON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 369.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

A CRISIS IN THE CITY.

At the opening of the session of Parliament in November last year, in the course of the preliminary fencing that usually distinguishes such an occasion, the House of Lords heard both Lord Granville and the Prime Minister, with grave and cautious words, refer to 'the events which have recently taken place in the City of London.' As a matter of course, little was elicited in the way of information as to the nature of the events in question; but the statement of Lord Salisbury, that the Governor of the Bank of England had found it his duty to communicate with the Government on the subject, and that the City owed that gentleman an incalculable debt of gratitude, was sufficient to indicate the gravity of the situation.

It is not often that what is agitating Lombard Street and Capel Court rises to national importance in the view of statesmen; but the Crisis of November last was entirely exceptional. Looking back to the times of financial trouble within living memory—to 1878, when the City of Glasgow Bank fell, and further back still to that Black Friday in 1866 when the news of Overend, Gurney, & Co.'s failure spread panic far and wide—everybody acquainted with commercial affairs felt that the possibilities of disaster this autumn were more terrible still. No wonder a shock of dismay passed over men's minds when the word went round that one of the greatest houses in the City was in difficulties! For generations its name had been a synonym for financial stability and vast wealth. At home and abroad it had passed into a proverb. Their repute was the growth of a century of mercantile skill and uprightness displayed in the very front ranks of commerce. The crash of their fall, if it had been accomplished, would literally have made the farthest corners of the earth tremble.

But the peculiarity of the Crisis of 1890 was that the worst was forestalled. The very magnitude of the threatened disaster inspired a determination that it must not happen, and, by happy

chance, there were men at the head of affairs equal to the emergency. The Governor of the Bank of England, acting in concert with the Chancellor of the Exchequer, took strong measures, and prepared, if need should be, to follow them up effectually; whilst the chief bankers in London and the provinces rallied round him, under the sense of a common danger. This wise boldness had its due reward, for the 'panic' stage of the crisis was never reached. The plague was stayed, and the widespread ruin and misery that must otherwise have ensued was averted.

This chapter of our most recent commercial history is a tale with a most obvious moral. In fact, apart from the magnitude of the interests involved, the disaster was of the most ordinary type, such as every day overtakes some small speculator hasting to be rich. The conditions, indeed, of a commercial crisis are always with us. So far from being surprised when it arrives, we may well wonder why, under the present constitution of our money market, it occurs so seldom. We have an immense system of credit resting upon an utterly inadequate cash reserve. This is manifest, whether we consider the figures of our home and foreign trade, the liabilities of our banks, the annual income of the nation, or the financial operations of which our Clearing House accounts give evidence.

It is generally agreed that the deposits in the banks of the United Kingdom cannot be less than £600,000,000, most of this sum repayable in gold on demand. The London Clearing House totals reach the incredible amount of £7,000,000,000 annually. Now, if we confine our attention simply to the deposit liabilities of our banking institutions, the question arises, What provision is made for the liquidation of them? The answer is, that there exists in the United Kingdom only one considerable cash reserve. The smaller dealers in money all group themselves round the greatest dealer in money—namely, the Bank of England, and, at a time of pressure, they depend on the supply that can be

drawn from it. The provincial bankers in England, as well as the Scotch and Irish banks, have their spare cash with their agents in London, and the 'reserve' of these in turn is represented by their balances with the central institution. No doubt the banks in the metropolis and throughout the country have a certain amount of gold in hand for ordinary daily requirements; but to maintain this at a high level would interfere with profits. The function is, therefore, practically thrust upon one institution of keeping the gold reserve for all; and it is plainly impossible that this can be done adequately by any such arrangement. It is often forgotten that the Bank of England owes a duty not to the public alone, but also to its shareholders, who have a right to expect a fair return for their money. When the Bank pays a ten per cent. dividend, the return to a shareholder who has bought Bank Stock at recent prices is very little over three per cent. How, then, can it be demanded that the Bank of England shall assume the entire burden of maintaining a reserve for the benefit of all the banks in the country, some of which equal or even excel it in the amount of their deposits? We shall see, at all events, by a glance at the Bank Account published weekly, that the reserve is not equal to such a preposterous requirement. Let us take a very favourable specimen of these weekly accounts, that, namely, for the week ending Wednesday, the 3d December 1890, which stood as follows:

ISSUE DEPARTMENT.

Notes issued.....	£40,213,030	Government Debt...£11,015,100
		Other Securities... 5,484,900
		Gold Coin & Bullion 23,763,030
	£40,213,030	£40,213,030

BANKING DEPARTMENT.

Proprietors' Capital	£14,553,000	Govern. Securities	£10,395,458
Resb.....	3,212,850	Other Securities....	27,517,348
Public Deposits....	3,314,215	Notes.....	15,539,995
Other Deposits.....	33,312,792	Gold and Silver Coin	1,132,819
7-Day and other Bills	192,733		
	£54,585,620		£54,585,620

It is probable that to some readers who have examined this weekly statement from time to time, it has appeared somewhat puzzling. For the sake of any such we offer a brief explanation of it, and hope to show that there is nothing in it really difficult to understand.

It was an essential part of the arrangements made by Sir Robert Peel in the Bank Act of 1844 that the accounts of the two departments, the 'Issue' and the 'Banking,' should be kept distinct, as they stand above. The first item shows us that the total amount of Bank of England notes issued on the 3d December last was £40,213,030. This includes both those actually 'in circulation,' in the hands of the public, and those which, under the heading of 'Notes,' appear lower down in the assets of the Banking Department, the latter being treated, so far as Issue is concerned, as if it were an outside institution. The amounts on the other side of the Issue Account are regulated automatically, gold being held for every note issued over £16,450,000, this being the sum which under the Act the Bank are now entitled to issue against Government securities.

In the account of the 'Banking Department'

the first two items on the left-hand side are the Capital and the Rest; the latter consists of the undivided profits, and both together represent the liabilities of the Bank to its own shareholders. The other amounts on the same side represent the liabilities of the Bank to its customers, the Public Deposits being balances owing upon accounts of the Government and of various public bodies; the 'Other Deposits' the balances of mercantile firms and private persons, including the bankers; while the Seven-day and other Bills are really drafts or letters of credit outstanding.

Upon the credit side of the Banking Department account, the 'Other Securities' consist, of course, of discounted bills, advances upon securities, and various investments. But it is to the two items that remain, and the proportion they bear to the rest of the account, that the attention of the money market directs itself. For these, namely, the Notes and Coin in the Banking Department, form the Bank's 'Reserve,' gold being obtainable from the Issue Department in exchange for the Notes as required.

We see, then, that to meet the deposit liabilities of our banks and to form the cash basis of our immense system of credit, the Reserve on the 3d December last was no more than £16,672,814. It has also to be borne in mind that this amount largely exceeds the average, having been rapidly built up by extraordinary efforts on the part of the Bank in view of a possible catastrophe. Three millions of it had been obtained as a temporary loan from the Bank of France; a circumstance, by the way, which enabled the editors of all patriotic French newspapers to inform their readers that the savings of Frenchmen, lent with a generosity possible only to that great nation, had saved England from universal bankruptcy! A further great sum had been obtained from Russia; so that the Reserve of that date cannot be regarded as normal. But supposing it were maintained at the point then reached, the disproportion is so vast between its amount and the functions it is intended to fulfil as to be positively alarming. We are balancing the financial pyramid upon its apex. This is the reason why our money market is so extremely sensitive, and why the movements of the rate of discount in London are more frequent and more violent than in any other European capital. 'Since January 1883 the number of changes in Germany have been twenty, which compares with seven in France, and sixty-two in England.' (*Our Gold Reserves*. By C. Gairdner, LL.D.) It would not matter so much if these rapid alterations in the discount rate affected only the operations of speculative finance, but they throw out the calculations of merchants and traders generally, and are a troublesome burden to our commerce. It is for the same reason, also, that a noticeable decrease in the Reserve of the Bank of England has frequently been the immediate starting-point of a panic; most naturally, when the only considerable store of ready-money in the country is being heavily trencched upon.

Our commerce and finance are founded upon credit. The meaning of a Crisis is, that the credit system has been seriously undermined and threatens collapse. As credit is 'the disposition of one man to trust another,' the time of danger arrives when from any cause a contrary disposi-

tion begins to prevail. For it is certain that when it does prevail, the attempt will be made to restrict credit transactions and to substitute cash for promises to pay. The position at such a moment is simply that merchants suspect and distrust others, and fear that similar suspicion may be attaching to themselves. It follows that they call in, wherever possible, the debts due to them, and strain every nerve to provide the means of meeting those which they owe. The apprehension on every side is that it may not be practicable to obtain the necessary command of ready-money. When a great shock to credit occurs, such as the failure of an important bank or mercantile house, experience has shown that the immediate consequence is a determination of all to protect themselves, a determination which makes itself felt in a heavy drain upon the cash Reserve. Experience has shown further that when this mood rises to panic, the demands for cash speedily outrun the immediately available supply. The weapon employed by those whose duty it is to protect the Reserve is to raise the rate of discount to a high point, thus making money dear and checking any demand for it which is not absolutely imperative. When there is sufficient time to allow the full effect of this corrective to be felt, the crisis gradually solves itself by natural means. Speculation is arrested, and trade restricted; the prices of all articles tend to fall; goods being cheaper, the exportation of them is increased; the foreign exchanges become favourable to this country, and capital flows back to us.

But sometimes the panic stage arrives too suddenly. It has happened more than once within the last half-century that the raising of the rate proved too feeble a weapon, and the drain has continued until the whole of the Bank's reserve has been exhausted. Upon these occasions resort was had to means that may be called extra-legal. With the permission of the Government, usually signified by letter from the Prime Minister and the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the restriction on the issue of Bank of England notes was removed, and an additional supply was thereby provided of what everybody recognised as money.

It is a remarkable circumstance in connection with such a crisis in financial and commercial affairs as has just been described, that it seems to arrive at regular intervals. Taking this year of grace 1890 and going back through the century, we find that every ten or eleven years or thereabouts there was a crisis of more or less intensity; for 1878, 1866, 1857, 1847, 1836-39, 1825-26, and 1815 were all of them marked by special commercial disturbance. There is a reason for this periodicity. The movement of trade is not a steady onward march, a rapid or slow but continuous progress; it is rather a tide which advances and recedes, a tide which requires a number of years for its full ebb and flow. Supposing we take as a starting-point a season when the harvest has been very abundant. The difference which an unusually good harvest makes to the prosperity of the country amounts to very many millions of money; but only after the lapse of years will its effects be fully realised by the entire community. At first sight it seems as if only farmers and landlords should benefit by it, but

no great advantage ever falls to any large interest in the country, of which in the end all classes do not obtain some share. Not only are the extra profits of agriculture used to purchase manufactured articles and articles of merchandise, but the reduced cost of agricultural produce leaves a margin in the hands of the people which is expended in the same manner, and thus industries of every kind are stimulated and become prosperous in their turn. It is evident that this must be a gradual process; and *vice versa*, the same is true of unproductive and unprofitable seasons.

We have to keep in view, further, that years of unusual prosperity or adversity do not as a rule come singly, but in groups. The effect, therefore, is cumulative; and if there is a cycle in commercial affairs, we ought to expect that it can only be completed within a period of years.

It is when the tide of prosperity is flowing most freely that the conditions of a calamitous crisis are prepared. So long as the profits of agriculture and trade remain low, so long as the industries of the country do little more than maintain their footing without much prospect of improvement, there is little danger of any great catastrophe. A cautious and thrifty spirit prevails at such a time, and whatever surplus may be realised is carefully husbanded. But when plentiful seasons follow each other, when trade becomes active and profitable, and savings accumulate, a change comes over the spirit of commerce and finance. Capital is then outgrowing the amount which can be profitably used in the normal expansion of business. There is always a margin in the national income which remains unused and is seeking investment. The amount of this margin in our country is now reckoned at about £200,000,000 a year. This is so much added to the capital which is ready to be invested in any promising enterprise. It may be affirmed generally that this capital at all times exceeds what can be absorbed by really sound and profitable undertakings. We may take this to be now the permanent condition of things, but it is greatly aggravated when a long period of growing prosperity has been reached. Then occurs what ought not to be difficult to foresee—the demand for channels of investment creates its own supply. A mania for speculation sets in, and capital is freely expended—it may be upon enterprises of great permanent value; or it may be—for it seems very much a matter of chance—upon unsound and even ridiculous projects. It is seldom indeed that this investing and speculating mood, engendered by cheap money and the feeling of general prosperity, can be restrained within reasonable bounds; seldom that it does not outrun them so far as to bring financial troubles and disasters.

The recent Crisis is not hard to be accounted for, consistently with the theory that has just been explained. One important feature peculiar to it should not be forgotten. Mr Goschen reduced the interest upon Consols to two and three-quarters per cent., an operation which he performed with a skill and success that seem very astounding when we consider the price to which the new stock has since fallen. As an inevitable result of that reduction, much of the money hitherto invested in Consols has sought other channels. An active demand had already for some

time been in existence for new securities, and a stimulus which was little needed was thus given to it. The new securities were forthcoming, in the shape of mines, brewery companies, financial trusts, and the loans and enterprises of foreign states. Amongst those who were ready to supply the demand for new securities to any extent was the government of the Argentine Republic, which, besides the amounts they borrowed for purely governmental purposes, freely issued guarantees to railway and other great undertakings in their territory. The nominal value of Argentine securities in Europe of all sorts—national, provincial, and municipal obligations, together with Cedulas, railway and other stocks—is said to approach £200,000,000.

There are no doubt great natural resources in the Argentine territory, but it must be said that the rate at which these securities have been poured into the European money market is eloquent of the extravagance which characterises governments that are unstable and reckless of the future.

Of the Crisis of 1890 the lesson most emphatically taught was the old one, to let caution and thorough knowledge be our constant guides in all financial affairs.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER V.—A MODERN STOIC.

To Psyche Dumaresq it was a matter of much internal questioning next day why on earth her father had invited that charming Mr Linnell to dinner. A dinner-party, on however humble a scale, at the Wren's Nest was an almost unheard-of novelty. And then, besides, her father had spoken to her somewhat slightly of Mr Linnell only the day before yesterday. What could he mean now by this sudden change of front? Why thus incontinently break through all the established rules of that Spartan household, and invite a perfect stranger to a lordly banquet? The thing was really little short of a miracle.

But Psyche would have been even more astonished still if only she could have known the cause of the change in her father's demeanour. It was a chance word dropped by Mansel in the course of conversation, implying that Linnell, for all his studious simplicity of dress and manner, had a good deal more money than he ever pretended to. Within all Psyche's previous experience, a man's possession of money, especially as fixed and certain income, had always to her father been a positive reason for not desiring the honour of his acquaintance. 'I dislike the society of men who don't earn their own living,' he used to say in his quiet restrained way. 'The necessity for work is the great humaniser. Those who toil not, neither do they spin, can have but very imperfect sympathies, after all, with those who earn their own livelihood by the sweat of their brow. I'm not prejudiced against money, but I find moneyed folk generally distasteful to me. They may be very nice people in their own circle; but I don't care to let them intersect mine. I feel most at home

among my brother-workers.' If Psyche could have known, therefore, the real reason why her father had invited Linnell to dine with them, her astonishment would indeed have reached its zenith.

As it was, however, she contented herself with making the very best preparations the house could afford for the little entertainment that magical evening; and whatever her dinner lacked in delicacies it certainly more than made up in delicacy; for the flowers were of Psyche's own dainty arrangement, and the fruit was plucked from Psyche's own little garden, and the silk-wrought strip down the centre of the tablecloth had been stitched with that pretty arabesque pattern by Psyche's own pretty and deft little fingers.

When Linnell arrived, he was shown alone into the tiny drawing-room, and he had some minutes to himself to examine its contents before either Psyche or her father came down to receive him. The young man's respect for the author of the *Encyclopædic Philosophy* gave a profound interest in his eyes to every detail in that small and severely furnished room. Most of the furniture, indeed, at least whatever had any pretence to rank as a luxury, had been made by Haviland Dumaresq's own hands, and bore the impress of his stern and strictly stoical taste. On the carved oak over-mantel—two plain wooden slabs, supported by pillars of Ionic simplicity—lay an uncut copy of the Japanese translation of Dumaresq's great monumental work, with a framed photograph of a spare face, bearing beneath the simple inscription, 'John Stuart Mill, to Haviland Dumaresq.' The plain table by the window was covered with pamphlets, letters, and papers: Linnell took up casually the topmost of the lot, and saw at a glance it was a German dissertation 'On Certain Side-Aspects of the Dumaresquian Philosophy,' by two well-known Professors at Bonn and Heidelberg. The next was a controversial religious work by a Polish Archbishop, 'On Rationalistic Ethics, and especially on the Dumaresquian Law of Reciprocity.' By their side lay a paper-covered Italian volume, bearing in its upper left-hand corner the manuscript words, 'A Haviland Dumaresq, Hommage de l'Auteur.' Linnell glanced carelessly at the envelopes on the table. One of them was franked with a Chilean stamp; the other had printed across its top in blue letters, 'Bureau of Indian Affairs, Washington.' The gold medal that hung on the wall was the decoration of the Académie des Sciences at Paris: the diploma rolled up on the bookcase beyond conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws of the University of Vienna. And this was the man, known over the whole civilised world, who toiled hard for his daily bread in that tiny cottage at publishers' hackwork! This was the man whom Mrs Maitland, in the comfortable villa on the hill-side opposite, had complacently classed, in her local ignorance, with the postman poet!

Linnell's heart beat higher as he thought that by unobtrusive means he might yet be able to redress in part this great wrong of our money-grubbing society, and repay directly to Haviland Dumaresq some fraction of the debt which the world owed him. The list from his agent's would arrive no doubt to-morrow morning, and Havi-

land Dumaresq would go to bed next evening (though he knew it not), a couple of hundred pounds or so the richer for the information. And that would be but the beginning of Linnell's work. He would not rest, he declared to himself with fervour, till Haviland Dumaresq, that greatest of thinkers, enjoyed the ease he deserved so richly.

As he turned to examine the books on the shelves—most of them works on philosophy or science, with flattering inscriptions from their authors on the title-page—the door opened, and Psyche entered. Linnell turned round and took her hand gracefully. If he had looked handsome before in his flannels and tennis suit, he looked still handsomer now in evening dress and with a slightly-faded blue passion-flower stuck with tender care in his left button-hole. Psyche's quick eyes recognised that delicate blossom at once. 'Why, that's one of our own, Mr Linnell,' she said, half startled. 'Did you pick it from the plant at the door as you came in, then?'

Linnell looked down at it with a hesitating glance. 'Well, no,' he said. 'The fact is, Miss Dumaresq, it's a present I've received. I was given it by a lady. Miss Maitland wore it at dinner last night.—But,' he added quickly, as Psyche's face fell most unmistakably at that simple announcement, 'she told me it was you who'd given it to her, and I kept it accordingly as a little memento. I would prize anything that came from Haviland Dumaresq's cottage.'

'Let me get you another,' Psyche said, if only to hide her blushes. 'That one's withered.' And she put her hand out of the open window as she spoke, and pulled a blossom from the creeper that looked in at the mullions of the casement.

'Thank you,' Linnell answered, taking it from her with a certain picturesque awkwardness of manner. 'I shall keep them both.' And he folded the old one reverently as he spoke in a letter he drew from his waistcoat pocket. So much devotion to philosophy is rare; but Haviland Dumaresq was a man in a century—and Psyche was also a girl of a thousand.

They sat and talked with the constrained self-consciousness of youth and maiden for a few minutes, for Linnell was almost as shrinking as Psyche herself, and then Haviland Dumaresq entered to relieve them from their unwilling tête-à-tête. He was dressed in a very old and worn evening suit, yet carefully brushed and well preserved: his shirt front and tie were of the whitest and neatest, and the keen gray eyes and grizzled beard showed even more distinctly than ever—so Linnell thought—the vigour and power of that marvellous brain that lay behind the massive and beetling-browed forehead. He bowed with all his usual stately courtliness to the young painter. 'I hope Psyche has been doing her duty as hostess?' the great man said in that clear and ringing silvery voice of his. 'I've kept you waiting, I'm afraid; but the fact is, I overwrote my time, working at the new chapters on Dissimilation of Verbal Roots; and forgot to dress till twenty past seven. A mind much occupied with internal relations is apt to let external relations slip by unnoticed. You must have observed that yourself, no doubt, in painting.'

'Papa has always to be called two or three times over to every meal,' Psyche put in, laughing. 'And whenever I make a *soufflé* or anything of that sort, I always call him ten minutes beforehand, or else, you know, it's all gone flat before he comes out of his study to eat it.'

Just at that moment, the Mansels arrived, and the whole party went in to dinner.

In spite of the bare little dining-room, and the one servant who acted alike as cook and parlour-maid, no dinner was ever prettier or better. It was simple, of course, and of few dishes: you can't expect much from a one-handed menage; but it bore the impress of a refined household, for all that: it had the nameless charm of perfect gracefulness, which is often wanting to the most sumptuous London entertainments. Linnell felt sure that Psyche had prepared most of it herself beforehand. The pudding was a cold one, and so was the mayonnaise of boiled fish; so that the one servant had nothing to look after in the kitchen but the clear soup and the one small joint. These details of the hidden domestic management, indeed, Linnell appreciated at once from his old African bachelor experience. But everything was dainty, light, and tempting: even the wine, though but a simple claret, was sound and old and of a choice vintage. Haviland Dumaresq's own conversation with Mrs Mansel would alone have made any entertainment go off pleasantly. In his stately way, the old man, when once warmed up to talk, could fire off epigram after epigram in quick succession; and when he met a clever woman, who could toss him back the ball as fast as he delivered it, the game between them was well worth watching. Now, Ida Mansel was a clever woman, with just that particular gift of bandying back rapid question and answer which Dumaresq loved as intellectual recreation; and Linnell was content to sit and listen to those two brisk disputants at their mimic conflict for half the evening, with only an occasional aside to Psyche, or a casual remark to his brother-painter. For Haviland Dumaresq's wit was keen and sharp as his thought was profound; and the contest of words with a pretty woman always stimulated his faculties to their very utmost, and brought out the flashing qualities of his vivid mind in the highest perfection.

After dinner, however, when Psyche and Mrs Mansel had left the table, their conversation fell into a very different channel. A man who meets for the first time in his life one of his pet heroes, likes to make the best of his opportunities by learning as much as he possibly can about the living object of his admiration. Linnell admired Haviland Dumaresq far too profoundly not to be eagerly interested in every detail of his life and history. And Dumaresq, for his part, though he seldom talked of his own affairs, for he was the exact opposite of an egoist—too much absorbed in the world of things to give much of his attention to that solitary unit of humanity, himself—yet broke loose for once, in the presence of one who loved his System, and in a certain grand, impersonal, unostentatious sort of way, gave a brief account of the gradual stages by which that System rose up step after step to

full-grown maturity before his mental vision. Linnell listened with all the silent and attentive awe of a disciple as the old man related, bit by bit, how that wonderful conception of the nature of things took gradual concrete shape within him.

'You must have lived a very hard life while you were gathering together the materials for your great work,' the painter ventured to remark at last, as Dumaresq, pausing, raised his glass of claret to his lips to moisten his throat after the graphic recital. 'It must have taken you years and years to collect them.'

The old man gazed across at him with a sharp glance from those keen clear eyes. 'You are right,' he said impressively: 'years and years indeed it took me. For five-and-twenty years I did nothing else but master the infinite mass of detail, the endless facts and principles which went to form the groundwork of the Encyclopædic Philosophy. When I left Cambridge, now long more than forty years ago, I made up my mind to devote my life without stint or reserve to the prosecution of that single purpose. I meant to spend myself freely on the work. The goal shone already clear as day in the heavens before me; but I knew that in order to work my plan out in all its fullness I must give up at least ten years of my time to the prosecution of multifarious physical researches. The thing grew as such things always necessarily grow. Before I'd arrived at the preliminary mastery of facts which I felt to be indispensable for the development of my clue, I'd given up a full quarter of a century to the mere task of prior preparation. Then I said to myself my tutelage was over: I might begin to live. I wrote my first volume at once, and I also married. My work was done, all but to write it down. I thought I was justified in taking a little care, for the first time in my life, of my own comfort.'

'But if it isn't a rude question,' Linnell cried, all aglow with the reflected fervour of the old man's speech, 'how did you manage to live meanwhile, during the years you gave up to that long preparation?'

Haviland Dumaresq smiled grimly. 'Like a dog,' he answered with simple force: 'like a dog in a kennel. Wherever I was—in London, Paris, Berlin, Washington—for I followed my clue over Europe and America—I took myself a room in the workman's quarter, as near as possible to the British Museum, or the Bibliothèque Nationale, or the Smithsonian Institute, or wherever else my chief scene of labour lay; and there I lived on bread and cheese and beer, or sometimes less, for years together, while I was working and collecting and observing and arranging. When I look back upon the past, I wonder at it myself. A certain vivid apostolic energy bore me up then. It has evaporated now, and I've become luxurious. But I started in life with exactly fifteen hundred pounds. From the very outset I invested my money, and drawing the interest that accrued each year, I sold out the principal from time to time, to live upon my capital, according as I wanted it. At first, the draughts upon the prime fund were long between; but as years went by and my capital decreased, I had to sell out more and more frequently.

Saving and starving the hardest I could starve, sovereign by sovereign, it seemed to slip by me. I gave up the beer; I gave up the cheese; if I could I would have given up the bread itself, I believe, but in spite of all it still slipped by me. At last, to my utter despair, I found myself one day reduced to my last fifty pounds, while I had still at least five years of solid work staring me in the face unperformed before me. Then I almost gave up all for lost. I fainted in the wilderness. As I sat alone that morning in a fireless room at mid December I hid my face in my hands and cried out in my misery. I asked myself why I should continue this task, no man compelling and no man thanking me for it; why I should shut myself out from home and wife and friends and children, and all that other men have always held dearest, for pure love of that vague abstraction, science. I almost gave up out of sheer despondency.'

'And what did you do at last?' Linnell asked, deeply interested.

'For a time I hardly knew what to do. I told my philosophic acquaintances (for I had a few in London) the whole facts of the case; and some of them asked me to come and dine with them, and some of them said it was very hard lines, and some of them proposed to make a fund to help me. But I wouldn't hear of that: even for Philosophy's sake, I was far too proud to accept alms from any man. I nearly broke down with anxiety and despair. Mill made interest for me with your kinsman, old Sir Austen Linnell, who had then charge of the Foreign Office; and Sir Austen tempted me with the offer of a consulship in Peru, which I almost accepted. So broken-hearted was I that I almost accepted it. Six hundred a year, and collateral advantages. For once in my life the filthy lucre for a moment tempted me. But just at that instant, that critical instant, as luck would have it, an old uncle of mine in America died unexpectedly—a poor man, but he left me his savings, some six hundred pounds, all told; and it just pulled me through: it gave me the precise respite I needed. Six hundred pounds was wealth untold to me. I went to work again with redoubled vigour, and spent it every penny for the sake of the System. At the end of five years I sat down a beggar, but with the first volume of my precious book in good black print on my knees before me.'

Linnell drew a long breath. 'To you, Mansel,' he said, turning round to his friend, 'I suppose this is all an old, old story; but as for me, who hear it to-night for the first time, why, it fairly takes my breath away. I call it nothing short of heroic.'

Mansel shook his head. 'It's as new to me, my dear fellow, as to you,' he answered in a low voice. 'Dumaresq has never before this evening told me a single word about it.'

The old philosopher sighed profoundly. 'What use?' he said, with a gesture of deprecation. 'Why trouble our heads about so small a matter? The universe swarms and teems with worlds around us. We men are but parasites on the warped surface of a tiny satellite of a tenth-rate sun, set in the midst of a boundless cosmos, whose depths are everywhere pregnant with problems. Why should we go out of our way, I wonder, to wring our hands over this fly or that: to discuss

the history of any particular individual small parasite among us? The book got done at last: that's the great thing. The world at large may not care to look at it; but there it is, in evidence to this day, the monument of a lifetime, a germ of intellectual yeast cast loose into the fermenting thought of humanity, and slowly but surely assimilating to itself all suitable particles in that vast mass of inane and clashing atoms.'

They paused a moment, and gazed hard at their glasses. Dumaresq's earnestness held them spell-bound. Linnell was the first to break the solemn silence. 'It was a noble life,' he said, 'nobly wasted.'

To their immense astonishment, Haviland Dumaresq made answer energetically: 'Ay, wasted indeed! There you say true. Utterly, inexpressibly, irretrievably wasted! and therein lies the sting of the whole story. If I had it all to live over again, of course, I'd waste it as freely a second time—I can't help that: nature has built me so that I must turn perforce to philosophy and science, and spill the wine of my life for the advancement of thought as naturally as the moth flies into the candle or the lemming drowns itself in the bays of the Baltic. But wasted it is, as you say, for all that. Now that I'm old, and can look down calmly from the pinnacle of age on the import of life, I see that the world itself is wiser in its generation than any one among its wayward children. The general intelligence, from which all individual intelligence derives itself, runs deeper and truer than any man's personality. The way of the world is the best way in the end if we only had the sense to see it. *Si jeunesse savait, ou si vieillesse pouvait*, is the sum and substance of all experience. If I had my life to live over again, I'd live it as I've lived it, mistakes and all, I don't doubt, because it's the natural and inevitable outcome of my own perverse and unhappy idiosyncrasy. Philosophy lures me as gin lures drunkards. But if I had to advise any other person, any young man or woman beginning life with high ideals and noble aspirations, I'd say to them without hesitation: "The world is wisest. Go the way of the world and do as the world does. Don't waste your life as I've wasted mine. Work for the common, vulgar, low, personal aims—money, position, fame, power. Those alone are solid. Those alone are substantial. Those alone make your life worth having to yourself. All the rest is empty, empty, empty, empty. Vanity of vanities, all is vanity, except the vain things mean men wisely and meanly strive for."

There was a long pause, and no one said anything. That awful cry of a bruised and broken spirit took their hearts by surprise. But through the closed door, the murmur of Psyche's voice in the drawing-room could be heard distinctly. The old man listened to it and smiled serenely. The cloud that had brooded over his forehead cleared away. Then he rose, and going to a hanging cupboard above the mantel-shelf took out a small round box, and from it brought forth a little silver-coated pellet. 'It excites my nerves when I talk this way,' he said apologetically, as he washed the medicine down with half a glass of claret. 'I always require something to still my brain after speaking on these purely personal

matters—they rouse the glands to unnatural activity.—Mansel, will you have another glass of wine?—No? Then suppose we join your wife and Psyche?'

SECOND-HAND BOOKSELLING.

By the majority of the general public, the calling of a dealer in old and rare books is looked upon as a curious kind of pursuit, somewhat on a par with other 'second-hand' businesses—old clothes, for example, or broken-down furniture. Even among men of culture, there lurks a leaven of disdain for a trade which in reality more nearly approaches to a profession than almost any other—that is, of course, when properly carried out. Many people fancy that the sole requirements are a shop, a few bundles of books picked up at a sale, a bench outside and a box or two. Some, indeed, start with no more, and scrape along in a fashion; but they are far removed from what is properly understood by 'second-hand book-selling.'

Few beyond the ranks of the craft rightly appreciate the many qualities needed in this interesting and intellectual calling, but, like most that are interesting and intellectual, inadequately remunerative. Why is it that the lucrativeness of an occupation is, as a rule, in inverse ratio to the mental qualifications it demands? It is the butcher, the publican, the linen-draper, who grow rich and leave colossal fortunes. How many booksellers do more than make a decent living? Of course, food, drink, and clothing are necessities; literature, a luxury; yet it seems a trifle unjust that a man should make thousands cutting up sheep, when one engaged in work which demands high and varied attainments wearies brain and body for ridiculously small recompense.

Let us consider for a moment what these necessary qualifications are. Retentive and accurate memory; a more than superficial knowledge of history and, of course, literature; acquaintance with modern languages, and certainly with Latin; finally, a certain appreciation of books, hard to define, in reality intuitive, and perhaps but rarely found—a gift which seems to enable the possessor to distinguish in some mysterious manner between an unfamiliar book of value and one that is worthless. To some extent it may therefore be said that the second-hand bookseller is born and not made. There are members of the trade who owe their success chiefly to the possession of this faculty; others who add thereto the acquired merits enumerated above, and these are the model representatives of a worthy and undervalued body. Perhaps an equable temper should have been included in the list, as surely few people have to submit to more irritating ignorance and presumption in the course of their business. The bores who worry them take several shapes. Most persistent and wearisome is the ubiquitous collector 'in search of information.' Perhaps it is hardly fair to class him with the collectors, as he hardly ever buys anything. He will enter the shop with an inquiry as to the price of a book in the window, merely as an

excuse to pave the way to a deluge of questions. 'What is the value of so-and-so?' 'How much ought I to give for such and such a book?' 'Is the first edition of —'s poems worth anything?' and so on 'ad infinitum,' unless stopped, though that is no easy matter, and can frequently be effected only by downright rudeness. What often makes his conduct worse is, that after eliciting a quotation as to the value of a certain work, he will produce the very volume from his pocket and almost insist on its being purchased at the price named. Sometimes he will proceed to a neighbour, armed with the insidiously acquired information, and drive a capital bargain for some chance-bought rarity.

It must be admitted that such persons constitute an injustice to a tradesman. What enables the latter to carry on his business but the knowledge of his goods and their value, and why should he be expected to give away that knowledge any more than the goods themselves? In the case of a dealer in rare books this argument has peculiar force. With him it is so essentially a question of superior knowledge, gained by years of patient attention, that marks the difference between the man who sells and the public who buy. It is as reasonable to ask for a volume off his shelves as for the painfully-acquired information as to their values or dates. At least the questioner might offer to make a purchase; but this proceeding is, as a rule the furthest from his thoughts. He generally wants to know something 'for a friend' in the country, which hypothetical acquaintance is held up as a bait to the bookseller as a 'possible' future customer. There are no more persistent and provoking people than the members of this wearisome fraternity. 'Age does not stale, nor custom change their infinite'—impudence; neglect, coldness, nay, even often insult, scarcely serve to deter them from their malicious sport. If, perchance, one should scan these lines, let him remember that what may be amusement to him is something far different to the harassed dealer, who has quite enough to occupy his attention without fulfilling the onerous duties of a literary Inquiry Office.

Bored of another class are those sanguine individuals who have imaginary rarities to dispose of. From town and from country they wait upon the bookseller with volumes, generally bulky, respecting whose value they have formed the most exaggerated notions. They are particularly fertile in old Bibles, especially after some great book-sale of sufficient importance to be recorded by the press, and in which has occurred, say, a 'Mazarin' or 'Cranmer,' realising some enormous sum. The countryman, radiant in his Sunday best, makes his appearance weighted with a huge parcel.

'I've got a very ancient Bible to sell. It's more than two hundred years old. I see as how an old Bible sold for a thousand pounds t'other day; don't suppose this is worth so much as that quite; but I thought I'd like to turn it into money. 'Tain't no good to me, bein' so very old. Over two hundred years.' And so on.

'Yes; very well; let me see it.'

The parcel being opened, one discovers a very dilapidated copy of a very worthless edition, minus, probably, such trifles as the title-page

and sundry leaves at the end—honest value when perfect, twelve shillings; as presented, nothing at all. It is an almost pitiful task to break this to the eagerly expectant possessor, already reveling in the anticipated benefit of the many sovereigns he deemed his prize to represent. Yet it has to be done; and he goes his way, probably to another shop, with a poor opinion of his first adviser's sanity, and only giving up hope when a succession of such experiences has taught him the bitter truth. These are but two specimens of the nuisances booksellers have to put up with, and that almost daily. Is it surprising that an even temper should have been cited as one of their necessary gifts?

Booksellers' catalogues have frequently been the object of somewhat contemptuous jocularities on the part of gentlemen whose time seems to be chiefly occupied in writing to *Notes and Queries* and other literary papers. Perhaps some day one will be found with the grace to say a good word for these publications, and to acknowledge the indebtedness readers and collectors are frequently under to the varied information about books contained in many of the periodical lists issued by painstaking firms. We have heard a good deal about the stupid mistakes which crop up now and then, without regard being had to the many advantages which the general accuracy of catalogues affords to readers. Let justice be done to the carefully-prepared notes and descriptions to be found plentifully scattered through many catalogues which could be named, the outcome of considerable work and laborious research, far in excess of what the uninitiated would consider necessary to be bestowed on ephemeral publications of this kind. Dates have to be verified, facts referred to, perhaps a precedent found for price, and in many cases a condensed account of the volume and its contents given. All this requires more than mere labour—tact, education, literary skill, and immense perseverance.

The profits made by second-hand booksellers are popularly supposed to be abnormally great. In many cases, no doubt, a good 'haul' is made, entirely due, by-the-by, to the knowledge possessed by the dealer, which enables him to make the most of a bargain; but it is only just that these large profits should occur now and then, first, to repay him for the valuable time he has been forced to expend in gaining the necessary experience; and secondly, to provide to some extent a reserve fund against one of the most curious features in this business, the extraordinary fluctuations in the value of stock. Old books may be said to be worth just what they will fetch, and that is best represented by x , an unknown quantity. There are so many contingencies. Fashion, which decrees that certain works shall go up in price this year, to drop as rapidly the next. The conditions of sale, a most important point, for, as is well known, books from a good library will often realise twice or three times as much at auction as the identical volumes if offered under ordinary circumstances. Consequently, no dealer is absolutely certain of his assets. He cannot truthfully say, 'My stock is worth so much,' because he gave the sum named for it. Let him try to realise by the usual channel, the auction-room, and the books may perhaps fetch half their cost. Of course, on the

other hand they might bring a profit. This is an experience, however, which very few of the craft have ever been subjected to. In proof of these assertions, take, for instance, a recent craze, that for first editions of Charles Dickens's works. A year or two back, anything and everything, good, bad, or indifferent, shabby copies and the choicest 'uncut' examples were eagerly sought for and bought up. Now, although fine copies of this author's works command a high and always increasing price, poor copies are comparatively a drug in the market; nobody wants them, or only at a very low figure. Such instances might easily be multiplied, proving what a large element of speculation enters into this business.

But, with all its drawbacks, the trade of second-hand bookselling remains an attractive, interesting, and cultured calling. If all its members do not fulfil the requirements and duties completely, that does not detract from the merits of a most intellectual and commendable pursuit.

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

CHAPTER IV.

DIGBY ROCKINGHAM made no effort to run counter to Brock's strangely but strongly expressed wishes. After due deliberation, he judged that it would be far better for himself and for the community at large if he stayed away from Gravenhurst for a time at least.

All through the rest of the summer the missionary clergyman pursued the even tenor of his way, sticking doggedly to his work in the face of difficulties and set-backs that would have discouraged and disheartened many a man of stouter nerve and greater physical strength. And all through that same summer Brock and his erratic sweetheart still remained unmarried.

Before the winter set in, an unexpected event occurred; and about the 1st of November the busy hive of workers at the Gravenhurst mines were suddenly scattered to the four winds of heaven. Little Pig with some other Indians and half-breeds had been off on a 'whisky spree,' visiting a tribe of dirty red men on Lake Nepigon. On their return, these revellers just managed to drag themselves into Gravenhurst, finding their way to some out-buildings in the vicinity of the mine office, where they threw themselves down, sick of the smallpox. Now, when smallpox attacks an Indian, or any one else, in a severe climate the disease fastens itself upon him in its most virulent and repulsive form. Without telephone or telegraph, the news spread like wildfire through the neighbourhood that five Indians were down with smallpox at Gravenhurst; the result being that twenty-four hours later, notwithstanding the limited means of locomotion, there were literally not a score of souls, all told, within walking distance of the copper mines.

Amid the excitement of the general exodus, Rockingham stayed at his post. He scarcely knew who remained of his recent neighbours until he looked about him a little. He then discovered that Dugald M'Dougall was still at

Kincardine, and also that Martha Seagrave, the schoolmistress, had not yet gone.

'What is to be done?' asked Rockingham of the Justice.

'Well, noo, if it's only Injuns, it'll not matter a great deal, Colonel. We maun just bide a wee and keep quiet. If the infection don't spread, not much harm will come. I don't believe in scares.'

'But, my dear sir, you don't intend to let the poor wretches die without assistance, surely?'

'I do not—that is to say, not if I can get the Government surgeon from Fort William to attend them. I shall go over by the next stage and give the information officially, though doubtless the news has reached there before this.'

The stage started the next morning, and the Scotchman occupied the seat by the driver. He could not, under the most favourable conditions, expect to be back before evening of the third day, by which time the pest-smitten Indians would undoubtedly be dead.

After M'Dougall's departure, the clergyman paced for a long time the wooden side-walk of the short village street. He was thinking over the situation, considering what could be done for the sick wretches, and wondering if Brock and Madge Latimer had gotten safely away. Rockingham had patrolled the rough boards for nearly two hours, when a hideous old squaw approached him and thrust a scrap of paper into his hand. He knew from whom the missive came before he opened it, for it was a leaf torn from a pocket-book that he had frequently seen in Eli Brock's possession. He unfolded it quickly, and found scrawled upon the paper, in shaky characters, these words:

COLONEL—I'm sending for you now. If you're white still, come quick, for God's sake, to my room at the office. ELL

Without waiting a single moment, Rockingham started off afoot for Gravenhurst, where he arrived in less than half an hour. He was much impressed by the death-like stillness of the place, for there was not a living soul in sight, where but a day or two before more than a hundred men had been busily at work. He passed by the huge piles of ore, and noticed that the door of the engine-room stood wide open, disclosing more vividly the quietness within. He entered the building known as 'the office;' but as no one either greeted or challenged him, he went on up-stairs. The door of Brock's sleeping-apartment stood ajar, and through the aperture Rockingham could perceive the foreman stretched upon his bed. Even at that distance it was plain to see that Brock was deathly sick—that he was down with the smallpox.

'Stop!' said Brock in a hoarse whisper.

'It is I—Rockingham,' replied his visitor.

'Yes, I know. But listen, Colonel. I've got it—you know—the smallpox. If you're skeered, or if there's anybody you care for, and don't want to run no risks, keep out!'

'I am not afraid, Brock,' said the clergyman. 'If you need aid or assistance of any kind, that is what I am here for. Are you very ill?'

'I'm right bad, and I'm getting worse.—Get me a drink, Colonel, just a little drink; I hain't supped water since this time yesterday.'

As Rockingham brought the desired drink, he asked: 'Where is—er—your'—

'My best girl, eh? Madge? Ha, ha! She's a dandy, she is!'

The poor fellow laughed horribly as he said these words; and then, lowering his voice to a whisper, he added: 'Say, Colonel, I was a trifle hard on you, and you behaved like a brick. Madge played you dirt, didn't she? She made you suffer some, didn't she? Well, she's done the same by me. She's played me dirt all through the piece, and last night she and her folks went off with the crowd, leaving me—almost her husband, as you might say—to suffer like this.' And he wound up with an execration.

'Hush!' said Rockingham soothingly.

'I know, Colonel, them's hard words, but they're merited. You'll never hear me say 'em of her again; I'm through with her. What's the outlook?'

Although Brock talked in a sort of off-hand style, it was only in a low tone of voice; for he was very weak, and, as he himself had said, he was growing worse.

The visitor busied himself by making the sick man more comfortable in his bed as he replied: 'M'Dougall has gone for a doctor. Until they arrive, I will take good care of you, Brock, and will try to pull you through. I flatter myself I am a tolerably good nurse.—Who is looking after those poor Indian fellows?'

'They don't need no looking after, Colonel. Every last one of 'em died yesterday—so that old squaw, who came in here to thief, told me.'

'Well, well, poor wretches!—Now, Brock, you will have to be very still and very patient. You cannot be moved; but I will nurse you here. Please God, I will see you through this.'

Suddenly Brock fell to crying like a child. 'Colonel,' he said, 'it ain't for me to say "God bless you;" but I hope He will. You're *white* clear through; you're the whitest feller as I ever run against!'

All through the tedious days that followed, Rockingham did everything that was done at the settlement. With the old squaw to help him, he buried the pest-stricken corpses of the Indians. He refused to allow Martha Seagrave to visit Gravenhurst; but he pressed her into the service as cook and laundry-maid with headquarters at M'Dougall's hotel.

It was five days before the Justice returned, and then he came alone, the Government surgeon being on leave of absence. So Rockingham had to continue his work well nigh single-handed, and for three weeks he watched over poor Brock day and night. Fortunately, the disease did not spread, and no new cases came to light. But Rockingham, frail and fragile as he was, himself fell a victim to the dread scourge; and when, at the end of a month, Brock, thin and very weak, but recovered, stood upon his feet once more, his faithful nurse was lying at 'the office' in the throes of deadly disease.

Martha Seagrave's opportunity had now arrived.

All through Brock's sickness she had longed to relieve Rockingham in nursing the foreman, and it was only the clergyman's stern and positive denial which had prevented her from sharing his dangerous and wearing labour. Now that Rockingham was himself laid low, there was no one to drive her from the sick-room. Brock was altogether too weak, and the Justice offered but very slight remonstrance. The old Scotchman, who had more than once fearlessly confronted hostile Indians and angry trappers, was afraid of disease. He proffered aid in many ways, and frequently entered the sick-room for a brief period; but he never offered to sit up all night, and was careful not to come in contact with the unfortunate patient.

For nursing Rockingham the frail school teacher truly possessed more strength than all the men on the north shore. She was supported by the superhuman strength imparted by a love as undying as it was unspoken. At first, Digby attempted to dissuade her from her self-imposed task—which was not a task to the girl—but after the first day or two of his illness, he was too utterly prostrated to speak with emphasis on any subject, and gradually, as the malady fastened itself upon him, he lapsed into a comatose state.

M'Dougall travelled to Fort William and brought back the surgeon, who remained with Rockingham three or four days, and then departed, leaving the invalid in the sole care of Martha Seagrave.

But the disease ran its course, and at last left the sick man—left him with its mark upon him—left him feeble and emaciated, but left him. And, as she noted this fact, Martha Seagrave's feelings were strangely mingled. She had, of course, been deeply grieved to see her idol struggling day after day with the loathsome and terrible illness, and she had been fearfully anxious for the outcome. Yet it had not been an altogether dismal time for her. The man she loved had been entirely in her keeping; she alone had nursed him back to life, and she felt a pleasurable sense of proprietorship as she saw the fever abate and the deep gray eyes once more brighten with their natural light. And she knew, too, as she saw a daily improvement in her patient, that soon this proprietorship would have to end; that soon she would be barred, except in a casual way, from the presence of the man who owned her heart and controlled her every aim in life. Thinking thus, therefore, sadness mingled with the pleasure which Martha Seagrave experienced in the knowledge that, for the time being, Rockingham had cheated the grim king of terrors.

It was Christmas Day. A cold wave, accompanied by a tearing Arctic blizzard direct from Hudson Bay, was hurling itself upon Gravenhurst. It had been cold enough in all conscience before; but the temperature now dropped some forty degrees in a few hours, until it was so low that ordinary thermometers could keep no record of the intense cold. The house in which Rockingham lay lacked many of the comforts usually found even in homes of the North-west. The only heat was furnished by the cook-stove in the kitchen, and an old base-burner in the

office proper. As the cutting north wind gathered in force and intensity, howling through the windows as if glass were no obstacle at all, the sick man shivered again and again. True, he was convalescent; but he was feeble as a baby, his vitality being at such a low ebb as to be entirely powerless to resist the fearful weather such as one encounters only in the North-west Territory.

His nurse noted the effects of the blizzard with anxiety, which soon increased to absolute terror. She piled blankets upon the poor fellow, and forced him to drink a quantity of brandy. But her efforts were unavailing, and Rockingham grew steadily worse. His teeth chattered, and he shook until his bed rattled in brisk competition with the window-frames. Down in the diminutive kitchen, the wood-fire in the stove burned brightly, but the heat scarcely warmed the kitchen, much less the upper chambers. As near as possible to the old stove, Martha Seagrave hastily arranged a bed, and then ran up-stairs to where Rockingham lay. As if endowed with the combined strength of Hercules and Samson, this woman—rather under than over the average size—took the sick man, blankets and all, in her arms and carried him down to the warmer kitchen. And still it seemed impossible for the energetic nurse to impart any warmth to her patient. The minutes and hours found him still shivering, and all the time growing rapidly weaker. Both Martha Seagrave and Digby Rockingham knew that this state of things could not last long: they knew that it was merely a question of time and feeble human endurance.

Late in the afternoon the shivering ceased, and Rockingham sank into a cold and almost lifeless torpor. He felt that it was the beginning of the end. Martha thought so too. The girl placed her hand upon his, to feel his pulse, and he, reviving slightly, laid his other hand over hers. 'It will soon be over,' he whispered.—Great tears gathered in the eyes of the faithful nurse.—Rockingham continued: 'I shall not be able to tell them of all your goodness and self-denial, dear friend. God alone can repay such tender care as yours. I think He will—I have asked Him.'

There was a pause, during which these two, cut off from all the rest of the world by the storm and by disease, linked hands, while the tears continued to silently trickle down the girl's wan face.

'My books are to be yours when I am gone,' Rockingham whispered. 'And Martha, dear friend, I think I should like you to kiss me—it will seem to me a gentler farewell.' He closed his eyes as he spoke, and withdrew his hand from the girl's.

Much agitated, Martha bent over the young clergyman, whose life seemed to be fast ebbing away, and kissed him. Not coldly, upon his weary brow, or quietly, upon his wasted cheek; but, losing all control of herself, she pressed her lips to his, and throwing her arms about poor Rockingham, gave him, in one long passionate embrace, the token of that love which had been consuming her heart and life. 'Oh, my love, my love!' she moaned. 'Why must it be? Dear God, I cannot bear it—I love him so! Oh, I love him so!'

The pent-up feelings of weeks and months were liberated in that cry of pain and sorrow; and then, having confessed her secret to God and to the man she loved, Martha Seagrave fell upon the floor, her face buried in her hands, and sobbed as only well-nigh breaking hearts can sob. She was tired and weary with long-continued anxiety and ceaseless watching, and before her sobs died away the girl was asleep.

In less than an hour she awoke with a start. Her first thoughts and fears were for Rockingham, who lay quite motionless. But he was still alive, and, not only so, he was sleeping softly and breathing evenly. Thanks to his nurse, the fire, and the brandy, the chill had left him, and, humanly speaking, Digby Rockingham was again safe.

Realising this fact, the girl also realised the import of her passionate words uttered just before she fell asleep. In the presence of Death it had not seemed to her strange or unmanly that she should acknowledge, unasked, her unquenchable love. But now it was altogether different, and Martha's pale face became suffused with a deep flush, which she could not repress.

By the next day the storm had spent itself and the cold moderated. An early visitor to the office was Eli Brock, who was by this time a well man. He had for several days begged of Martha Seagrave permission to relieve her in caring for Rockingham. He had repeated his request, and was surprised when the girl promptly accepted his kindly offer.

Rockingham overheard their conversation, as Martha intended he should.

'I fear, Mr Brock, that it is no longer a question of choice with me. My health is giving out, and my nerves are all unstrung. I find myself saying and doing things which I should not. I need a rest; and as I can leave our friend in such good hands, I shall take that rest with an easier conscience.'

Half an hour later, she bade both men good-bye.

SOME NOTES ABOUT MANDRAKES.

THE folklore of flowers takes us back at a bound to old-world times. There is a store mingled of wisdom and superstition in the legends that cluster round almost every herb that grows. Science may look askance at the fabled virtues attributed to plants in the superstitious past, and few of the theories of the old herbalists who lived by 'culling simples' can perhaps be defended. But, apart from science, there is a quaint charm about this mystic learning which must always possess attractions of its own.

We doubt whether any better instance could be found of the wealth of tradition, legend, and story that centres in a single little plant than that which has accumulated round the Mandrake. It has a literature all to itself, and learning seems to have exhausted itself over its etymology. The plant itself is so insignificant that it would not naturally excite any great interest. Its leaves are long, sharp-pointed, and hairy, rising immediately from the ground, and are of a vivid dark green. Its flowers are dingy white stained with veins of purple, and its fruit of a pale orange about the

size of a nutmeg. The root is spindle-shaped, often divided into two or three forks, and rudely resembles the human form divine, from which possibly it takes its name. But if we turn from the plant itself to the monument of learning that has been erected around it, it is impossible not to be struck with the universal interest it has possessed for all people and in all ages. We do not know how many Shakespearean commentators have puzzled over the allusion in Juliet's immortal soliloquy:

And shrieks like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals hearing them run mad;

and contrasted it with the parallel apostrophe of Suffolk in *King Henry VI.*, who, asked by Queen Margaret whether he has not spirit to curse his enemies, replies:

Would curses kill, as doth the mandrake's groan,
I would invent as bitter searching terms,
As curst, as harsh, as horrible to hear.

As the legend runs, in order to procure the magic plant it was necessary to cut away all the suckers to the main root before pulling it up, which would cause death to any man or creature who heard the human screams it made. They had an ingenious if cowardly way of getting over the difficulty, which would certainly not commend itself nowadays to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. After carefully stopping their ears, they took a dog and tied its tail securely to the plant, and then walking away to a short distance called the dog to follow. In doing this, the luckless animal would pull up the much-coveted root, but would fall dead upon the spot. This was at anyrate, according to Josephus, the old Jewish practice; but the tradition at least long survived. There seems, however, later to have been a belief that if pulled up at 'holy times,' due attention being given to the repetition of proper 'invocations'—which must, we imagine, have been anything but holy—Satan would aid the person who made use of the plant. Whatever may be the origin for the theory that the root shrieked or groaned when separated from the earth, it certainly remained a current tradition long after Shakespeare immortalised it. Since, however, the root is named from its imaginary resemblance to the human figure, it is not unnatural to suppose that it may have been credited with possessing some of the attributes of human feeling. Langhorne, in the later part of the eighteenth century, tells us to

Mark how that rooted mandrake wears
His human feet, his human hands.

Among its names in this connection are those of the 'Devil's Food,' and the 'Devil's Apple,' the 'tuphach el sheitan' of the Arabs. That this uncanny belief continued down to almost modern times is shown by an anecdote for which Madame du Noyer is responsible. According to this, on the murder of the Maréchal de Fabert in 1662, which was popularly attributed to his having broken a compact with the devil, two mandrakes of extraordinary beauty were found by his friends in his rooms, and these were regarded as conclusive proofs of the diabolical league, of which they failed to find, as they hoped, any written record.

There is considerable doubt whether the inter-

esting and coveted 'dudaim' of Scripture is the true mandrake. But there are several species of the plant. There is, for instance one growing in Switzerland, and another in the Grecian Archipelago and the south of Europe, and another in the East. All of these are, too, at least akin to the Deadly Nightshade. Indeed, all the translators agree in identifying this as the magic plant which Reuben found in the fields of Mesopotamia, and Leah bartered away to Rachel. There is a difficulty in reconciling the account in Canticles, in which it is said the 'dudaim give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits'—from which it is supposed that the plant possessed a perfume, whereas to ordinary tastes the mandrake stinks. But it has been remarked that, after all, the odour or flavour of plants is a matter of opinion, and that by Orientals both the odour and the intoxicating qualities of the mandrake, which is a strong narcotic, were highly prized.

Several travellers, too, whether similarly influenced or not we are unable to say, have praised in enthusiastic terms both its odour and its taste. Indeed, the plant exercises an influence not unworthy of the legendary virtues of the Mayisch or Lotus, and the Musa paradisiaca or Banana. Mount Tabor, Mount Juda, and the lower ranges of Lebanon and Hermon, are famous for their mandrakes, which bear fruit of the size and colour of a small apple, described by almost all travellers as of a most agreeable taste. But it has always been in great vogue in the East, both Jews and Arabs having from time immemorial also valued it for the magic virtues which were so long commonly attached to a love-philtre. This attribute, which dates at least from Old Testament times, remained current in Italy until the Middle Ages, for there are plenty of records showing that there was a brisk demand for the root among the Italian ladies.

Perhaps the most extraordinary of the properties attributed to it are those which it shared in common with the Rastrivtrava of Russia, of enabling housebreakers to pick locks, which is certainly one of the most amusing developments of the solar theory. 'Love,' it is said, 'laughs at locksmiths;' but the connection between the mandrake and 'burgling' seems a little forced. There is a tradition that the moonwort will unshoe horses if they step upon the plant, and similar powers have been attributed to the vervain and the mandrake. It is, on the other hand, still part of the rural lore of Oxfordshire, Buckinghamshire, and Hampshire, that the root will improve a horse's condition; but this seems to be founded upon the identification of the mandrake with the bryony, which played such a great part in old English herbalism. It is, however, more than doubtful whether the plants belong to the same class. But both are alike in the curious wealth of legend which surrounds them. East and West meet in their folk and flower lore.

As for the name of this wonder-working plant, the contest of the authorities seems endless; but the word is at least as old as the time of Pythagoras, who gave it a Greek equivalent. It was known in Rome, again, as 'senihomo;' while in Greece the plants, or their supposititious vagaries, were responsible for one of the names of Venus

Mandragoritis. It was sometimes called 'Circea,' from Circe, the enchantress, who changed the companions of Ulysses into swine, and was curiously skilled in the use of magic herbs. From time immemorial the mandrake has been associated with enchantments. It was in popular belief one of the most powerful of the charms of witches, who were charged with keeping a mandrake fiend, that generally assumed the form of an ape. Bacon tells us in his *Natural History*: 'Some plants there are, but rare, that have a mossie or downie root, and likewise have a number of threads like beards, as mandrakes, whereof witches and impostours make an ugly image, giving it the form of a face at the top of the root, and leave these strings to make a broad beard down to the foot.' From which it appears that Bacon was not altogether superior to the superstitions of his time.

But, as we have said, it is difficult to glance at the mass of learning which has accumulated round this talismanic herb without becoming more or less susceptible to the feeling that 'there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.' The old herbalists may have known something of the properties of simples, and they seem to have had a more than intimate acquaintance with those very forms of occultism that are now puzzling modern savants.

THAT OLD WRITING-DESK.

BY JAMES MURPHY.

It was just like the old miser to have that desk; it was also like me to buy it. I have always had a craze for buying things that nobody else would, with, as a matter of course, a fit of regret immediately after. Not unfrequently, so strong and sudden has been my repentance, have I left my deposit-money forfeited in the hands of the auctioneer, and declined to call for the article. However, in this case of the writing-desk I completed the purchase, mainly because I wanted something of the kind for occasional use, and not because I thought the article of any great intrinsic value; and not, above all, for any love or liking I had for its former owner.

Love or liking! It was very little of that any of his neighbours had for him, or any one else that knew him. How could they? Consider. He had been for years in receipt of a handsome income from his lands, and no one had ever been the better for it by a penny piece. He had farmed out his estate, demesne and all, until it was tilled up to the very hall door. He had allowed the once handsome mansion—handed down to him from generations of high-spirited and generous ancestors—to fall into ruin and decay, until, with its stripped roof and broken windows, it became an eyesore and a nuisance in the neighbourhood. His whole life was spent in cheese-paring and saving and hoarding, without one redeeming feature to break the vile monotony of his existence; unless the fact of his having brought his nephew and niece to live with him, when they had no place else to go to, and

no one else to support them, could be called a redeeming feature.

But it was not, it was anything but that. Helen Morgan was of herself quite enough to turn his old ruin of a mansion into a fairy palace of brightness—to make it happy and pleasant on the darkest day that ever gloomed from a winter's sky. The daughter of his youngest brother, she had been brought up to great expectations, with this result, that when her father died in London, it was found that every farthing he owned in the world, and a great deal that he did not own, had been lost in his Spanish silver-mining speculations, and that his daughter was left absolutely penniless. But she was handsome and agreeable, cultured and accomplished; and, if it were only by the rare beauty of her presence, amply repaid her uncle for the home he gave her.

She herself did not think so, however, for, in her simple, innocent way, Helen Morgan believed there never was any one so good or so generous as he. Except one other—George Morgan, her cousin. George and Henry were sons of another brother, who had been killed crossing a five-barred gate in the hunting-field, and needless to say he left no money behind him either. The saving qualities of the family seemed to be concentrated in Sam; and on the principle, I suppose, that one can never have too much of a good thing, he possessed them in perfection. The brothers came to live with him, and perhaps two youths more dissimilar in character, manners, and habits never dwelt under the same roof. The former was free, clever, good-looking, and open-handed—when he had anything to be open-handed with; the latter was surly, wooden-headed, and quite as close-fisted, when occasion arose, as old Sam himself.

It was not to be supposed that two young people of the qualities and character of Helen and George Morgan could live long in the same household and in intimate relationship without falling in love. At least it was not to be supposed by anybody save old Sam Morgan, and it never occurred to him. I doubt indeed if he much more than knew there was such a word. Wherefore it was that when George had come into his twenty-fourth year, and his uncle finding it necessary to do something for him or to extend the family wealth, having proposed a match between himself and a neighbouring heiress, the young fellow resolutely refused. To be sure the young lady was not very prepossessing, and was, I am afraid, a little ill-tempered; but that should not have availed much in presence of old Sam's eagerness for the match, and his readiness, contrary to his general character, to give him a liberal settlement. But George, to his uncle's intense annoyance, declined the proposed union; stated his reasons too, moreover, which were, if possible, more afflicting and unforgivable than his refusal. Said reasons, or reason—for they finally came down to one—being, that he was in love with his cousin Helen, and that she, and no one else in this wide world, should be his wife; or if not she, certainly no one else.

What a to-do there was in the old mansion then, to be sure! George was denounced, disinherited, disowned, expelled! And Helen

would have been expelled too ; but where could a girl go or what could she do ? For the matter of that, there was not much for George to do either ; the training he had received was not calculated much to fit him for the world. But what course there was open to him he promptly, with characteristic resolution, adopted—he enlisted.

You may depend upon it there was an affecting scene at the parting between the two, and that the old beech-tree, overhanging the gateway at the end of the avenue, heard some passionate vows and promises. You might be also pretty accurate in believing that if the tears dimmed Helen's diamond eyes, the crimson tints of the moss-rose were not very far from her cheeks.

But the parting moment came and went, and with it, too, went George, to join his regiment, now under orders for the distant Indian land, leaving Helen to sorrow in silence and loneliness for her absent lover. Whenever a letter or communication came from him, if ever one did, be sure it was treasured up in secret, and few eyes but her own looked upon it.

Things went on gloomily enough in the old dismal mansion—now a thousand times more dismal than ever—for the next three or four years : old Sam Morgan amassing wealth more and more every day, just as if he were to live for ever to enjoy it ; and Helen and her remaining cousin passing the time as best they might. The latter, indeed, now that George was gone, became quite a favourite with his miser uncle. It was no wonder, for they were much akin in spirit, disposition, and ways of thinking.

There is nothing, the cynics tell us, so changeable as a woman's mind ; but herein these libellers err. There is one thing more—the mind of a miserly old bachelor. Wherefore it is not surprising that after the lapse of some time, and when his health began to fail, old Sam Morgan became as anxious for a union between his surly nephew and his handsome niece as he had formerly been incensed at the bare idea of one between her and George. Perhaps it was because he grew to like the idea of his money remaining in the family ; perhaps because it was only the development and outcome of one of his many humours and whims. But so it was, however, that he proposed the matter, with a by no means indefinitely expressed intention of leaving all his great wealth to them. Alas ! to his astonishment and indignation, Helen, with the greatest possible distinctness and promptness—with a distinctness that put it beyond all possibility of doubt or peradventure whatever—declined. Not all his wealth could tempt her into it.

If old Sam were incensed and outraged on the previous occasion, his anger on the present was beyond all power of description. Nor was there any possible source of assuagement for him now, as there was on the occasion when George was exiled, for he could not in any kind of decency expel Helen from under his roof. Where was she to go ? Not to India, I suppose.

Talking of India, however—from that country at this juncture began to come news which, by swift and frequent steps, served to attract and finally rivet men's attention on it—to the

exclusion of all other things whatever. A revolt, a mutiny, a rebellion, a massacre, had grown up there by breathless stages ; and in a land of one hundred and twenty millions of people, a few thousand English soldiers were, on the turn of the clock almost, called upon to uphold English rule and government.

The first news of the outbreak came upon disbelieving and incredulous ears in England ; but, following swiftly, came information that made men's hearts stir and throb as they never had throbbed or stirred before. The news of the massacre of Cawnpore sent a thrill of pain and indignation through the great heart of England. And, thereafter, the thoughts of every man, woman, and child in the land were fixed on the distant Indian empire, and on the handful of beleaguered men upholding her dominion there. Beleaguered ! Worse than beleaguered. In the open plain, the swords and spears of troops that British officers had drilled and trained were massed in their thousands in mutiny and rebellion ; artillery and guns that British gold had paid for, parked before and beside them. And in almost every barrack and compound of British India, treachery lurked in the black man's heart, and the demon of murder stood unseen at the white man's elbow ! In all that swarming population, with disaffection rampant in the land, there were but a few British regiments—and England twelve thousand miles of stormy seas away !

From time to time news came of George Morgan ; stray paragraphs in the newspapers, notices in despatches, and such-like, told us of what he was doing. First and most fearless where all were daring ; readiest to confront the foe and the last to retreat ; for eight-and-forty hours at a time in the saddle ; compelled to sleep, whenever he got the chance, beside his unsaddled horse, the reins twisted around his arm, so that when the bugle rang out he could leap at once into the saddle ; suffering hunger and thirst in a land where thirst meant, if not death, agony. We all knew well that, wherever he was, there was a true heart, and that no more gallant horseman was gathered under the shadow of the British flag in that distant land.

It was an effort of heroic resolve that made the Feringhee officers determine to attack and storm, with their small forces, the mighty city of Delhi, swarming with troops, and every soul in it disaffected to British rule, or in sympathy with the revolted sepoys. Nothing but the primest courage must have made the generals resolve on the attempt ; and nothing but the keenest knowledge and unhesitating reliance on the valour of their men could justify it. Nor were they wrong. As an instance : The regiment of Guides, in which George Morgan was, crossed from Meerdaan to Delhi, by forced marches, a distance of five hundred and eighty miles, in twenty-two broiling days, and the evening of their arrival before the walls, after a short repose, were aroused to repel an overwhelming attack by sepoy horsemen ! And thereafter it was constant fighting until the time came to storm the rebel hold.

But at length Delhi did fall ! The power of the Indian hosts had gone down once again before the dauntless valour of the Feringhee ; and once

again the days of Clive and Hastings, and Napier and Gough, had come on the land—Delhi had fallen! But, riding sword in hand over the cannon and sabring the sepoy gunners that still worked them under the very walls of Delhi's great mosque, George Morgan found his soldiering days numbered too. A Pathan sword had descended on his helmet, had glanced off it and come on his left shoulder, severing all the muscles of his arm. The blow stunned him; he reeled from his horse and fell; and thereafter, the wild uproar and clash of arms in every street of the conquered capital came but vaguely, or not at all, on his ears.

Needless to say how proud we were all when his name came home in the despatches, when the newspapers gave different versions of the affair, but all, however differing, agreeing in eulogy of him; and how more than delighted we were when we found that his wound was not mortal. But his soldiering days were over; he received the Victoria Cross, was retired, and came home.

What his old miserly uncle thought of him and his prowess, no one knew; he read all about it, but said nothing. He was ill, very ill, when his nephew came home. For days he continued in pretty much the same way, only by degrees growing worse, until he became so bad that all knew the end could not be far off; and then for the first time he had George called to his bedside. 'George, I have left you the'—But whatever more he was going to say remained unsaid, for he lay back in a fit of coughing; and when the coughing was over, so was his life—his last breath had gone out with it.

Well, we all thought George had been left amply provided for, and, indeed, every one was glad of it, for two reasons—first, because he needed it, and secondly, because he deserved it.

The day came when the will was to be opened; and behold! not one word was there about George—not one word. The old man had left every stick and stone and every guinea to the churl his brother. The miser had been as untrue in his death as he had been mean and avaricious during his life; and George was penniless. We could scarcely believe our ears, when the lawyer's managing clerk—the old lawyer himself had died a few days before Sam Morgan—read it out; and thought he must have made some mistake. But no; there it was all in black and white, in the clearest and most unmistakable handwriting, but all the more aggravating perhaps for that.

The new owner was not long in making changes. A new broom sweeps clean, and *he* was a new broom indeed. First, George was ordered off the premises. Where could he go? He came to me, as the only friend he had. The next thing the churlish heir did was to propose anew to Helen, never doubting now that, with the unquestioned inheritance of his uncle's wealth, she would gladly accept him. Therein, however, he made a mistake. She rejected the unamiable suitor in favour of his disinherited brother; his wealth could not sway or alter *her* affections—not in the slightest. Naturally, she had to go too; a solitary bequest of three hundred pounds was all that came to her share through the will.

Presently, Henry Morgan began to turn the half-ruined mansion quite out of doors. Pre-

paratory to putting it in new and complete repair, he called an auction of the effects and furniture; and what a rickety collection this latter was! And among other things was that old writing-desk of which I spoke at the beginning of my story.

I don't know what prompted me to buy it, for it was old, worm-eaten, and crazy. But I bought it, and placed it upright in a corner of the parlour, to be used whenever I had occasion for writing, which was not very often.

So that on the evening when we gave the party in honour of the wedding—did I tell you that George and Helen got married? No! Well, they did. And a handsomer or blither couple you could not see in a month of Sundays. She could not look otherwise than handsome; and George, his paralysed arm notwithstanding, looked just the type of what a bridegroom should be, his well set-up form was so fine, and his eye so calm and bright.

As I have said, we gave a party on the afternoon of the wedding day to the young couple. We were not likely to see them again for many a weary year, if ever; for they had made up their minds to make their home in the far west of Canada—in that district since well known as Manitoba; and so we determined that this last evening in the neighbourhood should be a pleasant one. Let me remember whom we had there. The rector and his wife and two daughters; the doctor and his two sons, the latter, full of life and fun, just home from the university; and quite a number of other people, mostly young. Among others present was the managing clerk, who, as before related, had read out the contents of old Sam's will. There was plenty of jollity and rejoicing, but there were not many tears shed for the memory of old Sam Morgan.

Well, in clearing the parlour for the dance, my wife insisted that the old desk should be left standing in the corner where it was, on its four crazy legs. I don't know why she did so, but I rather think it was in delicate mockery of the old fellow's memory, and as showing, in the only way she could, her contempt for the unhandsome way he had acted by her young friends. It was quite a foolish proceeding on her part; but you cannot reason with women, at least *I* never could—and the folly of it was shown unmistakably when, in one of the waltzes, Walter Hempwood, the doctor's son, and Lilian Hume, the rector's daughter, going a little too rapidly—Heaven bless their bright hearts!—careered full tilt against it; and, lo and behold you! the rickety legs were knocked clean from under the dazed thing; and it fell on its side on the floor, tumbling away from its moth-eaten supports.

'Confound the rickety thing!' said the lawyer; 'it wouldn't belong to old Sam if it were not up to some mischief.'

A kick! And behold! so worm-eaten and mouldered and aged was it, that it fell to pieces under the vigorous spurning, as if it were made of dust—which, indeed, from the quantity of that article that flew about, it seemed uncommonly likely it was. And behold again! out from the debris there rolled a neatly-folded parcel of paper, quite fresh and shining in its glossiness, and tied with a red tape. Where it came from no one could say, or where it could have lain

concealed, unless in some secret drawer which had remained unsuspected and entirely hidden from view. But there, at anyrate, it was.

'This seems to me like something in my way,' said the managing clerk, after a pause in which we all looked at it; whilst he took it up in his hands, gazed at it wonderingly for a second, and then opened it. He looked down its first page, turned over that, read down the second, whilst a curious expression grew into his face and eyes; and finally, throwing all over at once, turned to see the last, with the big red seal staring at him from the bottom thereof. For a moment he stood in suspense; and then with a thundering hurrah, that might have wakened old Sam in his blessed repose, waved it over his head, and running up to George Morgan and Helen, who shrank back a little, believing him to have gone suddenly demented, cried: 'Give me your hands! Give me your hands, I say! By the honours of war! this is grander news than the capture of Delhi! You're the owners of Castleholm.'

'What is it? What's the matter? What does it all mean?' everybody asked at once.

'What does it all mean?' echoed the clerk. 'Why, it's the will—the will. The last will and testament of Samuel Morgan, Esq., now on his death-bed, but sound of mind and body,' continued he, quoting in his exuberance the usual phraseology of such documents, which he knew off by heart; 'and it's properly signed and witnessed: and—he leaves all his property, every rafter and kitchen stone, every guinea and shilling and copper penny, to his beloved nephew, George Morgan!'

And so it was—beyond all doubt and question. You may depend upon it there was a startled group in my humble parlour for a moment or two, as we all held our breaths; and the next moment a hearty cheer burst forth.

What an evening it was, to be sure! What an insane sense of mild rejoicing possessed us all! How we patched up the broken desk again, to try to find out the exact spot where the precious document had lain concealed. How we regretted that the dear old gentleman lying in his grave could not be with us to partake of our delight! How we wondered at our own blindness in failing to see the many virtues that shone through his character during his long and exemplary life! How many a rare and ennobling trait, which we stupidly did not see before, now stood revealed to us in angelic brightness!

Well, there was no time lost in putting matters into legal shape, and the next day George Morgan and the lawyer posted away to Dublin, and at the very earliest moment had the document lodged in the Probate Court. A few days more settled all. There was no further need to talk of Manitoba or emigration; the hero of Delhi was heir to the property, and in a short time entered into possession.

It is hardly worth while delaying to tell of the rejoicings that took place in the country round when the news became known; or how well and worthily the wearer of the Victoria Cross and his handsome wife filled the position of lord and lady of the estate; or of what a magnificent house-warming was given when the mansion, being renewed and refurnished, was reoccupied

by them; nor of many other pleasant things which I should like to speak of if I had space and time. Only this: that, returning good for evil, George Morgan, at Helen's special request, instead of turning his brother away, appointed him agent and manager of his estates—a position which, curiously enough, he filled to the satisfaction of everybody.

A GOSSIP.

MIDNIGHT, and the stars were gleaming
In the deep blue dome of the sky,
And the moon was softly beaming
O'er the earth from her throne on high.

'Twas then that the poplars stately,
To the stars in a whisper clear,
Told the news of the day sedately,
Nor dreamt of a listener near.

'She came,' said the taller, gravely,
'To our shade when the sun was low'—
'And left,' cried the younger, 'bravely,
Though her sweet eyes looked her woe.'

'She came,' again said the elder,
With a sudden angry frown,
And a tap on the youngster's shoulder,
'To our shade as the sun went down,

'With a letter; I guessed the writer,
Whose words could light her eyes
And flush her cheeks, till brighter
They shone than roseate skies.

'She broke the seal, and faded
The red of her cheek to white,
And I read the lines, well aided
By the gleam of the red sunlight.

'It was penned on the eve of his bridal
To a lady of high degree—
And regretful words and idle—
"Not half so fair as she."

'And she read the lines all over
With never a sob or tear,
Of him who had been her lover
In the spring-time of the year.

'And I hope on some happier morrow
When her grief has lost its smart,
She may smile at her present sorrow,
And trust to a truer heart.'

MAGDALEN ROCK.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 370.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 31, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

BLACK SLAVES IN ENGLAND.

WHEN that distinguished Virginian, Henry Esmond Warrington, landed at Bristol in the year of grace 1756, he was, as readers of Thackeray will remember, accompanied by a servant in the shape of his black slave Gumbo. A black follower would not at that time excite much interest or curiosity at the port of Bristol, as the people there must have been fairly well accustomed to such sights, few American gentlemen embarking or disembarking who were not attended by one or more black slaves. But when Gumbo reached the more inland and rustic place of Castlewood, he was the cause of no little wonder and consternation, firstly in the servants' hall, where he startled the occupants by his extraordinary and audacious exaggerations in praise of his master and his immense Virginian estates, and secondly in the church on Sundays, where he sang the familiar psalms and hymns with the loudness and resonance of a church organ.

The extensive proprietary interests which, during last century, English merchants and members of the English aristocracy held in the American colonies and the West Indies, involved the possession also on their part of many slaves. Many of these black slaves were trained to act as household servants and personal attendants, and in this capacity accompanied their owners when travelling. The presence of black slaves in this country was therefore not an unfamiliar sight; but it will perhaps startle many readers to know that in 1764, according to the estimate of the *Gentleman's Magazine* of the period, there were upwards of twenty thousand black slaves domiciled in London alone, and that these slaves were openly bought and sold on 'Change.' The newspapers of the day represent these slaves as being upon the whole rather a trouble to their owners. For one thing, they ceased to consider themselves 'slaves' in this so-called 'free country'; hence they were often unwilling to work, and when forced to labour were generally sullen, spiteful, treacherous, and

revengeful. They also frequently, as we shall find from the press advertisements of the day, made their escape, necessitating rewards being offered for their recapture.

For instance, in the *London Gazette* for March 1685, there is an advertisement to the effect that a black boy of about fifteen years of age, named John White, ran away from Colonel Kirke on the 15th inst. 'He has a silver collar about his neck, upon which is the colonel's coat of arms and cipher; he has upon his throat a great scar,' &c. A reward is offered for bringing him back. In the *Daily Post* of August 4, 1720, is a similar notice: 'Went away the 22d July last, from the house of William Webb, in Limehouse Hole, a negro man, about twenty years old, called Dick, yellow complexion, wool hair, about five foot six inches high, having on his right breast the word "Hare" burnt. Whoever brings him to the said Mr Webb's shall have half-a-guinea reward and reasonable charges.' Again, in the *Daily Journal* for September 28, 1728, is an advertisement for a runaway black boy. It is added that he had the words 'My Lady Bromfield's black in Lincoln's Inn Fields' engraved on a collar round his neck.

The degrading custom of decorating male and female slaves in England with a collar bearing the name and designation of their owners, had the example set for it in high quarters. There still exists at Hampton Court the bust of a favourite slave of King William III., the head of which is of black marble, and the drapery round the shoulders and chest of veined yellow marble; while encircling the throat is a carved white marble collar, with a padlock, in every respect like a dog's metal collar. In the Museum of the Antiquarian Society in Edinburgh there is a specimen of those slave collars, although in this case the wearer of the collar was not a black man, but a white. The collar bears the following inscription: 'Alexander Stewart, found guilty of death for theft, at Perth, December 5, 1701.—Gifted by the Justiciaries as a perpetual servant to Sir John Erskine of Alva.'

That a collar was considered as essential for a black slave as for a dog is shown by an advertisement in the *London Advertiser* for 1756, in which Matthew Dyer, working-goldsmith at the Crown in Duck Lane, Orchard Street, Westminster, intimates to the public that he makes 'silver padlocks for Blacks or Dogs; collars,' &c.

The use of the collar upon creatures of our own flesh and blood was humiliating enough, but the public sale of them was still more degrading. A great deal was said in this country a generation or two ago, in condemnation of the sales of slaves in the United States, and in praise of our own superior virtue in this respect. Many of the persons who thus denounced their American brethren were not probably aware that it is not much more than a century since the same hateful practice was put an end to in England itself.

In the *Tatler* for 1709, a black boy, twelve years of age, 'fit to wait on a gentleman,' is offered for sale at Dennis's Coffee-house, in Finch Lane, near the Royal Exchange. From the *Daily Journal* of September 28, 1728, we learn that a negro boy, eleven years of age, was similarly offered for sale at the Virginia Coffee-house in Threadneedle Street, behind the Royal Exchange. The following, from the *London Advertiser* of 1756, with its reference to freedom from 'distemper,' is painfully like an offer of young dogs for sale in the present day: 'To be sold, a Negro Boy, about fourteen years old, warranted free from any distemper, and has had those fatal to that colour; has been used two years to all kinds of household work, and to wait at table; his price is £25, and would not be sold but the person he belongs to is leaving off business. Apply at the bar of the George Coffee-house in Chancery Lane, over against the Gate.' Again, in the *Public Ledger* for December 31, 1761, we have for sale 'A healthy Negro Girl, aged about fifteen years; speaks good English, works at her needle, washes well, does household work, and has had the smallpox.'

So far, these sales seem to have been effected privately; but later on we find that the auctioneer's hammer is being brought into play. In 1763, one John Rice was hanged for forgery at Tyburn, and following upon his execution was a sale of his effects by auction, 'and among the rest a negro boy.' He brought £32. The *Gentleman's Magazine* of the day, commenting upon the sale of the black boy, says that this was 'perhaps the first custom of the kind in a free country.' Again, we find from another contemporary print that at Lichfield, in 1771, there was offered for sale by public auction 'A Negro Boy from Africa, supposed to be ten or eleven years of age. He is remarkably stout, well proportioned, speaks tolerably good English, of a mild disposition, friendly, officious [*sic*], sound, healthy, fond of labour, and for colour an excellent fine black.' The *Stamford Mercury* for the same year bears record that 'at a sale of a gentleman's effects at

Richmond, a Negro Boy was put up and sold for £32.' The paper adds: 'A shocking instance in a free country!'

The public conscience had indeed for many years been disturbed on this question, the greater number of English people holding that the system of slavery as tolerated in London and the country generally should be declared illegal. From an early period in last century the subject had not only been debated in the public prints and on the platform, but had been made matter of something like judicial decision. At the first, legal opinion was opposed to the manumission of slaves brought by their masters to this country. In 1729, Lord Talbot, Attorney-general, and Mr Yorke, Solicitor-general, gave an opinion which raised the whole question of the legal existence of slaves in Great Britain and Ireland. The opinion of these lawyers was that the mere fact of a slave coming into these countries from the West Indies did not render him free, and that he could be compelled to return again to those plantations. Even the rite of baptism did not free him—it could only affect his spiritual, not his temporal, condition. It was on the strength of this decision that slavery continued to flourish in England, until, as we have seen, there were at one time as many as twenty thousand black slaves in London alone. Chief-justice Holt had, however, expressed a contrary opinion to that above given; and after a long struggle the matter was brought to a final issue in the famous case of the negro *Somerset*. On June 22, 1772, it was decided by Lord Mansfield in the name of the whole bench, that 'as soon as a slave set foot on the soil of the British Islands, he became free.' From that day to the present this has remained the law of our land as regards slavery. The poet Cowper expressed the jubilant feeling of the country over Lord Mansfield's dictum when he sung:

We have no slaves at home.—Then why abroad?
And they themselves once ferried o'er the wave
That parts us, are emancipate and loosed.
Slaves cannot breathe in England; if their lungs
Receive our air, that moment they are free;
They touch our country, and their shackles fall.

But while Lord Mansfield's decision was final and uncontestable as regards the soil of these islands, many curious questions arose from time to time in connection with our ships in foreign waters. For instance, in the case of *Forbes v. Cochrane*, the question was raised as to whether slaves that had made their escape in slaveholding countries and found refuge on the deck of a British man-of-war had by so doing secured their freedom. The facts of the case were, that some slaves belonging to an English gentleman in Florida had made their escape, and found refuge on board a British man-of-war; and Florida being then a Spanish possession, the owner of the slaves demanded that the British

captain should surrender them. The captain refused. He said that the owner might, if he could, induce them by persuasion to return to the slave-gang and the cotton-field, but declined to use force to expel the men. The slave-owner sued the captain for the delivery of his slaves; but the decision was given against the slave-holder. The tradition, that to stand on the deck of a British man-of-war was to stand on a bit of England was upon that occasion given the strength and authority of law. 'Slavery,' said Mr Justice Best, in pronouncing the decision—'slavery is a local law, and therefore if a man wishes to preserve his slaves, let him attach them to him by affection, or make fast the bars of their prison, or rivet well their chains; for the instant they get beyond the limits where slavery is recognised by the local law, they have broken their chains, they have escaped from their prison, and are free.' Ships of war thus claimed the privilege, and have continued to maintain the privilege, of sharing in all the rights and immunities of their own country, so that when a slave sets his foot upon their decks, as upon the soil of England itself, he is then, and thenceforth, free.

Another curious instance of the hold which slavery had upon British colonists is to be found in the Life of Baron Seaforth, who took office as Governor of Barbadoes in 1801. During his administration a planter, having killed one of his own slaves, was tried for the murder and acquitted, the law on that island not regarding such an act as murder. When proved, which was very seldom the case, the crime was punishable only by a fine of £15 currency. The terrible practice of slave-killing not being unfrequent on the island, Lord Seaforth resolved to put an end to it. 'He procured an Act from the Barbadian legislature making it felony to kill a slave, and thereupon sailed to England to obtain for it the sanction of the Crown. Soon after his return, another slave was killed by his owner. The latter was tried, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged for murder, under the new Act. At the time appointed, the condemned prisoner was brought out for execution; but so strong was the public feeling against the new law, that the ordinary executioner was not to be found. The governor then required the sheriff to perform his office, either in person or by deputy, but, after some excuses, he absolutely refused. His lordship then addressed the guard of soldiers, stating that "whoever would volunteer to be executioner should be subsequently protected, as well as rewarded then." One presented himself; and it henceforth became as dangerous to kill a slave as a freeman in Barbadoes. His lordship's introduction of this law rendered him very unpopular in Barbadoes, and he quitted that island in 1806.'

There is a sense in which slavery may still be said to exist in this country—that is, in our convict system. Of course, in this case the subject has by his crimes forfeited his liberty, and so has entered upon a life little removed from that of a slave. In the end of last century, 'slavedom' in Norway was a distinctive punishment of criminals. Mary Wolstonecraft Godwin,

in her interesting letters written during a tour in that country, says: 'The laws here are mild, and do not punish capitally for any crime but murder, which seldom occurs. Every other offence merely subjects the delinquent to imprisonment and labour in the castle, or rather arsenal, at Christiania, and the fortress at Fredericshall. The first and second conviction produces a sentence for a limited number of years—two, three, five, or seven, proportional to the atrocity of the crime. After the third, he is whipped, branded in the forehead, and condemned to perpetual slavery. This is the ordinary march of justice.'

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER VI.—A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

LINNELL went home to the Red Lion well content that evening: for Haviland Dumaresq had poured out his full heart to him; and Psyche had given him her faithful promise to sit to him in Arab costume for his projected picture. Not that as yet he was in love with Psyche; love at first sight was alien to the artist's timid and shrinking nature; but he had recognised from the very first moment he saw her that he would be more capable of conceiving a grand passion for that beautiful girl than for any other woman he had ever met in the course of his wanderings. To begin with, was she not Haviland Dumaresq's daughter? and Linnell's reverence for the great thinker, in his solitude and poverty, was so profound and intense that that fact alone prepossessed him immensely from the very first in Psyche's favour. But even had she been the daughter of a Mrs Maitland or a village inn-keeper, Linnell could hardly have helped being interested in the pink-and-white maiden. He had sat and talked with her all the evening long in a convenient corner; he had drawn her out slowly bit by bit; her shyness and reserve had made him almost forget his own; her innocent pleasure at the attention he paid her had flattered and delighted his sensitive spirit. Though Haviland Dumaresq had honoured him with his confidence, it was of Psyche he thought all the small-hours through: it was Psyche's voice, not the great philosopher's, that rang in his ears as he lay awake; it was Psyche's eyes that made his heart flutter with unwonted excitement through the night-watches.

Linnell was thirty, and at thirty these symptoms come stronger than in early youth. It is then that a man begins to know himself a man: it is then that he begins to recognise and appraise his own effect upon the hearts of women.

He liked Psyche—liked her immensely; but the really important question was this, did Psyche like him? He knew enough about women, of course, by this time to know that six or seven thousand a year will buy you outright the venal love of half the girls in a London

ballroom. He knew that, and he didn't care to invest his money in the unprofitable purchase. The question was, did Psyche really like him for himself, or could Psyche be made so to like him? He glanced down uneasily, as he sat in his own arm-chair in the inn room, at his lame leg, or the leg that he still insisted on considering as lame, and asked himself gravely many times over, Would Psyche take him, limp and all included, without the dead make-weight of that hypothetical and unacknowledged fortune? If Psyche would, then well and good: it was an honour for any man to marry Haviland Dumaresq's daughter. But if Psyche wouldn't—Ha, what a start! As he thought the words to himself, Linnell for the first time realised in his soul how deeply his life had already intertwined itself with Psyche's.

The dream was born but the day before yesterday; and yet even to-day to give it up would cost him a lasting pang of sorrow.

He had understood well what Haviland Dumaresq meant when he said that if he had to advise any young man or woman beginning life he would tell them to go the way of the world, and work for money, position, and power. The great philosopher was a father, after all: he was thinking of Psyche. And for that, Linnell could not really find it in his heart to blame him. The old man had led his own heroic life, his own heroic self-denying way, for a grand purpose: he had spent himself in the service of thought and humanity. But when he looked at Psyche's beautiful young life—at that pink-and-white rosebud, just opening so sweetly and daintily to the air of heaven—he might well be forgiven for the natural wish to surround her with all possible comfort and luxury. A man may be a Stoic for himself if he likes, no doubt, but no good man can ever be a Stoic for those he loves best—for his wife or his daughter.

There the painter thoroughly sympathised with him. If he married Psyche, it would be because he wished to make her happy: to give her all that money can give: to make life more beautiful and worthy and dear to her. For that, he would gladly fling away everything.

So Linnell could easily forgive the father if he wished Psyche, as the world says, 'to marry well'—to marry money—for, in plain prose, that was what it came to. He could forgive even Haviland Dumaresq himself for that vulgar thought. He could forgive Dumaresq—but not Psyche. If Psyche took him, she must take him for pure, pure love alone. She must never ask if he was rich or poor. She must never inquire into the details of his banking-book. She must fling herself upon him just because she loved him. He wanted in his way to do after the fashion of the Lord of Burleigh. He must be but a landscape painter, and a village maiden she. On those terms alone would he consent to be loved. And on those terms, too, he said to himself, with a little thrill of delight, Haviland Dumaresq's daughter would be content to love him. If Psyche were made of other mould than that—if Psyche were swayed by vulgar ideals and base self-interest—if Psyche were incapable of devotion like her father's, or of love like his own—then Linnell for his part would have

nothing to say to her. It was just because he felt sure something of Haviland Dumaresq's grand self-forgetfulness must run innate in his daughter's veins that the painter believed he could give up his life for her.

So he whispered to himself, as he lay awake that night and thought of Psyche. But at that very moment, at the Wren's Nest, a gray old man, erect and haughty still, but with that dreamy look in his eyes that Linnell had noticed so keenly on their second meeting, stole on tiptoe into the room where his daughter slept, and regarding her long in a strange ecstasy of delight, candle in hand, murmured to himself in low lazy tones: 'She *shall* be rich. She *shall* be happy. She shall have all she wants. She shall live the life I never lived. I see it. I feel it. I know it's coming.—A rich man shall love her. I feel it's coming.—Space swells around me. The walls grow bigger. The world grows wider. The music rings. How glorious it all looks in Psyche's palace! I shall make her happy. I shall guard her and watch over her. She shall never fling her life away, as I flung mine, for vain conceits, for empty shadows.—I see the vision. I hear the music. It rings in my ears. It tells me she shall be happy.'

If a medical man could have looked at the great philosopher's eyes just then, he would have needed but little experience to tell you that the silver-coated pellet Haviland Dumaresq had swallowed to calm his nerves the evening before was pure opium. It was thus that nature revenged herself at last for long years of excessive toil and terrible privation.

Next day, Psyche was to begin her sittings in the Arab costume. Linnell was up early, and opened his letters from London at the breakfast table. Among them was one from his agent in town, giving a list of all libraries and institutions in the English-speaking world to which copies of Haviland Dumaresq's great work could be sent by an ardent admirer. The number a little surprised himself: his agent had hunted up two hundred and seventy distinct recipients. The complete series of the Encyclopædic Philosophy was published at three guineas a set: the total would amount, therefore, to £850, 10s. He totted up the number on the back of an envelope, and drew a long breath. That was a big sum: much bigger than he expected; but it would make Dumaresq rich for many a long day to come. Eight hundred and fifty was nothing to him. He took his cheque-book from his portmanteau, and filled in a cheque for that amount offhand. Then he wrote a short note of instruction to his agent; packed up his easel for the morning's work; dropped letter and cheque in the post-box as he passed; and presented himself betimes at the Wren's Nest, with an approving conscience, to fulfil his engagement.

He was glad to think he had done so much to make Psyche and her father both happy. And he was glad, too, in a certain indefinite half-conscious way, that he'd planned it first for Haviland Dumaresq's own sake, before he even knew of Psyche's existence. Love of philosophy, not love of a girl, had given him the earliest impulse to do that kind and generous action.

It was a happy morning, indeed, for both the

young people. Linnell had to pose and drape Psyche, with Geraldine Maitland's friendly assistance—for Geraldine had come round to bring the Arab dress, and remained to perform propriety for the occasion. Papa wouldn't come down this morning, Psyche said, blushing: he had one of his very bad headaches to-day. She noticed last night that Papa's eyes had that strange far-away dreamy look about them, which, she always observed, was followed soon by a racking headache. He was dreadfully depressed when he got well, too: he'd have a terrible fit of depression to-morrow, she was afraid. Linnell was politely sorry to hear that; yet too secretly glad at the proximate success of his own device to feel that the depression could be very permanent. It was such an impersonal way of doing a man a benefit—increasing the sale of his book so largely. It would all go in with the yearly account, no doubt; and unless Dumaresq inquired very closely into the sales, he would never even find out the real reason of this apparent leap into sudden popularity. He would only know in a vague and general way that a great many more of his books had been sold this year than in any previous year since their first publication.

'There, that'll do exactly,' he said at last, posing Psyche's head, with a soft silky *haik* thrown lightly across it, a little on one side towards her left shoulder.—'Don't you think so, Miss Maitland? It'll do so. That's absolute perfection.—Now you can laugh and talk as much as you like, you know, Miss Dumaresq. Don't suppose it's the same as having your photograph taken. What a painter wants above all is the natural expression. The more you're yourself, the more beautiful and graceful the picture will be, of course.'

'What a pretty compliment!' Geraldine Maitland murmured archly. 'You never speak that way to me, Mr Linnell.'

The painter looked down and laughed awkwardly. 'But I've never painted *you*, you know, Miss Maitland,' he answered, rather restrained. 'When I do, I'll prepare a whole quiverful of compliments ready for use beforehand.'

'I understand. Precisely so. But with Psyche, you see, they well out naturally.'

Psyche blushed and smiled at once. 'Don't talk such nonsense, Geraldine,' she said with a bashful air.—'Is this right now, Mr Linnell, please? Geraldine sets me out of pose by talking.'

Linnell looked up from his easel admiringly. 'Go on making her blush like that as long as you please, Miss Maitland,' he said with a smile, as he outlined her delicate face on his canvas. 'That's just how I want it. Nothing could be more perfect. My Fatma or Mouni's supposed to be caught in the very act of falling in love for the first time. I mean to call it "The Dawn of Love," in fact, and you must try to throw yourself, as fully as possible into the spirit of the character, you see, Miss Dumaresq.'

If Linnell had wished to make her blush, indeed, nothing he could have said would have succeeded better. The poor girl flushed so crimson at once from chin to forehead that Linnell took pity upon her, and strove at once to turn the current of the conversation. He shifted the subject to Dumaresq and his work,

the adherents his system was gaining on the continent, and his own profound belief in its ultimate triumph. 'All great things grow slowly,' he said, as he worked away at the dainty curve of those quivering nostrils. 'The Newtonian gravitation was disbelieved for half a century, and Lamarck went blind and poor to his grave without finding one adherent for his evolutionary theories.'

'Papa has many,' Psyche said simply, 'and those, too, among the greatest and most famous of the time. Even among the people we see here at Petherton, I can always measure their intellect at first sight by observing in what sort of respect they hold my father.'

'Then my intelligence must be of a very high order,' Linnell went on, laughing, 'for I believe nobody on earth ranks Haviland Dumaresq higher than I do. To me he seems far and away the greatest thinker I've ever met or seen or read about.'

'To me, too,' Psyche answered quietly.

The reply startled him by its simple directness. It was so strange that a girl of Psyche's age should have any opinion at all of her own upon such a subject; stranger still that she should venture to express it to another so plainly and openly. There was something of Haviland Dumaresq's own straightforward impersonal truthfulness in this frank avowal of supreme belief on Psyche's part in her father's greatness. Linnell liked her all the better for her frank confidence. 'I'm glad to hear you say so,' he said, 'for one knows that great men are often so much misjudged by their own family. No man, we know, is a hero to his valet. Let him be the profoundest philosopher that ever breathed on earth, and he's oftenest looked upon as Only Papa by his own daughters. But I'm glad to know, too, that the faith is spreading. How many copies, now, have you any idea, are usually sold of the *Encyclopædic Philosophy*?'

'Oh, not more than ten or twelve a year,' Psyche answered carelessly, rearranging the drapery upon her shining shoulder.

Linnell started. 'Only ten or twelve a year!' he cried, astonished. 'You don't mean to tell me that's really the case? You must be mistaken! I can't believe it. Only ten or twelve copies a year of the greatest work set forth by any thinker of the present century!'

'Yes,' Psyche answered, in that quiet, resigned, matter-of-fact way she had inherited from her father. 'You see, in England, people read it at the libraries: the great sale's all abroad, Papa says, and the book's been translated into all European and Asiatic languages, so people for the most part buy the translations, which practically bring in next to nothing. Then the Americans, of course, who read it so much, read it all in pirated editions. They once sent Papa a hundred pounds as compensation; but Papa sent the cheque back again at once. He said he wouldn't accept it as a present and a favour from people who ought to pay tenfold as a simple act of natural justice.'

'But I suppose whatever are sold now are all clear profit?' Linnell asked tentatively, with many misgivings, lest he should ask too much, and let out beforehand the secret of this enormous bound into supposed popularity.

'Well, yes,' Psyche answered with some little hesitation. 'I believe they are. I've heard Papa say Macmurdo and White have long since covered all expenses, and that every copy sold now is money in pocket.'

Linnell breathed freely once more. Then the £850, 10s., for which he had sent off his cheque that morning to his agent would be all clear gain to the poor needy Dumaresq. His brush worked on upon the canvas with unusual vigour. He had never had such a sitter in his life before; he had never felt he was doing himself such justice, nor experienced such a supreme internal consciousness of having been useful to others in his generation.

When the head of the great publishing house of Macmurdo and White received a cheque for £850, 10s., and an order for two hundred and seventy complete sets of 'Dumaresq's Encyclopædic' (as the Trade in its recognised shorthand calls it), he raised his eyebrows, sucked in his cheeks, and tapped with his forefinger on the desk of the counting-house. 'It's coming, White,' he said, enchanted. 'I told you it was coming. I knew it was bound to come sooner or later. Dumaresq's Encyclopædic's certain to sell in the long run. There's an order here outright for two hundred and seventy of 'em. Two hundred and seventy's a very big lot. See how many we have ready in cloth, will you, and order the rest to be bound at once from the quires to order. I'm devilish glad we bought the copyright of that book outright from the man—and for a mere song too. It's paid expenses, I see, these three years back: so that's eight hundred and fifty pounds clear profit for the house on a small transaction.'

For when Psyche Dumaresq mentioned the casual fact that every copy sold of her father's great work was 'money in pocket,' she omitted to add the trifling detail that the pocket in question was Messrs Macmurdo and White's, worshipful publishers', and not the author's, Haviland Dumaresq's. To any one who lived in the world of books, indeed, that point would have been the first and most natural to make inquiries about: but the painter, in his eagerness to do a good deed, had never even so much as thought of the possibility that the copyright might not be the author's. All that Linnell had actually accomplished, in fact, by his generous intention was simply to put eight hundred guineas or so into the bursting till of a flourishing firm of London publishers.

'And look here, White,' Mr Macmurdo called out as his partner left the room to fulfil the order: 'that poor devil Dumaresq never made much out of the book for his pains. Let's send the man a twenty-pound note as a present!'

Most English publishers would have made it a hundred; and no other trade on earth would have made it anything. But Macmurdo and White are proverbially close-fisted; and the twenty-pound note from that amiable firm was all Haviland Dumaresq ever got out of Charles Linnell's well-meant attempt to benefit the great philosopher. When it arrived at the Wren's Nest, Dumaresq turned to Psyche with a smile and said: 'I may keep that honestly. They must have made it well out of me or they

wouldn't send it. Though of course I've no right in the world to a penny. But it's dropped in at the very nick of time. It'll cover the cost of that young man's picture.'

(To be continued.)

INSPECTION OF SCHOOLS.

By JOHN KERR, LL.D.

THERE are perhaps few respects in which there is a greater contrast between past and present times than in the relation of national education in Scotland to the means adopted to secure its efficiency. In the seventeenth century the principal, and in many cases the only, guardians of efficiency were the clergy, who combined with their own proper work the general charge of everything connected with schools. The examination as to the teacher's fitness for office, his appointment and dismissal, were in the hands of the presbytery of the bounds. These functions were discharged with by no means uniformly satisfactory results. Favouritism and nepotism no doubt sometimes carried the day, but the appointments were on the whole so good as to enable Scotland to keep her place in the front rank of educated nations.

A certain kind of inspection and supervision of Schools in Scotland dates as far back as 1696, when, by statute, a school was established in every parish, the presbytery paying annual visits of examination to every school within the bounds. From the commencement of annual grants from Government in 1846 till the passing of the Education Act of 1872, this examination was kept up, sometimes jointly with Government inspection of schools receiving such grants. National education in Scotland is therefore nearly two hundred years old. With England the case is different. In early times the charge of education was undertaken by the Church; but it has no claim to be called National till within the last twenty years; and it is only about fifty years since it received subsidies from Government.

Early in the present century, the attention of parliament was directed to the unsatisfactory condition of education among the lower classes in London, and a Committee was appointed to report on it. Though little was done for twenty years except voting a sum of money for the erection of school buildings, the subject was not allowed to drop; and the result was the establishment, in 1839, of a Committee of Council on Education, entrusted with the administration of a parliamentary grant. Close on this followed the establishment of Normal Schools for the training of teachers, to the building of which the Government contributed. The administration of a parliamentary grant was necessarily accompanied by the appointment of officers, whose duties, among others, were to see that the conditions of the grant were fulfilled. These officers are called Her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools, and their duties, as laid down in the instructions issued to them, had a wider scope than the merely financial one. They were told that inspection

was intended to be a means of co-operation between the Government and the Clergymen, local Committees, and Trustees of Schools, for the improvement and extension of education; that it was not intended as a means of exercising control, but of affording assistance; not for the restraint, but encouragement of local efforts. The Inspector was instructed to communicate with those who had up to that time interested themselves in education with a view to such co-operation. He was also instructed to visit, when conveniently able to do so, any schools not aided by public grants, whose School Committees or promoters desired such visits.

In the original instructions, 'Their Lordships are strongly of opinion that no plan of education ought to be encouraged in which intellectual instruction is not subordinate to the regulation of the thoughts and habits of the children by the doctrines and precepts of revealed religion.' It must be noted that, while attaching great importance to religious instruction, the Committee were careful not to favour any special communion. In both England and Scotland, children could be withheld from religious teaching to which their parents objected. For some time, indeed, Church Schools in England were open only to those who agreed to accept the religious teaching of the Church; but this compromise was almost inevitable in view of the powerful hold the Church had over English elementary schools.

The general duties of the Inspector are divided into three distinct heads: (1) Furnishing information to enable the Committee of Council to determine the propriety of granting funds in aid of erecting new schools. (2) Inspecting and reporting on the method and matter of instruction in schools aided by public grants. (3) Furnishing information when required by the Committee of Council respecting the state of education in particular districts.

These instructions, with such additions as the fuller development of the system required, continue to describe generally the relation between the Committee of Council, Inspectors, School Managers and Teachers, with the single exception that, on the passing of the Education Acts of England in 1870 and of Scotland in 1872, religious teaching was removed from inspectorial supervision.

As the various religious bodies both in England and Scotland had hitherto taken by far the keenest interest in education, the Committee of Council wisely decided to carry them along with them in their proposals. With this view, before any Inspector was appointed, his name was submitted for approval to the authorities of the Church over whose schools he was to have supervision. Up to the passing of the Acts of 1870 and 1872, there were five classes of Inspectors for the schools respectively of the Church of England, of bodies not connected with that Church, of the Church of Scotland, of the Free Church, and of the Roman Catholic Church. This is no longer the case. Every Inspector now visits every aided school in his district irrespective of denomination; and since the passing of these Acts the Churches are not consulted about the appointments.

Annual grants commenced in 1846. From

that time to 1862, payments ranging from fifteen to thirty pounds were made directly to teachers according to the grade of their certificates. Similar direct payments ranging from ten to twenty pounds were made to pupil teachers. These grants were paid or refused according as the Inspector, from a *general* inspection and examination, reported the conditions fulfilled or the reverse. There was no middle course between full payment and complete refusal. This was objectionable on various grounds, and among others because there was no gradation according to varying degrees of merit; because it was only in very bad cases that the grant could be refused; and because no pecuniary stimulus could be applied to indifferent work. Meanwhile, grants were rapidly increasing, while the efficiency of the instruction and inspection was more than doubted. To check the one and improve the other, Mr Lowe (now Lord Sherbrooke), as Vice-President of the Committee of Council, introduced the *Revised Code* in 1862, the leading feature of which was individual examination and payment by results. Every pupil above six years of age, and who had attended a specified number of times, was henceforth to be examined in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and payment made only on a satisfactory amount of attainment being shown. Other payments on average attendance and for infants were also made; but into these it is not necessary to enter. This Code was brought into full operation in England; but its narrowing tendency was so completely opposed to the genius of Scotch education, that while individual results were recorded, payments continued to be made in Scotland as under the old Code. In England, payments were no longer made to the teachers, but to the managers, and the direct relation between the teacher and the State was consequently put an end to. Teachers and pupil teachers were no longer in any sense employees of the State, but made their own bargain with school managers. In spite of the Department's instructions to Inspectors, 'to judge every school by the standard hitherto used, as regards its religious, moral, and intellectual merits,' the new Code did not give satisfaction. While it secured greater accuracy in reading, writing, and arithmetic, and more regular attendance, it cannot be doubted that it tended in the case of all concerned, whether managers, Inspectors, or teachers, to direct too exclusive attention to the three elementary branches, and to foster mechanical and unintelligent methods. Percentage of pass being at once the most quotable element in the estimate of efficiency, and, in England, a large factor in the grants earned, had undue importance attached to it. Inspection became too much a mechanical recording of results, to the neglect of intellectual life and stimulative method. This became so evident from the testimony of a considerable number of Inspectors, that, in 1867, larger grants were offered on condition that the staff should be increased, and one or more subjects, grammar, geography, or history, taught in addition to the 'beggarly elements.'

The narrowing effect of the Revised Code was less felt in Scotland, because, as yet, grants did not depend on percentage of pass, and both Inspector and teacher had more free play; but there is reason to think that even yet, on both

sides of the Tweed, a high pass is in too many cases a greater object of ambition to School Boards, managers, and teachers, than general intelligence.

The passing of the English Act in 1870 and of the Scotch Act in 1872, and the Codes framed upon them, introduced most important changes; but the fundamental principle of payment by results was retained, and for the first time applied to Scotland. The Codes, though similar in all essential points, were not identical. The Scotch Code, framed as it is on an Act which is to provide education available 'for the *whole* people of Scotland,' had a wider and higher range than the English Code, the basis of which is an Act for providing *elementary* education. In England, previous to August of last year, the grant for reading, writing, and arithmetic in Standards I.-VII., determined by the Inspector's report of the percentage of passes, was paid at the rate of one penny for every unit of percentage. The percentage was determined by the ratio of passes actually made by the scholars liable to examination to those that might have been made by all such scholars who either were examined, or were absent, or withheld from the examination without reasonable excuse. In Scotland, there are six, not seven Standards, as in England, and every pass in reading, writing, and arithmetic earns a grant of three shillings. In both Codes there are capitation grants on average attendance. Important modifications suggested by experience have from time to time been made on both Codes, the majority of which have been regarded as improvements. Among these may be noted individual examination in languages and science subjects, graduated payments for grammar, geography, history, needlework, singing, and discipline. Inspection under these conditions implies greater responsibility, and makes demands on the care and discretion of the Inspector unknown under the Revised Code. The effect of graduated payments in recognising quality of work has been altogether salutary. The General Merit grant, which was found only in the English Code, caused considerable friction.

In 1885 the administrative functions of the English and Scotch Departments were separated; and the latter has now a Committee of Council and Secretary of its own; but the Lord President of the Council is the head of both Departments.

It had long been felt that the time devoted to the individual examination of pupils in the two lower Standards was not profitably spent, that the necessarily slender attainments of children of seven or eight years of age could be more satisfactorily tested by a class examination, and that the rigidity of the demands in reading, writing, and arithmetic unduly interfered with freedom of classification and instruction of children entering school differing widely in both age and attainments. In the Scotch Code for 1886 provision was therefore made, under certain conditions, for graduated payments for all children below the Third Standard, according as the report of the teaching from a general estimate was fair, good, or excellent. The all but universal testimony of Inspectors is, that this greater elasticity in dealing with young children is distinctly beneficial. The result of this has been the ex-

tension both in England and Scotland of the same elastic method of examination to the upper as well as to the lower standards. Two new Codes were accordingly drawn up, that for England coming into operation in August 1890, and that for Scotland in January 1891. The English and Scotch Codes are on similar lines, and differ only in unimportant details. The fixed grant on average attendance is much enlarged, and the variable grant depending on examination correspondingly reduced, enough, however, being left to differentiate fair, good, and excellent work. The basis of this variable grant also is average attendance. The minimum number of attendances hitherto qualifying for examination is removed, and, with its removal, the temptation to neglect those whose attendances fell below that minimum. Care has been taken, in rearranging these grants, that schools should not suffer pecuniary loss. The general expectation is that the change will produce work less mechanical, and therefore more intelligent, and secure better classification and more equable distribution of educational effort, by removing at once temptation to undue pressure on the slow, and undesirable restraint on the clever pupils, both kinds being represented in almost every class. The extent to which expectation on these several points is fulfilled in a school will bulk largely in the estimate of its efficiency and on the apportionment of grants. The change will probably save the time, but it will certainly increase the responsibility of the Inspector.

There are four classes of officers engaged in inspection—Chief Inspectors, District Inspectors, Sub-Inspectors, and Assistants. In England there are twelve Chief Inspectors, two being almost wholly occupied with the Training Colleges. In Scotland there are three, one of whom combines ordinary inspection with supervision of the Training Colleges in Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen. The Chief Inspector, besides having a district of his own, has a general supervision over the other districts in his division, and is appealed to in cases of difficulty. There are three divisions, the Southern, Western, and Northern, with Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen respectively as centres. Each chief has an annual divisional conference with his colleagues, the object of which is to compare experiences and, as far as possible, secure uniformity of test and standard. Assistants are chosen by the Department from the ranks of eminent elementary teachers, and from them Sub-Inspectors are appointed. The English staff consists of 109 Inspectors, 43 Sub-Inspectors, and 152 Assistants; the Scotch staff, of 25 Inspectors, 4 Sub-Inspectors, and 21 Assistants. Of the 25 Scotch inspectors, 5 are Oxford, 4 Cambridge graduates. Almost the whole of the others and a number of the Sub-Inspectors and Assistants are graduates of Scotch universities. Inspectors are appointed by a Minute of the Committee of Council, and must be not more than thirty-five years of age. Applications with testimonials are made to the Right Honourable the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education. Those appointed are at first placed alongside of a Chief Inspector, with the result that they obtain considerable experience of the work before being placed in independent charge of a

district. They are, as a rule, selected on the ground of academical distinction, and all but very few have had considerable experience as teachers.

STRANGE FRIENDS.

A STORY OF THE NORTH-WEST.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

FROM the time of his awakening out of that refreshing sleep which had followed the chill, Rockingham's improvement was phenomenal. Brock, as nearly as a man can follow in the footsteps of a gentle woman, was almost as good a nurse as Martha Seagrave, and within a week the two strange friends were seated side by side in front of the rusty cook-stove.

Rockingham was quiet and thoughtful. He knew, or fancied he knew, that there was a *something* which prevented Brock and himself from being perfectly open and trusty friends. 'Brock,' he said one evening, as that worthy chewed vigorously upon an unlit cigar and gazed at the stove-pipe—'Brock, I have no desire to open old sores, but I should like to speak once more and for the last time of Madge Latimer. May I?'

The mention of the girl's name made Brock wince. He bit a good half-inch from his cigar, which fragment he shot into the stack of fire-wood near by and Rockingham patiently awaited his reply.

'Colonel,' he said at last, 'there is just one person on this here *footstool** as I don't never want to see again; and there's just one name which I don't never want to hear again. I may be obliged against my inclinations to see that there person and hear that there name; but nothing shall make me speak that name or mention that person, nohow! If you've got anything to say, say it, Colonel; but you know my feelings.' The cigar went back between the foreman's sharp teeth, while an expression of genuine pain settled upon his features.

'My dear fellow,' responded the clergyman, 'I want to respect your wishes, and will do so—after to-night. But, Brock, I must say this: that whatever I did last summer to hurt you was done all unwittingly and innocently enough. More than that, it was all a mistake—a gross blunder on my part. I thought she cared for me; but it was nothing of the kind, for I cannot call to mind a single instance when she said that she did.—Yes, Brock, I was blind as a mole until a few days ago; and yet, I *was* loved—I am loved, Brock. I must tell some one; I must ask advice from somebody; and you are the only friend I have within reach. Brock, one of the noblest women on the face of the earth loves me. I know I am not mistaken, and she has proved her love by saving my life. And yet—now listen, Brock—I do not care for her a quarter as much as I once thought I did for—for—you know, Brock.'

A curious smile played about the foreman's mouth, and drove away the hard lines which had been there for several minutes.

'I know all about it, Colonel,' he said. 'I have watched the game for months. She can't help it, and you can't help it. You're both good enough for each other, sir; but, dern it all, it's one of those *ornery* twizzles that a barrel of Philadelphia lawyers couldn't untwizzle! So what are you going to do about it?'

'Ah, there's the rub. What shall I do? Brock, I think you are a man of sense and an honest man: would you—er—would you ask *her* to marry you, were you in my place?'

'No, sir!' thundered Brock. 'By Jupiter, no, sir-ee! Do you think she don't know how the land lies? Do you think she wouldn't tumble to it that you was asking her out of pity and all that there sort of thing? Why, sir, if she's let you see that she loves you, and knows that you know it, to ask her to marry you would hurt her far more than just saying nothing at all.'

There was silence for several minutes, when Rockingham quietly remarked: 'I believe you are right, Brock. I feel sure you are right.'

A good half of the foreman's second cigar was chewed into mince-meat before another word was spoken. Then the giant abruptly arose from his seat preparatory to disrobing for the night. He stretched out his huge right hand to the thin pale man beside him, and there was a perceptible quaver in his voice as he grasped the smaller hand and said: 'No, Colonel, you and me don't have no kind o' luck with women-folks. I guess we'll have to go it alone. But you can *put her there*, Colonel, and dern me if Eli Brock ain't your true and faithful friend until the Judgment Day!—Good-night, Colonel.'

About the time that Rockingham and his companion decided to vacate their quarters at the office and take up their abode at Kincardine, the weather set in bitterly cold. The mercury went clear down to the base of the thermometer and stayed there, huddling itself into a ball in a vain attempt to keep from freezing. The men waited for warmer weather; but when a week passed and nothing better than forty degrees below zero presented itself, they knew that they had entered upon the long siege of Arctic winter, which in the North-west usually lasts without a break through the first three months of the year. Being heartily tired of their long imprisonment, they resolved at all hazards to move up to M'Dougall's hotel; and the Justice himself agreed to drive them up in his roomy sleigh, promising to furnish enough buffalo robes to bury them deep and warm.

This was nearly a month after Martha Seagrave had turned over her convalescent patient to Eli Brock, and during all that period the school teacher had never once visited Rockingham. The Justice and others of the Kincardine people who knew of the girl's action (or inaction) attributed it to her poor health, for she had completely broken down under the long physical strain, followed by the mental shock which the unexpected recovery of Rockingham, after her passionate confession, had given her. As she never saw a physician, and never even asked for medical advice, no one thought that she was ill; and as she never complained or sought for sympathy, the matter-of-fact people around her suspected nothing. But, to tell the truth, the

* The earth—a frequent expression in Yankee slang.

girl was in a fearfully critical state both of body and mind. She did not wish to shirk the duty assigned to her as a school teacher, nor, on the other hand, did she wish to meet Rockingham again. And just as she was wavering as to what course to pursue, her old friend and admirer, Dugald M'Dougall, told her that he was going to bring the clergyman to the hotel on the morrow. One hour after this news reached her, the old stage drew up in front of the hotel for passengers and mails to Port Arthur. The old rattletrap was no longer on wheels; runners—known locally as 'bobs'—having been affixed to the axles for the winter season. The driver was not to be seen; but upon the box was a huge bundle of dirty furs and skins, in the centre of which it is to be presumed the driver might have been found. There were few letters. There were no passengers; yes, one.

The Justice (and Postmaster), no longer in shirt sleeves, as we first encountered him, was just stuffing the little packet of letters under the bundle of furs on the box, when Martha Seagrave, clad in a heavy coat, a woollen hood, and woollen mittens, ran down to the sleigh bus.

'Good-bye, Mr M'Dougall,' she said hurriedly. 'If I am not back by the next stage, I will send you a letter. No—please do not prevent me or argue with me—I *must* go. That is my only reason.'

'But, my dear girl! Good heavens, you can't stand it! It's cold enough to freeze an Injun's feathers! You—I—er?—'

But the girl was inside the bus, and had closed the door. The sound of the closing door started the cold and impatient horses, and Martha Seagrave had started upon her last ride from Kincardine. The old Justice ran after the stage, and as well as he could opened the door far enough to thrust in his coarse fur overcoat.

'Thank you, thank you,' said the girl. 'You are very good. Good-bye—good-bye to all!'

The old man shivered, and went into the house to melt the icicles on his beard.

It was bitterly, painfully cold. It was such weather as the people in Great Britain, even in the north, know nothing about. The boards in the houses and the forest trees cracked and snapped with the intense frost, and the touch of a man's moccasined foot produced a squeaking, crunching noise peculiar to solidly-frozen snow. It was such a day as few men, even the most hardy, cared to be out in though they kept well in motion. But for a feeble woman whose constitution was all run down to attempt to ride in a wretched conveyance in such weather was taking one chance in a thousand.

Four days later the stage returned to Kincardine, and, true to her promise, Martha Seagrave returned with it. The Justice opened, as he had closed, the yellow door, and saw her in there, the only passenger. She lay in the bottom of the omnibus, upon a couch of buffalo robes, and she was covered by M'Dougall's overcoat. Poor Martha! she had indeed said 'Good-bye to all,' for she was dead.

When the stage had stopped at noon on the day that she left Kincardine, the driver had opened the door to help her out for warmth and refreshment, and had found her stiff and cold.

So he had left her at the wayside tavern until his return trip, and then brought her back to the desolate settlement which had been her latest home. What the girl's intentions and plans, if any, had been no one ever knew.

On the following Sunday, in the little mission church where Martha Seagrave had spent some of her happiest hours, they buried the unfortunate girl; and Digby Rockingham, with a heavy heart and tearful eyes, performed the last sad rites over the woman who had given him all that she had to give—her love and her life.

PI-A-POT'S RESERVE.

BY JESSIE M. E. SAXBY.

VARIOUS rumours from Canada North-west report excitement and threatenings of a 'rising' on some of the Indian settlements near Regina. The Reserve of Chief Pi-a-pot has been mentioned as having come under the influence of red men from over the border. I visited this Reserve in August, and perhaps some of my notes made at the time may be of interest now. But first I may venture to say that I do not think we need feel much alarm concerning the reports which have lately come to hand, because—as far as I could judge—the Canadian Government seemed to have the 'Indian difficulty' well in hand. The system of vigilant espionage which is maintained, along with the methodical records kept, and published, of every detail concerning life on the Reserves make it impossible for any organised or effective rebellion to arise. There is one or more white men stationed on every Reserve, and these are in a position to give timely warning of any suspicious circumstances which might lead them to suspect that the Indians were being tampered with.

The Reserves are separated from each other 'of a set purpose'; all dances, except a harmless sort of dog-dance, are forbidden. 'Gatherings' are discouraged, and Indians who decline to enter into treaty and reside upon Reserves are treated with small consideration. The mounted police and the Government officials visit the Reserves regularly, and ought to detect disaffection at once.

I cannot imagine it possible that the Canadian Government, being completely master of the situation, will permit any serious disturbance to take place. There are three or four Reserves grouped together under one Agency, but divided from each other by many miles, and situated in the beautiful Qu'Appelle valley. Pi-a-pot's Reserve is one of these, and is distant from Regina twenty miles; but a pair of spanking bronchoes make short work of a 'trail' between the valley and the prairie Queen-city.

A first-rate 'rig' and escort were put at my disposal by the Indian Commissioner; and the drive across the prairie was most enjoyable; for the day was gloriously fine and our guide very entertaining. He was a grand old pioneer man—of Orcadian extraction—who had been through all the troublous times when the North-west was being settled up, and the Indians were despairingly disputing the right of the Pale-faces to hold the country. He had done good service as an interpreter and peacemaker, as well as scout and

volunteer. His reminiscences were enthralling; and it was pleasing to learn, from one who knew the red men well, that their character is not the treacherous, brutal one which so many people imagine.

This Mr Hourie's son was the energetic young scout who followed Riel like a sleuth-hound, and ran the ruthless half-breed to earth at last. The old man in the course of our conversation confirmed the impression I had received from various sources that every case of discontent among the Indians is instigated by the half-breeds.

After racing across the prairie at the rate of nine miles an hour, we entered 'the bluffs,' and, driving along gentle ravines and wooded trails, we reached the house of Mr M'Kinnon, the farm-instructor who has charge of Pi-a-pot and his clan. M'Kinnon is a splendid specimen of the North-west farmer: intelligent, handsome, strong in physique and strong in mind—just the man to compel respect and obedience from the Indians. This Reserve has an area of fifty-four square miles, and the population is two hundred and sixty souls. It is situated in one of the most fertile and picturesque parts of the valley. There was plenty of water and plenty of wood on the ground, and the crops were in a very flourishing state; proving that the Indians can do good work.

M'Kinnon's house and the other Government buildings are not so near the homes of the Indians as I expected to find them; though Mrs M'Kinnon thought a mile was not too much apart; and perhaps I should agree with her if I lived on a Reserve. The Indian 'teepees' (houses) were built on knolls looking down on the valley, and they were all closed and deserted, for in summer-time the Crees revert to their ancient habit of dwelling in tents. These tents they move from place to place as the hunt or the harvest requires.

We found one group of canvas teepees located near the hayfields, where a number of the people were busy. A few squaws and one or two children were with the tents; and my attention was quickly drawn to a little group consisting of a bright-eyed young woman much adorned with beads and coloured cloth, and an old wrinkled squaw with a baby in her arms, which she nursed as lovingly as if she had been a white granny. It was really a pretty baby, and most intelligent for its age. I took it in my arms, which action evidently pleased the mother and amused the other women. I asked—through Mr Hourie—what they would give the child for. The old granny shook her head most emphatically, and let it be known she would not give the baby at any price, because it was so long since there had been a baby in the teepee! Alas, for the doomed and dying redskins! Babies are, like angels, rare visitants on Reserves, and, also like angels, they flit away again swiftly. There was an Indian boy of seventeen sitting outside one of the tents. He was in the last stages of consumption, and a most pitiful object. His wan face, with its appealing lustrous eyes, haunted me for many a day.

I went into a teepee, by permission of its mistress, but was not tempted to take more than a cursory view of the interior. The Indians have not yet received the gospel of soap, although they

are learning many of the most important lessons of civilisation. They have, as I said, built homes for themselves, and these are comfortable dwellings, more so than many a Highland sheiling or Irish cabin. They are beginning to subdivide their Reserves—which marks the decay of tribal habits, and the commencement of individual responsibility. They cultivate gardens, and allow their children to be educated. They try to dress neatly, and have learned to despise gewgaws. All this is the result of patient, liberal discipline, and redounds to the credit of those whom a sagacious legislature has appointed to guide and teach those unfortunate Indians. In truth, the system which the Canadian Government has adopted is not only a benevolent but a wise one. Every Indian who agrees to live on a Reserve becomes a pensioner of the Government, and receives rations, &c., for each member of his family.

Polygamy is being killed out by an ingenious plan. Government will only recognise *one* wife and her children, and will not give the man supplies for more than these. Thus, an extra squaw is no help to an Indian, but an actual burden. The movements of every soul on a Reserve are watched and faithfully recorded. If an individual removes to another Reserve, or absents himself altogether, or joins a tribe, or dies, the fact is carefully entered in the Agent's books; and in this way the histories of persons can be followed through the whole time they remain pensioners of the Dominion.

The Government gives no privilege to a chief above his associates, and discourages the appointment of new ones; so there is little honour and no advantage now attached to the position, and the Indians do not seem to regret the loss, or exert themselves to replace a lost leader. The chiefs were the men who encouraged discontent and resentment; and now that their power is so much broken, the people are amalgamating better with their conquerors. Great efforts are made to induce the Indians to send their children to the schools; and it is very cheering to know that this movement has met with more success than was expected.

The Industrial School at Fort Qu'Appelle is in a very satisfactory condition; the average attendance there is about seventy girls and fifty-five boys, and these children are drawn from the Reserves which I am attempting to describe.

I was indebted to Mr Hayter Reed, Indian Commissioner, and Mr Davin, M.P., for a great deal of information which I could not obtain for myself. In answer to my questions, I learned, regarding the school at Fort Qu'Appelle, that 'the work going on among the girls is very good; and besides what they are taught in the school proper, they are shown how to do general household work, such as baking, cooking, sewing, mending, knitting, washing.' The boys are taught carpentry and blacksmith's work, as well as the farmwork and gardening. Both boys and girls learn very quickly, and adapt themselves readily to their new mode of life. When their education is completed, they seldom care to return to the rude life of the teepee, but enter domestic service and other kinds of employment, and so lose their nationality in the best way possible. I was told that some of the lads have shown a very high

order of intellect, and are filling places which would not be beneath the notice of the sons of English gentlemen. The girls of those schools are always very neatly dressed and tidy; and the boys are markedly polite and obliging. There is a farm attached to the school, and most of the ploughing is done by the boys. They also delight in keeping the garden 'in order. Altogether, the report of this school was most encouraging.

As we drove along the valley we met the son of Pi-a-pot, a fine-looking young Indian, as like a Prince-royal as need be! His recognition of us was very slight and dignified indeed—I might even call it haughty, and he went on his way without pausing or deigning to look round at us: but there was no want of courtesy in his manner—nothing more than a fine self-respect! This tribe is Crees; but there are some Sioux settled among them, and the Sioux are considered the most troublesome of all the Indians. It is they who—ill-used in the States—migrate into Canada, to nurse there those feelings of hatred and revenge which the treatment they have received from Uncle Sam has deepened into a fierce revolt against *all* white men.

Mr Lash, in charge of the Agency, had driven from Muscowpetung's Reserve to meet me and give whatever additional information was desired. I felt it to be more than good of him, seeing that his little daughter was very ill of scarlet fever, and his wife had no one to assist except a squaw. It must have been a sad position for that poor mother, and the incident made me realise a little what the hardships of a life like that of Mrs Lash or Mrs M'Kinnon must be. We hear a good deal about the self-sacrifice of missionaries and their wives who go to preach and pray among heathens; but nothing is told in the old land of the self-denial shown by farm instructors and Indian agents who pass their lives among the red men, striving hard to teach a degraded race the elements of morality and civilisation.

Mr Lash showed me some of the 'books' kept on the Reserve, and was at much pains to explain his part of the work of Indian management. Those books were interesting literature, from which one could have gathered many an instructive and romantic tale of Indian life.

We were hospitably entertained by Mr and Mrs M'Kinnon in their pretty and comfortable home. The bread and bacon which formed part of our repast were from the stores supplied by Government to the Indians; and I can vouch for their excellence. Mr Lash said that many of the Indians under his care were doing so well, and had earned so much, that they were able to provide themselves with all necessaries; consequently, Government supplies had been withheld in such cases. I venture to think that is a blunder; for the poor Crees are certainly not yet educated enough to appreciate the blessings of independence. They will have no incentive to work if they find that they are helped when idle, and left to their own resources when striving to work.

Mrs M'Kinnon showed me socks and other articles which the women had knitted, and these were beautifully done. She said they were good servants, docile, cleanly, and quiet. She also told us of some very curious customs regarding the

burial of the dead, and the 'dog-dances,' which is the only species of amusement or entertainment which the Indians have. When a person dies, the neighbours go and rob the teepee of everything they can lay hands upon. No resistance is made by the inmates, and I suppose the unnatural custom had its origin in some religious superstition. Some of the Indians have become 'cute enough to find a way of evading this tax. When a serious illness occurs, some member of the family hands over to the farm instructor the 'movable property.' If the sick person recovers, the things are put back at once; if he dies, they are left with their custodian a short time and then claimed by whoever gave them!

As well-behaved Indians are not prohibited from leaving their Reserves, we often saw parties of Pi-a-pot's band camping in the valley near my son's shanty, or passing it on the Saskatoon trail (an important prairie highway). Those Crees were always very civil, and they looked extremely good-natured. But I much disliked the appearance of half-breeds who wander about as the Indians do; but, unlike the Indians, will not settle down and live honestly. They have a very evil sullen expression; are rude in their bearing towards the whites, and have a curiously cruel vindictive way of pressing back the lips and showing their teeth. It is *they* who make the mischief.

Fortunately, the half-breeds, as well as the Indians, have a wholesome fear of the mounted police, who have always done their duty in connection with those people in an admirable manner. The Canadian Government has not broken faith with the Indians—as the Americans have done—and may therefore expect better things from them.

I brought away some ears of corn as a memento of Pi-a-pot's Reserve, and I shall long remember my pleasant visit to the red man's home.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

It has for some years been the opinion of those best able to judge that the Agricultural Show system, by which large sums of money are awarded as prizes, does not work satisfactorily, for it is found that those prizes are, as it were, scrambled for by a small number of exhibitors. Mr Acland, of Killerton, Exeter, has reopened the subject by publishing a summary of the prizes awarded during the eleven years 1878-1888, from which it appears that out of £17,216, sixty-two exhibitors obtained £9391, or more than half the total sum. He suggests that a few medals and other small decorations would confer sufficient distinction upon winners, and that the bulk of the money would be much better spent in the purchase of manures and in renting land for the purpose of experiments. Such experiments could be carried out by local committees of farmers under adequate scientific guidance, and the money would be in this way usefully spent for the general good, instead of going into the

pockets of a very small section of the exhibitors of live-stock. Experiments of the kind have already been tried by certain Societies, and have been so productive of good, that their multiplication all over the country is a thing which is much to be desired.

We have heard so much about the depredations of the rabbit in Australia, and so many denunciations have been uttered against the too prolific little animal, that it is quite a relief to hear that, like an ill wind, he brings good to some. According to an up-country correspondent at Victoria, we are told that Bunny affords employment to about a hundred inspectors at good salaries, under whom are two thousand labourers, besides providing a good meal to many poor persons in need of food. Besides all these, there are a large number of outsiders whose business it is to kill the rabbits for sale on their own account, and who live by supplying the city with good wholesome food at about one penny per pound. It is supposed that altogether quite ten thousand persons owe their employment to the despised rabbits in Victoria alone.

For a long time, milk, cream, beer, and other perishable articles of food have been preserved by the addition of borax, boric acid, and other substances, and although there is no direct proof that such foreign matter is injurious, their employment cannot be recommended. Nor is their use necessary; for the refrigeration process, which enables us to eat mutton in England which has been killed months before in far-off New Zealand, is obviously the most simple and best method of preservation yet discovered. There is such a growing feeling against the addition to food of the foreign substances referred to, that it is probable that a test case will be fought out in the law-courts to discover whether such additions come under the head of Adulterants within the terms of the Food and Drugs Act. It may be mentioned in connection with this matter, and as showing the enormous trade now carried on in imported dead-meat, that lately at Christmas-time the live cattle offered for sale at the largest of the metropolitan markets were less than one-half the number commonly seen at the same market at Christmas-time ten years ago, notwithstanding the increase of population.

A system of wood-paving is being tried in Bristol which, although not new, is said to possess several advantages which more modern methods cannot boast. It is called the Elli System, and consists in planting upon a bed of gravel five inches deep a layer of oak-pegs varying from two to four inches in diameter and four and a half inches in length. The interstices are filled with sand, watered, and the whole well rammed, and in this way a very compact and solid surface is obtained. The advantages claimed for this method are several. It is said to be less expensive than other systems, to be easily removed and replaced for the purpose of pipe-laying, there

being no hard concrete to break through, and that it gives a good foothold to horses. It remains to be seen whether the method will bear the traffic of a busy street.

According to a Report published under the direction of the Government of Burma, the Malays and Siamese do not blacken their teeth with betel mixed with lime, as is commonly supposed. They use a special preparation for the purpose, which consists of cocoa-nut kernel charred with great care and worked into a paste with oil. This is carefully applied to the teeth again and again until a black varnish hides the natural white. Some Malay tribes are not content with this simple adornment, but first file down their teeth until they resemble those of a shark.

An interesting ceremony recently took place at the Museum of Science and Art in Edinburgh, where a marble bust of William Symington was unveiled by Professor Sir William Thomson of Glasgow. Symington was the real discoverer of the steamboat, and as early as 1803 constructed one which was powerful enough to take in tow two laden boats each of seventy tons burden on the Forth and Clyde Canal. It is also worthy of note that the same inventor exhibited before the Edinburgh University a model of a steam-carriage intended for use on common roads.

A German technical journal describes a new bleaching-fluid called Ozonin, which has recently been patented, and the composition of which is as follows: In 200 parts of turpentine 126 parts of resin are dissolved. To this are added 22.5 parts of caustic potash in 40 parts of water, and also 90 parts of peroxide of hydrogen. This mixture forms a jelly, which, after two or three days' exposure to light, becomes changed to a thin fluid to which the name of Ozonin has been given. The same change is brought about in darkness, but far less rapidly. One gramme of Ozonin in one litre of water forms an effective bleaching-liquid for fibres, wood, straw-paper, &c., and also for gum solutions and soaps.

A hatchery for the propagation of cod and lobster has been established at Trinity Bay, Newfoundland; and we learn that it is of such an extensive character that it is capable of hatching three hundred million cod in one season. Floating incubators to the number of more than four hundred are used, and these take the form of small wooden boxes, which are anchored in favourable localities so as to be in constant motion in the salt water. These boxes are also used for lobster-hatching, and no fewer than four hundred million have been hatched in this way during the past season. Already there are two hundred factories in Newfoundland where lobsters are tinned for export; and it is believed that the success which has attended artificial propagation will presently lead to the establishment of many more.

Those who have visited the fine old ruin of Carisbrooke Castle in the Isle of Wight will remember that there is a well there which still yields a good supply of fresh water, which is drawn up from a depth of three hundred feet by a very curious method. The cord from the bucket passes over a barrel like that of an ordinary windlass, but this barrel ends in an enormous hollow wooden wheel, in which an

obedient donkey is led when water is required. The animal steps along inside the wheel, like a squirrel in its circular cage, and the bucket quickly rises to the surface. A similar device is still employed in some parts of Norway for dredging purposes, only the wheel is fixed between centres on a barge, with its barrel, upon which the rope is wound, projecting over the water at one side. The wheel in this case is worked by two men—manual labour, or rather pedal labour, being far cheaper in that country than here.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, the Secretary made a short statement with reference to the effect of London fogs on the plants belonging to the Society. It appears that the plants which suffered most were those of a tropical kind which Nature intended to revel in a wealth of sunshine. The plants which by Nature were adapted for forest growth under the shade of trees did not so directly feel the want of light. But he added that want of light was not the only evil which was characteristic of a London fog, for it commonly contains smoke, sulphur, and other deadly agents. Soft and tender-leaved plants, more especially those of an aquatic nature, suffered more injury from fog than any of the others.

It is stated in an Indian paper that the ancient gold-miners of Mysore had a knowledge of the precious metal and the way to win it not very far behind that of the present day, and that occasionally, when, by the aid of machinery, works are extended to three hundred feet in the hard schist, old workings are discovered, much to the surprise of the modern English miners. It is clear, too, that the art of practical assaying and refining has descended to the modern representatives of these ancient workers, the professional gold-washers, who, although they can neither read nor write, can use the touchstone, and can quickly estimate the amount of gold in a given sample of alloy. When such a worker has secured a quantity of gold-dust mixed with earthy matter, he puts the mixture into his wooden washing-dish and adds to it a small quantity of mercury, which he carries in a tiny wooden flask stopped with wax. After rubbing the quicksilver well into the mixture and adding a little salt, if the grains of gold do not readily amalgamate with the mercury, he washes away the earth with water. He next collects the gold amalgam and squeezes it well in a damp rag, so as to force out the superfluous mercury, which is duly returned to the wooden flask from which it came. He now places the precious little bundle of gold on a live coal, and he knows that as soon as the rag has burnt away, the mercury, too, will have been driven off by the heat, and all that remains is spongy gold. If, on testing with the touchstone, this should show a large percentage of copper, he refines his gold by burning it with twice its weight of saltpetre.

The common and necessary operation of sweeping the floor of a schoolroom, factory, or other large apartment is generally carried out with great inconvenience to the sweepers, and with the result that a large proportion of the dust removed from the ground is transferred to every object in the room where it can find a resting-place. The air, too, is contaminated for a long time after-

wards with floating particles, which are very distressing to those who have to breathe in it. All this can be avoided by dispensing with the common practice of sprinkling the floor with water previous to the use of the broom, and by applying the moisture in a different way. By laying a line of wet sawdust right across one end of the apartment, and by sweeping it foot by foot to the other end, it will in its passage lick up every bit of dust without raising any in the air. By adding to the wet sawdust a small proportion of any disinfectant, it is obvious that the cleaning will be still more effectual.

The art of adulteration seems certainly to be carried to a very alarming point when coffee-berries are compounded from the flour of some cereal, moulded to shape, and then torrefied so as to resemble the true berry, and are, as stated by a French paper, openly sold to grocers and others at a price which yields sixty to a hundred per cent. more than the usual profit. When the grocer expresses his surprise that coffee, which is now very dear, can be offered at the price asked, he is informed that it is of artificial origin, but cannot be detected if mixed with a certain proportion of genuine berries. Some details are, however, furnished by an official inspector, and published in the same paper, which will help to detect the fraud. The false berry is not so smooth as the real, and its slit is not so long nor so deep. It is much harder, too, than the genuine coffee- berry, which can easily be split by inserting the finger-nail in the slit. The new product has a faint and nauseating taste, very different from genuine coffee, and will resist very hard pressure. It is clear that 'Coffee as made in France' will presently become a motto which restaurant keepers in Britain will no longer put up for the attraction of customers. Since the days of wooden nutmegs, nothing so impudently fraudulent as these bogus coffee-berries has been placed upon the market.

In many parts of the eastern coast of England the erosion of the land has been going on at such a rapid rate that it is calculated that since the time of the Roman occupation many miles of country, with farms, villages, and seaports, must have been gradually encroached upon by the sea and swallowed up. This erosion is often helped by subsidences and landslips caused by the action of rain and springs. Such a subsidence has lately occurred at Walton-on-Naze, Essex, where a surface of many square feet, carrying with it part of a public road, has slid down bodily on to the beach. It is believed that if the action continues, the safety of the Great Eastern Railway terminus, which is only a few yards from the cliff, will be seriously imperilled.

Since the collapse of the ill-fated Panama Canal enterprise, the rival scheme of making a canal on the Nicaragua route has been making steady progress, and it is said that during the past twelve months more than half a million sterling has been expended upon the works. A great deal of the plant in use, consisting of dredges and other appliances, has been purchased from the Panama contractors. The number of men employed is fifteen hundred, and, unlike the experience of the Panama workers, they have enjoyed throughout good health, not one death having as yet occurred among them.

In the course of a paper read at the recent con-

vention of the Iron and Steel Institute at Pittsburgh, Sir N. Barnaby foreshadowed the possibility of building passenger steamships of a size which would at first sight seem suitable only to the kingdom of Brobdingnag. He put forward the great advantage of size in passenger ships, and stated that it would be perfectly practicable, with a water-draught of twenty-six feet, to build a vessel which would be quite steady in the sea, with a length of a thousand feet and three hundred feet broad. Such a vessel, he estimated, could be propelled with engines of sixty thousand horse-power at a speed of fifteen knots. This ship would have to be built afloat, and it would be a steel island, which would require to be fortified and garrisoned like a town. 'I do firmly believe,' he said, 'that we shall get the mastery over the seas, and shall live far more happily in a marine residence capable of steaming fifteen knots an hour, than we can ever live in seaside towns.'

Cocoa-nut butter is a new food-stuff which seems to have a useful future before it. According to a Report by the British vice-consul at Berlin, the production of an edible fat from the marrow of the cocoa-nut has been carried out for the past two years by a firm at Mannheim, the process having been discovered three years before by Dr Schlinck. Factories having the same object are about to be established at Paris and at Amsterdam. The nuts come from the South Sea islands, and also from certain places on the African and South American coasts. The butter, which is sold at less than half the price of ordinary butter in London, contains from sixty to seventy per cent. of fat, and twenty-three to twenty-five per cent. of organic matter. Its colour is white; it is of an agreeable taste, is suitable for cooking purposes, and is being purchased by the poor, who prefer it to margarine. Being free from acid, it digests with greater ease than dairy butter, and is preferable in other ways to the bad butter which too often finds its way to market. It is also a more attractive compound than the various preparations called margarine, some of which have such very questionable origin.

While we in this country have only learnt within recent years to hatch the eggs of birds artificially with anything like success, the Egyptians have pursued this work as an important industry from time immemorial. The United States Consul-general in Egypt has recently made an interesting report concerning the egg-hatching establishments which are still in active operation in that country, and he particularly describes one which—wholly constructed of sun-dried bricks, mortar, and earth—contained twelve compartments or incubators capable of hatching at one time 90,000 eggs. The season, lasting from March to May, gives time for the hatching of three batches of eggs; and from the 270,000 thus treated, 234,000 chickens are generally reared. Eggs purchasable at twopence-halfpenny per dozen are frequently brought from long distances and exposed to danger, or the proportion of chickens to eggs would doubtless be larger. The temperature is kept up to the necessary ninety-eight degrees Fahrenheit by means of furnaces, and the whole staff of the place consists of a man and a boy. These two

tend the fires, turn over the eggs every twenty-four hours, look after the chickens, and sell them to buyers. The chicks when just out of the shell realise just three times the price of the eggs.

THE PROPOSED IRISH CHANNEL TUNNEL.

VARIOUS projects having for their object the formation of direct means of communication between Scotland and Ireland have from time to time been mooted; and as public interest has during the past few months been more especially directed to this important question, we propose in brief outline to deal with the different schemes suggested, coupled with a succinct account of the more salient features of each undertaking.

The desirability of the project will, we conceive, be conceded on all hands. In the case of the proposed English Channel Tunnel scheme, various reasons, military as well as political, have been adduced against the undertaking, and have resulted in the suspension of that work. With the proposal now under consideration no such exceptions have been taken; and it is difficult to see how factors other than feasibility from an engineering point of view, and adequate return on the outlay incurred, can enter into the question.

The advantages of direct communication are undoubted, and any project mitigating the delays and discomforts of sea-passages never fail to command the interest and sympathy of the travelling public. The enormous traffic between Ireland and England and Scotland is shown by the numerous and excellent steamboat services. Both Belfast and Londonderry have powerful fleets running to various ports both in Scotland and England; the distance between Holyhead and Kingstown—some sixty-five miles—is traversed by the mailboats; whilst the Larne and Stranraer route, which is only some thirty miles of sea-passage, reduces the discomforts of such mode of transit to a minimum. Between Milford and Bristol and the south of Ireland ample means of communication also exist. All havens, of course, are subject to the delays and costs of transshipment and the drawbacks inseparable from a sea-voyage.

Turning now to projects which have been placed before the public to establish direct communication between Scotland and Ireland, we note first the proposal to construct a dam or land bar from country to country. From Tor Point, in Ireland, to the Foreland of the Mull of Cantire, in Scotland, is about thirteen miles; and it was between these two points that a causeway one hundred yards in width, and having a maximum depth of some four hundred feet, was projected. The Crinan Canal was also to be enlarged, to permit the passage of vessels to and from the North Sea.

Surveys were duly made some ten years ago, and the scheme attracted considerable notice not only from the public, but also in the House of Commons, and received influential support.

Owing, however, to fears as to the difficulties of depositing material in such depths and under such exposed conditions, coupled with the enormous estimate of expenditure required, even with convict labour, the scheme fell into abeyance.

A recent proposal has been put forward for solving the problem under consideration by means of a submerged tubular bridge between Portpatrick and Donaghadee, a distance of about twenty-two miles. A bridge of ordinary construction is to be enclosed in a continuous cylinder sunk to a depth of some sixty feet below the surface, and there retained in position by anchors and chains, the trains being operated by electricity or compressed air. Ingenious as such proposals are, it must be remembered that the submerged bridge is wholly untried, though frequently proposed, and that many very serious practical difficulties have to be faced and overcome both in construction and maintenance. Should the idea be put into shape, and found successful on a smaller scale elsewhere, it might be repeated on a larger one in this instance; but in the meantime the estimated expenditure—five and a quarter millions—is a large sum to propose to lay out on a wholly novel and untried idea, however ingenious.

Turning now to the proposals for tunnels, we will deal first with that designed to run from Portpatrick to Donaghadee, the distance being, as already stated, about twenty-two miles. The geological formation on both coasts—the Silurian—is compact and free from fissures, and extends, so far as is known, from coast to coast. Towards the Scottish coast the depth of the channel is, unfortunately, no less than nine hundred feet. To pass beneath such a depth and retain easy gradients, would entail such length of approach lines and heavy expenditure that this route has been abandoned.

A similar objection occurs in the case of the proposed Whitehead and Portpatrick route, where the depth of channel again is no less than six hundred and fifty feet, the distance being some twenty-four miles. The estimated expenditure is placed at seven millions.

To avoid this deep pool near the Scottish shore the route from Island Magee, county Antrim, to Wierston Hill, in Wigtownshire, a distance of some twenty-six and a half miles, has been projected by Messrs Barton of Dundalk. The greatest depth to be dealt with on this route is about five hundred feet, and the estimate is placed at from eight to ten millions. The tunnel is not straight, like those already described, but takes a sharp curve on nearing the Scottish coast, to avoid the depression in the bed of the channel. The engineers of this project concur with a geological expert in the opinion that the strata to be passed through will be found sound and water-tight.

Before concluding our notice of this subject, we will glance in brief detail at yet another project, that known as the Cantire tunnel, and mooted some years ago by Messrs Livingston Macassey and Scott. The length of this route, about fifteen miles, compares favourably with those already dealt with; whilst the depth admits of favourable gradients. A glance at the map of Scotland will, however, reveal the

long circuitous lines which would be necessary to connect the tunnel with Glasgow via Cantire, Kilmorick, Tarbet, and Helensburgh.

The Cantire tunnel has been approximately estimated to cost some six and a half millions, to which must of course be added the expenditure for the Cantire approach lines, placed at about a million, and bringing the total cost up to seven and a half millions. It is to be regretted that this route, which offers so reduced a distance between the two countries, carries with it no more direct means of access to the centres of commerce than by traversing the entire length of Cantire.

From the foregoing brief accounts of the various projects, it will be noted that the construction of a tunnel between Scotland and Ireland offers considerable difficulties, and entails heavy expenditure, owing to the depth of the channel. Without quoting statistics or giving the actual figures involved, we may state that the heavy outlay necessary can hardly be expected to yield an adequate return to those who find the sinews of war; indeed, those interested in the matter have not failed to admit the small inducement the project holds out to capitalists and financiers, and have rather, by invoking the aid of the State, sought to obtain the necessary pecuniary assistance, strengthening their application by pointing out the national benefits that would arise from the realisation of the project, and arguing therefrom that the venture is rather one for the State than for private enterprise. Whether or not Government may be induced to grant aid to the project, time alone will show; certainly, as far as matters have now gone, there is nothing to indicate that such will be the case.

A CHANCE ACQUAINTANCE.

To have met but once, but once,
And swept for ever apart
On the world's dark tide, that rushes on
And sunders many a heart!
To have looked on eyes like yours,
To have touched such a rose-leaf hand,
And never, never again to meet,
But in Memory's dreamy land!

Once in the lonely dark,
It stabbed me through and through,
The sudden thought of your sweet young face;
And once, ere the early dew
Was dry on the springing grass,
And the morning wind blew free,
I almost met you beneath the firs,
Where the path turns down to the sea.

And your smiling shadow lives
In the chambers of my brain,
Where my spirit wanders, a homeless ghost,
Seeking your face again;
And if you be living yet,
Or where, I cannot know,
But my spirit clings, in a bootless dream,
To our meeting, long ago.

M. FALCONER.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 371.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

REST AND EXERCISE.

PERSONAL hygiene is the science of individual health. From birth to old age health is not uniform, for it varies at different epochs; but, with care, a reasonable measure of it may be attained throughout life and at every period of it, provided, of course, that the stock from which our life is drawn is healthy. What we understand by *health* is that state which allows of some exertion of brain and muscle without any painful sense of fatigue; but owing to the complexity of the human body and the varying conditions of health and strength, it is impossible to lay down any fixed rule which shall determine the amount of work the average healthy man can do. By attention to rules of living and habits of life, we preserve health, and by neglect, we forfeit it.

However we look at life, two facts stand out in bold relief—that we must work, and that we must rest; the latter being a sort of storehouse, supplying to the former the power necessary for maintaining a constant equilibrium. It is an old saying that ‘All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.’ An entirely sedentary life cannot be healthy for body and mind; and when the struggle for existence becomes so severe that men and women are unable to find any leisure moments for outdoor muscular exercise, the time has arrived for wars, famines, and diseases to sweep off masses, so as to render the competition less keen.

It has been found that, for a healthy, strong adult, the amount of voluntary force he is capable of, without injury to health, in a day's work equals three hundred tons lifted one foot. According to Professor Parkes, to preserve health, a man should take an amount of exercise equal to raising one hundred and fifty tons one foot; or, in other words, walk nine miles daily at least. Now, although we are more guided by personal experience, still it will be found that those who maintain good health have carried out to a large

extent the rules laid down by scientific men for healthy life.

Jeremy Taylor says: ‘Every day's necessity calls for a reparation of that portion which Death fed on all night, when we lay in his lap and slept in his outer chambers. The very spirits of a man prey upon the daily portion of bread and flesh; and every meal is a rescue from one death, and lays up for another. And while we think a thought we die, and the clock strikes, and reckons in our portion of eternity. We form our words with the breath of our nostrils; we have the less to live upon for every word we speak.’

Every thought which flashes through the mind, as well as every muscular movement, is an exhibition of nerve-force; and the greater the energy put forth by any part of the body, the larger is the amount of blood supplied. This energy is derived from two sources—the oxygen we breathe, and the food we eat. Whenever a muscle contracts, three things happen: (1) an increased blood-supply, (2) an increase of carbonic acid and other waste matters, (3) an elevation of temperature, so that the greater the activity of our bodies the larger the amount of deleterious substances formed; and it is to this healthy activity and change that the happiness of our lives is mainly due. The late Professor George Wilson of Edinburgh, when speaking of blood-supply, said that ‘those wondrous crimson barks or blood-cells which navigate the arteries are keen traders, and follow the rule of the African rivers, where sales are only effected by barter; but they add to this rule one peculiar to themselves, which neither civilised nor savage man cares to follow—namely, that they give away new goods in exchange for old.’

The carbonic acid escapes chiefly by the lungs and the skin, both acting more vigorously during muscular exercise than when at rest; and it has been calculated that if, in lying down, the air inspired be one volume, in walking one mile an hour it will be increased 1·9 volume, in riding to four volumes, and in active exercise five and a half volumes. The skin acts as a kind of

safety-valve, for not only does it get rid of carbonic acid by *perspiration*, but by evaporation it tends to keep down an undue temperature, by allowing the heat, produced by muscular exercise, to escape.

If coal is placed in the furnace of an engine and air freely admitted, it will burn when set alight; but if you carefully shut off all access of air, there will be no flame, and therefore no force. What starts the action is *oxygen gas*, of which there are two parts in every ten of air. Fresh air when admitted into the lungs contains twenty-one per cent. of oxygen, and four parts in ten thousand of carbonic acid. Expelled air contains only thirteen per cent. of oxygen, and five hundred parts in ten thousand of carbonic acid gas. In our bodies we have the same process going on as is seen in the glowing furnace of an engine. Fuel in the shape of food is conveyed by the blood, and along with it is carried in the red corpuscles the life-giving oxygen; and in both cases the chief products of combustion are the same—water and carbonic acid.

The aqueous vapour arising from the breath contains a minute proportion of organic matter. That this is highly poisonous has been proved experimentally by Dr Hammond, who placed a small animal under a bell-glass well supplied with air and free from the influence of carbonic acid gas; but in less than an hour it died, poisoned by the emanations from its own body. It is this material that gives the peculiar close smell to confined spaces. It has been proved, that when air contains six parts of carbonic acid to ten thousand there is sufficient organic contamination to be extremely detrimental to health. It floats in the atmosphere in the same manner as notes move in a sunbeam, and finally, quietly settles down, if not swept away by free ventilation into the upper depths of the air.

Two thousand gallons of air unfit to support life pass through our lungs in twenty-four hours, and more than six parts of carbonic acid in ten thousand is sufficient to cause ill-health, and to prevent this result, ten thousand gallons or three thousand cubic feet of fresh air at least are necessary every hour day and night; for without that, a healthy condition of body cannot be maintained. These facts prove how requisite it is to spend a great portion of our time in the open air; and on a bright day when the sun is sailing like a golden galleon through a sapphire sky, we all feel the electric thrill of life pervading every fibre, every nerve, and every vein throughout our whole being. The soft air fans health into our cheeks, the woods are bathed in light, the valleys glow; we see the rippling currents of the river, and we hear upward in the mellow blush of day the lark carolling forth his sweet and joyous hymn.

It is recorded of the famous King Alfred that he devoted eight hours of the twenty-four to labour, eight to rest, and eight to recreation; and the division is not at all a bad one. The following table of Friedländer shows how the

twenty-four hours should be divided from seven to fifteen years of age:

Age.	HOURS FOR			
	Exercise.	Work.	Leisure.	Sleep.
7	8	2	4	9 or 10
8	8	2	4	9 or 10
9	8	3	4	9
10	8	4	4	8
11	7	5	4	8
12	6	6	4	8
13	5	7	4	8
14	5	8	4	7
15	4	9	4	7

The youngest infants require sunlight and open air, and as soon as they can crawl about they should be encouraged to do so, thus stretching their limbs and co-ordinating their muscular movements. The reason they indulge in so much sleep is because in infancy the growth of the brain is most rapid. In childhood there is great muscular activity and constant use of the senses, and these parts stand in need of a large amount of repose. Puberty is the age for exercise, and as then the body is most rapidly growing, the evil of unilateral employment of muscles is very baneful. Sitting over-long in a slouching attitude will tend to contract the chest, as conveying cumbersome weights over the back will disfigure the normal spinal curves; standing too much on one leg, or a pocketful of articles on one side of the dress, will produce spinal curvature. Lawn-tennis, cricket, rowing, bicycling, skating, riding and everything which brings into play every muscle is essential. Erectness, firmness and good balance of mind and body, testify to a man as to a racehorse or greyhound, and an experienced eye recognises at a glance the particular build of man likely to excel in particular exercises. One great mistake in recreation is the making of great strength in one set of muscles, instead of good general health, the object aimed at. Our grand aim should be the culture of all our powers, so as to enable us to pass through life without pain, without disease, and to preserve it as long as possible.

Fatigue is due to temporary exhaustion, general or local, and by it we become aware that we have worked hard enough; but by gradually increasing the work done by any group of muscles they develop in bulk and are adapted to the extra work. The limit of size is, however, soon reached, and if the exercise is too great the muscles cease growing and a process of degeneration sets in. On the other hand, idleness will, through disuse, lead to a like result; but it would not be a difficult task to prove that overwork does less harm than underwork, and it behoves every one so to use their powers, whatever they may be, that in after-years they cannot look back in bitter reflection on a life half wasted. To renew the vigour of wearied muscles we require a sufficient blood-supply, and this, as a rule, can be best obtained not only by rest, but also by exercising the muscles of another part of the body. But what is one man's work is another man's play; to brain-workers, physical exertion is a recreation; to him who has worked hard at manual labour, a book and a quiet pipe is rest.

It is absolutely essential for the health and

happiness of every one that they should have certain intervals of rest from their work ; and by rest we do not simply mean sleep, but whatever gives pleasure and promotes health. Change of employment, when innocent in itself and in its tendencies, fulfils these objects ; and the sports of the field are the best of all, in that they are enjoyed in the open air, in daylight, and demand, as a rule, early rising. But whatever exercise is taken it should be graduated and systematic, not violent and sudden, and neglect of these precautions often causes more mischief than no exercise at all.

Sleep ensures rest in its highest degree, and rest is necessary for repair, as all action, whether of mind or body, involves destruction, and without sleep and rest destruction would proceed so much more rapidly than repair that our powers would soon fail altogether, as it is probable that muscular and mental fatigue are due to the waste having outrun repair. Even plants are said to sleep, and they certainly undergo changes which suggest a waking and sleeping condition. At evening flowers close and buds fold up, not to open until morning. The intensity of sleep reaches its maximum depth within the first hour and then it diminishes at first rapidly, and afterwards slowly. 'At the end of an hour and a half, it falls one-fourth ; at the end of two hours, to one-eighth of its maximum intensity ; and thence onwards it diminishes with gradual diminishing decrements.' Different constitutions require different amounts of sleep ; but to sleep easily, soundly, and awake refreshed, is rightly considered a sign of good health. Wordsworth well observes,

Without thee, what is all the morning's wealth ?

Come, blessed barrier between day and day,

Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health.

Too much, however, dulls the intellect and weakens the recuperative faculties ; whilst too little prevents the repair of the nervous system. John Wesley says that any one can discover how much sleep he really requires by rising half an hour earlier every morning until he finds he no longer lies awake on going to bed, or awakes until it is time for him to get up. Six to eight hours appear ample for healthy adults, with nine hours every seventh day ; and it must not be forgotten that mental over-fatigue is to be got rid of by bodily exercise in the open air, as this directs the blood from the head to the muscles. A man engaged in intellectual work can rest his brain during the day by turning to some other pursuit, and does not therefore require an increased amount of sleep ; but one occupied in physical labour must proportion his sleep to the amount of daily strain imposed on his muscular system.

Intense study drives away slumber ; prolonged muscular toil makes it impossible to keep the eyes open. The result in the one case is due to the circulation in the brain becoming more active with mental effort ; and in the other to the increased blood-supply to the muscles producing a comparatively bloodless condition of the brain ; and this latter state is supposed to be always present during sleep. When people get into the habit of sitting up, it is no easy matter to break them of it ; and if they go to bed late they cannot rise early. It is said by the country

people that one hour's sleep before midnight is worth more than two after ; but as a matter of fact it is useless going to bed early and rising with the sun if the time be not well employed after getting up. The great thing to remember is that health is the most valuable of all earthly possessions and without it the rest are worth nothing.

In conclusion we may remark that although dirt is defined to be only 'matter in the wrong place,' we must remember that 'cleanliness is next to godliness,' and be prepared with soap and water to wage a vigorous war against the enemy.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

BY GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER VII.—AT THE UNITED SERVICE.

WHEN General Maitland returned a week later from the Métropole Hotel to High Ash, Petherton, it was with conscious rectitude and the sense of a duty performed that he remarked to his wife : 'Well, Maria, I went to the club, and I've found out all about that painter fellow.'

As a matter of fact, indeed, it was with no small persistence that that gallant soldier had prosecuted his inquiries in London town into the Linnell pedigree.

In the smoking-room of the Senior United Service Club, a few days after his arrival in town, he had chanced to light upon Sir Austen Linnell, the supposed cousin of their Algerian acquaintance. Sir Austen, a cold and reserved man, was very full at the moment of his preparations for going to Egypt to join Gordon at Khartoum by special invitation. Those were the days of the forlorn hope, while communications up the Nile were yet clear, before the Mahdi's troops had begun to invest the doomed city ; and Sir Austen had obtained leave, he said, to accept a call from Gordon himself to form one of his staff in the capital of the threatened but still unconquered Soudan. This was the very moment for inquiring, clearly. General Maitland fastened himself upon Sir Austen with avidity, and listened patiently to all his details of the outfit he ought to take for the Upper Nile journey, and of the relative advantages of the rival routes via Assouan or Suakim to the heart of Africa. At last, Sir Austen paused a little in his narrative ; and the General, thinking an appropriate moment had now arrived, managed to remark casually : 'By the way, Linnell, we've a namesake of yours stopping down at Petherton just at present. I wonder whether he and you are any relations.'

Sir Austen's brow gathered slightly. 'A painter fellow ?' he asked with a contemptuous intonation.

'Well, he certainly paints,' the General answered, with some faint undercurrent of asperity in his tone, for he didn't quite care to hear a possible son-in-law of the Maitlands of High Ash thus cavalierly described ; 'but I'm not sure whether he's a regular artist or only an amateur. I think he paints for amusement chiefly. He seems to be coiny. Do you know anything of him ?'

'I've heard of him,' Sir Austen replied curtly, perusing the ceiling.

'His name's Austen Linnell too, by the way,'

the General went on with bland suggestiveness. 'Charles Austen Linnell, he calls himself. He must belong to your family, I fancy.'

Sir Austen raised his shoulders almost imperceptibly. 'A' Stuarts are na sib to the king,' he answered oracularly, with the air of a man who desires to close, offhand, an unseasonable discussion. And he tapped the table as he spoke with one impatient forefinger.

But General Maitland, once fairly on the scent, was not thus to be lightly put down. He kept his point well in view, and he meant to make for it with soldierly instinct in spite of all obstacles. 'The man has money,' he said, eyeing Sir Austen close and sharp. 'He's a gentleman, you know, and very well educated. He was at Christ Church, I imagine, and he travels in Africa.'

'I daresay he has money,' Sir Austen retorted with a certain show of unwonted petulance, taking up a copy of 'Vanity Fair' from the table, and pretending to be vastly interested in the cartoon. 'And I daresay he travels in Africa also. A great many fellows have money nowadays. Some of them make it out of cats'-meat sausages. For my own part, I think a sort of gentlemanly indigence is more of a credential to good society at the present day than any amount of unaccountable money. I know I can never raise any cash myself, however much I want it. Land in Rutland's a drug in the market, to be had for the asking. If your friend wants to rent an ancestral estate, now, on easy terms, on the strength of a singular coincidence in our Christian and surnames, I shall be happy to meet him through my agent any day with a most equitable arrangement for taking Thorpe Manor.' If he chose to live in the house while I'm away in Africa (where those confounded Jews can't get at me anyhow), he might make a great deal of social capital in the county out of the double-barrelled resemblance, and perhaps marry into some good family, which I suppose is the height of the fellow's ambition.' And Sir Austen, laying down the paper once more, and puffing away most vigorously at his cigar, strode off with long strides, and without further explanation vouchsafed, to the secure retreat of the club billiard-room.

His reticence roused General Maitland's curiosity to almost boiling-point. 'A' Stuarts are na sib to the king,' Sir Austen had said; but he had never explicitly denied the relationship. Who could this painter Linnell really be, then; and why should the putative head of his house speak with so evident a mixture of dislike and envy about his supposed fortune? The General was puzzled. He looked around him with a comical air of utter despair, and roped his gray moustache to right and left in sore perplexity.

As he gazed round the room, airing his doubts visibly, his eyes chanced to fall upon old Admiral Rolt, seated on a divan in the far corner, and looking up from his perusal of the 'Piccadilly Gazette' with a curious twinkle about his small fat pigs'-eyes. General Maitland nodded a cursory recognition: and the Admiral, laying down his paper nothing loth, in the midst of a brilliant and vehement leader on the supineness of the service and the wickedness of the Administration, waddled across the room on his short fat legs slowly to meet him. 'You were asking Linnell about that

Yankee cousin of his,' he said with his oily gossipy smile—for the Admiral is the licensed tattle-monger of the Senior United Service. 'Well, if you care to hear it, I know that story well from beginning to end. Seen it all through from the day it was launched. Met my old shipmate, the painter fellow's father, in Boston long ago, when I was cruising about on the North American station, and gave him a lift once to Halifax in the old wooden *Bellerophon*, the one that was broken up after Bosanquet's haul-down, you recollect, when I got my promotion. Knew all his people in Rutland, too, from the time I was a baby; and the lady as well: dear me, dear me, she *was* a clever one. Best hand at a page or a saucy chambermaid I ever saw in my born days; and as full of cunning as Canton is of Chinamen.'

'Then they *are* related?' the General asked cautiously.

'Related! Who? Linnell and the painter? My dear sir, I believe you. First-cousins, that's all: own brother's sons: and unless Sir Austen has a boy of his own before he dies, you take my word for it, that lame painter man's the heir to the baronetcy.'

'You don't mean to say so!' the General cried, surprised.

'Yes, I do, though. That's it. You may take my word for it. Very few people nowadays know anything about the story—blown over, long ago, as things do blow over: and Linnell himself—Sir Austen, I mean—won't for a moment so much as acknowledge the relationship. It's not in the Peerage. Linnell don't allow it to be put in—he disclaims the connection: and the lame fellow's a sight too proud and too quixotic to meddle with the family dirty linen. He doesn't want to have the whole bundle dragged to light, and Sir Austen blackguarding his father and mother in every house in all London. But if ever Sir Austen dies, you mark my words, the painter fellow'll come into Thorpe Manor as sure as my name's John Antony Rolt, sir. It's strictly entailed: property follows the baronetcy in tail male. Linnell's done his very best to break the entail, to my certain knowledge, in order to cut off this Yankee cousin: but it's no go: the law can't manage it. The lame man'll follow him as master at Thorpe to a dead certainty, unless Lady Linnell presents him with an heir to the title beforehand—which isn't likely, seeing that they've been over five years married.'

'But why does Linnell object to acknowledging him?' the General asked curiously.

'Well, it's a precious long story,' the old sailor answered, button-holing his willing listener with great joy—a willing listener was a godsend to the Admiral: 'but I'll tell you all about it in strict confidence, as I know the ins and outs of the whole question from the very beginning. It seems Sir Austen Linnell the elder—you remember him—the thin old fellow with the cracked voice who was once in the F. O., worse luck, and got us into that precious nasty mess with the Siamese about the Bangkok bombardment—well, that Sir Austen, the present man's father, had a brother Charles, a harum-scarum creature with a handsome face and a wild eye, who was a messmate of mine as midshipman on board the

Cockatrice. The *Cockatrice* one time was stationed at Plymouth, and there we all fell in with an awfully pretty dancing-girl, one Sally Withers her real name was, I believe, in private circles; but they called her at the theatre, if you please, Miss Violet Fitzgerald. So what must Charlie Linnell and this girl Sally do, by George, but get very thick indeed with one another: so thick at last that there was a jolly row over it, and Sir Austen the eldest, who was then living—not the F. O. man, you understand, but his father again, the Peninsular hero, who died afterwards of the cholera in India—came down to Plymouth and broke the whole thing completely up. He carried off Charlie in disgrace to town, dismissed Miss Sally Violet Fitzgerald to her own profession, spirited her away with her troupe to Australia, and made poor Charlie resign his commission, which he was permitted to do at headquarters on easy terms, to prevent some scandal about a forged leave of absence or something from the Port Admiral.

‘But then this man Linnell the painter isn’t’—

‘Just you wait and hear. That ain’t by any means the end of the story. An old sailor must take his own time to spin his yarn.—Well, Charlie, he settled down to a respectable life in town, and was pitchforked by his father into a jolly good berth in the backstairs of the War Office, and grew religious, and forswore the theatre, and took to getting up penny readings, and altogether astonished his friends and acquaintances by developing into a most exemplary member of society. Quite an evolution, as folks say nowadays. Some of us had our doubts about the change, of course, who’d known Charlie in the noisy old days on board the *Cockatrice*: but bless your heart, we said nothing: we waited to see what’d be the end of it all. In time, if you please, Master Charlie announces, to our great surprise, he’s going to be married; to a second-cousin of his, twice removed, the daughter of a Dean, too, an excellent match, down at Melbury Cathedral. So in due course the marriage comes off, the Dean officiating, and everybody goes into raptures over the bride, and says how wonderfully Charlie has quieted down, and what an excellent man lay hid so long under his brass buttons and his midshipman’s uniform. It was “West African Mission Meeting; Charles Linnell, Esquire, will take the chair at eight precisely.” It was “Melbury Soup Kitchen; Charles Linnell, Esquire, Ten Guineas.” It was “Loamshire Auxiliary, Charles Linnell, Esquire, President and Treasurer.” You never in your life saw such a smooth-faced, clean-shaven, philanthropic, methodistical, mealy-mouthed gentleman. He was the very moral of a blameless ratepayer. But under it all, he was always Charlie.’

‘And the painter, I suppose, is a son of this man’s and the Dean’s daughter?’ General Maitland interposed, anxious to get at the pith of the long-winded story.

‘Don’t you believe it,’ the Admiral answered energetically, with a small fat wink. ‘The Dean’s daughter had one nice little boy, to be sure, whom the present Sir Austen still acknowledges as a sort of cousin: but that’s neither here nor there, I tell you: he’s a parson in Northumberland now, the Dean’s grandson, and

nothing at all to do with this present history. About three months after that boy was born, however, what should happen but a party of strolling players comes round to Melbury, where Charlie happened to be stopping at the time with his papa-in-law, the Dean, and accepting hospitality from his revered and right reverend friend, the Bishop. Well, the Dean, who was a good sort of body in his way, was all for converting the actors and actresses; so he invited them in the lump from their penny gaff to a meeting at the Deanery, Charles Linnell, Esquire, the eminent philanthropist, to deliver a nice little fatherly address to them. Charlie made them a most affecting speech, and everything went off as well as could be expected till the very last moment; when, just as they’d finished their weak tea and penny buns, and Charlie was moving away with great dignity from the chair, which he’d filled so beautifully, what should happen, but a bold good-looking player woman, whom he hadn’t noticed in a dark corner, gave him a dig in the ribs, and called out to him in a fine broad Irish brogue—she’d played some Irish part when Charlie was stationed on the *Cockatrice* at Plymouth—“Och, Charlie, ohone, sure an’ it’s yourself’s the hoary old hypocrite! Don’t ye know me, thin, for your wedded wife, Misthress Linnell, me darlin’, fresh back from Australia?” And true enough that’s just what she was, as it turned out afterwards: for Charlie’d married Miss Sally Violet quite regularly at Plymouth half-a-dozen years before.’

‘What, bigamy!’ the General cried in almost mute surprise.

‘Ah, bigamy, if you choose to put an ugly name to it: that’s just about the long and short of it. But anyhow, there was a regular burst-up that very evening. In twenty-four hours Charlie had disappeared: the eminent philanthropic gentleman had ceased to exist. Miss Sally Violet, who *was* a clever one, and no mistake, and as handsome a woman as ever I set eyes upon, bar none, had got him straight under her pretty little thumb again: he was just fascinated, clean taken by surprise; and next week, it was all about over every club in London that Charlie Linnell had eloped with her from Liverpool for somewhere in America, and the Dean’s daughter was once more a spinster.’

‘What a painful surprise!’ the General said, constrainedly.

‘Painful? You may say so. Poor Mrs Linnell the Second, the Dean’s daughter, nearly cried her wretched little black eyes out. But the family stuck by her like bricks, I must say. Sir Austen the eldest declared he’d never acknowledge Mrs Linnell the First as one of the family, and he left what he could to Mrs Linnell the Second and her poor little baby, the parson in Northumberland. Meanwhile, Charlie’d gone off on his own hook to Boston, you see, with five thousand pounds, saved from the wreck, in his waistcoat pocket, unable to come to England again of course as long as he lived, for fear Mr Dean should prosecute him for bigamy; but with that clever little wife of his, the Sally Violet creature, ready to make his fortune for him over again in America. She hadn’t been there but a year and a day, as the old song says, when this new painter baby appears upon the scene, the

legitimate heir to the Linnells of Thorpe Manor. Well, clever little Mrs Sally Violet, she says, says she to Charlie: "Charlie, my boy," says she, "you must make money for the precious baby."—"How?" says Charlie.—"A pill," says Sally.—"But what the dickens do I know about pills, my dear?" says Charlie, flabbergasted.—"What's that got to do with the question, stupid?" says sharp Mrs Sally. "Advertise, advertise, advertise, is the motto! Nothing can be done in this world without advertisements." So she took Charlie's five thousand into her own hands and advertised like winking, all over the shop, till you couldn't go up the White Mountain Peak without seeing in letters as big as yourself on every rock, "Use Linnell's Instantaneous Lion Liver Pills." Podophyllin and rhubarb did all the rest, and Charlie died a mild sort of a millionaire at last in a big house in Beacon Street, Boston. This fellow with the game leg inherited the lot—the ballet-girl having predeceased him in the odour of sanctity—but I understand he made over a moiety of the fortune to his half-brother, the parson in Northumberland, Mr Dean's grandson. He said his father's son was his father's son, acknowledged or unacknowledged. And he for his part would never do another the cruel wrong which the rest of the world would be glad enough to do to himself if they had the opportunity.

'That was honourable of him, at anyrate,' the General said dryly.

'Honourable of him? Well, yes, I grant you that; honourable, of course, but confoundedly quixotic. The fellow's all full of this sentimental nonsense, though. He won't lay claim to the heirship to the baronetcy in the Peerage, it seems, because the other son's well known in England, and he won't brand his own half-brother with bastardy, he says, whatever comes of it. His own half-brother, by the way, the parson in Northumberland, though he owes his fortune to him, hates him like poison, and would brand him with bastardy or anything else as soon as look at him. And then he's got ridiculous ideas about his money generally: doesn't feel sure the paternal pills ever did any good in the world to anybody to speak of, though I believe they're harmless, quite harmless, and I used to take them myself for years on the North American Station, where one needs such things in the hot season. But this young fellow has doubts as to their efficacy after all, it seems, and is sensitive about the way his money was made: says he holds it in trust for humanity, or some such high-falutin' new-fangled nonsense, and would like to earn his living honestly if he could by his own exertions. Charlie sent him over to be educated at Oxford (though of course he couldn't come himself), as he wanted to make an English gentleman of him. He spends the best part of his fortune in charity, I believe, encouraging people he thinks should be encouraged, and pensioning off everybody who suffered in any way however remotely by his father's doings. He's quite quixotic, in fact, quite quixotic.'

'If he thinks it's right,' the General said quietly—for he believed in duty, like an old-fashioned soldier, and was not ashamed to deal in moral platitudes, 'he ought to stick to it.—But,' he added, after a short pause, 'if he were

to marry any nice girl anywhere, I expect he'd turn out much like all the rest of us.'

'Eh, what's that?' the Admiral cried sharply, peering out of his fat little black eyes like a wide-awake hedgehog. 'Marry a nice girl? Ah, yes, I daresay—if any nice girl can only manage to catch him. But the man's as full of fads and fancies as a school-girl. Suspicious, suspicious, suspicious of everybody. Thinks people look down upon him because he's lame. Thinks they look down upon him because his mother was only a ballet-girl. Thinks they look down upon him because his father ran away to America. Thinks they look down upon him because the Linnells of Thorpe Manor won't acknowledge him. Thinks they look down upon him because his money was made out of pills. Thinks they look down upon him for what he is and for what he isn't, for what they think him and what they don't think him. And all the time, mind you, knows his own worth, and doesn't mean to be caught for nothing: has as keen an idea of the value of his money, as perfect a sense of how much the world runs after seven thousand a year, and as good a notion of his own position as heir-presumptive to an old English baronetcy, as any other man in the three kingdoms. But the Linnells were always unaccountable people—most odd mixtures: and even Charlie, in spite of his high jinks and his barefaced hypocrisy, was chock-full of all sorts of high-flown notions, for all that. They say he loved the ballet-girl right through, like a perfect fool, and was only persuaded to marry the Dean's daughter at last by his father swearing she was dead and buried long ago at Plymouth. When I met him at Boston, years after, in the liver-pill business, there he was, billing and cooing with Miss Sally Violet as fondly as ever, and as madly devoted to this lame boy of theirs as if his mother had been a duchess's daughter.'

And later in the day, when General Maitland had retired to his own room at the Métropole, the Admiral was button-holing every other flag-officer in the whole club, and remarking, with his little pigs'-eyes as wide open as the lids would permit: 'I say, So-and-so, have you heard the latest thing out in society? Maitland's girl's trying to catch that Yankee artist fellow, Linnell's cousin!'

THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

ACCORDING to the Report of the official liquidator of the Panama Canal Company, published in Paris in August last, the total amount expended by the company was fifty-two and a half millions sterling. For this there is now practically nothing to show but a few rows of tenantless buildings at Panama, dismantled machinery, grass-grown cuttings, broken vehicles, and a full cemetery. What has been the cost in human life of M. de Lesseps' rash enterprise has not yet been estimated; but the extent of the pecuniary loss involved in it may be inferred from the fact that the liquidator values the assets of the company at only six hundred and forty thousand pounds!

In the meantime, then, it may be assumed that the project of a waterway across the Isthmus of

Panama must be abandoned, since M. de Lesseps has demonstrated, if not the mechanical impossibility, at least the financial impracticability of the route. But that does not mean that all idea of uniting the Atlantic with the Pacific by a navigable channel must be abandoned. On the contrary, the Americans, who always regarded the French scheme with doubt and suspicion, and who prophesied disaster when all seemed prospering, have been only the more incited by the failure of the Panama scheme to push on with their Nicaragua scheme; and it is this last which we now propose to explain.

Of course it is well known that for several centuries the idea has been entertained of a waterway across Central America, and among the many plans put forward from time to time, two routes have divided the favour of both geographers and engineers. The one, by way of the Isthmus of Panama, was attractive because there the dividing neck of land is at its narrowest. The other, by way of the river San Juan and Lake Nicaragua, has been approved because it offers fewer physical obstacles, and has the advantage of a natural waterway for a considerable portion of the distance. As early as 1550, a Portuguese navigator, Antonio Galvao, set forth some of the advantages of the Nicaragua route; but nothing was done for three centuries. In 1825, the republic of Nicaragua made overtures to the United States to co-operate in the construction of a canal; and from time to time since then, the attention of the Government and people of the United States has been directed to the scheme, especially since the opening up of California and the Pacific States has emphasised the need of a water-channel across America.

Without going into the history of the project and the negotiations attending the scheme, we may say that when General Grant was President he took it up with interest; and after he left office, he devoted his energies to get it carried through. General Grant was not successful, except in getting a number of surveys made; but the more M. de Lesseps went on spending money at Panama, the more did the eyes of the North Americans turn to Nicaragua. Finally was formed the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, which has now begun work.

What may be called the initial movement in this new enterprise was the expedition which left New York on the 25th of May 1889, and arrived on the 3d of the following month at San Juan del Norte, or Greytown, where is to be the Atlantic entrance of the Canal. Here the party landed on a sandy uninhabited coast, without harbour or shelter and with no communication with the outer world—two weeks' travel from the nearest telegraph station, and two thousand miles from the base of supplies. Here they began at once to run up a temporary town, with stores, and then to erect a telegraph in connection with the nearest station. Parties were then pushed forward into the forest to form camps and make roads for the transport of material and supplies along the proposed route of the Canal; and by the month of October following, the preliminary organisation was complete, and the work of construction was begun.

First of all, the Bay of Greytown had to be formed into a harbour, for ships had to anchor

two miles off the shore, and it was both expensive and dangerous to land heavy machinery on the beach by small boats. A breakwater was at once begun, and under its shelter dredgers were put to work to deepen the channel to the inner bay; and by the time these lines are in print, it is expected that vessels drawing twenty feet of water will be able to pass safely inside and discharge alongside the wharfs of the company.

In the meantime, permanent quarters for the engineers and staff have been erected, with all the needful storehouses, hospitals, and public buildings. Material has been imported for the construction of an aqueduct thirteen miles long, to supply Greytown and the neighbouring works with water. Some two miles of railway and seventy miles of telegraph have been erected. Steam excavators have been put up and set to work; and several miles of the route by the Canal have been cleared and made ready for dredging. For the rest, the rivers have been made navigable for small craft to facilitate the transport of plant and machinery, which is constantly arriving, and is being distributed along the route and set to work without delay. In an incredibly short time, a great enterprise, of which people in Europe seem to know little or nothing, has been got under-weight, and is being actively prosecuted.

Mr A. G. Menocal is the chief engineer of the Nicaragua Canal Construction Company, and to his several surveys and Reports we are indebted for particulars of the scheme. Mr Menocal's investigations extended, with intervals, from 1872 to 1885, and involved the examination of eight different routes between Lake Nicaragua and the Pacific, as well as of competitive plans on the Atlantic side.

In brief, it may be said that Lake Nicaragua, which is some one hundred and ten feet above the sea, is taken as the summit-level of the Canal; but in 1880 Mr Menocal was led to considerably alter the location of the line originally fixed on by Colonel Childs and others who had preceded him in the work of survey. He succeeded in taking out some of the curves and shortening the length of the Canal, while also decreasing the amount of excavation to be done according to former estimates. But before the company sent out material to begin the work of construction, there was yet another detailed survey, with the object of eliminating all doubtful elements, and arriving at an accurate estimate of the character, amount, and cost of all the work required for the completion of a canal adapted for the navigation of the largest vessels afloat, and for the maximum probable traffic.

All these precautions, and the business-like proceedings generally, show the American company in agreeable contrast to the rash enthusiasm and uncalculating optimism of the French company. It is not sentiment and lottery-prizes which incited and keep alive the American enterprise, but the true commercial spirit allied with the reasonable patriotic desire to keep the internal communications of the American Continent in the hands of the American people.

For two years and a half before the expedition left New York as mentioned, six land-surveying parties, one hydrographic party, and two boring parties, had been constantly at work, verifying

distances and levels, in cross-sectioning, locating locks, dams, embankments, railroads, drains, &c. The result of all this preliminary work has been to effect many improvements on the original plan, and to finally mark out the route which is now being followed.

On the Atlantic side, then, the Canal will begin at what was formerly known as San Juan del Norte, and is hereafter to be known as Greytown, where the river San Juan discharges the waters of Lake Nicaragua into the Caribbean Sea. Between the sea and the lake, however, navigation is obstructed by rapids, and also by the detritus brought down by the streams. On the Pacific side the terminus will be at Brito, which will be connected with the lake by two sections of canal and the basin of the Tola River. From each side the summit-level will be reached by three locks, but so placed as to secure the longest possible uninterrupted passage on the level. Thus, going from the Atlantic to the Pacific, the distance between the last upward and the first downward lock will be over one hundred and forty miles—a great consideration for rapid steaming.

The first nine miles from Greytown will be on the level of the sea, and practically a prolongation of the harbour. Then at about nine and a quarter miles the first lock will have a lift of thirty feet; the next lock, one and a quarter miles farther, will lift thirty-one feet; and the third lock, twelve and three-quarter miles from Greytown, will lift forty-five feet. After this, some low clay-hills have to be cut through until San Francisco Creek is reached. This is a portion of the river San Juan; and it is proposed to throw a dam across the mouth of the creek, so as to form it into an artificial lake from thirty to fifty feet deep.

A double purpose will be served by this embankment, for the passage of the rapids will be avoided; and the waters of the rapids will be utilised to deepen the river San Juan back to Lake Nicaragua. In fact, from the San Francisco Creek to the lake the river will be the channel, and will be converted into an extension of the lake. Thus, from the creek, vessels will steam uninterruptedly up the river, and across the lake as far as the river Lajas, where the Pacific portion of the Canal begins on the west shore of the lake.

The valley of the Lajas will be utilised as far as possible in deporting vessels from the lake to the Pacific Ocean. The descent is gradual, and will be effected by three locks. The first two (numbers four and five in sequence) will be pretty close together, and will lift, or lower, forty-two and a half feet each. The third (lock number six) is a mile and a half farther on, and lowers between twenty and thirty feet, according to the state of the tide. Between number six lock and the port of Brito, indeed, is a distance of only half a mile on the sea-level, and for this distance the Canal will be only an extension of the harbour, as at the Greytown end.

Brito, however, is not yet a harbour—it is only a roadstead. The company, therefore, design a breakwater nine hundred feet long, extending from a rocky promontory projecting from the beach at the western extremity of the range of hills, and a jetty eight hundred and thirty feet long. The deep water formed by these jetties

will be the proposed harbour; but this will be enlarged by excavating the alluvial valley so as to form a broad and deep basin three thousand feet farther inland than the present shoreline. From the inner side of this basin the Canal up to the first sea-lock will be an extension of other three thousand feet.

One thing in favour of the company is that the whole line of the Canal is well supplied with timber of excellent quality. That on the eastern division may be only suitable for temporary works during construction (as trestles, huts, &c.); but that on the western division is deemed suitable for all purposes. The rock needed for the dams, weirs, and embankments will be obtained from the adjacent cuttings through basalt and trap. Limestone for lime is also procurable in the western division, and fine clean sand is abundant in all the streams.

Then as regards water—Lake Nicaragua has a surface area of 2600 square miles and a watershed of 8000 square miles. The daily discharge by the lake in the wet season has been estimated at 1,272,530,600 cubic feet per day; whereas the requirements of the Canal will not exceed 140 million cubic feet per day, so there is plenty of margin.

The total length of the waterway from ocean to ocean will be 169½ miles; but of this, 121 miles will be unimpeded navigation in the river and lake, and 21½ miles in basins. There will thus be a distance of over 142 miles which vessels will be enabled to traverse at full speed. The length of actual excavated Canal will be altogether only about twenty-six miles, and eighteen miles of that will be wide enough to enable vessels of the largest size travelling in opposite directions to pass each other. The contracted portions are short lengths at each extreme end of the summit-level.

Allowing for the Canal portion the same speed as large steamers average on the Suez Canal; for medium speed on the river and basins; and for ten miles an hour across the lake—the total time of transit from harbour to harbour, including detention at locks, will be twenty-eight hours.

The traffic, of course, will be largely affected by the time required for a vessel to pass a lock. Taking forty-five minutes as the estimate for the lockage, and one vessel at a time, the locks could put through thirty-two vessels in one day, or 11,680 per annum. This, at the average tonnage of vessels using the Suez Canal, would give the working capacity of the Nicaragua Canal as equal to over twenty millions of tons per annum, a total never likely to be reached in our time.

Not much faith was rested on M. de Lesseps' estimate of possible traffic across the Panama Canal; but competent authorities think that six million tons per annum can be safely reckoned on to begin with, provided the transit-dues are not made too onerous to divert ocean traffic from the Cape Horn route, or some of the railway traffic from the northern Continent. Six millions of tons at ten shillings per ton ought to yield a revenue handsome enough to provide for maintenance and renewals, and also a fair return on the capital invested. We are not aware what dues the Nicaragua Company intends to impose, nor whether ten shillings per ton is a burden which would be compensated in interoceanic

traffic by saving of time and insurance; we merely give the rough estimate as suggestive of possible revenue.

With regard to the cost of construction, this will be comparatively little to what the Panama Company have thrown away. Some three miles in the eastern division have to be cut through solid rock at a cost of about twenty-two per cent. of the whole cost of the Canal; there will be some more expensive cutting in the western division; but of the twenty-six miles of constructed Canal, more than twelve miles will be made by simple dredging at sea-level. A considerable portion of the cost of such a work is in the transportation of machinery and appliances, and in the provision and transport of employees. Labour will have to be imported from the Central American and Gulf States, and this will be a heavy item of expense. But the climate, unlike that of the Isthmus of Panama, is salubrious, and in places exceptionally delightful, as the members of the survey-parties have thoroughly tested by long years of residence and exposure.

Thus, then, to sum up in the words of Mr Menocal, the engineer-in-chief—'It is believed that with an intelligent and business-like management, the Canal can be completed in six years for the work of actual construction, and one year in making the necessary preparations to commence active operations, and that the total cost will not exceed 90,000,000 dollars (say £18,000,000 sterling) exclusive of banking commissions, interest during construction, and other expenses not included in the engineer's estimate.'

It is not our business to criticise this calculation, even if we had the material for doing so. Our purpose is simply to describe the scheme and its progress. But one thing in its favour is the long and patient investigation which has preceded it, and another is the absence of promoter's profits which marred the Panama scheme from the very outset. In short, the American engineers seem to have been as cautious and minute as the French engineers were careless and vague. They are going about the matter as if they had no doubts of success; and we do not see why they should have any, from a mechanical point of view at any rate. Political and financial considerations may disturb later.

THE RING AND THE BIRD.

By C. G. FURLEY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

It is about ten years since I went to live at Mrs Gretton's. I am an architect; my office was in Southampton Street, and is there still; you can see 'F. Laurence, F.S.A., Architect and Surveyor' on my door-plate any day; and it chanced just then that it suited me better to live in Bloomsbury than in the suburbs. I was writing a book on the old City churches, not by any means with a view to fame, but only as an advertisement of my qualifications which might catch the eye of the building trade; and it was convenient to be within easy reach of my subjects, and also to be so near my office that I

could run round for an hour's work in the evening when I felt inclined.

I was certainly fortunate in lighting on Mrs Gretton's. She lived in one of those long dull Bloomsbury Streets where nearly every house displays a card with the inscription, 'Board and Apartments.' Mrs Gretton's did not; but having called in succession at six houses that did, I rang her bell without noticing the omission. It was fortunate I did so, for more reasons than the simple one of personal comfort. But I certainly imperilled my chance of effecting an entrance into the cleanest and most comfortable house I had seen that day by asking the landlady if she had any lodgings to let.

'No, sir; I have not,' she replied stiffly. 'I do not let lodgings. I am willing to receive ladies and gentlemen of good character and social standing as members of my family, for my daughter and I find this house larger than we require for ourselves; but only as boarders. I do not let lodgings.'

This suited me well enough. A slice of the family joint is usually more appetising than a lonely chop; I really prefer to have a little society, especially at my meals; and Mrs Gretton, though she showed the nervous determined gentility of one who 'has seen better days,' was evidently a lady. Having given her what she considered to be sufficient guarantees of my character and social standing, I took up my abode in her house. She was an officer's widow, and her real reason for taking boarders was the desire to keep her little pension intact for her daughter Louisa. To lay by enough for Louisa to save her from ever having to work for her living, to accumulate a dowry for Louisa, if the Fates were kind and sent an eligible husband in her way—these were Mrs Gretton's ambitions. Meanwhile, Louisa would perhaps have been better pleased if her mother had thought less about the future and allowed her more pocket-money now.

She was a pretty girl, and dressed wonderfully well, considering her means; but she was discontented. The life of Bloomsbury galled her—its petty domestic duties, its dusting, its pastry-making, its monotony. On summer afternoons she would walk up to Hyde Park and sit in one of the penny chairs, watching the carriages and the riders, and saying that she ought to be among them, that if her father had lived she would have been. And so home again with a headache, and the consciousness that the hat she had trimmed for herself with such care had not the touch of Bond Street after all.

'Agatha is better off than I am,' she would say to her mother discontentedly. 'She has more money in her pocket, and she knows what her future is to be.'

'Hush, my darling,' poor Mrs Gretton used to answer to this plaint. 'You ought to pity poor Agatha—forced to go out and fight the world,

and with no prospect of anything better. It's so bad for a woman, makes her so independent and unfeminine. I am sure Agatha would have been much gentler and more clinging—as a lady should be—if she hadn't lived so long in lodgings with that wretched brother of hers. But I hope that now she has our society and your example, my child, the softer side of her nature will come to the front.'

I overheard this conversation, and it both amused and astonished me. Agatha March was not of a clinging nature, but I had not thought her unfeminine; and, moreover, I could imagine means of developing the softer side of her nature more efficacious than Louisa Gretton's example. In fact, I had already some such in my mind.

Agatha was Mrs Gretton's niece. She was perhaps rather too fond of styling herself a working woman, and I think she did so chiefly with a view to shocking her aunt, who could not get over the idea that any work done outside the realm of home was unlady-like and derogatory.

'Don't call yourself a working woman, my dear,' Mrs Gretton cried. 'It sounds as if you were a factory girl. You are a young lady whom family circumstances compel to give lessons in art—which is quite nice and lady-like, though I wish it was flowers or something pretty, and not those dirty street-boys. And you teach in a nice College with a Princess for its President; and I really think—yes, Agatha, I do—that you are insulting Her Royal Highness in calling yourself a working woman.'

'My dear aunt, don't deprive me of my proudest title, even to oblige the Princess, who, by the way, has never entered the College since the day she opened it,' said Agatha loftily. She knew how her aunt regarded her opinions, and, as I say, liked to shock her. Girls of the type of Agatha March often like to shock their aunts; they have broken the bonds of those conventions that tend to fill our towns and villages with wasted futile lives, and in the first joy of their freedom they would, or think they would, break all laws whatsoever. They will talk of marriage in a way to make your hair stand on end; they will resent your suggestion that all Anacreon wrote is not suited for their reading; they will cry out against the absorption of women in the narrow things of home, and spend a watchful night by the cot of a sick child, not necessarily their own—ay, even though they are pledged to deliver a lecture on women's suffrage on the following day; they are more full of exquisite inconsistency than ever woman was since time began. God bless them, these women of our day! Independent, intellectual, impatient of control, they are women, first and last.

These three ladies constituted the Gretton ménage when I first entered it. Shortly afterwards another member entered the family, to whom I must dedicate a few words. This was the parrot. Why Mrs Gretton, whose house-

wifely soul loathed dogs and cats so strongly, bought that bird I do not know. Perhaps because she was so much elated by a letter she had received that morning from Colonel Farrer—an old friend of her husband's, she was careful to inform me—who was coming home from India, and had asked if she could take him as a boarder for a short time.

'And really,' she explained to me, 'when I thought of seeing the dear Colonel again—a man who moves in the society I have been accustomed to, you know, Mr Laurence—and the poor animal looked so dejected and miserable, and the man who brought him to the door only wanted half a crown, and I thought perhaps the Colonel would be accustomed to parrots in India, and—oh dear!—I really couldn't help buying it.'

The reasons for the purchase were perhaps rather confused, but none of us analysed them too carefully, for somehow that parrot became a sort of centre round which the household converged. We all petted it; even I, who am no bird-lover, took an interest in its doings, and strove to educate it according to the best traditions of the parrot school; teaching it such phrases as, 'Who killed Cock Robin?' 'Polly, put the kettle on,' and in imitation of Sterne's starling, 'I can't get out; let me out.' Polly was a bird of intelligence, and picked up these sentences with wonderful rapidity. It practised them when alone and when no one was paying any attention to it, while at other times it would chatter vigorously in an unknown tongue, which I held to be the dialect of parrots, though Mrs Gretton, who was infatuated about the creature, declared it to be 'Sanskrit or Hindustani, or whatever they speak where it came from.'

'I believe you expect Polly and Colonel Farrer to hold conversations in Hindustani, Mrs Gretton,' I said once with sarcastic intonation, for of late our hostess had spoken of only two subjects, the intelligence of the parrot, and the greatness of the coming Colonel. But it was never any use to be sarcastic with Mrs Gretton; she always took one's words just as they were uttered.

'Well, why shouldn't they?' she said. 'I am sure it would be a great comfort to Polly to have some one who could talk to it in its native tongue. I remember a poem that I learned when I was at school about a parrot that spoke Spanish, and, though it learned English, was comforted on its deathbed—that is, when it was dying—by a sailor coming and speaking Spanish to it. Of course Polly will enjoy talking to the Colonel.—Won't oo, my pretty pet?'

She went up to the cage, and began cooing to the bird in that mysterious lingo which women mostly keep for babies. But the babies usually take no interest in the sentences addressed to them, whereas Polly, when questioned about his desire to talk to the Colonel, winked and nodded and squawked out, 'Try it on, try it on'—he was a very slangy parrot!—in such a knowing way that I could not help laughing.

Although Mrs Gretton behaved like a doting grandmother to her pet, Polly did not by any means reciprocate her affection; the object of his love was Agatha. He learned her name without any teaching, and would cry out 'A-ga-fa, A-ga-fa!' in his most joyful squeal whenever she entered the room. When, after a fortnight's

domestication, we began to let him leave his cage and move about the room, his great delight was to sit on her shoulder and rub a caressing head against her neck. How I envied the parrot at that time. Had my opinion of him then been what it is to-day, I have no doubt I should have been abominably jealous; though I must say that Polly always treated me with the utmost courtesy, and seemed in no way displeased that I should share his opinion of Miss March.

I admired Agatha March; I have always admired women who can stand alone. Such an admiration is, however, perfectly compatible with a desire that they—or at least some one among them—should not stand alone a moment longer than is necessary. There may be a certain cowardice in preferring to support strength rather than weakness; but in the vicissitudes of life a time is sure to come when the courage and capacity of the woman he loves shall be a man's salvation. To some, perhaps, the burden of a helpless wife may bring inspiration; but, for me, let me have a companion who can understand the struggle, a fellow-worker who can share the aspiration and the effort; a queen, whose clear eyes can judge the labour, whose hand can give the award.

I persuaded Agatha to accompany me in my wanderings among the City churches. She had sufficient knowledge to be an intelligent companion, and she had sympathy and insight—that touch of inspiration which generally goes with the higher grades of womanly intellect. While I studied a carving or a brass, she would draw from the inscriptions on the tombstones such hints of the lives of those who lay below as made the dead congregations live again—gray evanescent figures half seen in the dusty sunlight. Louisa Gretton came with us once, but she did not care for the sights we saw. The churches were dull, empty, and cold; they lacked the colour and variety she craved; and Agatha and I were glad to be rid of her discontented face and restless presence. Had she been a pleasanter companion, it is quite possible we would not have desired her more; there comes a time when all companions save one are wearisome and dull. Oh those hours among the dusty pews and worm-eaten pulpits, those walks along the crowded city streets! Don't tell me about flowery meadows and country lanes. Were I to go a-courting again, I would still choose the magic hills and dales of Holborn and Cheapside. The crowd threatens to jostle your lady, and you venture to take her arm—unreproved. Could you do that under the hawthorns? The stumbling words that would seem so flat against a blackbird's thrilling song are eloquence itself when uttered through the dull murmur of London traffic. Hearts press closer to each other in the stress of the throng; the constant risk of being parted makes union more desired. Give mountains and lakes and 'scenery' in general to those who need them; but my garden of romance lies in the busy Strand, in forgotten courts by Cornhill and Lombard Street, and in the gray silent Bloomsbury Squares.

Perhaps my book progressed but little during those days, although my studies for it were so persistent; but that really did not matter, for in time I hoped to have Agatha's help, and then we should get on quickly enough. But let me admit

that meanwhile I wrote hardly a line, and that I spent some of the money I had set aside for the publication of my 'magnum opus' in the purchase of a diamond ring for my betrothed.

Mrs Gretton and Louisa were very civil when Agatha and I came home one day and said we were engaged; very civil and congratulatory—and yet—Now, is it not strange! Louisa Gretton did not care a straw for me; her mother would certainly not have allowed me to marry her daughter without letting me know how unworthy I was of such a boon; and yet I could see they felt a little hurt that I loved Agatha. I believe there are some women who would carry etiquette to such a point that they would like a man, purely as a matter of courtesy, to propose to all the women who won't have him before asking the one who will.

'To think of you getting engaged, Agatha!' said Louisa, with a smile that was not sweet. 'I thought you despised marriage and all that.'

'Did you?' answered Agatha in an elaborately quiet tone, which I knew to be dangerous. 'You misunderstood me. I only despise the habit of regarding marriage as an easy means of getting a living, and shirking other work on the chance of it.'

Mrs Gretton had a reaction of kindly feeling after the first surprise, and even told me how glad she was that Agatha—who was quite alone in the world, poor girl; for that young brother of hers was worse than useless—should find a protector. But I doubt if Louisa felt much kindness.

We had been betrothed about a week, when, coming home one day, I noticed a subtle excitement pervading the house.

'What's up?' I asked Agatha.

'Have you forgotten?' she answered, smiling. 'The Colonel is coming to-day—auntie's own dear Colonel Farrer. Dinner is to be on a scale of unparalleled magnificence—salmon and lamb and gooseberry tart. Louisa made the tart and the custard. I do hope the Colonel is worthy of the efforts we have made in his honour. It will break auntie's heart if he is not a hero of romance.'

Mrs Gretton's illusions must have received a blow. The Colonel was not a hero of romance; he was a little, bad-tempered, red-faced man, who bolted his food and snubbed Mrs Gretton's attempts at civility. He was vain, I should say, judging by the elaborateness of his dress, the size of his watch-chain, and a really magnificent ruby ring which he wore on the little finger of his right hand, and which in the intervals of eating he constantly played with.

'Do take a little more tart, Colonel,' said our hostess; 'my daughter made it. Dear Louisa makes all our pastry. I think, you know, that it really requires a lady's light hand to make good pastry; and Louisa, though not one of those modern women who attempt all a man can do, is thoroughly acquainted with all womanly duties.'

'What an abominable row that bird is making!' answered the Colonel.

It was true. Polly was very obstreperous. He was dancing about his cage, flapping his wings and screaming, 'Let me out; I can't get out,' at

the top of his voice. We were used to his ways, but I have no doubt the Colonel found the noise very irritating.

Agatha turned to the bird. 'I'll let you out presently, Polly,' she said. 'Be a good bird now and don't chatter too much.'

Polly became quiet at once, ceased to flutter about his cage, and contented himself with murmuring 'A-ga-fa' at intervals. When we had finished dinner she released him. He at once fluttered to her shoulder, and there mounted, was carried up-stairs to the drawing-room, chuckling and cooing in Agatha's ear all the time.

While Louisa was making tea, her mother, undeterred by the Colonel's chilly manner, began to catechise him about his Indian career. 'For I know, dear Colonel Farrer, that you have seen service. I remember seeing your name in the newspapers lately—was it suppressing dacoits or protecting some poor oppressed creatures? Probably the latter,' said Mrs Gretton with a beaming smile; 'it would be so much more natural to you to protect the weak.—Do be quiet, Polly.'

Polly was again making himself audible, though not in a very objectionable fashion. He was creeping down Agatha's left arm now, saying, 'Who killed—who killed?' in an uncertain voice, as if he could not recall the remainder of the phrase.

'He is trying to remember "Who killed Cock Robin?"' I said. 'He hasn't managed to pick up that phrase very well.'

Polly paused to laugh in his shrillest tones, and then recommenced his march down Agatha's sleeve. To support him, she stretched out her hand, the hand on which her engagement ring gleamed modestly, and rested it on a little table on which her work-basket stood.

'Do tell us some of your adventures, Colonel,' Mrs Gretton went on. 'You must have had so many. Now, I am sure there is a romance connected with that beautiful ring you wear—such a splendid stone, I could not help remarking it!'

For once the Colonel looked pleased, as he twirled the ring on his finger.

'I suppose it is very valuable?' said Agatha thoughtfully.

'I should think so,' returned the Colonel. 'A good deal more valuable than that diamond you wear.'

Agatha's face crimsoned, and her eyes flashed. She withdrew her hand abruptly, somewhat endangering thereby Polly's precarious balance. But the bird fluttered back to her shoulder, and secure there, glared at the Colonel.

'Do tell us about the ruby,' persisted Mrs Gretton.

'Oh! I got it after a frontier disturbance—a thing, you know, that might have assumed serious dimensions if I hadn't nipped it in the bud. The natives pretended it was only a squabble between two religious sects; but these things always mean mischief—always. This ruby—ah—was in a sense the *casus belli*, so I—that is, it was advisable to remove it, and the Governor quite justified my action, so I retained it.'

'Just so,' murmured Mrs Gretton.

'Loot!' I remarked in a tone by no means subdued; but my criticism on the Colonel's proceedings passed unnoticed, for just at that moment

the parrot, safely perched on Agatha's shoulder, stretched out his head towards the Colonel and screamed in his most vindictive tones, '*Who killed Ram Asoka?*'

SPECTACLE GLASSES.

ALTHOUGH many opticians are in the habit of recommending various descriptions of glass for spectacles, there are in reality only two kinds—native glass or rock or mountain crystal, usually called pebble; and artificial glass. They also advise users of spectacles to have them of pebbles, as more beneficial to the eyesight, artificial glass being decried as heating and wearying the eye. The writer, who has now been habitually using spectacles for twenty-five years on account of short-sightedness, has had no such experience. Acting upon the advice of a first-rate oculist, whom he consulted, he purchased pebble spectacles, and he used them for years. Lately, however, requiring a pair of spectacles of a particular focus, he has taken to spectacles of artificial glass, and he finds that there is not the slightest difference, with the exception that the latter are only about half the price of pebble spectacles. This is a consideration in case of persons of limited means.

The perfection to which glass-making has now attained has rendered the use of artificial glass for spectacles practicable, and, seeing the advantages attaching to its employment, which it is the object of this short paper to point out, it is probable that it will ultimately entirely supersede rock-crystal. It was different, however, before the art of glass-making had attained its present perfection. The use of pebbles for lenses extends far back into the remote past. Sir Henry Layard found amongst the ruins of old Nineveh a polished pebble lens of a convex form of a focus of four inches, and a diameter of one and a half inch. It may also be assumed that the magnifying power of such lenses was well known to and utilised by the old cameo cutters in their difficult and delicate work. The price lists of opticians of former centuries contain the prices of pebble eye-glasses, and they are known to have endeavoured to improve the microscope by the use of crystals of precious stones. Besides rock-crystal, they made microscopic lenses of sapphire, ruby, garnet, beryl, topaz, and even of diamond. Diamond lenses for microscopes were warmly recommended by Sir David Brewster (1819), and made chiefly by Pritchard (1824). All these early efforts, after the marvellous development of the manufacture of glass, now belong to history. The greatest objection to the application of precious stones to optical purposes is their structure—the fact that, as crystals having two axes, they suffer double refraction, and it is this drawback which has to be taken into consideration when dealing with rock-crystal. This double refraction must greatly affect its optical application, and it can only be rectified to some extent by cutting the pebbles out of the raw material at right angles to the principal crystallographic axis.

Opera glasses with eye-lenses of rock-crystal have for some time past been made in Paris, for which great distinctness of image is claimed.

Closer examination, however, has proved that such eye-lenses are not only not better in that respect than those of ordinary glass, but mostly much worse, especially if they have not received the proper setting to the crystal axis. And if in opera-glass lenses the condition of cutting them out of the rock-crystal at right angles is neglected, this is much more so the case with pebbles for spectacles. As a matter of fact, in buying the raw material, the latter is sorted according to the use for which it is intended—for purposes of polarisation, prisms, &c.—and a certain quality suitable for cutting to axis selected for lenses and eye-glasses. But as it is known how irregularly the raw pieces of rock-crystal are formed, how its optical use is affected by cloudiness and 'cords,' or streaks, it may be easily guessed that in using this rather costly material the condition of cutting the axis at right angles cannot always be observed. As, lately, pebble glasses are being made on a manufacturing scale, in which the utmost utilisation of the raw material is the chief point aimed at, it follows that only a small portion is set at a crystallographic axis, and that rock-crystal is far inferior in its optical effect to ordinary glass.

It is very different with artificial glass as now manufactured for optical purposes. The ordinary white glass is made of a purity and freedom from colour which leaves little to be desired. But a greater degree of hardness might be imparted to it, especially if it is intended for eye-glasses without a frame. Besides colourless glass, however, a coloured raw material is made, chiefly intended for the protection of weak eyes. Formerly, green glass was much used for protective spectacles, and Arctic travellers have been very glad of them. But green glass extinguishes violet, red, and even blue rays, and causes objects to appear in dirty colours. Spectacles of blue glass, coloured with cobalt, are therefore to be preferred. Adams is reported to have been the first to recommend the use of blue glass; but they were at first more widely used in Germany, chiefly through the recommendation of the great oculist Gräfe, of Böhm, and others. The blue colour of glass is chiefly to be recommended because it absorbs those rays in their passage which belong to the yellow and orange portion of the spectrum, in which the greatest brightness and greatest heat are concentrated, and the eyes, especially weak ones, are consequently greatly protected by the blue colour, while rays which such eyes are able to bear obtain access. The material for blue glasses, which has to be made in various shades to suit individual eyes, is somewhat less hard than that employed formerly for green spectacles, and is also inferior in that respect to white glass, but it has gained in durability compared with former descriptions of glass.

Still greater is the progress recorded in the manufacture and hardness of 'smoked' glass, also used for protecting the eyesight. This kind of glass, which is coloured gray or mouse-coloured by the addition of manganese, formerly suffered from too great softness by the addition of a large quantity of lead; but the best manufactures now made are nearly equal to white glass in point of hardness. The object of smoked glass is to reduce the glare of light without segregating colours.

Spectacles are also made of intensively yellow glass, but the use of this glass is almost exclusively confined to glasses employed for firing purposes. Yellow glass extinguishes completely all other colours, and this is suitable in cases where distinctness of objects aimed at is of prime importance.

OX-EYE CAÑON.

A STORY.

THREE years ago I spent a week at Barkerville, in Cariboo of British Columbia, and a singular incident happened in which I had a part. I was with a Roman Catholic missionary, who had been sent from the south to look after certain of his fellow-churchmen in this remote and desolate little place. My friend was known in Barkerville, and was welcomed with a heartiness that showed how dull the unfortunate citizens found life in general in their isolated settlement among the mountains. He soon had a little programme of work mapped out for him. There were two marriages for him to solemnise; three little children had been born since the last mission visitation, and had therefore to be baptised; and if he would only consent to tarry two or three days, he was assured he would be able to brighten the last hours of a certain weather-worn and time-chastened old settler by promising to read the burial service over him at his grave.

A most forlorn place this Barkerville seemed to me in A.D. 1887. The sidewalks of its street were some six feet above the level of the roadway—so called by courtesy alone—which, when the rains descended, was a raging torrent, to be crossed only by light bridges. It was October when we were in the place, and they had already had their first severe frost of the season. The snow lay in the mountain hollows pretty thick. A thermometer of thirty or forty degrees below zero was, we were told, nothing out of the way as an experience; and the summer came so late and departed so quickly that the life seemed all winter.

The industry of Barkerville is gold-digging. That explains all. The few score scarred and wrinkled inhabitants of the town would have stayed here for nothing in the world but gold. And yet they confessed that the palmy days of Barkerville seemed quite gone. Not now, as in 1858, could they afford to give the mission priest a fee of two hundred dollars for performing a marriage ceremony. The gold pieces which they contributed at the mission collections were now very, very few. Existence, from being lively, had become flat. The river-beds and the rocks yielded them enough gold to keep them alive, but not enough to enrich them. Everything of merchandise was frightfully expensive, because of the difficulties of transport for more than three hundred miles over the mountains. Thus luxury was at a low ebb with them. I have seen more comfort among rough islanders of the North Sea than among these Anglo-Saxons of British Columbia, whose finds gave them an income of from two to five hundred pounds a year.

The yarns the veterans of the place had upon their tongues were of a kind to which the Californian writers have accustomed us. They

reeked of murder for gold, the pistolling of one man by another with as little remorse as if the man killed had been a dog instead of a human being, and of dark deeds done in secret for the sake of women as well as lucre. I daresay with a little tricking-up they could be made to appear delightfully romantic. Told as they were, however, in a wretched shed which passed as a tavern, with a dozen or more disappointed and indifferent miners, grimed and ragged, crowding round a big stove, smoking bad tobacco, spitting, and drinking rum, they did not have a very exhilarating effect. They all seemed to harp upon one key. Nature led those poor mortals dance after dance in quest of the gold: from river-mouth to river-source; from alluvial plains to mountain-tops: now humouring them with a prospect of wealth enough to turn their ardent heads, and now setting them face to face with death from starvation, though the gold pouches on their backs were heavy enough to gain them eternal credit from any baker in Christendom—and generally, at the end, snuffing out their lives before they could return to the homeland where wife and children awaited them.

'Sir,' said one old graybeard in a faded red and black check shirt—'you bet your life these here hills could tell some fine tales about them times. There's many and many a poor devil of a fellow been lost in them as I knows of, with and without his gold. The darned redskins ain't far wrong in saying they're haunted—that's my belief.'

'That's stale rubbish!' growled another, with an impatient start of his shoulders.

'Oh, you, Jeff Perkins,' observed the graybeard, with a thin smile of sarcasm, 'you'll never believe anything until you feel the worms biting you. Ox-eye Cañon's a joke to you, and always was.'

'Anyhow, I reckon, *that* spirit has been laid this many a day.'

'It may have been. And many a year, too, for it began to walk in '60, as I mind. But I call it infidelism, I do, to go setting your own little bit of mind against what we know to be true.'

This colloquy somewhat excited my interest. I asked if there was an Ox-eye Cañon ghost, or anything of the kind.

'There was,' said the old fellow; and then he looked amongst his mates, as if hesitant to say more. I did not press him; for I had seen enough of him to know that if he meant to tell the tale he would soon tell it without urging; and if he preferred not to tell it, no coaxing could make him tell it.

Well, two days afterwards, I was off among the mountains after wild goats. A Barkerville man and the priest's Indian servant were with me, the latter more especially for the sake of following bear, if we were so lucky as to hit a fresh trail. It was a lovely day—the sky blue and cloudless; and the air, they said, wonderfully mild for Barkerville. It was like a brilliant September day in old England: something very hard to beat. And so we were in excellent spirits, and clambered about among the pines and quartz rocks in very high spirits, and I, for one, determined not to mind very much if we got neither goat nor deer nor bear. As luck would have it, we sighted only two or three goats, and these two or three made off too fast for my gun. By lunch-time we were

very hungry, not a little tired, and considerably knocked about by the sharp rock-edges. We had wandered a good many miles.

'We are so near Ox-eye Cañon, that if you can hold on another hour, I'd like you to see it,' said the Barkerville man when I mentioned the luncheon basket.

'By all means,' I replied. 'But I thought it was nearer the town.'

'Oh no; or else, I reckon, Barkerville 'ud go into a pretty rapid sort of decline.—You remember the Ox-eye spirit, don't you?' (to the Indian).

The guide shook his head.

'Ah, well, if you don't, you ought. Fellows who do, describe it as a voice—mournful and sweet, you know, filling the cañon like an Æolian harp. For my part, I don't know what to think. I'm a bit spoiled in the spirit-way, because I never saw one, to talk to.'

We crossed a bold *arête* of white rock with not a single tree upon it, but with jagged peaks, snow-tipped, upon either side of the pass. Then we descended by a most dreadful slope of boulders, at as sharp an angle as a man may clamber down whole of limb. When we had got about half-way towards the broadish valley bottom beneath us, there appeared a dark rift in the mountain close under us to the left. At first, I thought it a natural tunnel. Later, I saw that it was not a hole, but a ravine, very narrow, with the cliff sides forming a wall not less than a thousand feet high upon either hand. The odd thing was that though at the mouth of the cañon the width between the walls was narrow enough, it was narrower still at the summit. There, indeed, it looked as if a man could have leaped across the frightful chasm.

'That's Ox-eye Cañon,' said my Barkerville friend. 'A nice gloomy sort of place, ain't it? However, we'll feed just outside in the sun; and afterwards, if you like, we can have a look at it.'

Our meal was soon made. We got through it the quicker because the Indian left us on a sudden, with a shout warning us not to follow him. He had some notion of catching game in his own way. The Barkerville man lit his pipe and stretched himself against a boulder.

'There's nothing in that cañon to see, after all,' he said, 'nothing worth the trouble, anyway.'

'Well,' said I, 'if you don't mind being left alone for a few minutes, I would like to have a look at it, since we have come so far.'

'Do so,' said he, well pleased to escape the task of cicerone. 'But mind the shafts—they're bad sort of places.'

It was by no means an easy piece of work, this clamber of mine into the pass. Road of course there was none. There was a slip of a river in the bed of the cañon, with a rubble of rocks in it. And this stream was the highway—until I had gone about a quarter of a mile. Then, however, the ravine widened, and the walls on either side changed to rough slopes, with rocks in plenty about them, and here and there the wreck of a pine, which had lived a little while, and then died—probably because it wanted more sunlight and air than it was likely to get.

Something made me scramble up one of the slopes away from the water. The rocks stood on end here more like those of the Druids at Stone-

henge, than as if they had merely rolled from the overhanging cliffs at one time or another. Here I first discovered what my companion had meant by warning me against the 'shafts,' as he called them. Really, they were certain fissures in the ground, as if the heat of a phenomenal summer had parched the soil until it was fain to crack and gape with thirst. I all but slipped into one of them in my endeavour to climb over a particularly big boulder.

This lasted for about half an hour, until I assured myself that I could see to the other end of the cañon. It was certainly a forbidding place, and the night-chills already seemed to have entered it.

I turned to retrace my steps. But almost immediately I found myself on the edge of one of these fissures, in which I could see a gleam of something white. It was a cleft perhaps twenty feet in depth, with sides absolutely perpendicular. I looked again, and then had no doubt about it. The round white thing was not a stone, but the polished skull of a man. Then the tales I had heard in Barkerville recurred to me. Perhaps this poor fellow was one of the many miners who in the fifties had got their twelve or twenty dollars' worth of gold daily from Dame Nature. He had in time satisfied his lust for gold, and was returning to the south afoot and alone when—

At anyrate, the matter was worth investigating. It was not yet noon. We could spare an hour in getting this poor trapped corpse out of the earth in which it had been entombed as a living man. And, as fortune would have it, the Indian had been saddled with a light coil of rope for use in any climbing emergency during our pursuit of the goat.

The Barkerville man was loth to stir, but I persuaded him; and the Indian having returned, with the skin of a silver fox which he had snared in some uncanny native fashion, we all three soon found ourselves at the grave-side. I must say it went slightly against the grain to shift the unfortunate skeleton as we did. But it was just possible we might learn something of its identity when alive by hauling it up. And so, we made a noose and dropped it about the ribs, tightened the cord, and then brought the whole framework of bones to the summit as if it had been a bucket in a well. It was a framework of bones and nothing more. The teeth alone remained, strong and white and even, in proof that the poor creature was in the prime of life when he slipped of a sudden into the jaws of death. There was a clog of ice about the feet, which told of the temperature in the dreadful hole, and suggested that before dying the poor fellow must have suffered other agonies as well as those of starvation, and cramp, and a gradual loss of the hope of rescue.

We were looking at the skeleton and conjecturing about it, when the Indian broke into an exclamation and pointed down the pit. I did not catch his words, but the Barkerville man did. He, too, strained his eyes into the depths of the fissure; then he turned round toward me. 'The fellow is right,' he said. 'There is a little bag—a sort of satchel, you know—and some bits of stuff like rags. Anyway, we may as well get the bag out.'

But it was not an easy business. Again and again we tried to noose it, and always in vain. The 'Me go down, boss,' of the Indian came as a welcome proposition; for we had now no time to spare, if we were to be back in Barkerville by nightfall.

We hitched the rope fast to a rock, and let it hang into the hole. The Indian was soon down; and having cut the bag out of the ice, and looked about to see if there was anything else worth removing, but in vain, he came to the surface again, by no means with the ease he had descended.

The bag was initialled J. F. It was heavy and swollen. I suppose, therefore, no one of us was surprised when we opened it to find it crammed with gold-dust. There was further a piece of paper with some faint writing upon it, the interpretation of which was beyond us, both then and when we were back in the settlement.

We buried the poor fellow in another and much shallower 'shaft,' which we had no difficulty afterwards in half filling with loose soil. Then we made all haste homewards. It was weary work climbing and descending the mountains again; but we felt the fatigue a good deal less with such a subject for conjecture among us.

That evening there was some excitement in Barkerville. Every male adult in the place had heard the news, and crowded into the tavern for his share of information and the spoil. By right of possession we three might have kept the others at a distance from the bag of gold-dust, had we so chosen. But, for a wonder, my friend was not very avaricious; and the Indian was likely to be overruled. There were a hundred and twenty-seven ounces of dust in the bag, which were valued roughly at between four and five hundred pounds.

The saloon keeper did a rattling business that evening, on the strength of this contribution to the town's finances. It was observed, however, that while the other men were so jovial and excited, the old fellow whom I have already mentioned sat apart, with an expression on his face as if he were thinking profoundly. He had examined the bag closely at the first, and now and again he continued to look at it. Of this the others did not take much notice, until they began to play cards. Then one of them, with a strong word or two, remarked that old Pete was hatching some remarkable tale.

Old Pete heard the words. At the same moment, however, he slapped his thigh heavily with one hand and said: 'I have it. I thought I remembered something to do with a J. F.'

'Let's have it,' cried several of the others.

'He was knifed, and his name was John Ferguson; and they missed his ounces afterwards, so it was put down as murder.'

'Then this stuff'—began one of the others, and then stopped; while a doleful 'Oh!' sounded from several pair of lungs.

'Hang sentiment!' exclaimed one man bolder than the others. 'Or, better still, get the parson to bless it for us—that'll make it all right; and here he comes.'

The tale was soon told to my friend the missionary. It was really quite impressive to mark the eagerness on the faces of these rough-and-ready fellows while awaiting what he would

say in the matter. The fact that it was Ox-eye Cañon gold had much to do with their superstitious self-restraint.

The missionary was quite willing to give the gold his benediction; but before doing so, he reminded the Barkerville people so eloquently about certain vague promises they had made him to build a mission church, that it was very clear he did not mean them to have the gold all to themselves.

In effect, half of it was devoted to the church, and the remainder, duly consecrated, was divided among the townsmen. The share I received I wear to this day in the form of a somewhat massive flat locket, with a portrait in it.

As for the Ox-eye Cañon voice, very little wit was necessary to explain this. The luckless fellow who had first murdered John Ferguson, and then fallen into the 'shaft' in his attempt to get away scot-free, would be likely now and then to shout for help while life remained in him. The sides of his grave and the adjacent rock-walls no doubt made his voice seem most inhuman; and the sound of it would drift up or down the cañon like a cry shouted into a tube, until the very echoes had died away completely.

PHOTOGRAPHY AT NIGHT—A NEW DEPARTURE.

THE vast strides made of late years in every branch of the photographer's art are everywhere apparent; whilst, since the important day when the first dry plate was placed on the market a scientific and commercial success, the ever-increasing army of amateur workers in this fascinating pursuit bears ample evidence of the widespread interest and abundant popularity of this comparatively new branch of applied science. A further development—namely, photography at night—has now been so far advanced that it may fairly claim to have passed the experimental stage, and ere long cannot fail to command considerable attention and occupy a sound commercial basis.

As our readers are doubtless aware, sunlight or ordinary diffused daylight is essential for the impression on the sensitised plate of the object focused on it, gas or candle-light being powerless to produce such a result. The electric arc-light will, it is true, produce such a result, but is only available in exceptional circumstances, and then requires an exposure of some duration. Advantage has accordingly been taken of the fact that a flash of magnesium light is sufficiently powerful to effect an instantaneously desired object. Simple as such a solution of the problem of photography at night may appear at first sight, it has nevertheless taken a considerable time and many experiments before the arrangements were perfected, and the operator enabled to secure, with certainty as to immunity from failure, photographs of artistic excellence and commercial value.

The apparatus employed may be briefly described. On a tall vertical standard, placed so as to light the room as advantageously as possible, without of course itself appearing in the picture, are fitted some four or six arms, according to the size of the room; to each arm are secured two or

three lamps. The lamps are of special but simple construction, each having a circular wick fed with spirits of wine from a small reservoir. A receptacle beneath each lamp is filled with magnesium powder, a nozzle running up through the inside of the circular wick giving the powder a means of passage through the flame. Each magazine of magnesium powder is fitted with an india-rubber tube, the different tubes being ultimately brought together and connected, terminating in an india-rubber ball. The camera having been set up, the objects or group to be portrayed are duly focused, this being accomplished by means of a candle held near the object, it being otherwise impossible by lamp or gas light to see them in the camera sufficiently distinct to admit of accurate focusing. All being in readiness, the spirit-lamps are lighted, the lens uncapped; and the india-rubber ball being sharply squeezed, a blast of air is driven simultaneously through each lamp, forcing the magnesium powder through the flame, and a brilliant flash of illumination lighting the apartment, the desired picture is secured.

How wide a field the perfection of this new departure in photography opens out will be readily apparent. Banquets can now be successfully portrayed and evening assemblages of eminent personages perpetuated. Records can especially be secured of ballroom scenes, whilst in the case of those in which fancy dress is worn a brisk demand can hardly fail to arise for portraits which can be secured on the spot, without the trouble of subsequent journeying by daylight in character to the nearest photographer. Interiors of churches and other buildings now so dark as to be practically beyond the photographer's powers, can now be made amenable to his art; and a wide range of similar uses will readily present themselves to the minds of our readers, and there can be no doubt that this new branch of the 'black art' will ere long command very considerable attention.

STRENGTH AND LOVE.

HOPE not that many here
Will ne'er mistake thee,
Nor faint with sudden fear
If all forsake thee;
No friend or comrade need
To cheer thee to thy goal;
Others thy mind may read,
But not divine thy soul.

And if a friend, perchance,
Or maiden lover,
Who meets thy spirit's glance,
Thou should'st discover;
And if when hand touch hand,
Thy heart grow stronger;
And if thy soul demand
Silence no longer—
Then take thy fate divine;
Let nothing ever part
Or keep that other heart
From being one with thine.

H. W.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 372.—VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

OUR FIRST-COUSINS.

WHO does not know 'Sally' at the Zoo? This great educated Chimpanzee has been taught by her keeper to do many things which excite the wonder of the gaping crowd around her cage, the onlookers being especially surprised to see that she is able to count up to five. We have seen dogs taught apparently to count much larger amounts, and elephants are credited with considerable powers of calculation untaught; but we always expect more of the *Quadrumana*, because of their close simulation of humanity, and their possession of those adaptable hands, which we are accustomed to regard as the special symbols of capability.

There is, however, something 'uncanny' in the hand of a monkey; it is held out to you with such an air of demand; there is nothing deprecatory or beseeching about the action; it is always imperative; and if you, by mistake, seize it in friendliness, as that of a man and a brother, it is generally snatched from you with an angry chatter, as much as to say: 'I want none of your sentiment. Give!' It is not always food that is demanded, but something, no matter what, to gratify their acquisitiveness or love of mischief.

We once unintentionally excited the anger of a monkey at the Zoo by giving it something to which it had not been accustomed. In searching for scraps to put into the provision bag for a party of young people who were accompanying us to see the animals, we came across some macaroni, and the thought struck us that probably the monkeys might like it; and so some of them did; others did not attempt to eat it, but held it up to their eyes like a spyglass, to look through the little hole, then broke it, and examined each piece minutely. But a little girl of our party offered a piece to a monkey, who took it, tasted it, and did not like it; whereupon his fury knew no bounds: he seemed to think the child had intentionally insulted him, or had perhaps intended to poison him. He rushed at her, chattering, and trying to seize her

with those nimble fingers; shook the bars of the cage with impotent rage, and followed her all round the room vociferating angrily.

The Hottentots say that baboons can talk, only they will not, for fear they should be made to work; and there certainly is but little work to be got out of those cunning hands. Nevertheless, we read of some baboons who have been taught to do useful work. There was an obituary notice a year or more ago in all the Cape papers of one of these trained baboons, well known in the colony, who used to act as signalman on the railway, in place of his master, who was lame. The story was doubted by the English papers, who copied it; but we have met with many people who had seen the animal at his work. Mrs Carey Hobson, too, in one of her pleasant little 'South African Stories,' tells of a baboon who had come under her own notice, who had been taught to ride after a Dutch Boer as groom, and to dismount and hold the horse by sitting on the bridle when his master went into a house; and we have seen a troupe of monkeys of various kinds taught to do a great many curious tricks; but in these, again, they have been rivalled by dogs.

The monkeys we see in the streets are not usually interesting specimens; they jump about, crack nuts, and amuse children, and thus draw coppers from the pockets of mammas and nurses; but sometimes they show some originality. We were greatly interested, one day lately, by watching one of them. It was quite a small monkey, evidently young, and very active. Some one had given him a paper-bag; this he investigated minutely, picked out every crumb carefully, then tried to put it on his head as a cap; but suddenly an idea came to him. At a little distance there was a fox terrier barking at him; so Jacko thought he would try to frighten him. Seizing the paper-bag in his teeth so as to hide his face, he crept towards the dog on all-fours, and then jumped at him. The success of the manœuvre was complete; the dog turned, and ran away down an area with his tail between his

legs. Then the monkey skipped with delight, and proceeded to try the same experiment upon a cat, who lay basking on a window ledge. Climbing the area rails, he jumped most skillfully on the hindlegs (or hands!) over the spikes till he came opposite the cat, and sat down before her, still holding the paper-bag between his teeth. But the cat was not so easily frightened; she only made a hasty movement forwards and crouched, ready to spring. So the monkey sat still, apparently indifferent, put the paper-bag on his head, and tried to tempt the cat by swinging his tail in front of her, evidently prepared for a bit of fun; but the master not wishing to encourage a squabble, pulled the string, and made him return to his perch upon the organ. There was certainly originality in that monkey, as well as the usual love of mischief, notwithstanding the air of repression which must inevitably surround these little ministers to the poor organ-man's pocket. Apropos of which, we were told of one monkey who sought for a penny which had fallen unobserved, held it up to show the donor, whom he discriminated among many spectators, that he had found it, and then climbed up and put it in his master's pocket.

We have often wondered whether these street monkeys are kindly treated; but an incident we witnessed would seem to show that they are often petted and cared for almost like children. An Italian woman had a monkey and an organ, in the front of which was the monkey's bed. The little creature being tired, began to pull aside the covering, which the woman perceiving, immediately left off her organ-grinding, opened the bed carefully, and then placed the monkey in it as tenderly as though it had been a baby, fondling it and kissing it as she laid its head upon the pillow; and the way in which it received the caresses, and then shut its eyes and went off to sleep contentedly, was absurdly human.

Whatever may be the intelligence of tame or domesticated monkeys and baboons, the measure of their capacity must be judged by their actions in a state of nature. It has often been said that baboons will sit and warm themselves at a fire, but cannot be taught to put on a stick to keep it alight. Emin Pasha, however, declares he has seen them carrying torches; but most people think he must have mistaken the dwarf aborigines for baboons. The following account, however, given by an eye-witness, shows a wonderful amount of intelligent cunning in a wild baboon, even to the point of counting to a small extent.

As is well known, baboons always have a leader, whom they obey implicitly. A troop of baboons, led by an old male of great size, had for a long time done much mischief in a certain mountainous district of Cape Colony, so it was determined to shoot the leader. It was easy to resolve, but not so easy to do; for at the most distant sight of a man with a gun, the whole troop would vanish; whilst for unarmed men they cared nothing. The leader would march down the mountain defiantly, with a large bough in his hand, which he used as a stick, followed by the whole tribe, and commit terrible depredations in gardens and vineyards, destroy-

ing much more than they ate, but always keeping at a respectful distance from anything like an ambush. At last the farmers round determined to build a wall in a vineyard, and shoot the enemy from behind it. The wall was built, the baboons watching the operation from a safe distance, and coming down when the workmen were gone, to examine it minutely. It seemed also as though they were in the habit of counting; for if, by way of experiment, one man remained behind, no baboon ever put in an appearance. But at last man, the tyrant, contrived by superior cunning to outwit the baboon, who had certainly shown himself to be no ignoble foe. By introducing behind the sheltering wall an extra number of watchers, in batches of two or three at a time, with carefully-concealed guns, and then sending away the usual number, and repeating this manoeuvre several times, they succeeded in fairly puzzling the baboon, and were able to retain two armed men, until the leader, believing he had seen all his enemies safely off the premises, led his troop to raid as usual, and was shot dead; his followers rushing away helter-skelter in consternation, and carrying off the young to a place of safety.

It is not always, however, that monkeys and baboons forsake a wounded comrade. They will moan and weep over the dying in a manner so intensely human, that hunters used at one time to avoid shooting them, looking upon it as little short of murder. Especially is this the case when there are females with their young ones. If the mother be shot, the little one will cling about her, weeping like a human baby, will dip its hand in the blood and hold it up imploringly; whilst a wounded monkey will try to stanch the blood with its hand or with leaves, all the time crying and groaning in a way which is most distressing to a tender-hearted sportsman.

But of late, the depredations of baboons at the Cape among the lambs, which they catch and rip open in order to drink the milk found in the stomach, have hardened the hearts of the farmer against them; and he shoots them without compunction, especially as they now begin to eat the flesh of their victims, and seem likely, as in the case of the Kea parrot of New Zealand, to become true carnivora, instead of, as formerly, eaters of fruit and insects only.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER VIII.—GETTING ON.

IT must be frankly confessed that Linnell took an unconscionably long time in painting in the figure of that bewitching Arab girl in the foreground of his graceful Algerian picture. He arranged and rearranged the drapery and the pose till Psyche herself was fairly astonished at the exacting requirements of high art. Perhaps he had reasons of his own for being in no hurry over his self-imposed task: at anyrate, he loitered lovingly over every touch and every detail, and filled in the minutest points of the flesh-tints with even more than his customary conscientious minuteness. Psyche, too, for her part, seemed to like very well her novel trade

of artist's model. 'Are you tired yet?' Linnell asked her more than once, as they sat in the gloom of the bare little dining-room at the Wren's Nest together; and Psyche answered always with a smile of half-childish surprise: 'Oh dear, no, Mr Linnell; not the least in the world. I could sit like this and be painted for ever.'

To say the truth, she had never before known she was so beautiful. Linnell could idealise female heads against any man; and Psyche's pretty head came out on his canvas so glorified by the halo of first love that she hardly recognised her own counterfeit presentment. 'Do you always take so much pains with your sitters?' she asked once, as the painter paused and regarded attentively some shade of expression on her lips and eyebrows. And Linnell smiled a broad smile as he answered truthfully: 'Not unless I think my sitter very well worth it.'

'And in the East, who do you get to sit for you?' Psyche asked, looking up at him with those big liquid eyes of hers.

'Nobody so well worth painting as you,' the artist answered with a faint touch of his brush on the eye in the picture—he had just managed to catch the very light he wanted in it. 'Dancing-girls mostly, who sit for money, or Nubians sometimes, who don't veil their features. But in Lower Egypt and in Algiers, of course, you can't get most of the respectable women to show you their faces at all for love or money.'

Psyche hesitated for a moment; then she said timidly: 'Nobody has ever painted Papa. Don't you think some day there ought to be a portrait of him?'

Linnell started. 'Do you mean to say,' he cried, with a fresh burst of surprise, 'there's no portrait of him at all anywhere in existence?'

'Not even a photograph,' Psyche answered with a faint shake of her pretty head. 'He won't be taken. He doesn't like it. He says a world that won't read his books can't be very anxious to look at his outer features. But I think there ought to be a portrait painted of him somewhere, for all that. I look to the future. In after-ages, surely, people will like to know what so great a man as Papa looked like.'

'Then you have no fear for his fame?' Linnell asked, half smiling.

'None at all,' Psyche answered with quiet dignity. 'Of course, Mr Linnell, I don't pretend to understand his philosophy and all that sort of thing; but I don't think I should be worthy to be my father's daughter if I didn't see that, in spite of the world's neglect and want of appreciation, a man with so grand a character as Papa must let his soul go out in books which can never be forgotten.'

'I don't think you would,' Linnell murmured very low. 'And one of the things I like best about you, Psyche, is that you appreciate your father so thoroughly. It shows, as you say, you're not unworthy to be so great a man's daughter.'

He had never called her Psyche before, but he called her so now quite simply and unaffectedly; and Psyche, though it brought the warm blood tingling into her cheek, took no overt notice of the bold breach of conventional etiquette. She preferred that Linnell should call her so, unasked,

rather than formally ask for leave to use the more familiar form in addressing her.

'Papa would make a splendid portrait, too,' she said wistfully after a moment's pause.

'He would,' Linnell assented. 'I never in my life saw a nobler head. If only somebody could be got somewhere who was good enough to do it.'

'Wouldn't you care to try?' Psyche asked with an outburst.

Linnell hesitated. 'It isn't my line,' he said. 'I can manage grace and delicate beauty, I know, but not that rugged masculine grandeur. I'm afraid I should fail to do my sitter justice.'

'Oh, I don't think so at all,' Psyche cried with some warmth. 'You appreciate Papa. You admire him. You understand him. You recognise the meaning of the lines in his face. I think, myself, nobody could do it as well as you could.' And she looked up at him almost pleadingly.

'You really mean it?' Linnell exclaimed, brightening up. She was but an inexperienced country girl, yet her opinion of his art gave him more profound self-confidence than Sydney Colvin's or Comyns Carr's could possibly have done. He needed encouragement and the frank note of youthful certainty. No art critic so cocksure as a girl in her teens. 'If you think I could do it,' he went on after a pause, still working hard at the light in the left eye, 'I should be proud to try my inexperienced hand at it. I should go down to posterity, in that case, if for nothing else, at least as the painter of the only genuine and authentic portrait of Haviland Dumaresq.'

'You share my enthusiasm,' Psyche said with a smile.

'I do,' the painter answered, looking over at her intently. 'And indeed, I can sympathise with your enthusiasm doubly. In the first place, I admire your father immensely; and in the second place—he paused for a moment, then he added reverently—'I had a mother myself once. Nothing that anybody could ever have said would have seemed to me too much to say about my dear mother.'

'Did you ever paint her?' Psyche asked, with a quietly sympathetic tinge in her voice.

Linnell shook his head. 'Oh no,' he said. 'She died before I was old enough to paint at all. —But,' he added after a pause, in his most hesitating tone, 'I've a little miniature of her here, if you'd like to see it.'

'I should like it very much,' Psyche said softly. 'Nothings! nothings! yet oh, how full of meaning when sweet seventeen says them, with pursed-up lips and blushing cheeks, to admiring thirty.'

The painter put his hand inside the breast of his coat and drew out a miniature in a small gold frame, hung round his neck by a black silk ribbon. He handed it to Psyche. The girl gazed close at it, long and hard. It was the portrait of a graceful, gracious, gentle old lady, her smooth white hair surmounted by a dainty lace head-dress, and her soft eyes, so like Linnell's own, instinct with a kindly care and sweetness. Yet there was power, too, rare intellectual power in the ample dome of that tall white forehead; and strength of will, most unlike her son's, stood confessed in the firm chin and the marked contour of the old lady's cheeks. It must surely have

been from 'Charlie'—that scapegrace 'Charlie'—that Linnell inherited the weaker half of his nature: in the mother's traits, as set forth by the miniature, there showed no passing line of mental or moral weakness.

'She must have been a very great lady indeed,' Psyche cried, looking close at it.

'Oh no; not at all. She was only a singer—a public singer,' Linnell answered truthfully. 'But she sang as I never heard any other woman sing in all my days; and she lived a life of pure unselfishness.'

'Tell me about her,' Psyche said simply.

Her pretty sympathy touched the painter's sensitive nature to the core. His eyes brimmed full, and his hand trembled on the lashes of the face in the picture, but he pretended to go on with it still unabashed. 'I can't tell you much,' he said, trying hard to conceal his emotion from his sitter, 'but I can tell you a little. She was a grand soul. I owe to her whatever there may be of good, if any, within me.'

'An American, I suppose?' Psyche went on musingly, as she read the name and date in the corner, 'Boston, 1870.'

'No, not an American: thank Heaven, not that: a Devonshire girl: true Briton to the bone. She was proud of Devonshire, and she loved it always. But she went away to America with my father of her own accord in her effort to redress a great wrong—a great wrong my father had unwittingly been forced, by the cruelty and treachery of others, into inflicting unawares on an innocent woman—a woman who hated her, and for whom she would willingly have sacrificed everything. I can't tell you the whole story—at least not now. —Perhaps'— And he paused. Then he added more slowly: 'No, no; no, never. But I can tell you this much in general terms: my father had been deceived by his father—a wicked old man, my mother said, and my mother was a woman to be believed implicitly—my father had been deceived by a terrible lie into inflicting this cruel and irreparable wrong upon that other woman and a helpless child of hers. My mother, who already had suffered bitterly at his hands—for my father was a very weak man, though kind and well-meaning—my mother found it out, and determined to make what reparation was possible to her for that irretrievable evil. She never thought of herself. She never even vindicated her own position. She stole away to America, and was as if she were dead: there, she toiled and slaved, and built up a livelihood for us in a strange way, and wished that half of all she had earned should belong in the end to that other woman and her innocent child—the woman that hated her. Through good report and evil report she worked on still: she kept my father straight, as no other woman could ever have kept him; she brought me up tenderly and well; and when she died she left it to me as a sacred legacy to undo as far as in me lay the evil my grandfather and father had wrought between them—one by his wickedness, the other by his weakness. I don't suppose you can understand altogether what I mean; but I daresay you can understand enough to know why I loved and revered and adored my mother.'

'I can understand all, I think,' Psyche murmured low, 'and I don't know why I should be

afraid to say so.' With any other woman, the avowal might have sounded unwomanly: with Psyche, girt round in her perfect innocence, it sounded but the natural and simple voice of human sympathy.

Events take their colour from the mind that sees them. There are no such things as facts: there are only impressions. The story old Admiral Rolt had bluntly blurted out at the Senior United Service to General Maitland was the self-same story that Linnell, in his delicate obscure half-hints, had faintly shadowed forth that day to Psyche; only the mode of regarding the events differed. Between the two, each mind must make its own choice for itself. To the pure all things are pure; and to Admiral Rolt the singer of beautiful songs and the mother that Linnell so loved and revered envisaged herself only as a common music-hall ballet-girl. How far the scene at the Deanery and the Irish brogue were embellishments of the Admiral's own fertile genius, nobody now living could probably say. On the Admiral's tongue, no story lost for want of amplification. Perhaps the truth lay somewhere between the two extremes; but Linnell's was at least the nobler version, and bespoke the nobler mind at the back of it.

They paused for a moment or two in utter silence. Then Linnell spoke again. 'Why do I make you the confidante of this little family episode?' he asked dreamily.

'I suppose,' Psyche answered, looking up at him with something of her father's bold open look, 'because you knew you were sure of finding friendly sympathy.'

Their eyes met, and then fell suddenly. A strange tremor ran through Linnell's nerves. Was this indeed in very truth that woman who could love him for his own soul, apart from filthy lucre and everything else of the earth, earthy?

He looked up again, and hasting to change the conversation, asked of a sudden: 'How can I get your father to sit for me, I wonder?'

He was afraid to trust his own heart any further.

Psyche's eyes came back from infinity with a start. 'Oh, he'd never sit,' she cried. 'You can't do it that way. We must make up some plan to let you see him while you pretend to be painting something else, and he doesn't suspect it. You must get your studies for it while he knows nothing about it.'

'He might come in here while I paint you,' Linnell suggested with faint indecision, 'and then I could put one canvas behind another.'

A slight cloud came over Psyche's brow. It was so much nicer to be painted tête-à-tête with only an occasional discreet irruption from Geraldine Maitland, who sat for the most part reading French novels on the tiny grass plot outside the open window. 'I think,' she said, after a slight pause, 'we might manage to concoct some better plot with Geraldine.'

There's nothing on earth to bind two young people together at a critical stage like concocting a plot. Before that surreptitious portrait of Haviland Dumaresq was half finished—the old man being engaged in conversation outside by Geraldine, while Linnell within caught his features rapidly—the painter and Psyche felt quite at home with one another, and Psyche herself,

though not prone to love affairs, began almost to suspect that Mr Linnell must really and truly be thinking of proposing to her. And if he did—well, Psyche had her own ideas about her answer.

FLAG-SIGNALS AT SEA.

SIGNALLING at sea is a subject of great importance to every maritime nation, and of peculiar interest to the dwellers in our sea-girt isles. British merchant-ships are the principal ocean-carriers to the wide world. The red ensign of our mercantile marine and the St George's cross of the royal navy may be met with wherever it is possible for a ship to penetrate. We all scan eagerly the shipping news in the columns of our daily paper when friends are on their way to woo fickle fortune at the antipodes, on India's sunny shores, among the orange groves of malarial Florida, or in the fertile fields of Manitoba. The good ship bearing our loved ones sights another, under press of canvas, hurrying homeward across the trackless expanse of waters which joins the nations it divides. The passengers seeking new lands hasten on deck to gaze with mingled feelings at the strange ship heading for the land they love, but have been compelled to leave by sheer stress of numbers. It almost seems a second parting, and opens once again old wounds that time, the great healer, has not yet completely cured. Will they ever see the old homestead or the spires of their native town again? Would that she might heave-to for letters! This the stranger certainly will not do, as she is making the best of her fair wind, which may fail at any moment.

Nautical men, however, have conferred a lasting benefit upon their descendants by providing for such a contingency. Soon the curious passengers observe signals made from ship to ship by means of displays of various combinations of coloured flags of different shapes, which flutter in the breeze, and give the ships quite a holiday appearance; whereas previously they were as gloomy as a hearse, with not a glint of colour about their upper works. The signals are as unintelligible as cuneiform characters to the land-folk who are without the key. Information conveyed in this way is of universal application. If the homeward-bounder had been a foreigner, the signals would have been as readily understood. Each captain may perchance be utterly ignorant of the other's language. If they were on shore, conversation would only be possible through the medium of an interpreter, who would be master of the situation. English and French captains are seldom able to converse in any language but their own; Scandinavians and Germans are often polyglots. All barriers of race and tongue are swept away by the symbolic system of intercommunication. How is this? The answer is simple. Every ship is supplied with a key, or signal-book, containing the meaning of each signal arranged in dictionary form. These keys are printed in the language of the nation to which the respective ships belong. As we shall explain below, similar flags, bearing the names of the consonants, are used by all nations; and a signal-book of one nation is a translation in duplicate of that of another. Hence each captain speaks in

his own tongue by the flags; and the signal-book affords a direct translation.

The two ships proceed upon their opposite courses, and are soon hidden each from the other beneath the line of sea and sky by the intervening hill of waters. But this interchange of signals, or speaking at sea as it is otherwise termed, bears fruit. In a little while the homeward-bound vessel arrives at her destination; thereupon, her master sends a report to the London *Shipping Gazette* or to the *Liverpool Journal of Commerce*, and it soon filters into the dailies. Hearts at home are made more restful when anxious ones read that the barque *Glenlora*, bound from London to New Zealand, was spoken by the screw steamer *Tainui* in four degrees north twenty-eight degrees west. All well! This is especially welcome intelligence, when it is known that soon after she set sail a cruel cyclone crossed the Bay of Biscay just about the time when she was in those latitudes.

This is looking at the benefits of signalling from the point of view of passengers and their friends. How does it affect the mariners who man the merchant fleets of all nations? Dr Johnson has cynically defined a ship as a prison, with a chance thrown in of being drowned. We are not altogether of his opinion, but rather agree with the old sailor who gave up shore-service in disgust with its sameness. Some seamen, however, experience a certain sense of solitary confinement while making a long passage in a sailing-ship, be she ever so well built, manned, and provisioned. Charles Reade, in one of his realistic novels, has shown that deprivation of communication with our fellows is the curse of the solitary system. It is somewhat similar at sea. Our yarns become frayed out by spinning, our songs become monotonous, and the tame tournaments instituted for the amusement of the passengers fail to charm us. Even the excitement of a man overboard would be some relief from the daily routine. Gladly we avail ourselves of the presence of a strange ship to indulge in the mild dissipation of a friendly chat, by the aid of our deaf-and-dumb alphabet, where flags are substituted for fingers. What is her name? Where is she from? Whither bound? How many days out? When did she lose the trade-wind? All these and many more interrogatories may be administered to the stranger some three miles distant. Her duly deciphered answers form the theme of conversation for hours. She takes her turn at asking questions; and, like *Oliver Twist*, is not afraid to ask for more. Distance puts an end to the palaver; ensigns are lowered as the symbol of farewell; and we are once more alone, with nought in sight save sea and sky.

The total number of questions and answers which can be hoisted depends entirely upon the speed with which ships are separating, and the readiness of the persons signalling to determine the flags and pick out their meaning in the signal-book. It must be understood that wind is absolutely necessary to keep the flags spread out, as otherwise they would be indistinguishable. Talleyrand said that speech was given us to conceal our thoughts. This diplomatic dictum is untenable in the speaking of ships at sea. Occasionally, by accident, the signals get rather mixed. A short time ago, the harbour-master at Cape Town was

alarmed by the display of the two-flag signal NP at the mast-head of the screw steamer *Clan Gordon*. This, being interpreted, meant, 'Fire gains rapidly; take people off.' The steamer was partly laden with dynamite, so there was but little time to spare. He signalled her to heave up anchor, and hastened to her aid with a tug-boat. It was a *lapsus lingue* of the quartermaster, who had hoisted the flags. He had inverted their order. The hoist should have been PN, 'Want a steam-tug;' and no one was more surprised than he. Such a mistake would have been fatal in the following instance. Two ships were wending their way through the intricacies of the Torres Strait reefs. They were sailing in Indian file, the ship of lighter draught being ahead. She grazed a coral patch, could not stop, but quickly ran up KV, 'Starboard your helm.' Had she hoisted VK, her consort would have left her ribs to bleach upon the coral patch.

Quickness of signalling is sometimes the saving of life. The *Padishah*, Captain W. J. Minns, was in company with the Glasgow ship *Jessie Readman*, on the 21st of August 1883, in the northern tropic. Suddenly the Glasgow vessel hoisted her ensign, union down, and the flags HM, 'Man overboard.' Captain Minns steered into her wake, sighted the man, lowered a boat, picked up the shivering seaman, and within forty minutes hoisted, 'Man picked up; send a boat.' Signalling and seamanship had rescued a fellow-creature from a watery grave. He had fallen from aloft while reefing topsails.

Signalling by means of coloured flags has been of very slow growth. Permutation of numbered flags as a method of giving and obtaining information at sea was introduced not quite a hundred years ago. Previously, each flag was used singly, and its signification varied with the position of the ship at which it was shown. The same flag if hoisted at the main would convey a meaning different from that intended when displayed at the fore, or even in the rigging. The gallant Kempenfelt in 1780 had advanced to the use of flag symbols in pairs, but after a plan of his own. This was in the good old days when long voyages were *de rigueur*. Then the first news received by our forefathers with respect to the condition and whereabouts of their absent argosies was when they saw them entering a home port. High-pressure life was the exception, and the latest information was not so essential to the conduct of big 'booms' or cotton 'corners.' Steam-power and electricity have much to answer for in this respect.

Speaking ships at sea by flag symbols, as at present carried out, is one of the peace triumphs of the Victorian half-century. The international code of signals, formulated by a Committee appointed by the Board of Trade in 1855, met with general favour, and 'ultimately superseded the many codes which were held in more or less esteem. Ships belonging to the same nation were often unable to converse owing to the fact that different codes were in use on board of them. The confusion of tongues at the Tower of Babel was insignificant in comparison with that which hitherto had prevailed in transmitting messages at sea. Now, the ships of every maritime nation employ the same code. The Committee carefully considered such systems as had been from time to time

in use in both British and foreign shipping. They found that none of them fulfilled the more modern requirements of mariners, and drew up a code by adopting the best features of several. Our comprehensive, simple, and inexpensive code is the result of their labours. Eighteen flags of various shapes and colours were adopted as sufficient for all purposes of signalling at sea. They express the intended meaning by combining two, three, or four flags in different order. Each permutation of two or more flags forms a complete signal in itself, to which an arbitrary but invariable signification has been allotted in the signal-book. The eighteen flags give 306 permutations when hoisted two at a time, 4896 in hoists of three, and 73,440 in hoists of four at a time. Hence, altogether there are 78,642 different orders in which the eighteen flags can be arranged as distinct signals, without hoisting fewer than two, or more than four flags at one time! This number is sufficient for all practical purposes. The meaning of each signal is given in the signal-book immediately over against the letters represented by the flags hoisted.

The International Code consists of a swallow-tailed burgee, four triangular pennants, and thirteen square flags. Each of these flags bears the name of a consonant, merely to distinguish them for convenience of reference. Vowels were not used, for the curious but cogent reason that by introducing them every objectionable word composed of four letters in any language would appear in the code in the course of altering the arrangement of the letters of the alphabet. The burgee B is red. C, D, F are pennants: a red ball on white ground, a white ball on blue ground, and a white ball on red ground, respectively. G is a pennant with yellow inner and blue outer half. Square flags are: H, a red and a white stripe, both vertical; J, blue, white, and blue, horizontal stripes; K, a yellow and a blue stripe, both vertical; L, divided into two blue and two yellow checkers; M, blue with white diagonals; N, eight blue and eight white checkers; P, a white central square with blue border; Q, all yellow; R, red with yellow cross; S, blue central square with white border; T, a red, a white, and a blue stripe, all vertical; V, white with red diagonals; W, red central square bordered by white, and that again by blue. An extra answering pennant of five vertical stripes, alternately red and white, is also used. With the above explanation, it would be easy for any of our readers to construct drawings of the flags for themselves.

A few examples selected from actual work will explain more clearly the method of using flag signals. The International Code is supplied to lightships, lighthouses, and signal stations along the coasts of civilised countries and their dependencies. Perim Light Station, at the entrance to the Red Sea, is a sequestered spot, and the keeper, conversant with flag language, is glad to communicate with passing ships. We remember a large steamship passing, and her master observed three successive signals made by the light-keeper: FDKN (When 'shall I) QCP (be) DQLW (relieved)? The tired watcher must have been disappointed on seeing the ship run up RWQ (Unknown). Once when homeward-bound from the East Indies, we had signalled and left astern another sailing-ship. Shortly afterwards our maintopsail yard broke;

sail was shortened, and our friend soon overhauled us. BGH (Has any accident happened?) quickly fluttered at his mizen peak. We replied by JLV (Maintopsail yard) JKR (gone in the slings); and her master was almost as wise as we were. Then he favoured us with HVF (Do you require assistance?) and BQG (Shall we keep company?), both of which were answered negatively. Then BPW (Do you wish to be reported?). Our captain's answer was PQG (Report me to my owners). Our ensigns again dipped farewell, and she was soon out of sight ahead. We were wroth to think that such a slow sailer had the advantage; but, strange to say, we arrived in the Downs first, and were thus able to report speaking her.

In signals made with two flags, the burgee uppermost represents Attention; thus, BD (What ship is that?). Pennant uppermost is compass signal; DB, east. Square flag uppermost points out danger; PT, Want a pilot.

In signals composed of four flags, the burgee uppermost is geographical; thus, BFQT, Edinburgh. Pennant uppermost is used in spelling a name or a word of which there is a doubt. Thus, to spell 'Chambers' would involve four hoists: CBKG (Ch), CBDW (am), CBGS (be), CFJW (rs). This is rather a tedious operation, owing to the fact of the absence of vowels, as explained above. Square flag uppermost is ship's name, JSHG, *Tainui* of Glasgow.

Three-flag signals express latitude, longitude, time, and all ordinary communications, of which we have given several selections.

Signal flags can only be depended upon when their colours can be made out, and a code for such an emergency is given at the end of the signal-book. The mercantile marine has no such historical signal as that which Nelson hoisted on board the *Victory* at Trafalgar; but we have confined our illustrations to our merchant-ship signals, in the belief that peace has victories also.

THE RING AND THE BIRD.

CHAPTER II.

THE effect of the parrot's query was startling. Colonel Farrer started up in such haste that his chair fell clattering to the ground, and with such a pallor overspreading his ruddy countenance that all of us with one accord stood up too, and cried out, 'What's the matter?'

'What did that brute mean?' gasped the Colonel. 'What does it know about Ram Asoka? I didn't want to kill the old fool, if only he had been sensible, and not made such a confounded fuss about his heathen temple. It was a judicial execution; it was necessary to the peace of the district. I didn't want to do it, if Ram Asoka hadn't brought it on himself.'

'Perhaps, Colonel,' said I, 'it would be a good thing if Polly were to give us his version of the affair.'

From white the Colonel's aspect changed to yellow. 'Sh! What? What do you mean?' he exclaimed. 'Are you jesting? It's no joke, I tell you. The native papers, confound them, said—and they pay too much attention to native opinion nowadays. And—— Will no one stop that abominable bird!'

For the parrot was so delighted with his *coup* that he had burst into a shriek of wild laughter, in which I seemed to detect a tone of mocking triumph.

'Agatha, do take the bird away,' said Mrs Gretton; and Polly was taken down-stairs and immured in his cage, still laughing in that grim and fiendish fashion.

'But now, Colonel,' said Mrs Gretton when the hubbub had ceased, 'do tell us all about Ram Asoka.'

I could see that the subject did not please the Colonel; but as a matter of fact he had not the courage to refuse to speak on it. His story was so incoherent, so full of explanations and excuses, that—taken in conjunction with subsequent events—it roused in me a curiosity to read the accounts of the affair which were given in those native papers the Colonel so disliked. From their statements it appeared that Colonel Farrer had been sent to investigate a quarrel between the Buddhist and Mohammedan residents in an out-of-the-way village. The Mohammedans wanted to draw water from a well which the Buddhists regarded as sacred to their god; and religious feeling had been somewhat strained. The Colonel's instructions were to declare the well public property, and he was provided with soldiers, who were ordered to see that the Mussulmans were not interfered with when they approached the spring. The matter might easily have been settled on the basis of a compromise suggested by Ram Asoka, the Buddhist priest, who only asked the Mohammedans to avoid the well till the water necessary for the use of the temple had been drawn each day. This arrangement had been all but completed when the Colonel arrived; but instead of giving his assent to it, he chose to take up the Mohammedan cause with quite unnecessary zeal, moved chiefly, it was said, by a desire to sack the Buddhist temple, which contained, among other more modest treasures, a large and valuable ruby, traditionally supposed to have fallen from heaven at the feet of the chief idol in the place. The Colonel and his men entered the temple, destroyed the idols, and killed Ram Asoka on the steps of his desecrated altar; after which the Colonel stooped and took from the priest's dead hand the priceless ruby he had vainly tried to save. It is more than possible that the native papers exaggerated Colonel Farrer's guilt; but it is certain that the odium he incurred on this expedition made his resignation advisable; and it did look rather bad that after his motives for appropriating it had been so sharply impugned, he should have retained and set in a ring the stone he had taken from Ram Asoka.

I need hardly say that the story as told by the Colonel differed in many points from this which I have set down; but his frequently-repeated statement that Ram Asoka brought his death upon himself, his loud declarations that he had a right to keep the ring, were calculated to rouse in any mind not deeply biassed in his favour—in mine, for example—a firm conviction that the annexation of the ruby and the execution of its protector could not be justified on any strict reading of the principles of either law or honour. True it was that Mrs Gretton said 'Of course,' and 'Yes, indeed, dear Colonel Farrer,' at every

pause in her guest's narrative; and that Louisa gave it as her opinion that it was better the stone should be on the Colonel's hand than hidden in an Indian village where no one could see it. But Agatha and I were silent.

'What do you think of the new-comer?' I asked my sweetheart in the few precious minutes that Mrs Gretton allowed us each evening to say good-night.

'He's a murderous old wretch,' she replied with great promptitude. 'He killed that poor old priest just in order to steal the ruby; I'm sure of it. But—but—Frank, how is it that Polly knows so much about the affair?'

'I don't know. That's the queerest thing about the matter. The Colonel hadn't mentioned Ram Asoka when Polly bawled out his very pertinent inquiry. If—if one did believe in the transmigration of souls and the repetition of the Balaam miracle! But modern Buddhism is sheer humbug. Still, it's funny.'

No doubt I ought to have passed the night awake, musing on the problem of the parrot. But I didn't; I slept uncommonly well. I think that, speaking generally, one does not get up the proper emotional condition for any event till the event itself is past. Then we are full of retrospective admiration, awe, or fear; but at the moment did we feel at all? I think not. I doubt if we could do our work in even passable style if at the moment of action we stopped to think of its nature, or analysed how it might move our souls. Let me admit that I never felt anything to be momentous that ever happened to me, till long after it was over.

I slept sound and late. When I entered the dining-room next morning, Agatha, her aunt, and the Colonel were there, but had not begun breakfast. Agatha and Mrs Gretton were talking aside. As I came in I heard the latter say, 'Well, you can't do anything.' At the same time she handed to Agatha a letter she had been reading, and Agatha hurriedly thrust it into her pocket.

'What is the matter?' I asked, seeing that my sweetheart looked troubled.

'Oh, nothing!' she answered; but she left the room, and Mrs Gretton hastened after her.

I felt annoyed that Agatha should not have confided her vexation, whatever it was, to me; and I wanted to have my annoyance out on somebody. The Colonel was handy.

'That was an interesting story you told us last night, Colonel,' I began. 'It was queer, though, that the parrot should have known so much about it.'

'The parrot! It knew nothing,' said the Colonel, and I could see he was testy.

'It knew the name of Ram Asoka, which was strange to us all. I rather think we have to thank Polly for the narration of that interesting incident of frontier administration.'

The Colonel grunted.

'We're all rather fond of the bird,' I went on, ostentatiously caressing the parrot, who was standing at the open door of his cage; 'but you don't seem to appreciate his familiarity with your adventures.'

'Oh! I don't mind. It—it's rather amusing to have a parrot echoing all you say.'

Polly had echoed nothing, he had taken the

initiative in mentioning our guest's doings; but that was how the Colonel chose to put it.

To show his liking for the parrot's smartness, he came up to the cage and stretched out his hand to caress it, as I had been doing. But Polly did not take the courtesy as it was meant; he turned his head and made a vicious dab at the Colonel's hand—at the finger on which he wore the ring. He managed to bite it pretty smartly too; and the Colonel darted back, uttering many imprecations, to which the parrot replied with equal volubility.

Mrs Gretton and Louisa entered upon this scene, and on learning what had happened, bustled about for bandages and water for the wounded hand. The precious ring, which was fretting the cut Polly had made, was taken off and laid on the mantel-piece; the finger was tenderly bound up; and Mrs Gretton herself shut up the parrot in his cage with the assurance that he was 'a naughty, wicked Polly.'

'Who killed Ram Asoka?' he shrieked defiantly in reply, and even now the Colonel started at the words. 'I think a fiend is in that bird,' he cried.

'I think Ram Asoka is,' I answered. Then I asked for Agatha.

'She has a bad headache. She won't be down to breakfast.'

'Why didn't she tell me that her head ached?'

'Oh! don't bother, Mr Laurence; a headache isn't a deadly malady.—Tea or coffee, Colonel?'

I was shut up; but I was cross and bewildered. Agatha might have told me of her headache; even a very bad headache doesn't make a girl rush out of the room with tears in her eyes and without saying a word to her lover. I hurried through with my breakfast. Before I had finished, I heard the front door close quietly; and looking out, imagined I saw Agatha's figure passing the window. Mrs Gretton and Louisa exchanged a glance of intelligence.

'Is that Agatha gone out?' I asked.

'Very likely. The air would do her head good.'

I hurried from the room, neglecting the parrot's plaintive cry, 'Let out Ram Asoka,' and tried to follow her. But before I could overtake her—she was running at a pace that was not good for headaches—she was lost in the bustle of Southampton Row, and I had to betake myself to my office unsatisfied.

I don't think I did much work that day. I know that I was abominably cross, that I bullied my clerk, blotted my letters, and cursed my pens, and even came near to quarrelling with one of my rare clients, who wanted to have an unimportant change made in a house I had designed for him. I wasted my time so well that when at last I controlled my irritation and attended to some matters that could not be delayed, I had to remain at the office till much beyond my usual hour. I got home just about dinner-time, and found the household in the greatest confusion.

'Oh! Mr Laurence'—Mrs Gretton began, rushing out upon me in the hall.

'Where's Agatha? I interrupted.

'Agatha! She's out. But I wanted'—

'Has she been out all day?'

'No. She came home for lunch, and went out afterwards, just as usual. She'll be in to

dinner.—But, Mr Laurence, the Colonel's ring—his beautiful ruby ring—has disappeared.'

I almost ejaculated, 'What is that to me?' but restrained myself, and asked, 'What has become of it?'

'We don't know. It is terrible! To think of a man like Colonel Farrer, my poor dear husband's friend, being robbed in my house. Oh, what shall I do?' Mrs Gretton began to cry, and her distress pierced the thick crust of my egoism and annoyance.

'Tell me how it happened,' I asked. 'When was the ring missed?'

'Not half an hour ago; but it must have been gone for hours.'

'When did you notice it last?'

'Just after luncheon. It had been lying on the mantel-piece, where I put it when I took it off the Colonel's hand, all the morning. I should have locked it away in some safe place, I know; but in the confusion I didn't think; and I knew Jane to be as honest as the day, though the Colonel declares he'll have her box examined, and she an orphan, and it'll be the ruin of her character.'

'How do you know the ring was on the mantel-piece after luncheon?' I asked judicially, interrupting my landlady's wail.

'Because Louisa took it up and tried it on her finger—only she and Agatha and I were in—and said, "Isn't it lovely?" and Agatha answered, "Yes; I wonder how much money is shut up in that crystal, which almost looks like a great spot of blood?" I remember exactly what she said, because Polly—I can't think what has come to the bird these two days!—caught up her words and began screaming out, "Money! Blood! Blood-money, blood-money."'

'Polly has brains in his head,' I said with a laugh.

'Oh, Mr Laurence, don't speak like that. The poor Colonel, with his hand hurt and his ring gone! There Polly sat on top of his cage, flapping his wings, and crying out "Blood-money!" till he quite made me nervous, and I was glad to get out of the room.'

'And then?'

'Oh! that's all I know. I went down-stairs to help Jane, and Agatha and Louisa both went out; and when the Colonel, who had been at the War Office or somewhere, came home and remembered his ring, it wasn't to be seen anywhere.'

We had a very uncomfortable dinner that day—cold salmon, cold lamb, cold tart; the cold and stale remains of yesterday's feast, and a deeper coldness and depression weighing on those who ate it. The Colonel's loss did not trouble me; I did not love him well enough for that; but Agatha had not come home to dinner, and her vacant chair was a vexation to my eye. An electric discomfort filled the rest of the party. Mrs Gretton would fain have begun to cry; Louisa looked at her mother with furtive glances of warning and reproof; and poor Jane nearly dropped the Colonel's plate when she met the distrustful glare in his angry eye. Only the parrot, though imprisoned in his cage, kept up a wild hilarity, and laughed and chuckled like a bird possessed.

I left the party still in the dining-room, discussing the missing ring, and retired to a small

room at the back of the hall where I was free to smoke and sulk. Before long I heard a latchkey in the door, and guessed that it was Agatha coming in. I was going out to meet her, but Louisa was before me. She met her cousin in the hall: 'Oh Agatha,' she exclaimed, 'the ring is gone. What's to be done?'

Then Agatha answered in a voice I had never heard from her lips before, a dull despairing wail: 'I couldn't help it, Lou. Will needed the money to-day. I shall get my salary in a day or two, and I thought I could get the ring back then, and neither Frank nor anybody would know.'

Louisa started back with a shocked exclamation.

Agatha hurried towards the staircase; but as she reached it I caught her in my arms. 'My darling, what is the matter?' I exclaimed.

She wrenched herself free. 'I'll tell you to-morrow, Frank; let me alone for to-night.'

She hurried up-stairs; and while I stood hesitating about following her, I heard a confusion of exclamations in the dining-room, and Louisa's voice—did I wrong her in thinking it contained a tone of spiteful satisfaction?—saying, 'She admits it herself. It was for Will's sake Agatha stole the ring.'

SOME INDIAN WEIRD DOINGS.

ONE cannot live long among the natives of India without seeing and hearing things which, as Lord Dundreary would say, 'no fellow can understand.' I mean, things bordering on the preternatural, not to say the supernatural. I know that it is the fashion to pooh-pooh such things. But though one may do this at a distance of thousands of miles from the place where the things are seen, or are heard of from hundreds of eye-witnesses, yet, when one is on the spot itself, the facts stand out so incontestably, that one is forced to admit them, even while one cannot understand, much less explain them. People at a distance on hearing them recounted may talk glibly and superciliously of sleight-of-hand, optical delusion, deception of the senses, tricks of imagination, coincidences, collusion, and so forth. But I repeat that in India such things have occurred, under circumstances which render it absolutely impossible to attribute them, reasonably, to any such causes. Here are a few instances.

The first shall be the verification of a baby rajah's horoscope, which Colonel Meadows Taylor has told us was cast in his presence, and in the events of which he, as Political Resident, took some part. The horoscope was cast and calculated by a learned 'shastri'—the Hindu equivalent of a Doctor in Divinity—at the request of the old rajah, on the birth of his son and heir. The shastri hesitated at first to tell the result, but at length put his prognostications on paper and handed them to the rajah. After reading the paper and communicating its contents to Colonel Taylor, the rajah decided to destroy it. The secret thus remained known to only three—

the old rajah, Colonel Taylor, and the shastri. The last had foretold from the horoscope that the child just born would be cut off by a violent death at a particular age, childless. The old rajah died, and the lad mounted the throne, the shastri and the Colonel being left the sole depositaries of the terrible secret. The Mutiny broke out, and the young rajah, now approaching the dangerous age, took part in it. He escaped the dangers of the battlefield; and when the Mutiny was suppressed, the active interposition of Colonel Taylor saved him, on the plea of youth, from the more serious and probable danger of being hanged for treason. He was now just about the fatal age; and when the good Colonel had had his doom commuted to temporary detention under surveillance in a distant fortress, he thought all danger over. He spoke to the old shastri, and joked him about his prediction; but the old man shook his head, and said: 'What can resist fate?' Then touching his forehead, he said: 'It is written, and cannot be effaced'—alluding to the oriental notion that each one's fate is written by the finger of God on the frontal bone. He turned out a true prophet; for the young rajah, while on the way to the fortress, was accidentally killed by the discharge of his own gun. It was on the very day foretold by the shastri! Colonel Meadows Taylor was with him on the journey; and his veracity is above all suspicion. How explain this case? A singular coincidence, you will say. Very well. Here is another, where coincidence is out of court altogether.

Years ago I was present at a rare scene, while visiting a native gentleman of rank. He had just received the welcome news that he would at the distance of some months have another olive branch in his house. He sent at once for a fortune-teller; and the future was forecast in my presence. The man came—one of the class called 'Rammalls,' that is, fortune-tellers by means of dice or 'raml.' Their dice are peculiar. They consisted of a set of three; each one consisting, in its turn, of a number of cubical dice (I forget, at this distance of time, if they were six or seven) strung together on a slender metal rod. Each cube was made of brass, and had cabalistic figures on each of its four exposed surfaces. Through the other two surfaces the rod passed, and on it each cube—two of its sides almost touching the next two—revolved freely, and independently of the other cubes. The man having made his salaam, sat down, as desired, on the edge of the carpet, on which we were all seated.

'Do you know why I sent for you?' asked my friend. The Rammall made no reply; but producing his three long dice, or rather sets of dice, he handed them to my friend to cast. For this purpose, he laid them side by side in the open palm of his right hand, the fingers being slightly curved. With a gentle but quick motion, alternately advancing and retiring his

hand, he caused the dice to roll, now wristward, and now fingersward, on his hand. Shaking them thus for a few seconds—both the absolute and the relative positions of the cubes and their surfaces necessarily changing at each roll—he at length cast them on the carpet on which we were sitting. As he did this with some violence and to a little distance, the dice rolled a good deal before they came to a final rest. The fortune-teller gathered them up together, carefully avoiding any disarrangement of the order and position of the cubes or their surfaces. He placed the three sets of dice on the carpet before himself, and seemed, after carefully examining the cast of the dice, to go into deep thought and complicated calculations.

Let us see. There were, say, six cubes on each of the three slender rods, and each cube had four marked surfaces. There were therefore seventy-two surfaces, to combine in sets of six exposed surfaces on each rod; and these, again, with the positions of planets and other fortune-telling matters. The number, therefore, of the possible combinations (not permutations) is practically as limitless as are the eventualities of human life.

After a while, the Rammall said: 'You wish to consult me regarding your "House,"—meaning, of course, my friend's wife. Both being Mohammedans, etiquette did not allow a more direct allusion to the lady. My friend, admitting that he had guessed rightly (and thus far it might easily have been a good guess and no more), again took up the proffered dice, and went with them into the private apartments of the house to get the lady's cast. A Mohammedan gentleman's wife is never shown to any of the opposite sex except the nearest relatives. The fortune-teller meanwhile took his 'tasbeeh' or rosary off his wrist, and began telling the names of God in Arabic on his beads. The lady having made a cast as her husband had done, he carefully brought back the dice undisturbed to the fortune-teller. The rosary was replaced round the wrist; and the Rammall examined the dice carefully. He produced and consulted a self-made almanac, the sun, moon, stars, and planets all coming in for their share of questioning. He took paper, pen, and ink, and made calculations. After about a quarter of an hour's work, he read out the results: (1) The lady would give birth to a child—(2) Who would be a daughter (not so welcome an addition to oriental families as a son)—(3) On a day which he named, and which was yet over seven months off. (4) The child would die within five months after its birth; and (5) she would be his last child; but why, he could not (or would not) tell, as in the ordinary course of nature my friend might expect several more.

The man was paid a sum of money, and went his way. Months passed. The child was born on the day foretold; proved to be a daughter; died a week after completing its fourth month of life; and my friend himself died within the year. All the five predictions were effectually fulfilled. Such a complicated series of verified coincidences or guesses would be as wonderful at least as the man's having somehow got the knowledge of the future.

Of a different kind is my next instance, which I shall give briefly, as it has been several times described—the strange case of suspended animation, under the Maharajah Runjeet Sing, the late tyrant of the Punjab. My first acquaintance with the narrative dates from my boyhood. About the time of the occurrence I heard it related by my father; and his authority was the well-known General Avitable, Runjeet Sing's right-hand man, who was present at the facts. Those facts are, that a certain 'joghee' (Hindu anchorite), said to possess the power of suspending at will and resuming the animation of his body, was sent for by Runjeet Sing, and declining to obey, was brought by force into the tyrant's presence, and ordered to give, under pain of death, a practical proof of his supposed power. He submitted perforce. He was put by his disciples through certain processes, during which he became perfectly unconscious; the pulses ceased, his breath did not stain a polished mirror, and a European doctor who was present declared that the heart had ceased to beat. To all appearances, he was as dead as Queen Anne. In this state he was put into a carefully-made box, the lid was closed, and sealed with Runjeet Sing's own signet ring. The box was buried in a vault prepared in an open plot of ground under the royal windows at Lahore; and the place was guarded day and night by Runjeet's own guards under General Avitable's own supervision. Sun and rain came and grass sprung up, grew and withered on the surface over the grave; and the sentries went their rounds; and the joghee's disciples and friends were all kept under careful surveillance, not to call it imprisonment. After forty days, in Runjeet Sing's own presence the vault was uncovered, and the box extracted from it with its seals intact. It was opened, and showed the joghee within precisely as he had been placed. He was taken out, dead still, to all appearance, but the body incorrupt. His disciples were now brought to manipulate the body in the manner which he had taught them, and which he had publicly explained before his burial. He revived, as he had said he would; and was soon in as perfect health as when he had suspended his life! He refused all gifts, and retired to his former retreat; but shortly afterwards he and his disciples disappeared. It was not safe for such a man to live in the jurisdiction of so inquisitive and arbitrary a ruler.

Runjeet Sing cared little for human life, which was his toy or plaything. No one who knows his historical character will for a moment admit that he would let himself be deceived or played upon in a matter on which he had set his heart. Each scene—the suspension of life, the burial, the disinterment, the reviving, took place in the tyrant's own presence, and before hundreds of spectators, in open daylight, and with every precaution that absolute despotic power could command. Runjeet cared little whether the man lived or died, so that his own curiosity was gratified. The guards under the palace windows commanded by Avitable would be anxious solely to carry out Runjeet's Sing's wishes.

Will you say it is impossible? Remember Succi's fast, last spring. Do not some animals hibernate for months? Are not living toads found in solid stone hundreds of years after

their entombment? With the suspended animation of these toads in evidence, it will not do to set down the story as simply impossible. And it may be added that in India no one would think of calling in question the accuracy and truth of the narrative.

There are jugglers and jugglers, who perform the celebrated mango trick—the mango being a luscious Indian fruit, in perfection in July and August. The ordinary juggler causes a miserable mango tree, a stunted abortion, like a small branch, to grow out of a handful of earth from a seed deposited there before you, and covered with a sheet. And from this, in half an hour's time, he produces a mango more or less ripe, which you can eat, but which is evidently not fresh. Such performances are generally done so clumsily that ordinary observation will enable you to detect the sleight-of-hand practised. The real mango trick is quite a different affair. It was once performed in the veranda of my own house, in March, myself and three other incredulous and sharp-eyed persons witnessing the whole, seated in a little semicircle, at the centre of which was placed a large flower-pot, filled freshly with earth out of our own garden. The juggler mixed something with the earth, and in it planted a dry mango seed. He watered it, and covered it—placed about six feet from us—with a square sheet of long cloth. He and his only attendant then proceeded to perform, a few yards off, many other astonishing feats of jugglery, for the remainder of the audience, and we four confined our attention to the mango, determined that no deception should take place. We noticed the sheet gradually rising in the middle, as if pushed up from below with a stick. Higher and higher: it is now about eight inches above the flower-pot. The juggler approaches the sheet, and seizing two of its corners, without at all touching the pot, draws off the sheet carefully right under our eyes. There is the young shoot of a mango plant, with its stiff stem, and four little glistening leaves—apparently about a week old. He recasts the sheet over pot and plant, and we see that he touches neither. He returns to his performances, and we continue our watch. Higher it rises and higher—it is now about two feet high, and the sheet shows a rounded dome-like shape. Again he removes the sheet; and behold a young plant, like a two-year-old mango tree—a real though dwarf tree. He again covers it, and we continue our watch. Higher it rises and higher. When about four feet high, he again uncovers the mystery, and shows a mango tree with two small green fruitlings on it. When next uncovered, it has two fine ripe mangoes. Now touching it for the first time, he plucks and hands us the mangoes, which we cut and eat, and find good and fresh as the best. The tree is then plucked up, handled and examined by us—a genuine dwarf tree—root, stem, bark, branches, leaves, all complete, as real as the mangoes we eat! Remember, four acute-eyed, incredulous, suspicious Europeans, watching the whole thing during the whole time (nearly an hour), and attending to nothing else; the performer an almost naked native, with only a loin-cloth on; the flower-pot right under our eyes, no one touching it during the whole time; in our own veranda, and in broad

daylight. All the stock objections of sleight-of-hand, optical delusion, &c., fail in this case, to my own certain knowledge; and others can vouch for its not being a very rare thing in India.

But how explain it? Are there hidden forces in Nature, of which some succeed in learning the secret, and utilise their knowledge to work what seems an impossibility or a wonder? Do not gardeners force early plants? Do not the Chinese grow miniature forest trees, showing every sign of premature but fully-developed old age in a dwarf body? Who can dogmatise as to what is or is not impossible in nature?

From several quarters I heard of, but did not myself see, what does appear an impossible feat; this, therefore, I give on mere hearsay evidence. A juggler 'pitches' at a corner of a bazaar or wide street; and in the presence of a gaping crowd which speedily assembles to witness the 'tamasha' or fun, he takes out of his wallet a large ball of twine, and tying one end of it to a corner of the wallet, casts the ball up, skywards, with all his might. Up it goes, unwinding gradually—up and out of sight. It does not come back; it has unfolded itself on, into the blue sky, it seems. He orders his attendant—a small boy, possibly his own son, and about eight years of age—to 'go up.' The boy grasps the twine, and goes hand over hand, up, up, and out of sight. Remember, please, that Indian houses are low, and that it needs but little sense to see whether a ball of twine has been thrown in a common way on and over a neighbouring house, or has unaccountably gone up into the sky without coming down; whether a small boy has by means of this twine gone on to a house-top, or has disappeared into the heavens as unaccountably as the twine did.

After a number of ordinary tricks, the juggler declares he needs the boy's help, and looking upwards, calls him by name. A voice replies from a distance above, saying he will not come down. (Ventriloquism, you suggest. Very well; perhaps so: wait.) The man gets angry, says the boy must be punished; and taking a long knife between his teeth, he goes up the twine hand over hand, as the boy had done before, and apparently disappears in his turn into the sky. A scream is heard above. Then, to the horror of the spectators, drops of blood rain down; and then the child falls, dismembered, with his few clothes cut, and covered with blood. The man then slides down the twine, with the knife all bloody at his waist. He casts a sheet over the mangled remains of the child, and leisurely proceeds to wrap up into a ball the twine which comes down to him by degrees from the sky, as if there were a kite at the end of it. He puts his things into the wallet and then takes up the sheet. From under it, whole and intact, alive and grinning, rises up the identical small boy! There are no mangled remains, and no blood! On this I make only one remark: the thing itself seems really impossible, yet that does not prove that the performance is not actually done. The paradox may possibly find its resolution in the 'suggestive experiences' of hypnotism. A hypnotised patient sees and feels what his hypnotiser wishes him to see and feel. Is it possible to hypnotise

a whole crowd? If so, and the crowd thereupon proceeds to see what the juggler or hypnotiser desires them to see, a great many of the wonders of Indian magic would be thus explained.

A ROMANCE OF MIDDLE AGE.

By ETHEL IRELAND.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'SABRINA, I think I ought to tell you something that has been weighing on my mind for some time. If you will go into the garden, I will follow you presently.' And the speaker, Miss Elizabeth Power, slipped out of the room with unusual and, as her sister thought, most indecorous haste.

Miss Sabrina and Miss Elizabeth Power were old maiden ladies. I use the word 'old' to express an air of gentle antiquity which clung to them, telling not of old age, but of old ideas, old customs, and old courtesies.

Though Miss Sabrina was only fifty-three, and Miss Elizabeth but forty, both sisters seemed to belong to some past generation. They had no place among the hurrying men and women of the present day. Sunnybank Cottage and the garden which surrounded it possessed an atmosphere of tranquillity that can only exist where peace and simplicity have their dwelling. It was truly 'an old garden' into which Miss Sabrina walked that evening with slow and dignified steps, that expressed tacit disapproval of her sister's more hurried gait.

A hedge of honeysuckle flanked one side of the garden, and the other side was protected from the curious eyes of passers-by by a high ivy-clad wall. Miss Sabrina could remember the time when the trees that now stood higher than the house itself had been young saplings; but that was long ago. Dark-eyed pansies, old-fashioned stocks, pinks and poppies—these and other flowers filled the irregular beds; and daisies sprinkled the oblong plot of grass that lay in front of the porch.

The garden was situated on the side of a hill. Below it lay the village. Gray and peaceful it looked, nestling at the feet of the great hills that sloped down to it on every side, shutting it in from the world. Purple and gray they rose, one slope above another, till they were lost among the clouds. Only to the west they broke slightly, leaving an open space, through which glimmered the waters of the distant lake, Graymere. And the evening sun shone with a splendour of crimson and gold, filling the gap with its amber glory.

It was on a June evening that Miss Sabrina stood by the laburnum tree awaiting the coming of her sister. She had a peaceful face, straight-featured, and pale as ivory. Her gray hair was parted smoothly over a calm brow, and she wore a lace cap with mauve ribbons. As she stood with her hands folded in front of her,

an atmosphere of restfulness seemed to emanate from her whole personality—not the repose of one who has never struggled, but such peace as only comes after many a hard battle fought and won.

Ever since her parents' death and the marriage of her second sister, Miss Sabrina had lived with her sister Elizabeth, and never until that evening had there been the shadow of a concealment between the sisters. Miss Elizabeth's simple thoughts and wishes had been ever laid at her sister's feet in perfect confidence; and Miss Sabrina had been worthy of the trust. And now, to find that Elizabeth had been concealing something, and, from her manner, evidently something important, caused her a sharper pang than she would have cared to own. She stealthily brushed away a tear as she turned to meet her sister.

Demurely raising her black silk gown, Miss Elizabeth crossed the gravel path, and walked over with slow mincing steps to where her sister stood, thereby offering a silent apology for her recent undignified conduct. There was something charmingly incongruous about the little lady that it would be hard to account for, unless, perhaps, it was caused by the youthfulness of her face and the antiquity of her costume. Certainly the two side-curls of glossy brown hair looked out of place beside her fresh cheeks, and the sombre gown in its stern simplicity seemed unsuited to her slender figure. I have never seen girl or woman since with a more ingenuous countenance; and probably any girl in her teens nowadays knows more of the world than that dainty lady knew at forty. That night, Miss Elizabeth's eyes were a trifle cast down as she met her sister's glance of perplexed inquiry.

'What a beautiful evening it is—is it not, Sabrina?' she remarked, somewhat irrelevantly, as dark clouds were rising up around the sun. 'Shall we walk about, or would you rather sit down?'

'Thank you, sister. I prefer to be seated. I shall then be able to pay more attention to what you have to tell me,' answered Miss Sabrina, sternly bringing her sister to the point.

'Very well,' assented the other, with a little sigh. So together they walked to the summer-house, which stood in a shady corner, and in silence they seated themselves on two garden chairs.

'Well, Elizabeth?' said Miss Sabrina, in rather chilly tones, after a few moments' silence.

'Yes—yes, dear Sabrina—only, do not hurry me,' pleaded her sister nervously. 'You see, Sabrina, I really could not tell you before, for I might have been making a mistake, and that would have put me in a most distressing position; but to-day I really felt there was no longer any doubt of it, because he'—Then realising that she was talking rather incoherently, she stopped, and with a blush, turned to pick one of the white roses that had stolen in at the tiny lattice window. Pathos and comedy were closely allied in the love confidences of this elderly maiden; but Miss Sabrina did not see anything amusing in her sister's words. Her nature was one in which lay much tenderness,

but it was concealed beneath a certain coldness of manner that a stranger might have shrunk from. But those who really knew her understood. It was in no winning tones that she begged her sister to be more explicit.

'Yes, Sabrina; I will try,' responded Miss Elizabeth obediently. 'Well, for some time I have fancied that Dr Meadows has'—

'Has what, Elizabeth?' inquired Sabrina sharply.

'Well, sister, has—been very kind to me.'

'Oh'—precise and prolonged. 'He has also been very kind to me, Elizabeth; but I do not find that his kindness weighs on my mind.' She was determined that her sister should speak plainly, however hard she might find it.

'No, of course not,' and Miss Elizabeth laughed nervously. 'But, dear Sabrina, I fancy, in fact I may almost say I *know*, that his kindness to me is a little different. He is so remarkably kind. To-day, I was coming up from the village, and I met him just at the corner of Birtle Lane. He turned and walked up beside me, and actually persisted in carrying my basket, Sabrina.'

'How overpoweringly kind!' said Miss Sabrina sarcastically.—'Anything more?'

'Yes, yes. I am coming to it, if you will only give me a little time,' implored her sister. 'As I was saying, he carried my basket; and, Sabrina, he made me take his arm. I really was not sure whether it was proper in the daytime and all the neighbours about; but I could not refuse. When we got to the top of the hill, he asked me if I would go for a little stroll in the wood.—I was afraid you might not approve,' she added timidly, hearing a dissatisfied cough from Sabrina; 'but, you know, I could not say, "Thank you; I am afraid Sabrina might not like it," though it would have been quite true; so what could I do?'

Miss Sabrina vouchsafed no answer; so Miss Elizabeth hurried on. 'So, when we had been walking a little time, he said we would sit down for a little. If you remember, Sabrina—but I hardly think you will—I had pinned a pink in my brooch. Well, Dr Meadows asked me if I would give it to him. "Oh yes, Dr Meadows," I said, "if you care for it; but you know you have plenty of the same kind in your own garden."—"Yes," he said; "but I should like this one particularly, Miss Elizabeth;" and really, Sabrina, he looked quite handsome, and you know he is not strictly good-looking. So I unpinned it and handed it to him; and—I am afraid it was dreadfully improper—but he held my hand and said, "Miss Elizabeth—Elizabeth!"'

'Was that all?' inquired Sabrina, still coldly.

'Yes, it was; because just then Mr and Mrs Birkett came into sight, and of course we got up; and as they were behind us all the way home, Dr Meadows had no chance of finishing what he was going to say.'

'Did Mr and Mrs Birkett walk so closely behind you that Dr Meadows could not continue his conversation?' said Sabrina, still determined not to see what her sister was driving at.

'No, no, Sabrina,' expostulated the little lady; 'but he could hardly say anything very confidential when they were looking on; and I really do think'—tremulously—'that he was going to say something very important.'

'In fact, Elizabeth, you think that Dr Meadows was going to make you an offer of marriage?'

'Well, Sabrina, I really do.'

'Then let me tell you, Elizabeth,' said Miss Sabrina, rising from her chair and standing before her sister, 'I believe you to be entirely mistaken. In the first place, Dr Meadows has only been a widower for three years; further, he is a man of the world, and extremely rich—all of which facts make it improbable, nay, *impossible* that he should dream of marrying a comparatively poor old maid.' Miss Sabrina threw a cruel emphasis on the last three words, and Elizabeth cowered beneath the dread sentence.

Miss Power did not wish to be cruel; but she had known such dreams as Miss Elizabeth was now indulging in, and though they had seemed very near realisation, in the end they had proved but dreams, and the waking a dread nightmare. So, in speaking as she did, her true motive was to spare her sister further pain, for it was, as she said, very improbable that the rich doctor should think of a middle-aged lady, old-fashioned and simple, when he had every chance of winning a young and beautiful bride, had he the mind to do so. Did it cost her no pain to see her sister, her little sister, blanch and quiver at the hard bare truth? Had you seen her face as she stood there with the lurid, cloud-darkened sunlight throwing her tall figure into strong relief, you would have seen in it a look of anguish too deep for tears—of sorrow more bitter than the sorrow of blighted hopes.

The pain we willingly inflict for the sake of another's welfare cuts the giver more than the receiver, and there is no part more hard to play than that of an earthly providence.

With tears quivering on her eyelashes, Miss Elizabeth looked up piteously. 'But, Sabrina, what else could he mean?'

'Nothing *else*. The mistake you made was in thinking he meant anything at all. I ask you if you candidly think you have enough attractions to warrant such a supposition?'

'Well, Sabrina, I used to be considered pretty,' sobbed Miss Elizabeth.

'Pretty at twenty does not mean pretty at forty, Elizabeth. Believe me, you are mistaken, and be thankful that you did not commit yourself in any way.'

Bitter as Miss Sabrina's task was, she would finish it without flinching, though at that moment she could have gathered up her little sister in her arms and wept over her.

'Then, Sabrina, do you think that we had better give up our acquaintance with him?'

'No, no, Elizabeth—nothing of the sort. He has been a very good friend to us, and I should not like to lose his friendship. All you have to do is to be a little reserved and distant with him. Men are like bees, sister; they fly from one blossom to another, sucking a little honey here and there; and if they do settle on any particular flower, you may be sure it will be a gorgeous one. Always remember that, my dear, and never allow yourself to be led again into such meaningless sentimentalism.'

'I suppose you are right, Sabrina. I will try to think no more about it, if you will only assure me that you do not think I led him on to say more than he meant. I could not bear

to be thought immodest,' faltered Miss Elizabeth.

'No, sister,' replied Miss Power, while a rare and tender smile softened her whole face, 'I do not think anything of the sort. I only think you have made a mistake—a thing we are all apt to do; my dear. Let us say no more about it.' And she walked slowly down the path and into the house, stopping to look down into the valley, where the blue reeks of smoke rose up through the still air.

'Cruel only to be kind.' The words rang in her ears, but they brought little consolation to her heart, and the remembrance of her sister's tear-stained face followed her into her cool bedroom with its dimity hangings.

When Miss Elizabeth was left alone, she crushed the rose she had plucked and let it fall to the ground. Her hopes, her late-begotten romance, the dreams of home-life and happiness, so natural to every true woman—all these were at an end. She was no heroine, only a simple old maid; yet, sitting there in the gathering twilight, weeping softly over the wreck of her rosy dreams, she made a picture of infinite pathos, terribly real in its calm resignation and absence of all youthful passion and rebellion.

An hour or two later, the sisters sat at their usual game of piquet in the old-fashioned parlour, with its high-backed chairs and sombre sideboard. No sign betrayed their recent painful conversation; but it was a secret relief to each when Miss Elizabeth won the game with a 'carte-blanche.'

'How unusual!' said Miss Sabrina, rather wearily as she laid the pack in the old fern-covered box. 'Not a single coloured card!'

'No,' responded Miss Elizabeth sadly—'not a single coloured card, Sabrina.'

For a minute or two the sisters sat without speaking.

'How hard life is!' thought Miss Sabrina; and 'How hard life is!' thought Miss Elizabeth.

'I will have my cocoa in my bedroom, Elizabeth,' remarked Miss Sabrina after a pause, during which the clock ticked peacefully on the mantel-shelf. 'Good-night, my dear; you can have your supper here, or in your bedroom too, whichever you prefer;' and kissing her sister's cheek, she left the room.

When Miss Elizabeth heard the door of Sabrina's bedroom click to, she rose, put out the lamp, and with a parting stroke of unconscious pussy, she, too, went to her bedroom.

Neither sister had any supper, but each thought of the other comfortably sipping her cocoa in 'deshabille.'

'Most annoying, most annoying,' muttered good Dr Meadows as he closed the wicket gate after Miss Elizabeth Power and walked down the quiet lane. He was a massive-looking man, about forty-five, with iron-gray hair, and a square clean-shaven chin. Like most north-country men, he was slow to form likes and dislikes; but when a feeling once took possession of him, it clung to him with great tenacity. Ever since the first few months after the death of his first wife he had watched Miss Elizabeth with increasing solicitude. His first marriage, late in life, had been an unsatisfactory one. Like

many men whom necessity has kept hard at the grindstone during early manhood, prohibiting all thoughts of marriage for the time, he had been at thirty-nine very susceptible to woman's charm, and falling in love with a London belle, whose finances were scarcely sufficient to supply her in gaieties and trinkets, had married, fondly believing in the disinterestedness of his wife's affection, never dreaming that his hardly-earned 'ducats' could have any intrinsic value in her eyes. But he woke from his dream of love to find his wife extravagant, rapacious for gaiety, and utterly unsuited to settle down to comfortable domestic life as the wife of a country doctor. But no one ever guessed the shadow that darkened his life. To outward eyes he was a kind affectionate husband; and Clara Meadows had no reason to complain of his inconsiderateness or tyranny. The absence of that loving homage which sanctifies marriage did not affect her, and she was quite content while her whims were gratified without interference on her husband's part.

When, three years after their marriage, his wife was killed in a railway accident, Dr Meadows could not pretend to feel any passionate grief or remorse. He simply laid the past aside quietly; and when Miss Elizabeth's gentle personality began to fill his thoughts, he held it no slight to his dead wife, between himself and whom there had never been any deep and lasting attachment. He was not a bold man, or one that would ride over any obstacle without hesitation, and he had waited till all seemed smooth for his suit. To have made up his mind to an actual declaration of his feelings meant a great moral and mental effort; and as he walked home on that June afternoon, the relaxation that follows on the heels of any effort began to make itself felt. He was almost thankful that he had been spared the ordeal, for his was no fiery passion of youth, eager to secure the beloved object, but the steady flame of mature affection, that can wait without the fever-heats of delayed happiness. Doubts came over him as he sat in his study that evening.

'I have no attractions,' he thought. 'Why should I imagine that any woman can care for me now? Ought I to try to turn the current of that calm life? If, in seeking love, I lose friendship, I shall indeed have made a fatal mistake.' So he pondered over the long church-warden that was his only companion during the long evenings. At last he came to the conclusion that the matter should be decided by Miss Elizabeth's manner to him at their next meeting.

'If,' he thought, 'she receives me kindly and with some little embarrassment, which I may reasonably expect, should she feel able to return affection, I shall conclude all is well, for she cannot now fail to have understood my feelings towards her, and I will then speak more plainly. But if she treats me with any assumption of reserve or coldness, I shall simply let the matter drop, and cling all the more closely to our pleasant friendship.'

I believe in the bottom of his heart Dr Meadows had a secret conviction that Miss Elizabeth would not be averse to his suit, for his eyes wandered round the room with an expression of serene satisfaction, and he smoothed the rumpled

antimacassar on the sofa, thinking, I feel sure, of the little hands that loved so well to straighten all disorder and smooth away all pain and sorrow.

'ROAD-AGENTS.'

TRAVELLING into the Black Hills on a Pullman sleeper to-day presents a marked contrast to the manner we came in, in the old times, when the nearest railroad was two hundred and fifty miles from Deadwood. But what memories are stirred up within the breasts of those pioneers who fought Indians, braved hardships, encountered 'road-agents,' or highwaymen, as they are called in more civilised countries, and lived on bacon, game, and slap-jacks! Yes, the old days are gone, never to return; so are the road-agents or stage-robbers; and the visitor now can listen to the yarns of the old-timers as he travels to and fro comfortably seated in the cars without feeling his hair raise the hat off his head, as would have been the case in years gone by. He feels no nervousness now as his informant tells him of Lame Johnny, who was hanged near this railroad station; and of Jim Wall and Dunc Blackburn, who often hid for days in the woods, back of the town which is now the terminus of the railroad. He can laugh, too, at the idea of a stage-company hiring these very men to refrain from attacking the coaches, which, strange as it may seem, is an actual fact. The company made money by doing so too, because, while the coaches on the other roads were held-up, sometimes every night for a week at a time, this company's gained the reputation of being the safest to travel by, and consequently got the most of the passengers, besides many thousand dollars in gold-dust.

One of the favourite stories told of the exploits of road-agents is that relating to the mysterious killing of a stage-driver named Johnny Slaughter within four miles of Deadwood in April 1877. The coach had left Cheyenne, on the Union Pacific Railroad, about three hundred miles distant from Deadwood, with a full load of male passengers, many of them on their first trip in the West. Some old-timers who occupied outside seats had enlivened the long tedious journey across the plains of Wyoming by relating stories of hair-breadth escapes from Indians and road-agents, until the nerves of the pilgrims or 'tenderfeet' were strung to the highest pitch. As they found their journey nearing its end without accident, they regained their usual flow of spirits; and when, fifty miles from Deadwood, Johnny Slaughter took the reins, each one was ready to persuade himself that the old-timers had been yarning to them. Usually, a Western stage-driver takes a delight in keeping the ball rolling, so far as working on the nervousness of his male passengers, by corroborating every story they have told to them, no matter how far-fetched the narrative may be. But in this instance the ribbons were handled by a man whose reputation was—that he always tried to allay any fears his passengers might entertain. He had driven stage in the mountains and on the plains so long without molestation, was so fearless himself and light-hearted, although he knew perfectly well that many a desperado had

threatened to 'do him up' if a good chance presented, that his presence on the driver's seat seemed to impart confidence to the most timid of his passengers. It was generally believed that if Johnny's coach was ever 'held-up,' he would never stop unless wounded or killed outright. In this particular he was differently constituted from most stage-drivers, who usually throw on the brake and stop the team at the first order to 'halt,' considering that they are not paid to take chances of being shot.

No wonder, then, that this coach-load, who had all heard of Johnny Slaughter, should have been enjoying the last fifty miles of their long ride more than any other portion of the journey. The scenery was becoming more picturesque and varied as the road wound in snake-like twists and sharp curves along the banks of a swiftly-running mountain stream, or over the top of a rugged rocky mountain, or through dense pine forests, and across beautiful natural parks, having every appearance of the watchful care of the professional forester. Daylight was giving place to dusky twilight as the coach neared the mouth of Gold Run Gulch, one of the tributaries of Whitewood Creek, on which Deadwood is located, when, without the least note of warning, the report of a rifle-shot reverberated through the cañon, and Johnny Slaughter fell from his seat, pierced through the heart by the assassin's bullet. His reputation for never halting did not desert him at this critical moment, for, as he fell, he passed the reins to the passenger seated beside him. The team, four spirited, half-broken mustangs, took fright at the shot, and started to run at the top of their speed. In a short time the coach-load of frightened passengers stopped at the stage office, where the usual crowd of frontiersmen were gathered to see its arrival. The word was passed that Johnny Slaughter lay near the mouth of Gold Run pierced by a bullet. In an incredibly short space of time a posse of well-armed determined men had started on horseback to avenge his death, and others in a wagon to fetch in his body. It was found that the cruel bullet had pierced his heart, and caused almost instantaneous death. But no trace of his murderer has ever been discovered. A thorough search was made on the night of the murder, as well as a thorough canvass of the whereabouts of the desperadoes to whom the finger of suspicion might point. The assassination is to-day, more than thirteen years after its occurrence, still enshrouded in mystery.

Funny incidents, as well as sad and tragical like the foregoing, we can also call to mind in reviewing the exploits of the road-agent. One night in '79 the court stenographer for the Black Hills District was returning from a visit to the States, and the agents halted the coach. He was a very small man, and in order to enjoy a talk with the driver, had climbed to the seat next to that dignitary. His feet would not reach the footboard of the boot, so, to prevent any sudden lurch of the coach from unseating him, the friendly driver had passed a red sursingle around his chest under his arms and buckled it at the back of the seat. When the 'halt' was given, the short stenographer was noticed by the robber who demanded the mail-sacks and treasure-box—or pie-box, as we used to call this. 'Never mind

getting down, Bubby'—a favourite expression used when addressing a young boy in the West—'we ain't making war on kids, so you can stay where you are.' This offended the dignity of the court official, who resented the remark by answering: 'If I had a gun I would show you that I am no kid.'—'Well, then,' was the robber's reply, 'if that is so, just hand down your watch and money, and be lively about it too.' This demand was quickly complied with, for the glistening barrel of a heavy revolver in the hands of the road-agent pointed directly at the little fellow's breast was a powerful persuader. Several months afterwards, this very watch was the means of convicting one of that gang, and sending him to the penitentiary.

At another time, an Eastern man, with more courage than discretion, when told to alight from the inside of a coach, commenced shooting at the brawny thief who was searching the passengers, with a small pocket-pistol, the report from which sounded like the noise made by the small boys' fireworks on Guy Fawkes's day. 'If one of those pills hits me, and I find it out,' said the road-agent, as he unconcernedly proceeded with his search of another passenger's clothing, 'it will go hard with you.'

Evidently, these stage-robbers of our own day had read of the gallantry of Dick Turpin and Claude Duval in their treatment of ladies, for it was no unusual occurrence for these modern knights of the stage-road to demand a kiss in consideration of allowing lady passengers to pass on without loss of jewellery and pocket-book. Of course, the sheriff's officers and guards employed by the different companies used every effort to hunt down and arrest the desperadoes who made life such a troubled dream for the passengers; but in the then sparsely-settled condition of the country this was a very hazardous and difficult undertaking. Nor were the road-agents without friends, although most of those friends were rendered so by compulsion; because living at lonely farms, ranches, and stage stations, it was to their interest to be friendly, or at least keep quiet, in order to save their homes and stables from repeated raids by the freebooters. But this state of affairs is now a thing of the past, as much so as the buffalo, bear, and hostile Indian.

THE RIVER.

FOR centuries oceanward it has flowed on,
Through moorland wild, beneath the hills' great feet,
Past orchards rich, and flowered meadows sweet,
Singing its happy lay; the sun has shone
In silver splendour o'er it, and the moon
Has blazoned silver etchings here and there
Upon its glancing waters; the soft air
Has crisped it, and the winds made sullen moan
Above it, like weird spirits seeking rest.
So flows my life through scenes of joy and woe:
Around me now sweet summer flowers blow,
And now I seem the dreary desert's guest;
Yet, like the river, ever on I move
To the vast ocean of Eternal Love.

WILLIAM COWAN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 373.—VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE FIRST CROSSING OF GREENLAND.

THE character of the interior of Greenland has long had a special interest for geologists from its bearings on the theory of glacial action, which appears to have been so potent an agent in the moulding of the earth's surface. Nordenskiöld in 1870, and again in 1883, penetrated some distance into the interior on the 'Inland Ice,' but, in common with others, still adhered to the view that Greenland is not wholly ice-covered. It was to settle this point that Nansen undertook his expedition of 1888. (*The First Crossing of Greenland*. By Fridtjof Nansen; translated from the Norwegian by H. M. Gepp. 2 vols. Longmans, 1890.)

It is impossible to read Nansen's fascinating narrative without becoming convinced that love of adventure supplied an impulse without which the desire to solve a point mainly interesting to geologists would scarcely have induced the young student of zoology to leave his own studies and incur the hardships and dangers of so arduous an undertaking. Nansen was well known in his own country as a proficient in the national pastime of 'skiløbning'—the art of traversing snow and ice on the long wooden runners known as 'ski.' The success which attended the use of 'ski' in Nordenskiöld's attempt on the Inland Ice in 1883, convinced Nansen that it would be possible for a party of strong and skilful 'skiløbers' to cross the Inland Ice on their 'ski'; each man dragging a light sledge containing the necessary supplies. Funds for the expedition having been obtained, largely through private generosity, Nansen found no difficulty in procuring the co-operation of kindred spirits, imbued with something of the old viking love of adventure, and all, like himself, proficient in the use of 'ski.' It was thought well to procure the assistance of Laplanders on account of their hardihood and power of enduring cold. The two Laps who completed the party of six, undertook the work

purely as a matter of business. They proved to be the least useful members of the expedition.

Dr Nansen gives due prominence in his book to the description of the outfit. 'The expedition,' he says, 'owed its origin entirely to the Norwegian sport of "skiløbning." A whole chapter is devoted to this subject, and is among the most instructive in the book. A map is given showing the enormous extent of country in Northern Europe and Asia in which 'ski' are employed. A zoologist feels bound to apply the doctrine of evolution to every problem, and it is ingeniously argued that the primitive method of facilitating progression over snow by means of a wooden board strapped to the foot is susceptible of development in two ways. The first is by making the board long and narrow, the final result being the Norwegian 'ski.' The second method is that of substituting for the board a framework with a network of sinews stretched across, the highest development of this form being the Indian snow-shoe. This latter form is more suitable where the snow is very soft; and the snow-shoes with which the expedition was furnished were, in fact, occasionally, though not often, used in place of the 'ski.'

Nansen determined to start from the east coast, a method opposed to the traditions of Arctic exploration. One advantage is apparent—namely, that if a start were made from the west, the route must ultimately be retraced. On the other hand, former attempts to effect a landing on the east coast had failed owing to the fact that the cold polar current brings down a barrier of ice which renders access to the coast almost impossible even in summer. On July 17, 1888, the little expedition in their two boats put off from the 'Jason' in latitude sixty-five and a half degrees north, confidently expecting to make their way through the floe-ice direct to the shore. This, however, was not to be. The floes jammed; they were compelled to haul their boats up on the ice; and a rapid current carried them southwards; whilst the parting of the ice and the encroachment of the sea rendered their situation

perilous in the extreme. After ten days of terrible anxiety, a fortunate change of conditions brought them close to shore, and a landing was at length effected, but two hundred and forty miles south of the point at which they had aimed. The next fortnight was occupied in working northwards close under the shore, a time of less peril but of strenuous exertion. An interesting account is given of the meeting with a camp of the heathen Eskimos of the east coast. The Arctic traveller has one advantage over explorers in most parts of the globe—the natives are uniformly friendly. 'A smiling face,' says Nansen, 'is the Eskimo's greeting to a stranger.'

On August 15, being now in latitude sixty-four and a half degrees, it was determined to begin the work of crossing. The boats were abandoned, and the ascent of the eastern slope of the Inland Ice was begun. The ice was intersected by numerous crevasses running generally at right angles to the direction of ascent. The work was exhausting and the danger great, yet no serious accident occurred. 'It was singular,' the author remarks, 'that none of us ever fell through a crevasse further than the armpits.' After some days' climbing, the gradient became less steep, and the party found themselves on safer ground. Three days of incessant rain now obliged them to remain idle in their tent. The rest would have been more welcome had not the inexorable leader kept the party on short rations when work was not exacted. The Laps, who thought the outlook very bad, devoutly read their Testament. The Norwegian gentlemen in their sleeping-bag studied the 'Nautical Almanac.'

The rain having at length ceased, the march was resumed; but by August 26th—altitude six thousand feet—it was apparent that the slowness of their progress hitherto had rendered it impossible to reach Christianshaab before the departure of the last ship for Europe. The course was accordingly altered for the more southerly settlement of Gothaab. Availing themselves of a favourable wind, more rapid progress was made by tying the sledges two abreast and sailing. On the 29th of August the wind dropped, and the work of hauling was resumed. On the 31st, *land* was seen for the last time, from this point the country being completely covered with snow. The character of the coasts of Greenland indicates that the country is as mountainous as Norway. So vast is the accumulation of snow, that, as Nansen has now shown, the valleys are filled by it, and the mountains are buried beneath its smooth surface. For many days the journey was over an horizontal plateau. The progress made was only five to ten miles a day, owing to the difficult nature of the snow. The cold, too, was intense at this altitude of from eight to nearly ten thousand feet—greater, indeed, than has been registered at this time of year in any other part of the globe.

The monotony of this part of the journey seems to have told somewhat on the spirits of the expedition. At this point only does Nansen's story lose something of its singular cheerfulness and elasticity of style. The solution of the problem they had come so far to solve was

before their eyes, but 'food,' he says, 'was the axis on which our whole life turned, our ideal of enjoyment was—enough to eat.' The ideal was far from being attained on an allowance of one kilo (two and one-fifth pounds) per diem in such an atmosphere and with unremitting toil. By September 11 a fall of the ground was just perceptible; on September 17, just two months after leaving the 'Jason,' a snow-bunting was seen, the harbinger of land. The 19th was the most exciting day of the whole journey. The ground was now sloping decidedly to the west; and a strong easterly gale springing up, the sledges were lashed together as on a former occasion and sails hoisted. The violence of the wind rendered the sledges unmanageable, till a device for steering was contrived. A pole was fastened between the sledges, projecting in front, and this was grasped by the steerer, who determined the course of the sledge by the direction in which he turned his 'ski.' The pace was terrific, and the danger correspondingly great; but the practised 'skilöbers' were equal to their task. No accident happened, and the spirits of the party rose with the exhilaration of rapid motion. Towards evening, *land* was seen in the distance. The descent became steeper; the ice-slope of the western side had been reached; and a sudden exertion of strength and skill by the steersman alone prevented the foremost sledge from falling down a broad crevasse.

More cautious progress was now necessary; but the journey was continued by moonlight till, finding themselves amongst a perfect network of crevasses, a halt was at length called after a run of more than five-and-thirty miles. That night, Nansen and Sverdrup forgot to wind up their watches, a remissness not hard to understand after the strain of such a day. Captain Dietrichson, however, in whose punctual performance of every duty Nansen sees the influence of military training, was not remiss; so that the determinations of longitude were fortunately not thrown out. During four more days the dangers of the western ice-slope were encountered, till, on September 24, their feet once more felt the springy earth, and the Inland Ice was crossed. The distance from the starting-point was about two hundred and fifty miles as the crow flies. They struck the head of a fiord the opening of which is a little to the south of Gothaab. In the course of a few days a frail boat was constructed from the tent, and some willow boughs cut from a thicket. On September 28, Nansen and Sverdrup—the sailor of the party—embarked, leaving the rest behind in camp with a not too abundant supply of provisions. Gothaab was reached on October 3; and shortly afterwards, the other members of the expedition were brought to the settlement in boats.

Thus was accomplished the first crossing of Greenland, a great feat, the performance of which cost neither life nor limb. No disagreement marred the life of the comrades, the narrative affording in this respect a refreshing contrast to much of the recent literature of travel. As an author, Nansen is as successful as in his other undertakings. His style is vigorous and buoyant; and the diligence with which he used pencil and camera has enriched two volumes with illustrations many of which have considerable artistic

merit. The translator's work, too, has been thoroughly well done.

Nansen goes north again in 1892. All will wish him success in his second venture.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER IX.—FOR STRATEGIC REASONS.

'GEORGE!' Mrs Maitland remarked abruptly to her husband one evening, a few weeks later, as they sat by themselves, towards the small-hours, in the High Ash drawing-room, 'we must put our foot down without delay about Geraldine and this flighty girl of poor crazy old Dumaresq's.'

The General wavered. He was an old soldier, and he knew that when your commanding officer gives you a definite order, your duty is to obey and not to ask for reasons or explanations. Where Geraldine was in question, however, discipline tottered, and the General ventured to temporise somewhat. He salved his conscience—his military conscience—by pretending not quite to understand his wife. 'Put our foot down how?' he managed to ask, prevaricating.

Mrs Maitland, however, was not the sort of woman to stand prevarication. 'You know perfectly well what I mean,' she answered, briding up, 'so don't make-believe, George, you haven't observed it yourself. Don't look down at the carpet, like a fool, like that. You've seen as well as I have all this that's going on every day between them. Geraldine's behaved disgracefully—simply disgracefully. Knowing very well we had an eye ourselves upon that young man Linnell for her—a most eligible match, as you found out in London—instead of aiding and abetting us in our proper designs for her own happiness, what must she go and do but try her very hardest to fling him straight at the head of that bread-and-butter miss of poor crazy old Dumaresq's? And not only that, but what's worse than all, she's helped on the affair, against her own hand, by actually going and playing gooseberry for them.'

'But what can we do?' the General remarked helplessly. 'A girl of Geraldine's spirit'—

His commanding officer crushed him ruthlessly. 'A girl of Geraldine's spirit!' she repeated with scorn. 'You call yourself a soldier! Why, George, I'm ashamed of you. Do you mean to tell me you're afraid of your own daughter? We must put our foot down. That's the long and the short of it!'

'How?' the General repeated once more with a shudder. It went against the grain with him to repress Geraldine.

'There are no two ways about it,' Mrs Maitland went on, waving her closed fan like a marshal's bâton before her. 'Look the thing plainly in the face, for once in your life, George. She *must* get married, and we *must* marry her. Last year, she refused that rich young Yankee at Algiers. This year she's flung away her one chance of this well-to-do painter man. She's getting on, and wasting opportunities. There's Gordon's got into difficulties at Aldershot again: and Hugh, well, Hugh's failed for everything: and the boys at Winchester are coming on fast: and unless Geraldine marries, I'm sure I don't know what on earth we're ever to do for ourselves about her.'

'Well, what do you want me to *do*?' the General asked submissively. A soldier mayn't like it, but a soldier must always obey orders.

'Do? Why, speak to her plainly to-morrow,' Mrs Maitland said with quiet emphasis. 'Tell her she mustn't go round any more wasting her time with these half-and-half Dumaresqs.'

'Dumaresq's a gentleman,' the General said stoutly.

'Was one, I daresay. But he's allowed himself to sink. And, anyhow, we can't let Geraldine aid and abet him in angling to catch this poor young Linnell for his daughter Psyche, or whatever else he calls the pink-and-white young woman. It's a duty we owe to Mr Linnell himself to protect him from such unblushing and disgraceful fortune-hunting. The girl's unfitted to be a rich man's wife. Depend upon it, it's always unwise to raise such people out of their natural sphere.—You must speak to Geraldine yourself to-morrow, George, and speak firmly.'

The General winced. But he knew his place. 'Very well, Maria,' he answered without a murmur. He would have saluted as he spoke had Mrs Maitland and military duty compelled the performance of that additional courtesy.

So next morning after breakfast, with many misgivings, the General drew his daughter gently into his study, and begged her in set form to abstain in future, for her mother's sake, from visiting the Dumaresqs.

Geraldine heard him out in perfect composure. 'Is that all, Papa?' she asked at last as the General finished with trembling lips.

'That's all, Geraldine.' He said it piteously.

'Very well, Papa,' Geraldine answered, holding herself very tall and erect, with one hand on the table. 'I know what it means. Mamma asked you to speak to me about it. Mamma thinks Mr Linnell might marry me. There, mamma's mistaken. Mr Linnell doesn't mean to ask me, and even if he did, I don't mean to take him.'

'You don't?'

'No, Papa; I don't. So that's the long and short of it. I don't love him, and I won't marry him. He may be as rich as Cresus, but I won't marry him. More than that; he's in love with Psyche; and Psyche, I think, is in love with him. They want my help in the matter very badly; and unless somebody takes their future in hand and makes the running very easy for them, I'm afraid Mr Linnell will never summon up courage to propose to Psyche. He's so dreadfully shy and reserved and nervous.'

'So you mean to go there still, my child, in spite of what I say to you?'

Geraldine hesitated. 'Father dear,' she cried, putting her graceful arms round the old man's neck tenderly, 'I love you very, very much; but I can't bear not to help poor dear lonely Psyche.'

The General's courage, which was all physical, oozed out like Bob Acres's at the palms of his hands. This was not being firm; but he couldn't help it. His daughter's attitude had his sincerest sympathy. The commanding officer might go and be hanged. Still, he temporised. 'Geraldine,' he said softly, bending her head to his, 'promise me at least you won't go to-day.—Your mother'll be so annoyed with me if you go to-day.—Promise me to stop at home and'—

'And protect you, you old dear!' She reflected

a moment. 'Well, yes; I'll stop at home just this once, if only to keep you out of trouble. Give Mr Linnell a chance of speaking if he really wants to. Though what on earth poor Psyche'll do without me I'm sure I don't know. She's expecting me to-day. She counts on my coming. I'll have to write and tell her I can't come; and Psyche's so quick, I'm afraid she'll guess exactly why I can't get round this morning to help her.'

The General breathed more freely once more. 'There's a dear girl,' he said, stroking her hair gently. 'Your mother would have been awfully annoyed if you'd gone. She thinks it's wrong of you to encourage young Linnell in his flirtation with that girl. Though I quite agree with you, Geraldine, my dear, that if you don't love a man, you oughtn't to marry him.—Only—it'd be a very great comfort to us both, you know, my dear, if only you could manage ever to love a man who was in a position to keep you as we've always kept you.'

'I don't know how it is,' Geraldine answered reflectively. 'I suppose it's original sin or the natural perversity of human nature coming out in my case; but I never *do* like men with money, and I always fall in love with men without a ha'penny.—But, there; I've no time to discuss the abstract question with you now. I must run up at once and write this note to poor Psyche.'

CHAPTER X.—AS BETWEEN GENTLEMEN.

That same morning, Linnell sat in his own room at the Red Lion, with a letter of Sir Austen's lying open before him, and a look of sad perplexity gathering slowly upon his puckered brow. It was natural, perhaps, that Sir Austen should wish to settle the question once for all before leaving England: natural, too, that Sir Austen should look at the whole matter purely from the point of view of Frank Linnell, 'the parson in Northumberland,' whom alone he had been sedulously taught from his childhood upward to consider as his cousin, though the law would have nothing to do with countenancing their unacknowledged relationship. And yet Linnell was distinctly annoyed. The tone of the letter was anything but a pleasant one. 'Sir Austen Linnell presents his compliments.'—What a studiously rude way of addressing his own first-cousin, his next of kin, his nearest relative, the heir to the baronetcy! Linnell took up his pen and, biting his lip, proceeded at once, as was his invariable wont, to answer offhand the unpleasant communication.

'Mr C. A. Linnell presents his compliments'

—No, no; as he wrote, he remembered with a blush that verse of Shelley's, 'Let scorn be not repaid with scorn;' and rising superior to the vulgar desire to equal an adversary in rudeness and disrespect, he crumpled up the half-written sheet in his hands, and began again upon a fresh page in more cousinly fashion:

DEAR SIR AUSTEN—I can readily understand that your friendship and affection for my half-brother Frank Linnell should prompt you to write to me on the unfortunate question of the succession to the title before leaving England. The subject, I need hardly say, is a painful one to every one of us: to none of us more so, I

feel sure, than to myself. But as you are the first to open communications upon it, there can be no reason on earth why I should not answer your queries frankly and straightforwardly without reserve. In the first place, then, during your lifetime I can promise you that I will not overtly or covertly lay claim in any way to the heirship to the title and estates of the baronetcy. In the second place, during my brother Frank's lifetime I will not lay claim to the baronetcy itself, should it ever fall to me, thereby implying any slight upon him or upon my father's memory. But, in the third place, I will not, on the other hand, permit him to put any such slight upon me or upon those whose memory is very dear to me by claiming it for himself without any real legal title. Such a course, I think, would imply a dishonour to one whom I revere more than any other person I have ever met with. I hope this arrangement, by which I practically waive my own rights and my place in the family during my brother's life and yours, will prove satisfactory and pleasing to both of you.—With my best wishes for your success in your African trip, I am ever your sincere friend and cousin,

CHARLES AUSTEN LINNELL.

He wrote it at one burst. And when he had written it, he felt all the lighter for it.

He had an appointment that morning at eleven with Psyche, and as soon as the letter was off his mind, he went round to the Wren's Nest trembling with suppressed excitement. In his hand he carried the water-colour sketch of the cottage, now completed and framed, for presentation to Psyche. If he saw her alone, he had it half in his mind to ask her that morning whether or not she would be his for ever. Those lines from the Lord of Burleigh kept ringing in his ears—'If my heart by signs can tell, Maiden, I have watched thee daily, And I think thou lov'st me well.' Surely, surely, Psyche loved him. So timid and sensitive a man as himself could not have been mistaken in his interpretation of her frank confidence and her crimson blushes.

He was not destined to find Psyche alone, however. As he entered, Haviland Dumaresq met him in the garden, tearing up a note from Geraldine to his daughter. The note had annoyed him, if so placid a man could ever be said to display annoyance. It mentioned merely 'in great haste' that Geraldine would not be able to come round and assist at the sitting to-day, as Mamma was dreadfully angry about something, and poor Papa wanted her to stop and break the brunt of the enemy's assault for him. Psyche knew in a moment what the letter meant—she had old experience of Mrs Maitland's fancies—and handed it without a word of explanation to her father. The great philosopher took it and read it. 'All women are alike, my child,' he said philosophically, crumpling the paper up in his hand: 'they insist upon making mountains out of molehills. And there's nothing about men that irritates them more than our perverse male habit of seeing the molehill, in spite of all they may say to magnify it, in merely its own proper proportions. A due sense of social perspective is counted to our sex for moral obliquity.—Go in and get yourself ready, Psyche. I'll wait out here and talk to Mr Linnell for you.'

When Linnell arrived upon the scene, picture in hand, a few minutes later, Haviland Dumaresq, straight and proud as ever, stepped forward to meet him, tearing up the peccant letter into shreds as he went, and scattering its fragments over his own dearly-loved and neatly-kept flower-beds. He saw what the water-colour was at a glance, and taking the painter's hand in his own, with some chilliness in his manner—for it was clear this young man was seeing quite too much of Psyche, when even Mrs Maitland noticed it and animadverted upon it—he said with the air of a patron of art, not magniloquently at all, but simply and naturally: 'So you've brought home the sketch. We shall be glad to have it.'

Linnell was taken aback by the quiet business assumption implied in his tone, and looking up quickly into the great man's face—for to him Dumaresq was always great in whatever surroundings—he stammered out in answer with a certain shamefaced awkwardness: 'I hoped Miss Psyche might be good enough to accept it from me.'

The philosopher glanced back at him with an inquiring gaze. 'Oh no,' he said coldly, examining the picture with a critical eye. 'This sketch was a commission. I asked you to do it for us. You must let me pay you whatever's proper for it.'

Linnell hardly knew whether to feel more amused or annoyed. Dumaresq, he felt sure, must have received his eight hundred guineas already, and be inclined to assume a princely air of patronage to art on the strength of this sudden access of unwonted opulence. Still, even though the money came directly out of his own pocket, he couldn't bear to sell the sketch of Haviland Dumaresq's cottage to the great philosopher—and to Psyche's father. 'It was a labour of love,' he ventured to say with quiet persistence, in spite of Dumaresq's chilling austerity. 'I did it with more than my usual success, I dare to think, because I was inspired by the importance of the subject, and because I thought you would allow me to present it as a memento to Miss Dumaresq. Besides, you know, it's only right she should accept it from me in return for the trouble I've given her about the other painting. Your daughter has put me under great obligations in permitting me to paint her in the foreground of my Academy picture.'

Dumaresq drew himself up even more stiffly than before. 'My daughter,' he said with a very cold and clear intonation, 'is not, as you seem to think, a professional model. She doesn't expect payment in any way for her services. If her face is of use to you for the purposes of art, we are both of us glad that art should be the richer for it. A beautiful face is a gift of nature, intended for the common good of humanity: a beautiful picture makes the world so much the better for its existence and its beauty. I would not grudge to art the power to multiply beautiful faces—and Psyche's is beautiful—to the utmost of its ability. But you must tell me how much I owe you for this sketch, all the same. It's unbecoming the dignity both of art and of philosophy that an artist and a philosopher should haggle together in the matter of price over such a subject.'

Linnell bowed his head in silent acquiescence. After all, he thought to himself, fifty pounds was

not worth fighting about; the money in the end came out of his own pocket. And he didn't wish to offend Psyche's father. In a very little time, perhaps—and his heart beat high—it would matter very little which of them had the money, himself or Psyche. 'If you insist upon it, Mr Dumaresq,' he said at last with a painful effort, 'though it's a great disappointment to me not to be permitted to offer the picture as a present to your daughter, we'll make it, as you prefer, a matter of business. Suppose, then, by way of putting a price upon it, we set down the value at twenty guineas.'

Haviland Dumaresq drew a long breath. This was eleven pounds more than his utmost imagination. But he was far too proud to show his surprise openly. He had Macmurdo and White's twenty-pound note that moment in his pocket. He drew it forth with calm determination, like a man to whom twenty pounds is less than nothing, and adding to it a sovereign from his purse, laid it simply in the painter's palm. The coin burned into Linnell's hand, for he, too, was proud—proud and sensitive. He had never been paid so brusquely in his life before, and the hard matter-of-fact mode of the business transaction made him for the very first time feel ashamed of his profession. But he gave no outward sign, any more than Dumaresq himself had done, of his internal feelings. He thrust the money loose with his hand into his trousers pocket, and muttering something inarticulate about the lights being bad to-day for painting, begged to be excused from going on with the portrait. Then he turned around, and walked slowly out of the garden gate, and up on to the Downs, where he wandered long alone, reflecting bitterly with himself that great men when you come to see them at close quarters fail often in the end to correspond with one's preconceived opinion of their innate greatness. It must be always so. They give the people of their best, of course; and the people judge the whole by the sample.

As for poor Psyche, who, waiting in the drawing-room, had heard this brief colloquy through the open window, she went up-stairs to her own bedroom, and flinging herself on the bed in her Arab costume, cried her poor little eyes out to think that Papa should behave so harshly to that dear Mr Linnell, who admired him so much, and would give his life almost to do anything for either of them.

For Psyche, too, in her clear girlish way, was quite certain that Linnell loved her.

WOODCOCKS IN SPRING AND AUTUMN.

MARCH—Woodcock-shooting. This is the heading of the month in an Illustrated Almanac published in 1854. There is a quaint picture of two gentlemen in long-waisted coats and immense leggings beating a cover with the help of two brace of beautiful little cocker spaniels, one of whom has just flushed a woodcock.

It seems barbarous to us now to shoot these birds after the legitimate season, the winter, has closed. Though the law does not protect them till the 1st of March, few sportsmen will kill them after pheasant-shooting is over.

The chief cause of this forbearance has been that we have at last learned that woodcocks will, if undisturbed in February, frequently stay to breed with us. Formerly, numbers were killed during the spring migration, and as the woods were constantly disturbed, few remained to breed. A hundred years ago a woodcock's nest was a great rarity; now there is hardly a county in England in which a pair have not been known to breed. Sussex is one of their favourite places. Mr Monk has calculated that there are from one hundred and fifty to two hundred nests each year in Eastern Sussex alone.

The increase in woods in Scotland has also been in their favour. St John says that every year the number that breed in Sutherland and Ross-shire increases with the growth of the fir plantations. They are very early nesters, for eggs have been found during the first week in March. This was, however, rather an exceptional case, for the birds generally lay at the end of that month. The eggs are deposited in some dry spot at the foot of a tree, or in a clump of heather, often at a long distance from the feeding-grounds. They are four in number, of a dirty yellow ground colour, blotched and spotted with brown and gray.

The old birds carry their young to the springs and marshes, and will also transport them if threatened with danger. Though gamekeepers and Swedish naturalists had asserted the fact, and it was indeed self-evident, owing to the great distance from marsh-land at which the nest is sometimes placed, the method of carrying the young was long debated by naturalists. The bill seemed ill adapted for supporting a weight, the feet had little grasping power, and it seemed impossible for either to hold the young ones firmly. Scopoli, an Austrian naturalist, who wrote in 1770, said: 'The woodcock, when flying from an enemy, carries its young ones in its beak'—a statement Gilbert White evidently doubted, 'though he will not say a thing is false because he has not been a witness of the fact.' Later observations have cleared up the mystery. The little birds are generally clipped tight between the tarsi or else between the thighs. In the former case, they hang, as Mr Stuart, the observer, said, 'like a parachute;' in the latter, they are pressed close to the body.

At the end of March and beginning of April they may sometimes be seen at dusk flitting to and fro in the glades of woodland country, and tilting at one another with their long bills. Occasionally one will pursue another over the tree-tops, wheeling and twisting with wonderful rapidity. This is the courting-time; for many of the birds that nest in Scandinavia pair before arriving at their breeding-grounds, where they are later in nesting than in England. Before the close-time was fixed, poachers and pot-hunters used often to lie in wait for and kill the birds in these glades; a practice the Swedes still continue, in spite of the birds being at the time in miserable condition.

By far the greater number of the woodcocks killed in England are birds that have come from the North. The first large flight generally occurs

during the second week in October. It is chiefly composed of females, for, like chaffinches and some other birds, the two sexes separate at the approach of winter. Soon the cock-birds follow, and by the middle of November all have left Sweden and Norway.

Now that posts of observation have been established at most of the lighthouses round our coasts, we are supplied with much valuable and reliable information on the migration of birds. Mr John Cordeaux has carefully investigated the reports from the signal stations, and finds that, contrary to the old assertion that the birds liked a moonlight night, the majority come in hazy weather with drizzling rain. Unless the wind is very strong, they seem little affected by it, and often come in the face of a strong north-west wind. October 12, 1882, was a typical day, or rather night, with a strong easterly wind and drizzling rain. Apparently, the woodcocks left Norway at dusk, and crossed the North Sea in slightly diverging lines, for Mr Cordeaux received reports of their arrival from every signal station between Orfordness in Suffolk and the Firth of Forth.

Sometimes considerable numbers travel farther westward than they had intended. Probably a strong wind has carried them over England during the darkness, and at daybreak the birds find themselves over the Atlantic. In 1848 the sea beyond Land's End was one day strewn with dead woodcocks; and Gilbert White records an instance of a great number arriving in the Scilly Islands. Their powers of flight are so great, that unless the wind is very high, they are not much exhausted by the journey. Unlike the birds that land on our southern shores in the spring migration, the first arrivals are in excellent plumage and condition.

Though great numbers arrive in England on the same day, they do not, as a rule, migrate in flocks, but fly independently of leaders. Geese, ducks, cranes, and many other birds invariably move southward in regular bodies; but a flock of woodcocks is rarely seen.

The birds vary so much in size and colouring that it was long maintained that there were two distinct varieties. 'We have two kinds of cocks,' wrote Newman in his 'Letters of Rusticus'—'the little dark-coloured fellow and the large light-tinted bird, the former being much the rarer.' Many naturalists thought that the latter was the hen-bird; but Gould showed that the balance of size was slightly in favour of the male woodcock. All the best authorities seem now to be agreed that there is but one species of '*Scolopax Rusticola*' in Europe, though the individuals vary greatly both in weight and plumage. Young birds weigh from nine to ten ounces, the older from eleven to thirteen. Sometimes a Brobdingnag specimen is recorded; the largest of all, 'both on scales and steelyard,' weighed twenty-seven ounces. Of this specimen, an eminent naturalist writes: 'It is impossible to contradict a lady [the authority], but a bird of this size I have never seen.'

Though the number of home-bred birds is steadily increasing, the total number of woodcocks shot in the kingdom is undoubtedly smaller than formerly. Seventy years ago they rarely cost more than sixpence a couple; now, their price is from three to four shillings each.

Increased demand may have done much towards enhancing their price, but our grandfathers fully appreciated woodcock on toast. The couplet—

If the partridge had the woodcock's thigh,
It would be the best bird that ever did fly—

is a very old one, for Willughby, who wrote in 1688, quoted it.

This decrease in numbers is probably due to the persecution they undergo in Scandinavia, where nests are harried and the birds shot in the spring; and still more to the immense numbers killed in Greece and Albania. Since these great woodcock preserves have been discovered, they have been constantly visited by sportsmen. As from forty to fifty couple are often killed by two guns in a single day, the total number shot must be very large, for the birds remain in these countries from November till March.

Shakespeare's frequent allusions to these birds and the springes in which they were taken show how common they were in his time. Now, it would be hard to find a man who knew how to make a springe. Mr Knox, in one of his charming books, gives a description of one which an old man made at his request; and there is also a beautiful drawing by Wolff of a woodcock caught and strangled in it.

Netting, too, was formerly largely practised, and though it has been abandoned in England, is still employed on the Continent. In Holland I have seen nets used with great success. The birds, which doze all day in some warm and dry copse, start soon after dusk for their feeding-grounds, flying low, and generally passing through any opening between trees, rather than rising above them. The gamekeepers watch in the October evenings till they discover a place such as an opening in an avenue, a glade in a wood, or a space between two copses where the birds are accustomed to pass. Here, two poles are set up, and a light net stretched between them and fastened by a cord. One that I knew well was in the avenue leading from the Great Wood at The Hague to Baron Van Brienens's house Clingendael. The poles were erected just where a lane cut through the double line of beech-trees, a favourite passage for the birds. I have often met Baas Solms, the Baron's steward, on a winter evening going to hoist the net. The flight lasted for barely an hour at dark and daybreak, so that the Baas had not long to wait; not much longer than he needed to finish the big lump of tobacco which he had previously packed in the china bowl of his pipe. Holding the cord as he stood motionless by one of the poles, he was ready, as soon as he heard a 'hout snip' strike the net, to bring it down with a jerk and capture the bird.

There is no need to search for a fresh netting-place each year. For generations the birds visit the same copses and fly night after night to the same springs. While the individual woodcock is a capricious bird, here to-day and a hundred miles off to-morrow, the species is most regular in its habits. On every estate there are particular spots where keepers look each year for woodcocks. Two such places I can especially recall: one an isolated thorn-bush on the steepest and roughest side of Camsdale, in Derbyshire; the other, a big holly-bush in a Devonshire furze-break. Many other clumps of bushes on both these hills look

more snug and sheltered; but these have long been known as the woodcocks' favourite spots.

Woodcock-shooting is one of the most fascinating forms of sport. Its very uncertainty adds to its interest. It is difficult to make sure of finding the birds; and if they are missed, they are not likely to be flushed next day, for few birds are more shy and quicker to move from a district where they have been disturbed. And it is very easy to miss them, for their swift and uneven flight makes them no easy mark. But when one has been shot, how lovely are the shades of the plumage, dark brown, chestnut, and gray, matching so closely the dead leaves among which woodcocks love to sit; and what an excellent dish the bird makes when delicately browned on toast! It is amusing to watch the care that a sportsman who is something of an epicure takes with his newly-killed bird. First, the whole plumage is carefully smoothed down, and the 'painter's feathers'—the outside feather of each bastard wing—extracted and placed in his hat. Then the lower part of each leg is twisted off and the sinew drawn from the thigh; after which the bird, instead of being placed in the game-bag, is confided to the keeper, with strict injunctions to carry it by the stumps of the legs, for fear the 'trail' should be lost.

At the present time, almost all the woodcocks shot are killed when the covers are beaten at regular battues. Formerly, dogs were usually employed; and the small breed of cocker spaniels much valued. The scent of the birds is strong, and dogs hunt them keenly; and in wild rough countries spaniels are still much used when the furze-breaks and small spinnies are beaten for rabbits, woodcocks, and straying cock-pheasants. Even good shots will constantly miss woodcocks, probably in three cases out of four from being in a hurry. I once saw a woodcock flushed twice in a small wood, and missed by three good shots in succession. The bird flew close past the only 'duffer' of the party, who emptied both barrels without touching a feather. The woodcock flew about one hundred yards down the hill-side and pitched by a hedge. Away ran the sportsman without waiting to reload, making sure, from the bird's curious sidelong descent, that it was killed, and delighted at having succeeded where his more experienced friends had failed. The bird allowed him to approach within half-a-dozen yards, then flapped slowly out of the hedge, and went straight away to the opposite side of the valley. Sometimes they will when flushed fly considerable distances, but more frequently settle quickly. A story is told of a Devonshire baronet and his son who pursued a woodcock for a whole morning, and flushed him fourteen times before they succeeded in securing him.

One more story of woodcock-shooting. A certain clergyman in the west of England was appointed to a living near the coast, a favourite place for woodcock on their first arrival. They used, however, to stay but a short time, departing soon to the large woods inland. The clergyman was very fond of shooting; and as he was anxious to make a good bag, determined to begin shooting as soon as the birds came. One of his parishioners, a curious old fellow, who, when young, had been a well-known smuggler and poacher, was, he was

to the most likely man to know first of their arrival. He lived in a tiny little cottage in a small valley leading from the low cliffs to the beach. The vicar interviewed old John Beer, who readily promised to bring him word as soon as ever the woodcocks came. A few days later, as the vicar was reading the second lesson on Sunday morning, old Beer came into church—a place, I am sorry to say, he rarely entered—and made his way up the aisle to a seat near the reading-desk. He waited till the lesson was finished, then leant over the side of the high pew, and said in a stage whisper, 'They are coom.'

The woodcock, as it has always been a favourite with sportsmen, has now a better chance of increasing in numbers; since, under the Wild Birds Protection Act of 1880, it has been assigned a close time, extending from 1st March to 1st August.

THE RING AND THE BIRD.

CHAPTER III.

I WENT into the dining-room, where, even at that moment of confusion, I saw that my presence created an additional awkwardness. I did not heed the others, but turned to Louisa, who paled before my glance. 'What were you saying?' I asked.

'What do you mean?'

'What did you say about Agatha a moment ago? Will you repeat it?'

Louisa's face grew sullen behind its fear. How black these gold-haired women look sometimes!

'I said that Agatha had stolen Colonel Farrer's ring.'

'That is not true!' I exclaimed.

Mrs Gretton broke in: 'Oh, Mr Laurence, I'm as sorry for you as I am for myself; though of course you can throw up Agatha, and nothing can undo the fact that she is my poor dead brother's child. But there's no use denying it; she has confessed to the theft.'

'I don't believe it. You have misunderstood her.'

'I wish that were possible. But you see the motive was there, and really we can't altogether blame her—at least'—

'What do you mean by the motive?'

'Will—her brother. You have seen him?'

'Yes; he dined here once—a pale, weak-looking young fellow.'

'It is Agatha who is weak over him—the only subject on which she ever shows any softness. She would never have left him, although his gambling and getting into debt were breaking her heart and wearing out her health, if he hadn't decided to go to America. Then I persuaded her to come here. But in less than six months he was back again. She would have gone to live with him again; but he himself put so many hindrances in the way that it was evident he didn't want her. And he really seemed to be doing better. It was a surprise as well as a shock to her when she got his letter this morning saying that he wanted money. And poor girl, I can't blame her too much if the ring tempted her.'

'I see no excuse for dishonesty,' said the Colonel, with a pompous indignation which even at that moment struck me as ludicrous. I remembered how he had obtained the ring.

'Agatha told me nothing of all this,' I said, feeling some pain that she had withheld any confidence from me.

'She wouldn't like to expose family troubles; and, besides, Will seemed to be quite steady now,' said Mrs Gretton.

'She didn't want to risk losing you,' said Louisa.

I turned to Mrs Gretton. 'Will you ask Agatha, for my sake, to come down-stairs for a few moments, and give us some explanation of this matter?'

'She won't come,' Mrs Gretton declared; but when I pressed the matter she consented to tell my sweetheart of my request. While she was gone another thought struck me, and I asked from Louisa, and obtained, Will March's address.

When Agatha appeared I think even the Colonel must have pitied her. I know the parrot did, for he cried out 'A-ga-fa!' with a wail of commiseration in his strident voice. How pale she was I cannot tell you; loose tendrils of her brown hair hung about her troubled brow, her lips trembled, and her eyes were strained and colourless with weeping. She shivered as with cold, although the evening was warm and mild, and her shoulders and arms were covered with a half-transparent white shawl drawn closely round her, under whose meshes one could barely see the outline of her hands.

I went up to her and put my arm round her waist. 'Agatha,' I said, 'do you know the accusation that is brought against you?'

'No,' she answered with wondering eyes; and Louisa ejaculated, 'What nonsense!'

'Before I tell it you,' I went on, 'I want you to know that I do not believe it, that my trust in you is as complete as ever.'

She broke into tears. 'O Frank, Frank, I don't deserve your trust; I don't think I should have done it. But I belonged to Will before I ever saw you—my little brother that I have cared for all my life! I promised my mother to look after him. I had to help him.'

'Then he needed help to-day?'

'Yes.'

'Why did you not come to me, dear? Surely I have the right to know your troubles.'

'It wasn't my trouble; it was Will's. And, beside, men—good men—are hard, even the kindest of them. You would only have said bitter things of my poor boy, and refused to aid him after all. I had to take my own way, right or wrong.'

My sweetheart's words were very bitter to me. I had trusted her, and she had not trusted me. I had been tender with her—all the more gentle because so long she had stood and fought alone, because I knew that love of any kind had never smoothed her path. I had tried, consciously tried, to make her feel that my life was bound with hers; I had risked boring her with my disappointments, my ambitions, and my hopes, rather than let her fancy I had a thought apart from her. I had brought only little troubles to her as yet, because, thank God, I had no great

ones to bring; but I had striven, even in those early days of our betrothal, to begin that union of mind and soul I looked for in our marriage. I had meant nothing but love, and to her I had seemed cold and hard, unready to help. Pain made me cruel when I thought of this, and recalled her statement that, for fear of my refusal to aid her brother, she had taken 'her own way, right or wrong.'

'And your way,' I said, 'was theft!' For I forgot at that moment that I had promised to trust her against the accusing of all the world, and I was angry with myself for feeling that if she would only raise her eyes to mine I could not but 'believe herself against herself.' Surely now, I thought, she would flash a glance of anger or reproof at me. But she only drooped her head a little lower.

'I suppose you have the right to call it that,' she said pitifully. 'I didn't think of it in that light at the moment. The need was so great, so pressing, that I only felt that the power to help was in my hands. I should have felt guilty if I had not used it. And I hoped that in three days, when I got my salary, I should be able to put all right without your knowing. I didn't know that I was doing really wrong. I can't quite feel it even now.'

'Why, Agatha,' cried her aunt, 'I don't know what you mean! That comes of going to nasty Socialist meetings, where I believe everybody is an infidel. Can't feel that you did wrong, indeed! Where is your conscience, if it doesn't tell you that you were wrong—wickedly, sinfully, wrong—in taking Colonel Farrer's ring?'

Agatha looked up now, but in utmost bewilderment. 'Colonel Farrer's ring! What have I to do with that? I have never seen it since this afternoon, when Louisa tried it on.'

'How dare you talk so, you wicked girl! In face of your own words, too. Didn't you tell Louisa yourself, when you came in, that you had taken the ring?'

'Never!'

Mrs Gretton and Louisa both broke into exclamations of horror at her dishonesty, deceit, and boldness. Agatha paid no heed to them. She turned to the Colonel, and stretched out her right hand—her left was still half-hidden by the shawl, but I could see that it was pressed against her throat, as if to keep down an hysterical sob that would hardly be repressed. 'Colonel Farrer,' she said solemnly, 'I swear to you that I have never touched your ring, that I have not seen it since this afternoon when it was on my cousin's hand.'

'I don't believe a word you say, Miss March,' said the Colonel rudely; and again the two women began their howling of reproach. I could stand it no longer.

'Look here, Miss Gretton,' I cried; 'the last time the ring was seen it was on your finger. It doesn't seem so very unlikely that you knew what became of it afterwards, that you know where it is lying now.'

'Oh! Frank, don't talk like that,' cried Agatha; while Mrs Gretton turned on me like an infuriated mother-hen, and asked me how I dared address such language to her child.

Louisa alone remained composed. 'It is natural that you should want to screen Agatha at any

one's expense,' she said; 'and perhaps you could manage it better if it weren't for her own admission, made in your hearing, that to oblige her brother she has done something which, if she confessed it, you would consider wrong.'

Her words were unanswerable. I looked at Agatha in a mute appeal for the explanation I felt it would be useless to demand. She only shook her head. I turned to Colonel Farrer, and addressed myself to him: 'As Miss March's future husband'—'Good gracious!' I heard Mrs Gretton exclaim, as if she doubted that I still could think of making Agatha my wife—'As Miss March's future husband, I take the whole responsibility of this matter. I am going out now to investigate it. I hope to make it all clear; but I promise you that if I cannot give you back your ring, I will pay you the value of it, if I have to sell the coat off my back and beg in the streets for the money.'

'Fine talk,' said the Colonel; 'but I won't trust to it. That young woman will be inside a police cell before she is half an hour older.'

'If she is, you shall know the lash of a horse-whip before another hour has passed,' I retorted. 'Keep any watch you like while I am gone; but if you send her out of this house, you will remember what you have done till your dying day.'

I hurried to the address given me by Louisa, in search of Will March. He lived not far off, in one of the gloomy streets off Theobald's Road, a locality not frequented by hansoms and unknown to the cabman I had called. Thus some time was wasted before I found the place, and I knew that Agatha was suffering all the time. Happily, however, my brother-in-law elect was at home. It was May, and warm for the time of year; but he was cowering over a fire in one corner of the shabby stuffy room, and sucking desperately at a short briar pipe. He looked a miserable object, whom only his youth—he was younger than Agatha, only a little over twenty—made a fit object for pity rather than contempt. He was taken aback at my appearance. I think he guessed at once that I meant to tackle him on the subject of the help he had received from his sister, and tried to stiffen himself into an invertebrate obstinacy.

'I believe you are in want of money,' I began without any preamble of greeting.

'What's that to you?' he retorted with a rudeness that surpassed my own. 'I haven't asked you for any.'

'No; but you asked your sister, and that's the same.'

'Oh, is it?'

'You know what I mean—that your sister is engaged to me; and I'm not going to have her robbed, and tortured, and driven to despair through your conduct.'

'You'd better wait till Aggie herself complains before you take up that tone.'

'It is time to take it up when she is threatened with disgrace for helping you.'

'Disgrace!'

'Yes; she is accused of theft, and won't give a satisfactory explanation, for fear of compromising you.'

'That's nonsense. They can't make out anything against her.'

'I don't know about that. She is under guard

at this moment, and threatened with the police office. I don't myself understand her conduct; but I expect that you do. Now, look here, March; I wouldn't lend you a shilling to save you from penal servitude, as far as you yourself are concerned; but for Agatha's sake, I'll pay this debt of yours, or whatever it is, if only you'll make a clean breast of the matter.'

Confession did not come easily to my companion; he was too anxious to excuse himself to tell a straight story; but, put briefly, it was the familiar tale of gambling, debt, the cherished chum developing into the pressing creditor, and embezzlement committed to meet his claims.

'It's not much—only fifteen pounds; but it's enough to play the mischief with me if I can't account for it to-morrow. At least it would have been if Agatha hadn't helped me out of the bog.'

'Did she give you money?'

'Not exactly. She hadn't enough; and those beasts at the College she teaches at wouldn't advance her salary, though it's due next week. She thought she could get it that way; but they wouldn't give it her—the mean hounds.'

It was wonderful what scorn Will felt for the Secretary and Treasurer of that College.

'That was when she left me in the morning. When she came back in the afternoon she told me of the refusal, and we were at our wits' end, till she thought of something else.'

'What did she think of? What did she give you?'

'It doesn't matter about that, does it?' he asked, looking more uncomfortable than ever.

'That is just what does matter.'

'It was a ring.'

'A ring!' I sat down and groaned aloud. It was all true, then. Agatha was a thief. She had put her own head in the noose to save this miserable young scapegrace. But how could she have been so mad as to think she could escape detection?

'Where is it now?' I asked at last.

'Pawned.'

'Have you the ticket?'

'Yes.'

'And the money?'

'Yes.'

'I'll give you a cheque for the sum; but we must go to the pawnbroker to-night and redeem it.'

'It's too late.'

'If it were midnight, I must get it out to-night. I'd rout up the Seven Sleepers to get it. Come along and show me the place.'

'But look here; you'll act square?'

'I have promised you a cheque sufficient to cover that—deficit. I'll give it you just now if you like, if you'll give me the money you got for the ring and take me to the pawnbroker.'

He brought it out—two dirty five-pound notes, three sovereigns, and a handful of silver—a miscellaneous collection that made fifteen pounds in all. Fortunately, I had a cheque-book in my pocket, and gave him a cheque for the amount.

'It's all right, I suppose?' he said, fingering the paper dubiously.

'Of course it's all right,' I replied with some anger. 'I'm not a rich man; but I should

think myself disgraced if I incurred a liability I couldn't meet.'

He coloured at the taunt, but did not resent it. 'There's another thing,' he went on with more hesitancy. 'You won't throw Aggie over for this. She's really awfully fond of you; it would break her heart if anything came between you and her, and you know she's one of those quiet girls that things go fearfully deep with. She cried—you've no idea how she cried over that ring; but she thought she ought to help me. She has always helped me, you know. But upon my word, I—yes, I would now—I'd sooner go to jail than make any mischief between you and her. Promise me not to throw her over.'

'I don't know,' I answered slowly. 'There are some things one doesn't like to think of in one's wife. But still, as you say, it was for your sake. She wouldn't have done it for her own.'

'Not to save herself from starving,' said Will emphatically.

I said nothing, and we went out together. The pawnbroker's was near—a mean place, where business was done mostly in half-worn gowns and coats, thin blankets, silver watches, and tawdry dangling earrings. I could not but think that the sacred ruby of Ram Asoka had got into strange company.

My sternness and young March's pallid face made the pawnbroker comprehend that there was something wrong. I believe he thought I was a detective, and made but small demur about showing me the ring, though he kept assuring me that he was an honest tradesman who had never had so much as a suspicion about him. 'And the young gent looked like one that might have a thing of that sort naturally enough. But remember, sir, that I know nothing about it; I'm quite innocent'—

'All right,' I interrupted. 'There's no suspicion of you; you're in no danger if you'll make haste and produce that ring.'

He did so. Was the pang that went through me one of relief or shame? For it was not Colonel Farrer's ruby that I saw, but Agatha's diamond engagement ring.

HOW SOME POPULAR INSTITUTIONS BEGAN.

'REUTER' is a word which is pretty familiar to most newspaper readers, yet few are aware that Reuter's system of news-supply is practically not more than thirty years old. In 1849, Baron Reuter tried to introduce his agency into the metropolis; but the London newspapers would have nothing to do with him. At first, he confined his attention to the supply of financial intelligence; but in 1859 he managed to be first in the field with a report of the speech delivered by Napoleon III. at the New-year's reception in the Tuileries, and from thenceforward Reuter's Agency became an established fact.

The Press Association, or 'P. A.' as it is called by newspaper people, is an even more recent institution. Prior to 1868, it was unknown; but

in that year, when the telegraph system was taken over by the State, newspaper proprietors formed themselves into an Association for the distribution of news. That Association has now correspondents, one might almost say, everywhere; and there is not a town and hardly a village in the kingdom that does not possess its 'P. A.' man, who is ready to flash to the head office in London any important event occurring in his district. At the head office the item is carefully edited, and then sent to newspapers all over the country.

'Hospital Sunday' is another institution now deservedly popular, yet, strange to say, it has not yet reached its majority. For a long time it had been the practice on the Continent to make a special collection in the churches every year for the hospitals in each particular district; but until Dr James Wakley, editor of the *Lancet*, started the Metropolitan Hospital Home Fund in 1873, 'Hospital Sunday' was practically unknown in Great Britain.

Flower Services, which are now universally held, and which do so much to brighten the dreary lives of hospital patients and workhouse inmates, were initiated in 1853 by the Rev. W. M. Whittemore, D.D., rector of St Katharine Cree, Leadenhall Street, E.C. The flower service is now an annual institution in churches belonging to nearly every denomination in the kingdom.

Working-men's Clubs, so numerous now, did not exist a little over thirty years ago. In 1858, the Rev. E. Butcher Chatmer, vicar of St Matthias, Salford, established the first regularly organised Working-men's Club. Miss Adeline Cooper, with the Earl of Shaftesbury's assistance, followed suit with the Duck Lane Workmen's Club in Westminster in 1860; and in 1862, the Working-men's Club and Institute Union was established. At first, Working-men's Clubs—which really owe their origin to the zeal of the advocates of temperance—were teetotal establishments; but it was soon found that these, however excellent in intention, would never become national in the wider sense of the term; and other Clubs were organised the refreshments in which were not limited to beverages of a non-alcoholic character. These Clubs, many of them political, are now scattered far and wide throughout the country.

Not far removed from the Working-men's Club is the 'British Workman Public-house.' This movement was begun by Mr and Mrs Hind Smith in 1867. The 'British Workmans,' or Coffee Palaces as they are called, were established with the object of counteracting the attractions of the bar parlour. In 1875, the Cocoa House system was inaugurated at Liverpool; and most of the large towns in the kingdom are now fairly well provided with houses for the sale of non-intoxicating refreshments. Many of them, too, are so successful financially that they are able to pay a very respectable dividend.

Associated with the objects of the British Workman Public-houses are the Temperance Societies, and the origin of most of these is of recent date. The first teetotal pledge was signed by Mr Joseph Livesey and a few friends at Preston, on September 1, 1832; and the word 'teetotal' was unknown until it was invented by 'Dicky Turner,' one of the Preston band, in 1833.

There are now, probably, between five and six million teetotalers in the United Kingdom.

Among temperance societies the Good Templar Association occupies a prominent place. The 'I.O.G.T.' had its birth in New York in 1851. In 1868 it was introduced into England by Mr Joseph Malins, who is still the leading member of the order. Since its introduction into this country the Good Templar movement has obtained many adherents, though of late it does not seem to have engaged so much of public attention as it did some years ago. At the beginning of February 1890 the membership under the Grand Lodge of England numbered about one hundred thousand, and as these were joined during that month by the North of England Grand Lodge and the United Service Grand Lodge, the total membership must now reach an enormous number.

Another temperance agency which has obtained considerable notoriety is the Blue Ribbon movement. This also had its origin in America, where it was begun by Francis Murphy, and was known as the 'Murphy Movement.' It was inaugurated in England by Mr William Noble at the Standard Theatre, Shoreditch, on February 10, 1878. One million adherents to total abstinence were obtained during the first three years of its existence.

Speaking of agencies of this character, the early history of the Salvation Army suggests itself. This was begun in 1865 by the Rev. William Booth, under the title of the 'Christian Mission,' and was carried on under that name till 1878, when the title of Salvation Army was substituted. The 'Army' is now represented in every centre of population in the kingdom, and the uniform of its 'soldiers' is known in nearly every country in the world.

Another army, which, though of quite a different character from, and with more military associations than Mr Booth's, has become quite a regular institution in our midst, is composed of old soldiers, who receive the title of Commissioners. The idea of forming a corps of messengers came originally—as the name commissioner will suggest—from France, for Paris possessed its public street messengers before they were thought of in Britain. The corps was first established in this country by Captain E. Walter in 1859, and it now contains a large and most trustworthy body of men.

Among all our popular institutions, there are perhaps none which appeal more strongly to our sympathies than those which have for their object the saving of life in times of sudden danger. The Fire Brigade and the Lifeboat Service are the most prominent of these. From 1833 to 1866 the extinguishing of fires in the metropolis was performed by the Fire Insurance Companies; but in the latter year this duty was transferred to the Metropolitan Board of Works; and since then, the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, with Captain Shaw at its head, has enjoyed an ever-increasing popularity. Every town in Britain has now its Fire Brigade; and very few country districts are not possessed of some organisation, voluntary or otherwise, for the protection of life and property from fire.

The Lifeboat Service is an even more popular institution, and has a century's record of gallant deeds to look back upon. The Royal National

Lifeboat Institution was founded in 1824; but more than thirty years previously (in 1789) the first lifeboat made its appearance at South Shields. It was constructed by a Mr Greathead, whose services to mariners in danger were recognised by the Society of Arts, which presented him with fifty guineas and a gold medal.

The Ambulance Association, another life-saving agency, has already far exceeded the most sanguine anticipations of its promoters. It was established in 1877 by the Duke of Manchester, and since its establishment has been the means of conveying much-needed knowledge as to the preliminary treatment of the injured to probably not fewer than one hundred thousand students.

So much has been said and written about Post-office history, that it seems a work of supererogation to refer to it here. It may, not, however, be generally known that in 1683 a London upholsterer named Robert Murray successfully established a penny post in the metropolis; and that afterwards, when the system came into the hands of William Dowdall, the business had become so valuable that Government, with an eye to the main chance, obtained a King's Bench decree that the whole thing should be 'handed over to and remain the property' of the royal establishment. The introduction of the penny-postage system, properly so called, in 1840 does not require a reference here.

The Money Orders issued by the Post-office had their origin in a private speculation by three Post-office officials, who began the system in 1792. At that time, however, no order could be issued for more than five guineas, and the charge for sending that amount was 4s. 6d. The system was taken over by the Post-office in 1838, and the five guineas for which 4s. 6d. was charged in 1792 can now be sent for fivepence.

Postal Orders are but a decade old. Their issue was begun in 1881; and since then, their popularity has increased year by year, so much so, indeed, that, in business circles, postal orders now frequently pass through many hands as a medium of exchange before being presented for conversion into cash at the Post-office counter.

A ROMANCE OF MIDDLE AGE.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

THE next morning nothing unusual marked the conduct of either of the Miss Powers. Miss Sabrina was calmly dignified, as was her wont; and if Miss Elizabeth's cheeks were a shade paler than usual, her laugh was ever on her lips, and her spirits seemed even brighter than usual. That pride of ours which bids us don the mask of mirth was strong in her. Sabrina should never guess the impression that Dr Meadows' conduct had made upon her foolish old heart! While the sisters were sitting at breakfast, Bridget, their one domestic, brought in a foreign-looking letter. Chloë, their married sister, was living in Marseilles with her husband, M. Cervay, a French architect, who was superintending the building of a large theatre there; and her weekly letters were looked forward to with great pleasure by both sisters, though Miss Sabrina had an inborn horror of France and everything French.

The very words suggested something highly improper and objectionable, in her opinion. But this was not the usual day for Chloë's letter, so they felt a little anxious as the envelope was torn open.

'I hope nothing is wrong, Sabrina?' asked Miss Elizabeth. She would not have dreamed of looking over her sister's shoulder to ascertain for herself.

'No; nothing is wrong, Elizabeth; but the letter contains some important news,' answered Miss Sabrina, handing the letter to her sister.

The news was that M. Cervay had been urgently requested by his father, who lived in Chicago, and was failing in health, to pay him a long visit as soon as his present work should be at an end.

'Eugène will see the completion of his work here next week,' wrote Chloë, 'and we shall then start for Chicago. Work is scarce here; and my husband thinks of settling in the United States, probably near his father. But, meanwhile, we should like our one child, Bien Aimée, who is about nineteen, to have a quiet house. She is not very strong, and the unsettled life we shall lead for a time would be very bad for any girl. Dear sisters, you can guess what I am about to ask you. Will you take our child till we are settled in a home of our own? All arrangements shall be made. While I write, a telegram has come to hasten our visit, as my father-in-law is growing rapidly worse. Counting on your ready consent, we shall put Aimée under the escort of a friend who is also coming to England, and she will be with you, all being well, on the evening of next Friday.'

Then followed many injunctions to take care of 'our dear child, our Bien Aimée,' and to teach her the housewifely gifts that Chloë knew her sisters possessed.

When Miss Elizabeth had finished reading the letter, she drew a long breath.

'I am glad Chloë has such confidence in our love for her,' said Miss Sabrina with moist eyes. 'I shall write her at once to say how more than glad we shall be to have her child. She will brighten us up, quiet old maids that we are.'

'We will give her the front bedroom, Sabrina, and I will move into the little one over the kitchen,' said Miss Elizabeth, ever intent on kindly deeds.

But her sister opposed her with quiet determination. 'I shall sleep in the back room, Elizabeth. You know, my dear, how liable you are to take cold; and there is a most trying draught from that chimney.'

The intervening days—it was then Sunday—were spent in removing Miss Sabrina's belongings and making the guest's room as pretty as possible, Miss Elizabeth denuding her own room of many of its quaint ornaments that Bien Aimée might have everything bright around her.

On the Friday morning, Miss Elizabeth went down into the village to order supplies for the week-end, and as she came up the hill carrying a basket of fresh brown eggs, she met Dr Meadows coming out of the chemist's shop. He accosted her with a friendly greeting. The hand that lay in his for a moment trembled, and the basket nearly fell; but remembering Sabrina's injunctions, Miss Elizabeth drew her slight form up

with wounded pride and resolved to treat Dr Meadows very coldly.

'Shall I carry your basket for you, Miss Elizabeth?' he asked, bending down to catch a glimpse of her averted face.

'Thanks, Dr Meadows; but I prefer to carry it myself.'

For a few moments silence ensued; and Dr Meadows stopped at the gate of his own house, and determined to make one more attempt to melt the little lady's icy tones. 'May I walk up with you, Elizabeth?' he asked in tones of reproachful tenderness and respect.

Wounded by what she was forced to believe his meaningless sentimentalism, Miss Elizabeth looked straight into Dr Meadows' eyes and said coldly: 'No; I thank you—I prefer to walk by myself.'

With a low bow, the Doctor turned in at his gate; and Miss Elizabeth, with sore and wounded heart, toiled up the hill alone—only prevented from bursting into tears by the grim satisfaction of having done her duty.

About eight o'clock that evening the village omnibus drew up at the back gate of Sunnybank Cottage, and a slight tall girl, with pale tear-stained cheeks, alighted, and ran into the arms so kindly held out to greet her. She suffered herself to be led into the cool drawing-room and laid on the couch by the open window.

'Poor tired child!' said Miss Sabrina, with unwonted tenderness, smoothing the girl's dark hair as she lay and cried for very weariness. 'But cheer up, my dear. Here is your aunt Elizabeth bringing you some sweet cakes of her own baking and a glass of new milk. Try to eat, and then you shall go to bed.—To-morrow you will wake up quite refreshed and happy.'

Thus urged, Aimée dried her eyes, and slipping her arm round her aunt's neck, kissed her on both cheeks in her impulsive foreign way.

'You are a good kind aunt.—Aunt Sabrina, is it not?' she asked in broken English.—'And you are Aunt Elizabeth? But I shall call you Tante Élise; it is prettier, do you not think?' she added, turning to Miss Elizabeth.

'Call me what you like, dear, if you will only eat what I have brought you. To-morrow, we will hear all about your mother and father,' said her aunt, stooping to kiss the cheek held up to her.

'Ah, you are so kind, so kind;' and the tired girl fell to crying again, touched by the tenderness of the two gentle ladies.

'Come, my dear,' said Miss Sabrina when Aimée had been prevailed upon to drink the milk and nibble a morsel of cake. 'I am going to put you to bed without asking your leave.'

Nothing loth, Aimée followed her aunt upstairs, and was soon tucked up in her welcome bed, where she slept the dreamless sleep of wearied youth, and woke the next morning to see a yellow ray of sunshine slanting in through the white blind.

'Ah, you look better to-day, my dear,' Miss Sabrina said as Aimée came into the parlour at breakfast-time with cheeks rosy from a walk round the garden and eyes bright after a long sleep.

'Oh yes, ma tante. I do not mean to be a damp blanket—I think you say,' she answered gaily; 'and I may explore these lovely woods

behind the house, and learn to bake these sweet cakes—may I not? And ah, but there will be a thousand things to do; and you must hear all about la belle France.'

A few days passed full of delightful novelty to Aimée; but Miss Sabrina noticed that her sister's cheeks were growing paler, and was not deceived by her assumed cheerfulness.

'Elizabeth,' she said one evening, after Aimée had gone to bed, tired from a long ramble in the woods, 'I have been thinking that this would be a very good opportunity to pay your long-promised visit to Mrs Carruthers'—naming an old friend of Miss Elizabeth's who had recently become a widow. 'You see, I shall have Aimée to take care of me; and I think the change will do you good.'

There was no escaping the scrutiny of those all-seeing gray eyes, so Miss Elizabeth quietly dropped her mask and assented.

Accordingly, the next day she packed her little trunk, and steamed away submissively to her friend's house at Carlisle, a distance of about twenty miles.

On the evening after her departure, Aimée was watering the grass in front of the porch, when a low cry reached her ears through the open door that led into the lobby. Running into the house, she found her aunt sitting on a chair in the hall, evidently in great pain.

'Hélas!' she cried, 'what is it you have done, ma tante?'

'I fear I have sprained my ankle, dear,' answered Miss Sabrina, her face all drawn with pain. 'Will you send Bridget for Dr Meadows? I cannot move till he has done something for me. I stupidly caught my foot in the stair carpet where those nails have come out.'

In about a quarter of an hour Dr Meadows came hurrying in, and, with Bridget's assistance, carried Miss Sabrina up to her bedroom, after first bandaging the injured ankle.

Leaving her with strict injunctions not to move, he went down-stairs, followed by Aimée, who introduced herself in her pretty foreign way: 'Vous savez—ah, you know, monsieur—that Tante Élise is away—Mees Elizabeth, I should say. It would be better—would it not?—to keep the news of this little accident from her, in order not to spoil her holiday?'

'Is Miss Elizabeth away?' asked the doctor rather abruptly, knitting his heavy brows.

'Ah yes. She was not looking as she ought. Her cheeks were pale; so ma tante sent her to get a little change.'

'I am sorry to hear she is not well,' said Dr Meadows, as he stood with his hand upon the half-open door.—'Well, you will not allow your aunt to get out of bed, Miss Cervay. I will call in the morning. Good-evening to you.'

'How nice Monsieur le Docteur is,' said Aimée when she returned to her aunt's bedside. 'He has an air so strong and noble. Is he long your doctor?'

'He is a very old friend,' said Miss Sabrina with some constraint. 'But we have been fortunate enough not to require his professional services very often.'

'He is married, n'est-ce pas?'

'No; he is a widower;' and the subject dropped.

A week or two passed, and the doctor called

every day. He was amused by Aimée's impulsive ways, and enjoyed listening to her lively chatter. She soon became quite at home with him, and told him about her father and mother, and 'la belle France'; for he was not a busy man now, and would stroll round the garden with her after seeing his patient, and draw out her childish confidences, till her affectionate nature, together with the instinct that made her trust him so completely, soon caused her to regard him as an old friend—almost as a temporary father.

Soon Miss Sabrina was allowed to come downstairs for a few hours every day, and from the drawing-room window where she lay on the couch she watched the middle-aged man and the young girl take their habitual stroll together, and gradually the idea grew in her mind that Dr Meadows was seeking a bride in earnest—the niece, and not the aunt.

The night before Miss Elizabeth's return, Aimée was talking to the doctor of her younger aunt. He had been drinking tea with them in honour of Miss Sabrina's first walk round the garden. 'I should say, mon ami,' she said reflectively, 'if Tante Élise were younger, that she had "la grande passion." For see, when a girl in France has it, she grows pale; she seems not to hear you when you speak to her; and then her laugh sounds strange and harsh. So it is with Tante Élise; and are not English and French alike in that? But then, alas! I fear she is too old for la grande passion.'

'Too old!' said the Doctor indignantly, adding involuntarily: 'I am not too old.'

Something in his voice caught the girl's attention. She looked up curiously at him, and he, foolish ancient lover, blushed like a girl beneath her inquiring eyes. 'Ah!' she cried archly, 'you—my mock-papa—are you in love? Why, of course,' she cried again, clapping her hands in childish delight at her own quick perception. 'You are in love with Tante Élise. Why did I not guess before?' Then, noticing that his face was very grave, her mood changed at once, and raising his hand to her lips, she kissed it impulsively. 'Ah, I am so sorry,' she said apologetically. 'I should not have said it. I will not be rude again;' and with a hasty 'Good-bye' she turned and ran back into the house.

Miss Sabrina had been watching the little scene, and never doubted that Dr Meadows would now ask for Aimée's hand at the earliest opportunity.

'I shall refer him to her parents, of course,' she thought; 'yet I am sure they could not but approve. I knew he would choose a young bride. What a good thing I warned Elizabeth in time. I shall tell her first thing when she comes home; and meanwhile I will not mention the subject to Aimée.'

The next day Miss Elizabeth returned, looking a shade fresher for her change; and for a long time that evening the sisters were closeted in Miss Sabrina's bedroom. At the end of that time Miss Elizabeth emerged very white and drawn, and she knelt long into the silent watches of the night, praying for the spirit of unselfishness, which should make her rejoice in her niece's good fortune.

When Dr Meadows left Aimée at the gate,

he swore inwardly at having betrayed himself; but when his wrath had cooled a little, he thought of her words, and soon the manliness within him began to cry out against the timidity and self-depreciation that had held him back from making a straightforward appeal to Miss Elizabeth's feelings. Then and there he decided once more to 'screw his courage to the sticking-point,' and 'We'll not fail' he said to himself as he stood on the doorstep; and he pulled the bell so vigorously that the servant came running to the door in dishevelled alarm.

Accordingly, the morning after Miss Elizabeth's return he donned a fine white waistcoat, buttoned up his frock-coat with agile fingers, and sallied forth to place his happiness in the scale of fickle fortune. He was fortunate enough to find Miss Elizabeth alone in the drawing-room arranging flowers in a gown of Quaker gray. Determined at once to broach the subject uppermost in his mind, he began—after a little humming and hawing—in this wise: 'Miss Elizabeth, I have come to speak to you on a subject which concerns my happiness very deeply.'

So it was true; Sabrina had been quite right!

'Yes, Dr Meadows,' said Miss Elizabeth nervously, pulling a pansy to pieces as she spoke. 'I know—that is—we are quite prepared—I will go and fetch Sabrina.'

'Fetch Sabrina?' echoed the good Doctor in astonishment at this novel way of receiving a speech so obvious in its meaning.

Miss Elizabeth became more and more flurried. 'Well—I will fetch Aimée,' she said tremulously. Then, catching the Doctor's eye, and reading a strange tale therein, she added wildly, in her confusion, 'or both of them.'

Suddenly it all flashed upon the Doctor. He moved to where Miss Elizabeth was standing, and took both her hands in his. 'Is it possible, Elizabeth, that you can mistake what I mean?'

'Oh, please don't talk like that, Dr Meadows,' sobbed Miss Elizabeth in dismay. 'I promised Sabrina that I would not let you lead me into foo-oo-lish sentiment-a-lism.'

'What do you mean, Elizabeth? I love you. I want you to be my wife. It is "Yes," is it not?' he asked tenderly, for Miss Elizabeth had unconsciously laid her head on his shoulder and was sobbing as if her heart would break.

'But Sabrina said you were only a bee-ee-e,' she murmured piteously through her tears, 'and that you—flew about—sucking a little honey—here and—there; and that if you ever were to settle, it would be on some g-gorgeous flower; and I am only a—comparatively p-poor old maid.' She had learned her lesson well.

At that moment Dr Meadows hated Miss Sabrina with a vindictive hatred. But he controlled it, and gently putting his arm around Miss Elizabeth, he drew her to him and tried to soothe her agitation. 'I don't think I am a bee,' he said, hardly able to keep from smiling at the apt comparison: 'and if I am, why, my dear, I have got a cosy hive, and you shall come and be my queen.'

Then he laughed at his foolish words, and Miss Elizabeth laughed too, and was just wiping her eyes, when Sabrina opened the drawing-room door. She stood still for a few moments, looking with bewildered eyes at the 'tableau vivant.'

'Miss Sabrina,' said Dr Meadows, stepping forward, 'I have asked your sister to become my wife, and she has done me the honour to accept my offer. I cannot ask for your sanction, but I should like your blessing and continued friendship. Believe me, I am not the light rover you imagine. I will take care of Elizabeth, and you shall not feel that you have lost a sister; but only, by God's help, that you have gained a brother.' And stooping, he raised Miss Sabrina's hand to his lips.

AN IMPORTANT IRISH INDUSTRY.

HOW IT MAY BE REVIVED.

FOR some time past the production of Irish flax has been on the decline. It is one of the most distressing facts in connection with that distressful country, that while the linen industry of Belfast has been growing and prospering, the native cultivation of the raw material upon which it depends has been growing smaller by degrees and miserably less. Flax-imports into the United Kingdom from the Continent now amount to the formidable figure of seven million pounds per annum. Russia, Holland, and Belgium each send their quota to the merchants of Belfast. According to competent authorities, this state of things does not arise from the natural inferiority of Irish flax or the unsuitability of soil and climate. It is said that Ireland should not only be able to provide for all its own needs, but should also be a large exporter of flax. Professor Sullivan of Cork writes: 'I have examined all the soils of Europe and of nineteen American States; none of all these possesses the properties for the production of fibre equal to the soil of Ireland.' The failure of Irish flax in the native market, which is just now attracting serious attention across St George's Channel, can be explained only by the defective way in which the crop is cultivated.

There is one all-important difference between the flax industry of the Continent and that of Ireland. In Ireland, the farmers produce the crop and prepare it for the cloth manufacturer. In Belgium, in Holland, and in Russia, on the other hand, the farmer concerns himself solely with the cultivation of the crop. The preparation of the fibre is in the hands of persons specially skilled and trained in the work. The continuance in Ireland of the old system is known to entail much loss and waste; while it is seemingly on account of the greater efficiency and higher quality arising from the division of labour that the Belfast manufacturers so frequently prefer the foreign to the home-grown article. After the farmer has sown the seed and gathered the crop, several processes remain before the flax can be used in the cloth-mills. The most important are technically known as 'steeping' and 'scutching.' By steeping is generally meant sinking the straw in deep water. Different methods of steeping prevail in different countries, according to local circumstances. In Holland, stones are scarce, so the flax has to be laid on the surface of the water and then covered with mud raked up from the bottom of the water. The finest flax in the world comes from Courtrai, in Belgium, where the fibre is steeped in the

river Lys, whose velocity is only at the rate of three miles an hour. The straw is sunk packed in crates, and for many miles both banks of the river are used as steeping-grounds. In Russia, on the other hand, the flax is merely spread upon the ground and the rain is left to do the steeping. On Irish flax farms the straw is thrown into pits or wells with the seed still on it, the farmers not having learned the continental trick of saving the seed and yet getting good fibre. Much expense is consequently incurred in obtaining seed from abroad. On the Continent, too, the method of 'scutching' is widely different, the yield of fibre being usually wider and better. So general is the necessary technical knowledge that in the scutching-mills the labour is mostly that of girls and lads from seventeen to twenty years old, instead of men, as in Ireland, earning thirty shillings a week. Both the cheapness and the efficiency of the labour are said to be due to the separation of the functions of the producer from what are really those of the manufacturer.

There are two methods by which this is accomplished. The farmer may buy the seed and sow it on his land, in order to sell it to the factor, who will prepare the flax for the market. The factor, on the other hand, may himself provide the seed and hire the land from the farmer, whose remuneration for preparing the land, sowing the seed, &c., will be included in the rent. It is to the adoption of one or the other of these plans that some people in Ireland are looking for a revival of what should be one of its most important industries. At the present time the crop is only cultivated to any extent in seven out of the thirty-two counties, the production of flax in all the southern counties being quite insignificant. The average crop of the seven counties is worth eight hundred thousand pounds per annum; so that, if the other twenty-five counties were producers in the same proportion, Ireland's flax industry—regardless of the seed that should be saved under an improved system, which would in itself represent a considerable sum—could be made to realise an income of between three and four million pounds yearly. As a matter of fact, the experts are of opinion that with its well-watered valleys, the south of Ireland is even better adapted to the production of flax than the north. Before the farmers of the south can supply Belfast market with fibre equal to that which is now imported from across the seas, there must, it is thought, be some intermediate agency by which the preparatory processes could be undertaken. Some two years ago, a Belfast manufacturer made a very successful experiment with flax-growing in the south on the continental system. He rented sixty acres of land near Cork which he had prepared for a flax-crop. Last season the land yielded eighty stones of fibre of the value of ten shillings per stone, and seed to the value of six pounds per acre, the profit being over three hundred per cent. This is probably an exceptionally favourable result, but it certainly shows that, under proper conditions, the production of flax in the southern parts of the island can be made to yield wealth beyond the Irish farmers' dreams of avarice. In order to give the continental plan a trial in Tipperary, Mr Thomas Dickson,

M.P., has started a guarantee fund for the renting and working of a hundred acres. Ireland sorely needs industries of some kind or other; and in this movement all party antagonism can surely be sunk.

ALUMINIUM.

ALUMINIUM has steadily advanced in importance of late years, and recent discoveries, largely reducing the cost of production, cannot fail to lead to a considerably augmented output of this metal, which appears undoubtedly destined to play an increasingly commanding part in the metallurgical world. Hence, a few words dealing with this comparatively new metal, its history, methods of production, and applications in the arts and industries, may prove of some passing interest to our readers.

The name is derived from the 'alumen' of the Romans, though the metal we thus designate is not believed to have been known to the ancients. Margraff, in the middle of the eighteenth century, proved the earth alumina to be a distinct substance; but it was not until about the year 1828 that Wöhler, to whom must be credited the true discovery of aluminium, first succeeded in extracting the metal. Aluminium remained, however, a laboratory product until some thirty years later, when St Claire Deville, under the auspices of Napoleon III., perfected its manufacture, and placed the metal on a commercial basis. The first works for producing aluminium in any quantity were established near Arles, in France, and by what has since become known as the Deville process; the metal could be procured in Paris in 1857 at about 7s. 6d. per ounce.

In 1860, works were started at Battersea, near London, in which aluminium was produced more economically from cryolite and sodium by methods due to Dr Percy, and saving about half the cost of the Deville process. Cryolite, which contains about 13·5 per cent of aluminium, is, it may here be stated, a mineral found only in one part of Greenland; but so extensive is the deposit that no danger exists of its exhaustion.

Before dealing with the many processes now in the field for the cheap production of aluminium, we may briefly glance at the properties and special characteristics of the metal under consideration. Aluminium has a white silver-like appearance, is both malleable and ductile; and from its sonorous properties is much used in the manufacture of bells. An exceedingly important feature is its lightness, a property which favours its employment for many special purposes. Aluminium has a specific gravity of only 2·56—that is, is two and a half times as heavy as water, and is four times lighter than silver. Heat and electricity are conducted by aluminium as well as by silver; whilst it does not oxidise in air even at red-heat, has no action on water at ordinary temperature, and preserves its lustre where silver would tarnish; being thus specially remarkable as the lightest metal capable of resisting the action of air even in the presence of moisture.

We have already indicated the broad feature of the production of aluminium. At the present

time the principal processes in the field for the manufacture of the metal are: the Castner process; the Netto process; the Cowles electrical process (differing from the first two named in not producing the metal itself, but alloys of aluminium with other metals), the Grabau system, the Héroult process (in use at Neuhausen, in which again electricity is employed), and the Hall method (carried out both in Great Britain and America, and extracting the metal from clay).

Passing to the varied uses to which this comparatively new metal has been put, we find, amongst others, telescope tubes, opera glasses, sextants, physical and surgical apparatus, statuettes and works of art; culinary utensils, coinage, jewellery, and a host of similar objects made from it, in which lightness and resistants tarnishing are desiderata.

In forming alloys generally, aluminium has a very wide field. With iron, three or four pounds to the ton reduces the melting-point to such a liquid state that the mixture fills the smallest interstices and produces the finest castings. With copper, steel, and silver, aluminium also produces valuable alloys.

It is not a little curious to note that a metal so difficult and costly of extraction is in its oxidised condition very abundantly met with in nature. Thus, an ordinary brick contains an appreciable amount of aluminium; and a recent writer has pointed out that an annual production of ten million tons of the metal from such a source would at the end of one hundred years leave practically untouched in this country alone the inexhaustible deposits to be found.

Enough has been said to prove the many valuable properties and ever-increasing utility of the new metal; and with the unlimited supplies provided by Nature, and the constantly improved methods for cheapening production, there can be but little doubt that a very extended sphere lies before the metal we have briefly sketched.

THE SEA.

A RICH red radiance fills the western sky
Ere darkness comes once more;
The weary waves with ceaseless rise and fall
Dash on the pebbled shore.

The mournful cadence of the seething tide
Is silent in mine ear;
My heart is full of that sweet soul who died
In the wane of yester year.

The wind sounds shrilly in the hollow cave,
The sea-gull shrieks hard by,
The surging breakers ever burst and lave
The rocks beneath; but I

Am deaf unto wild Nature's harmony.
One soft voice fills mine ears—
The voice of one that I shall never see
Through all the coming years.

W. DEVEREUX.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 374.—VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

RAILWAY SIGNALMEN.

THE public seldom come in contact with this class of men. They know them, however, from seeing them in their box, or more often looking out of their windows, intently gazing into all the carriages as they pass. The eye of the signalman gets so used to watching a train in motion that he can generally tell if there are any inspectors or other officers travelling in them; and should there be one, the fact is soon sent on ahead. The 'cute, officious, or disagreeable officials generally have a nickname, and the notice will then be telegraphed thus: 'Shark on the line.' 'Bear 11.15 hence.' 'Bull in rear carriage.' A certain signal inspector once, however, got into a box ahead before the message came, and while he was there it was being received, and being able to read the instrument, he took the message himself, which ran: 'Old Butterhead is about.' He then replied to it thus: 'And will be with you next up-train.' Arriving at the signal-box whence the message was sent, he said: 'You see Old Butterhead is here; and he fines you a shilling for using the telegraph instrument for other than Company's business.'

Signalmen have to spend from eight to twelve hours in their boxes at a time, and are supposed never to leave it while on duty. Some of the country boxes are very cheerful, especially where the men are fond of flowers; for there is often plenty of room for two or three dozen pots of plants, and in the winter there is a fire burning night and day, so that with a little care they can be kept thriving till the spring. A table, a chair, a stool, and a fixed desk constitute the furniture of the place. A row of levers kept beautifully bright adds to the cheerfulness of the sparsely-furnished chamber. Telegraph instruments and dials showing whether the line is blocked or clear are decidedly ornaments. Here, then, lives the man so many hours a day; and in a busy place he must work hard. The pulling of some of the levers is no child's play; and when this part of his work is done a hundred and fifty times in

eight, ten, or twelve hours, and all the trains have to be booked, besides signalling the trains forward, one can imagine that when his day's work is finished the signalman is tired out. I know one box which would not be considered a busy one where at times the man on night duty has not had time to eat a meal without having to get up from it constantly. During the day, in busy boxes there is a lad who does the telegraphing, but at night the signalman has to do it all himself.

There is a vast difference in the system of signalling to-day from that of twenty years ago; mechanical science has made such strides, that the whole business of signalling is done by machinery, worked by a man, but so interlocked that in some cases he could not cause an accident if he would. Carelessness and forgetfulness are the only causes of accidents now, so far as signalmen are concerned. But though they are assisted so much by every contrivance to ensure safety, yet the signalman should be a man of nerve, with a cool head and a steady hand, for, when an accident does take place, much depends upon his judgment whether the effect may be intensified. He then has to stop all trains, by using the telegraph; to inform his superior officers; and on their arrival, to act as a telegraph clerk. This may seem nothing; but with a train wrecked within sight, and groans of the injured within hearing, it requires an immense amount of coolness to do that work properly.

Knowing as they do their important and responsible position, they have banded themselves together in a very strong union, and of all classes of railway servants they are the most given to grumbling. They have received more consideration from their directors than any other class, and some years back their discontent threatened to result in a strike. I believe the date was even fixed when they should all leave their work. But the executive of the different railways had foreseen this, and if it had come to pass, they were prepared to place a man in every box competent enough to let the traffic continue, though with much more delay. Fortunately for both

the signalmen and the public, this did not then take place. A strike is only justified when men are unreasonably dealt with. Not even the success of a strike is a proof of its justification. Labour never has been and never will be victorious over capital; neither can capital compel labour; therefore, the only basis on which they can get on and agree is that of reasonableness towards one another. If some of the men have cause to complain of very hard work, some can also grumble at not having enough to do. In the latter case they often fill up their time at wood-carving, fret-work, bird-cage making, and such-like employment, and get very skilful at it; but the silent monotony of such a signal-box as there is at Ribbleshead must be worse than overwork. Few men stop there willingly; and I believe it has been made a sort of House of Correction for troublesome men till the last few years. A native is now stationed there, and is happy, much to the joy of those who have been and might be there again.

The signalman has been called the 'lighthouse-man of the iron road,' and that is exactly what he is; but he has a more pleasant life. The solitude of the lighthouse, and the vast expanse of sea around, with occasional storms of such violence as can scarcely be imagined by the landsman, irrespective of all deeds of daring and bravery, will ever make the calling of the lighthouse keeper a romantic one. But there is no romance in railway life, and the novelist who should endeavour to make it so will be well patronised if he succeed. The feelings of the signalman and lighthouse keeper must be alike when the one sees a train bounding on to destruction, and the other sees a ship coming straight on to some dangerous rocks. They both will hear the cries of the injured and dying; they both will see mangled bodies lying about, and they both have to put their wits to work to help the sufferers. A thunderstorm at sea as seen from a lighthouse is an awful sight; but from what I have heard from signalmen in exposed positions, I am inclined to believe that it is more awful in a signal-box. The lightning flashing about the levers, the loud cracking reports of the telegraph instrument, which emits sparks of fire, and no one near to speak to, has unnerved for life more than one signalman. It is bravery and a sense of duty that makes a man in that position stick to his post and continue his signalling work. That, as a body, they are mindful of the safety of the public, is proved by the following fact. At a certain signal-box the signals were seen to be clear for an up and a down train to pass; but before the trains came up, all the signals were observed to be at danger. The trains were brought to a standstill; but no signalman was seen in the box. The guard went up to it, and saw the signalman lying dead on the floor. He must have felt that he was dying; and thinking of the safety of the trains, he pulled the levers to danger with his last strength and fell dead.

Signalmen are not allowed to have strangers in their boxes, nor other servants of the company except on business. That they often do so, the public are well aware; but they may not know that the men so offending are heavily fined. The tiresome monotony of eight or ten hours' working without any company is certainly a great temp-

tation for them to break the rule. The reason for the order is similar to the one on board ship which says, 'Do not talk to the man at the wheel.'

Most signalmen have been porters, and when they have learned the telegraph, are competent to take charge of a box. When, however, a man with little or no experience is to be made a signalman, he has to go through a course of instruction which will occupy him a month or so according to his capabilities. Some are very slow in learning, and some have to be given up entirely. Such a one was a man from the plough, who every time that the inspector examined him as to what he should do under certain circumstances replied, 'I am sure I don't know.' This went on week after week, till the inspector's patience was getting tired out, and he was told that he would have one more chance. The day came, and a question as usual was put to him, and he gave the same old reply. 'Well, one more question,' said the inspector. 'Supposing an express train passed this box while your signals were at danger, got off the line, and ploughed into those fields yonder, what should you do?' The man scratched his head and replied, 'I should let the darned thing go, and give "line clear."' His case was hopeless.

Signalmen are generally divided into three classes. The first-class men are those at large stations and important junctions, such as Doncaster, Crewe, and Carlisle; the second class at smaller stations; and the third at roadside stations and block boxes. The last are boxes placed between two stations which are some miles apart, so as to shorten the block. Signal-boxes are seldom more than three miles apart.

The men are allowed a uniform, and similar privileges as are given to porters. Their wages vary according to the class they are in, and are about equal to skilled mechanics. Some lines give the men a half-yearly bonus of twenty or thirty shillings if they have not been fined above a certain amount during the year. They have a great deal of responsibility; but they have shown themselves equal to it. They are eligible for promotion, and many become inspectors and station-masters in places where there is a great deal of outdoor work. Their position, therefore, may, taking all things into consideration, be considered a comfortable one.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XI.—FOOL'S PARADISE.

HAVILAND DUMARESQ, left to himself in the garden, paced up and down the narrow gravel walk, and turned over in his mind all these things seriously. Could it be that Mrs Maitland was right after all? Was the painter man really coming after Psyche?

Women are lynx-eyed in matters of emotional expression, he reflected to himself in his generalising way: in that, they resemble savages and the lower animals. Yes, and women of the inferior intellectual grades, like Mrs Maitland, are more lynx-eyed as a rule even than others: the lower the grade, the more developed the instinctive perceptive faculty. Their intuitions stand them in stead of reason. And such intui-

tions seldom err. No doubt she was right: no doubt she was right. The young man wanted to marry Psyche.

But in that case, what ought he himself, as a father, to do? The young man had probably neither money nor position.

In any other relation of life, indeed, Haviland Dumaresq would never have thought for one moment of inquiring about either of those adventitious circumstances. And he would have regarded their possession to a great extent as a positive disadvantage to the man who was cumbered with them. Money, he would have said, was a bar to exertion: position was antagonistic to wide human sympathies. Those men best know the universe in which they live, those men best love their kind and all other kinds, who earn their own bread by the sweat of their brow, and who have felt the keen spur and common bond of hunger. So, as recommendations to a man in the abstract, poverty and insignificance were far more important in Haviland Dumaresq's mind than money and position.

But where Psyche was concerned, things seemed quite otherwise. The old philosopher had wasted his own life in the way he liked best, in obedience to the imperious demands of his own inmost and highest nature; but he wasn't going to let that beautiful girl of his waste hers in the same foolish spendthrift manner: she should profit, he whispered to himself fondly, by her father's hard and dearly-bought experience. For his own part, Haviland Dumaresq would not have taken from Charles Linnell a twenty-guinea picture; but for Psyche, he was ready to take from the first comer ten thousand a year, and a title, and a castle, and a place in the peerage, and anything else of vulgar estimation that the world, the mere wealthy commonplace world, could give him. He was prepared to debase himself to Mrs Maitland's level.

A twenty-guinea picture, indeed! The young man seemed to ask twenty guineas for it as if money were water. Nay, he seemed actually to be putting his price very low, as a matter of friendship to a special purchaser—and if so, Haviland Dumaresq felt he ought certainly to resent the uncalled-for liberty, for what right had the fellow to presume upon doing him a favour when he didn't even so much as wish it? But, setting that aside, and thinking only of Psyche, if the young man could really get twenty guineas—or more—for a mere casual water-colour sketch, mightn't the matter be worth inquiring into, after all? Mightn't he be a rising and well-to-do artist? Haviland Dumaresq hated himself for the unworthy thought; but for Psyche's sake he must hunt up something about this twenty-guinea painter fellow.

After all, painters are often somebodies—even as the world judges, often somebodies. A painter—Heaven forgive him for so low a point of view of an ennobling art—a painter may rise to be P.R.A. at last, and gain a knighthood, and be petted and admired, and earn lots of money, and lose his own soul—whatever was highest and purest and best within him—and make his wife be called My Lady, and give her all that money can buy of place and pleasure, and drive her out in the Park in a carriage with footmen, and take her to Court, like an African savage, bedizened

with powder and paint and ostrich feathers.—Pah! the lowness, the meanness, the vulgarity, the barbarism of it!—But for Psyche!—A painter may often be a really rich man. Why, yes, he was really and truly sinking to the abject level of a Mrs Maitland.

Mrs Maitland! An idea! The note! The note! What made Mrs Maitland angry about Psyche? Not merely because Psyche had got an admirer. Clearly, she must have thought that Psyche was setting her cap—as she would call it in her own hideous match-making dialect—at this twenty-guinea painter fellow. But if so, that meant, as Haviland Dumaresq instinctively knew, that Mrs Maitland wanted the painter fellow herself for Geraldine. And surely Mrs Maitland wouldn't want the young man unless she was sure he was a good investment. The Maitlands lived up to the very last penny of the General's pay and the very last farthing of Mrs Maitland's small fortune. The boys were expensive: one in the army; two at Sandhurst or Marlborough; and one who, as his mother ingenuously observed, had 'failed for everything,' and must now be shipped off to try his fortune in New Zealand or Manitoba. It was positively necessary, as the Maitlands would put it, that Geraldine should marry a man with money. And a man with money enough for Geraldine Maitland would presumably have money enough for his Psyche also.

Haviland Dumaresq paced up and down the garden walk, revolving these things long in his own troubled mind, turning them all over this way and that, and unable to arrive at any decision about them. At last, wearied out with his own anxious thought, he sat down on the bench under the gnarled old apple-tree, and taking from his waistcoat pocket that small cardboard box with the silver-coated pellets, raised one of them mechanically to his trembling lips to calm his nerves from the tempest that possessed them.

Psyche's happiness! Ay, Psyche's happiness! It was no less than Psyche's happiness that was at stake. And to Haviland Dumaresq, now that the Encyclopædic Philosophy was well off his hands, and launched upon posterity, the universe consisted mainly of Psyche. Talk about the anthropocentric fallacy indeed! Who had done more to dispel that illusion than Haviland Dumaresq? Who had shown more clearly than he that instead of the universe revolving about man as its fixed point and centre, man was but a single unimportant species, on the wrinkled surface of an unimportant satellite, attached by gravity to an unimportant sun; the final product of arrested radiant energy on the outer crust of an insignificant speck in boundless space? And yet, when it came to the actual internal world, was it not also a fact that for Haviland Dumaresq the central point in all the universe was Psyche, Psyche, Psyche, Psyche? and that around her as primary all the suns and constellations circled in their orbits like obedient servants? Was it not for her that the cosmos itself loosed the bands of Orion and shed the sweet influences of the Pleiades through long leagues of space upon her nightly dreams?

He was roused from his reverie by a footstep on the gravel path outside: not the foot-

step of a labourer slouching by to work on the allotments beyond: Haviland Dumaresq, in his inferential fashion, knew it at once for the firm and even tread of a gentleman. The Loamshire hinds loiter about like the half-emancipated serfs they still are, he said to himself quietly: this is the step of a freeman born, who walks the soil of England as if it belonged to him. And sure enough, raising his eyes across the hedge, he saw before him Reginald Mansel.

'Ha, Mansel,' he cried, beckoning his painter neighbour to turn aside into the garden, 'this is luck indeed. Coincidence seldom comes so pat. You're the very man I wanted to see. I've made my first appearance on this or any other stage as an art-patron to-day, and I'd like you to come and judge of my purchase. What do you say to this now?' And he held up the water-colour, which lay beside him still on the rustic seat, for Mansel's critical and professional opinion.

The artist glanced at it with a smile of recognition. 'What, Linnell's?' he cried. 'Oh, I saw it earlier. I've watched it along through all its stages. It's a very good sketch, very good indeed. He never did better, to my mind, with an English subject. Not over-elaborated with those finikin touches which often spoil Linnell's best work. It's a perfect little idyll in green and ultramarine.' And he eyed it appreciatively.

'You like it then?' Dumaresq asked in a curious tone.

'Like it? Well, of course. One can't help liking everything of Linnell's. He has the true touch of genius in all his work, if only he were a little bit less supremely self-conscious.'

'What do you think I gave for it?' the old man suggested, with his head on one side like a critical connoisseur.

'Gave for it?' Mansel repeated with an incredulous stare. 'You don't mean to say, then, Dumaresq, you've actually bought it?'

'Bought it and paid for it,' the philosopher answered, with something very like unphilosophic complacency, enjoying his hearer's obvious surprise. 'Ah, you didn't think I went in for pictures! Well, I don't as a rule: I leave those things to the great of this world. But, you see, as this was a special subject, of peculiar interest to myself and Psyche, I thought I couldn't let it fall to a mere stranger. I'd fix it at once: I'd keep it in the family. So I commissioned it beforehand, I think you call it; and when Linnell came round this afternoon I paid him his price and 'gi'ed it in hond,' like the Northern Farmer.—How much should you say, now, I ought to have spent upon it?'

Mansel regarded first the picture and then the philosopher in hesitating silence for a few seconds. 'Well,' he said irresolutely, after an awkward pause, 'I don't know, of course, what Linnell's likely to have put it at for you; no doubt he let you have it a little cheaper; but the picture as a picture's worth fifty guineas.'

'Fifty guineas!' Dumaresq echoed in dismayed astonishment.

'Yes, fifty guineas,' Mansel answered quietly. 'Linnell commands his market, you know. He could get that for it any day in London.'

Haviland Dumaresq's gray eyes flashed sudden

fire. His first thought was that Linnell had been guilty of rank disrespect to his person and position in letting him have a fifty-guinea picture at considerably less than half-price. Poor he might be—he had sat up half last night, indeed, toiling like a galley-slave at that penny-a-lining article on the Conservation of Energy for his hard-earned 'honorarium,' as no doubt his publishers grandiloquently termed it—but what right had a painter fellow whom he'd hardly even seen in his life yet, to lower prices for *him*, like a beggarly skinflint, or to take it for granted he couldn't with ease, from the plenitude of his wealth, spare fifty guineas?

His second thought was that a man who could earn fifty guineas 'any day in London' for a bit of a water-colour no bigger than a page of the *Athenæum*, might perhaps after all be able to make Psyche happy.

'That's a very large sum,' he said, drawing a long breath and looking hard at Mansel. 'Men of letters get nothing like that for their work, I'm afraid. But then, they don't have anything to sell which can minister to the selfish monopolist vanity of the rich and idle. No Manchester merchant can hang upon his walls a unique copy of "Paradise Lost" or a solitary exemplar of the "Novum Organum," and say to his friends after dinner with vulgar pride: "Look here, So-and-so, that's Milton's or Bacon's greatest work. I paid fifty thousand guineas down for that lot." Still, even so, I'm surprised to hear you painters earn your money so easily. Twenty guineas seemed to me in my ignorance a very big price indeed, to pay for it.'

'Oh, Linnell can get that readily enough,' Mansel answered with a short uneasy laugh. 'His oils he sells at good prices at Christie's. His water-colours are snapped up every year at the Institute. But then, you know, they take him a good bit of time. He's a slow worker, and doesn't get through many canvases in the course of a twelvemonth.'

'Now, how much do you suppose a painter of his sort ought to earn on an average per annum?' Dumaresq asked offhand, with too evident an assumption of easy carelessness. 'How would his income compare, for example, with an author's or a journalist's?'

'Well, I really can't say,' Mansel answered, smiling, and perceiving his questioner's drift at once. 'Perhaps some five or six hundred, all told; perhaps a thousand; perhaps more than that.—But then,' he added, his thoughts keeping pace all along with Dumaresq's, 'he may have private means of his own as well, you know. He spends freely. I've never known him pressed for cash. I don't think he lives altogether on his pictures.'

'No?' With keen interest.

'No; I should say not. I've always imagined he had means of his own. For one thing, he had plenty, I know, at Christ Church.'

'He was at Christ Church, was he?' Dumaresq put in reflectively. 'An expensive College. The most fashionable at Oxford. A man must have money who goes to Christ Church!'

'Not necessarily,' Mansel answered, putting him off the scent once more. 'I was there myself, you remember, and Heaven knows I

was poor enough in those days in all conscience. But then, I had a studentship of eighty pounds a year, which makes a difference, of course: whereas Linnell came up as an ordinary commoner.'

'And you think he has money then?' Dumaresq asked eagerly.

'I think so. But mind, I know nothing about it. Linnell was always the most reticent and mysterious of men, full of small reserves and petty mystifications. He never told anybody a word about himself. He's always been close, provokingly close. For aught I know, he may be as poor as a church mouse in reality; and for aught I know, again, he may be as rich as Croesus. So far as my observation goes, he always acts like a wealthy man, and talks like a poor one. But if anybody ever taxes him with opulence, he resents the imputation as a positive slight, and declares with effusion he's almost on the very verge of beggary.'

'Many rich men,' Dumaresq mused dreamily, 'are pursued with a peculiar form of mania called *timor paupertatis*, and what you say's just one of its recognised symptoms—that the sufferer never will admit his wealth, for fear other people should try to swindle him or rob him or beg of him. You may remember that in the fourth volume of the Encyclopædic Philosophy—the volume that deals with Heteropathic Affections in the Empirical Individual—I bring the phenomenon of concealment of wealth under the same law with the pseudomorphic corrugation of cooling nebulae and the facts of mimicry in animal evolution. It's a most interesting branch of psychological study. I shall watch this young man. I shall watch him—I shall watch him.'

He spoke in a droning half-sleepy undertone; and Mansel, who had seen the great thinker more than once in this state before, and who always felt creepy at the strange look in his eyes, made haste to concoct some plausible excuse for a hurried departure. 'When Dumaresq gets into that curious vein,' he said to himself internally, 'philosopher or no philosopher, he's simply unendurable. From a man of singular intellect and genius, he dwindles down at once into a mere bore. All his brilliancy and ability seem to desert him, and he talks platitudes to you three times over in varying language, like the veriest old driveller at the Seniors in London. When these fits come upon him, the wise man will do well to leave him alone. He goes silly for the nonce: *hunc tu Romane caveto*.' And he walked off, whistling, to his own studio.

But Haviland Dumaresq, having learned all he wanted from Linnell's friend, strolled away by himself, regardless of lunch, upon the open downs, that overlook the sea with their bare green knolls and their deep curved hollows. He strolled along, crushing rich flowers under foot as he went, wrapped up in his own thoughts, and with the poison within him gaining deeper and deeper hold upon his swimming and reeling brain each moment. The sun shone high over the purple sea; the hills rolled boundless and undulating before him; the noise of the bell upon the foremost wether of the ruddled flock that cropped close grass in thecombe hard by rang distant in his ear like most delicious music. Birds sang; bees hummed; gorse crackled; grass-

hoppers chirped; the scent of wild thyme hung thick on the air. The opium was transforming earth into heaven for him. Space swelled, as it always swelled into infinite abysses for Haviland Dumaresq when the intoxicating drug had once taken full possession of his veins and fibres. The horizon spread boundless in vast perspective with its clear blue line against the pale gray sky; the shadows in the hollow combs lengthened and deepened into romantic gloom; the hills rose up in huge expansive throes and became as high mountains to his dilated vision. A white gull flapped its gleaming wings overhead: to Dumaresq it revealed itself as some monstrous albatross. His own stature even seemed to double itself as he stalked along the dividing line of open ridge, till he loomed in his own eyes larger than human on the bald and rounded crest of the gigantic hog's back. All nature assumed a more heroic cast; he walked no longer our prosaic world: each step appeared to carry him over illimitable space: he trod with Dante the broad floor of Paradise.

And wonderful vistas opened ahead for Psyche also. She, too, his darling, she, too, should be happy. This man who had come to woo her in disguise, he was rich, he was great, there was mystery about him. In his present ecstatic frame of mind, Haviland Dumaresq hugged and magnified the mystery. The poetic element in his nature, sternly repressed by the philosophic side in his saner moments, found free vent at times in the unnatural exaltation of narcotic excitement, and ran riot in wild day-dreams of impossible splendour. He had passed through the golden gate to-day. He saw his Psyche decked out in all the barbaric splendour of pearl and diamond that his soul despised: he saw her floating in silks and gauzy stuffs and laces: he saw her circling round in the giddy dance, one blaze of glory, in the glittering rooms and slippery halls that he hated and eschewed as surviving relics of savage and barbaric antisocial luxury. High-stepping grays whirled her along in state in a light and graceful carriage through thronged thoroughfares of over-wealthy fashion. Flunkeys, whom Haviland Dumaresq could have kicked with pleasure, bowed, door in servile hand, to see her take her seat on the padded cushions. Massive silver and Venetian glass and hideous marvels of cunning architecture in ice and sugar loaded the table at whose head she sat in dainty brocade or in shimmering satin. Money, money, money, money: the dross he despised, the pleasure he looked down upon, the vulgar aims and ends he himself had cast like dirt behind him—he dreamed them all for the daughter he loved, and was no longer ashamed: for Haviland Dumaresq the philosopher was dead within him now, and there remained for the moment but that shell or husk, Haviland Dumaresq, the incipient opium-eater. He had forgotten everything but the joy of his day-dream, and he stalked ever forward, more asleep than awake, yet walking on sturdily, with exalted nerves, towards the edge of the down, to the broad blue sea, that danced and gleamed with pearl and sapphire in the bright sunshine before him.

Suddenly, after walking on in a dreamy way for miles and miles over the springy turf, he hardly knew how, the old man found himself beside a clump of gorse, face to face with the mys-

terious painter fellow. He started at the sight. Linnell had come up to the downs, too, to walk off his chagrin, and to swallow as best he might his disappointment at not seeing Psyche.

Always sensitive, the young artist was more morbidly sensitive than usual where women were concerned. To say the truth, he had known but little of woman's society. Rich as he was and cultivated to the finger-ends, the circumstances of his life had thrown Linnell to an exceptionally small degree into contact with families. His world was a world of clubs and studios and men's lounging-places: so little had he seen of the other sex that he hardly felt himself at home even now in a lady's drawing-room.

This was not to be wondered at. His mother had died before he left America: at Oxford he had fallen in with none but college acquaintances: his English cousins refused to acknowledge him: and the Boston-bred lad, shy and ill at ease from his congenital lameness and strangeness of the novel surroundings in whose midst he was thrown, found himself cast at nineteen entirely on his own resources in the matter of gaining an introduction into our cold and austere English Society. It wasn't surprising, therefore, that he knew hardly any one except his brother-painters; or that he loved to escape from the vast blank of London life to the freedom and the space of the African desert. There at least he felt perfectly at home with the world: there no Bedouin ever trod on his social corns, no distracting matron ever strove to win him from his bohemian solitude to the irksome respectability of white ties or five-o'clock tea-tables.

So Linnell, perhaps, made a little more of a girl's fancy, as he thought it, than most other men of his age and position would have dreamed of doing. He had retired to the downs to brood over the supposed slight to his feelings in private; but a brisk walk upon the bracing turf, all alive with orchids and blue viper's bugloss, had almost succeeded in restoring him to equanimity again, when all at once a sudden turn into a small combe brought him up sharp, with unexpected abruptness, full in front of Haviland Dumaresq.

The old man gazed at him vacantly for a moment. His eyes were glazed and very hazy: they explored space for some seconds with a distant interest. Then, on a sudden, he seemed to wake up into life with a start, and recognising the painter with a burst of intuition, laid his hand with quite a kindly air upon Linnell's shoulder.

The gesture took the young man completely by surprise, for Dumaresq was one of those self-restrained, self-respecting natures whose strong sense of individuality in others assumes the form of an almost instinctive shrinking from anything that borders upon personal contact. Linnell looked the philosopher back in the face with a melting expression of mingled doubt and pleasure, as he hesitated slightly.

'I wanted to speak with you, Linnell,' Haviland Dumaresq began in a dreamy voice, motioning the young man over to a dry bank in the broad sunshine. 'I want, in point of fact, to apologise, or at least to explain to you. I'm

afraid I was perhaps a trifle brusque with you at my cottage this morning.—No; don't say I wasn't; I know I spoke sharply. Perhaps I even hurt your feelings. My training in life has not, I fear, been of a sort to encourage sensitiveness in myself, or to make me sympathise with it as much as I ought. I'm aware that I often err in that respect. But if I erred it was not through any personal intent, but under the influence of a strong impelling motive. I've been exercised in mind a good deal of late.—There's something, in short, I want to speak about to you.'

He went on still in a thick, half-dreamy wandering tone, and his dilated pupils seemed to fix themselves vaguely on a point in infinity; but he delivered his words with regularity and ease, though somewhat stiffly, and it was evident to Linnell that he was making a very strong effort to master himself for some great object, under the influence of some fierce overpowering emotion. The painter allowed the old man to lead him unresisting to the bank, and took his seat beside him with a beating heart, wondering what of good or evil for himself or Psyche this strange exordium might prove to forebode, and anxiously awaiting its further development. 'I wasn't at all annoyed, Mr Dumaresq,' he said in a low voice, perhaps not quite truthfully: 'only a little grieved that a man—well—whom I so much admired and respected as yourself should refuse to accept so small a present from me.'

'But it cost you a good deal of time and trouble,' Dumaresq answered slowly, in the same fixed mechanical far-away voice; 'and time is money, you know, Linnell; time is money. I shouldn't feel it right to occupy so much of a young man's time without making him what I thought an adequate repayment. You must forgive me that: it's a principle of mine: rather a sacrifice to my own ideas as to individuality than an act of unfriendliness toward any particular person.' Then he added suddenly in a very different tone: 'I'm an old man, you must remember; a worn-out old man. I've wasted my life in a hard service—the service of science, the service of humanity. Bear with me, bear with me, a little while, I beg of you. I'm an old, old man. There's not much now left of me.'

Linnell was touched by his appealing look—the look for a moment of the real Haviland Dumaresq, who felt in his great heart the full pathos of his own unrequited sacrifice for the good of his kind, as he firmly believed it.

'Indeed,' the young man made answer earnestly, 'I wasn't vexed, Mr Dumaresq. I only wanted you to accept a small tribute, in part payment, as a single instalment, from one who owes to you intellectually and morally more than he can ever find words to tell you.—And as to the picture, it really didn't take me long. I value my own work very lightly, indeed. I should have thought myself more than repaid for my pains in painting it if a man whom I respect and revere so much would have condescended to accept it from me and keep it as a memento.'

'You remember what I told you the other evening,' the old man replied, with a more

searching glance at his companion's features. 'Do as I say, my friend, and not as I do, if you wish to flourish. Don't despise money foolishly—as I have done. My advice to a young man setting out in life is simply this—Follow the world: the world is wisest. You can't afford to fling away sovereigns like water. You're a painter, and you must live by the practice of your art.—Now, why did you sell me that picture so cheap? Mansel came in after you'd left this morning, and told me you could have got fifty guineas for it any day in London.' He clasped his hand gently round the painter's arm. 'Don't be utopian, my dear fellow,' he went on with unwonted colloquialism. 'Tell me why you let me have it for twenty.'

Linnell blushed and hesitated a moment. At last he determined to blurt out the truth and shame the devil. 'Because I knew you couldn't afford more, Mr Dumaresq,' he said shyly.

Haviland Dumaresq did not resent the unexpected remark. 'You were right,' he answered with a sigh. 'I am poor, poor. The money I gave you was all I had in the house just then. You have been quite frank with me, and I am quite frank with you in return. I have still to earn to-morrow's dinner.'

A strange doubt flitted for a moment across Linnell's mind. His eight hundred guineas then? What on earth could have become of them? Was it possible that Haviland Dumaresq, the deepest and broadest of living thinkers, could stoop to tell him so despicable a lie? But no! impossible! He rejected the idea with scorn, as any man with one spark of nobility in his nature must needs have rejected it. No doubt Macmurdo and White hadn't yet sent in their annual account. The secret of Dumaresq's new-made opulence was not yet out; he was still unaware of the magnificent sum of which he was already potentially master.

(To be continued.)

HARD WINTERS.

THERE is a prevailing idea that winters in this country have become milder than they once were; and against mild winters there is a strong popular prejudice. In both respects the current opinion is now admitted to be incorrect. The winters of 1878 and 1879 were equal in severity to almost any season recorded in more remote times; and other hard winters occurred a few years earlier, regarding which a brief statement may be interesting.

On the 30th of December 1866 began a snow-storm which indicated how powerless in conflict with the elements are even the most skilful arrangements of modern civilisation. In London, the mercantile centre of the world, business was practically suspended for several days. Snow lay on the streets so thickly that wheeled conveyances were stopped, foot-passengers could move only with difficulty; and business men residing in the suburbs could not reach the City though every modern facility for travel was at their disposal. Shop windows in London were crusted with ice for days, so that decorations inside could not be seen even had people been abroad to look at them. As customers had in great measure ceased to frequent the shops, some

leading merchants half closed their doors and commenced stock-taking. Labour outside was generally suspended; and in London alone sixty thousand operatives were reduced to subsist on charity.

In the provinces, matters were equally bad. Along the coast of Kent snow fell about the 10th of January to a depth in some places of several feet. Traffic by railway from London to Dover was much interrupted; and metropolitan newspapers were issued without any continental correspondence because the mails from Paris had not arrived. In all the eastern counties of England, traffic was much hindered; roads were blocked with snow; mail-gigs were buried in the drift; and grain could be brought to market only with great difficulty, because rivers, canals, and railways were choked with snow and ice. Even in the Isle of Man a parson woke up on the morning of Sunday the 13th of January to find a snow-wreath of seven to twelve feet in depth between the parsonage and the church, the porch of which was likewise filled with snow to the ceiling. To make matters worse, it was found there was no bread in the house, the baker having failed to make his rounds on the previous day owing to the storm. In Scotland, matters were worse. On the Ork of Caithness, in the far north, snow had accumulated to a depth of twenty feet.

About Christmas 1860 occurred one of the most remarkable frosts that has been experienced in this century, or, indeed, at any former period in the history of this country. The summer had been cold, sunless, and rainy; the harvest was late, and was saved from failure only by some bright weeks in September and the beginning of October. About the 26th of the latter month the fine period ended, and the winter was conspicuous for rain, sleet, frost, and snow in continuous succession. On the three days beginning with the 24th of December the temperature was considered to be lower than it had ever been formerly known in Britain. At nine o'clock on the morning of Christmas Day the thermometer in Hyde Park indicated seventeen degrees of frost; but this was moderate compared with experiences in other localities. Near Nottingham the thermometer never rose above twenty degrees on the 24th of December; and from seven o'clock on Christmas morning till eleven next day the temperature never rose so high as zero of Fahrenheit's thermometer, thus indicating thirty-two degrees of frost all the time. The lowest point reached in that locality was eight degrees below zero; and this extremely low temperature was indicated also in Edinburgh.

One result of this unusual cold was an increase of mortality in January sufficient, along with the whole tendency of recent statistics, to dissipate the old idea that a mild winter is particularly unhealthy. In London, the rate of mortality for the week ending with the 19th January 1861 had risen to 1923, or 585 more than the estimated average for the same week, and about double the number of deaths for a week in autumn. This increased mortality was attributed to the effects of cold, especially on the respiratory organs; and pulmonary complaints, exclusive of phthisis, carried off in one week 702 persons, whereas the corrected average was only 301 for the corresponding week in ordinary years. Deaths

from bronchitis were nearly three times the estimated number for the corresponding period of the year. Apoplexy increased greatly during the cold weeks; paralysis increased in a still greater proportion; and heart diseases, according to the official record published at the time, were fatal in 119 cases, while the usual average was only 53 for the same period. In the City the mortality rose within seven of the number recorded in 1848, during a visitation of the cholera. Among hill sheep there was great destruction in the spring following that remarkable winter. The total loss to flockmasters in Ettrick Forest alone was estimated at £40,000 sterling. About one-fifth of the old sheep in that locality perished, and three-fourths of the lambs, besides a deterioration in the constitution of those left alive. Among hill shepherds it is still remembered as 'the bad year.'

It is no new idea that the death-rate rises with a falling thermometer. The month of January 1795 was a very cold month; but the corresponding period in 1796 was uncommonly mild. In the latter month the maximum reading of the thermometer near London was 55, the minimum 38, and the mean a little over 47 degrees; so that during the whole month it was never less than six degrees above the freezing-point. It is narrated that on the 9th of January that year there was, in an orchard in the parish of Ashford, near Barnstaple, an apple tree with blossoms in full perfection; and another tree with apples set. On the other hand the winter of 1795 was very severe. A snowstorm began early in January, which lasted, with some interruptions, till the close of March—a period of thirteen weeks. In Scotland it was popularly known as 'the long storm.' Snow lay on the ground to a depth of twelve inches or more, with a clear calm atmosphere, and the frost sometimes intense. More than one person died from the effects of cold; one of them, a butcher, belonging to Kelso, who was found dead on a country road with his horse and dog standing beside the lifeless body. The contrast between January 1795 and the corresponding month in the subsequent year was subject of general remark; and a paper was presented to the Royal Society by Dr Heberden the younger, containing a comparison of the mortality in the two months. From this it appeared that the excess of deaths in January 1795 over the corresponding month in the year following was 1752 in London alone; a number, said Dr Heberden, surely sufficient to awaken the attention of the most prejudiced admirer of a frosty winter. The month of January 1796 was so mild that most people complained of unseasonable weather, and apprehended serious effects on the public health; 'apprehensions which,' said a commentator on Dr Heberden's statistics, 'this interesting fact seems to resolve into mere vulgar prejudice.'

On the general question, whether or not our winters have become milder within a limited period, there is something to be said. The allegation is not new, and was made in the latter years of the eighteenth century with as much persistency as it is now. It may be admitted that improved cultivation has tended somewhat to modify the temperature in Britain. This is quite perceptible to any one who passes from a fertile

strath of drained and cultivated land into a district of moist and spongy moor. In the former case the atmosphere is often clear, balmy, and bracing; whereas in the latter it is cold, damp, and foggy. Over moist, undrained land, clouds form more readily and showers are more frequent. As matter of observation it is known that the temperature of the soil over wide tracts of country has by thorough draining been raised three or four degrees; and the temperature of the air over such land has become higher in a corresponding degree. These phenomena, however, have only a partial and local influence, and do not affect the great wind-currents which regulate the seasons. Drainage of land will not avert east winds; and east winds are certain to bring and deposit their burden of snow, sometimes even in the month of May. The drainage of bogs may have carried off surplus vapours that engendered agues and rheumatisms; it has likewise improved the temperature of the soil, adding to the vigorous growth of crops; but has not greatly diminished the average fall of rain or snow, nor changed the tendency of atmospheric conditions incidental to every season of the year. One reason for the prevailing idea that a change has occurred may be found in the fact that a hard winter or a hot summer has always left on the rural mind a deep impression, just as it does at present, while many ordinary seasons have slipped quietly away and fallen into oblivion.

In point of fact, hard winters come only at irregular intervals; and it is well that this is so, both for the sake of the flocks and of the public health. Looking back two centuries, we find matters much the same as they are now. Among the high and stormy hills of Ettrick Forest the winter of 1674 has always been memorable for 'the thirteen drifty days.' Traditions regarding that stormy time lingered for ages in the wilds of Selkirkshire, and were embodied in a connected narrative by James Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd. The great drift occurred in the month of March; but previous to its commencement, the ground was covered with frozen snow; and the storm which then came on from the north-east lasted thirteen days without intermission. During all that time the cold was intense. When the storm ceased there was on many a high-lying farm not a living sheep to be seen; and about nine-tenths of all the sheep in the south of Scotland were destroyed. On Eskdalemuir, in Dumfriesshire, which was understood to maintain 20,000 sheep, only forty young sheep were left on one farm, and five old sheep on another. The farm of Phawhope, near the source of the Ettrick, was said to have remained twenty years without a tenant, after which it was let at the annual rent of a gray coat and a pair of hose. On Bowerhope, a farm belonging to Sir Patrick Scott of Thirlstane, all that remained of 900 sheep was one black ewe, which was chased into St Mary's Loch by some idle dogs and drowned. From other sources information comes to hand showing how serious was the loss of stock in that disastrous year. James, Duke of Monmouth, as husband of Anne, Duchess of Buccleuch, was an extensive proprietor in the district, and in 1675 obtained a license to import from Ireland 4800 'nolt' of a year old and 200 horses, to make up for losses

sustained on the Buccleuch estates in that memorable drift. The sheriff of Roxburghshire, W. Scott of Minto, was cautioner that the number should not be exceeded, and the letter of the bond was observed; but as some of the oxen were more than a year old, the sheriff was fined £200 sterling—a good round sum in those days.

In the present century, the years 1838 and 1814 are historically the most notable instances of a hard winter, and in both cases the severe weather occurred in January. The frost of 1838 was preceded by three months of conspicuously high temperature, on which a paper was read by Dr Lindley at a general meeting of the Horticultural Society in London. In December 1837 the mean temperature in London was fifty-one degrees; the lowest point reached was five degrees above freezing; and the thermometer indicated fifty-four degrees on Christmas Day. With the beginning of 1838 came a remarkable change; and from the 7th till the 20th of January frost continued without any change or intermission, but with a gradual increase of intensity. On the morning of the 20th, at half-past six o'clock, the thermometer at the Receiving House of the Royal Humane Society in Hyde Park indicated three degrees below zero, or thirty-five degrees of frost. About noon on the 21st the wind veered to the southward, signs of thaw became apparent, and on the 22d the thermometer rose to forty-seven degrees, but fell again at night, and frost returned with scarcely diminished intensity.

As might be expected, with such low temperature continued over days and even weeks, the Thames was completely blocked with ice. On the 21st of January navigation was suspended; and men were able to cross the river on the ice below London Bridge. On the 25th a sheep was roasted entire about the centre of the river near Hammersmith; and at the same date, skittle-grounds were formed on the ice, where large numbers of people were occupied for many hours every day. Till the 7th of February the frost continued, after which a thaw came on, and the ice was gradually dispersed.

Still more memorable was the frost in 1814, which has always been considered the worst season in the present century. Early in January snow fell, and this was followed by intense frost. About the middle of the month accounts reached London from many parts of England with details regarding a most unusual fall of snow. At Exeter there had been nothing comparable to it for at least forty years. Hardly any one moved out of doors except under pressure of necessity; and the stagnation of business was greater than could be recollected at any previous period. About the same date, masses of ice had collected on the Thames about London Bridge, making it nearly impossible to carry on the usual traffic. At Edinburgh and Glasgow roads were blocked with snow; and the thermometer indicated about twenty-five degrees of frost every night. So much ice had accumulated on the Mersey at Liverpool that traffic was suspended, and no poultry or fresh vegetables could be had in the market. About the 21st of the month a fresh fall of snow in London occurred, and was accompanied by a bitterly cold wind. In parts of the metropolis where houses were old, it became necessary to

relieve the roofs by diminishing the load of snow; but this, added to the quantity already on the streets, made pedestrian exercise still more difficult. Water-pipes were generally frozen; but a supply was maintained by opening plugs in the streets, and the streams of water becoming frozen, increased the difficulties of pedestrian or other traffic. Navigation having been practically suspended, and travelling by road having likewise ceased, the price of coal increased to a most alarming extent, and other necessities of life became equally scarce.

The Frost Fair on the Thames in 1814 has been often described; but there was a similar carnival on the Tyne at Newcastle. On the 15th of January the Tyne was frozen across, and skating on the river had begun. Snow fell heavily on the 15th and 16th; but on Monday the 17th the snow was cleared off by keelmen, whose occupation of navigating the river had been temporarily suspended. On the 18th snow fell so heavily that skating was impossible; but some rain followed and reduced the quantity of snow. What remained got frozen by a return of low temperature, and this added greatly to the thickness of the ice. Crowds of people continued to amuse themselves on the river daily, and the sports lasted far into the night. Booths were set up, fires lighted, races organised, and games of football enjoyed by many hundreds of people. The average thickness of the ice was about ten inches. About the same date a company of fifty gentlemen dined on the ice near the centre of the Tweed at Berwick, an occurrence that had not been witnessed previously since the great frost in 1740.

We have referred to the severe winters of 1878 and 1879, and may add that that of 1881 was also severe. On January 4, in Scotland, there was ten degrees of frost; on the 7th, fourteen; on the 9th, twenty-one; on the 15th, the thermometer fell to zero; and on the 17th, to twenty-two degrees below zero. In the present winter there has also been severe frost, the Thames having been again frozen over.

THE RING AND THE BIRD.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

I HURRIED home with the desecrated ring in my pocket. The first thing that met my ear was the screaming of the parrot, which seemed more violent than I had ever known, and from other sounds I guessed that he was throwing the weight of his body against the wires of the cage.

'Can't you stop that creature?' I asked the servant who opened the door to me.

'No, sir. I've covered it up and done all I could; but ever since the ladies went up-stairs it has been screeching like mad.'

'The ladies are up-stairs?'

'Yes, sir, in the drawing-room, and the Colonel with them.'

A wild scream came from the parrot.

'Let Polly out, Jane,' I said; 'that is the only way to keep it quiet, and my head is aching.'

They were all in the drawing-room; they had moved there in something like military order,

and all the time of my absence the other three had watched poor Agatha as cats might an unfledged sparrow. Louisa and the Colonel had gazed unflinchingly—I heard all this afterwards; but Mrs Gretton had shed tears as every moment their prisoner grew more exhausted and more deathly pale. They had given her a cup of tea, which now stood untasted by her work-basket on the small table by her side. There their charity had ended; none had spoken a word to her. She looked half-dead as I entered, but she turned her sad eyes despairingly to me. I answered the look by clasping her in my arms.

'It's all right, my darling; I know all about it now,' I cried.

'And Will?' she asked; 'what about him?'

'I have made it all right for him in the meantime. We'll talk about that afterwards.'

Then turning to the others, I said: 'It's all right; you made a mistake. It was her own ring—my ring—that Agatha gave her brother.'

I took the diamond from my pocket, and put it again on her hand, the hand she had kept concealed—I could guess why, *now*—under the folds of her shawl.

'Oh Agatha, I'm so glad,' cried Mrs Gretton; but Louisa said: 'It may be all right about Agatha, but it doesn't explain what has become of Colonel Farrer's ring.'

The Colonel took up the strain. 'Oh yes, it does,' he said contemptuously. 'That precious pair of lovers are in collusion, that's all. They know where my ring is well enough; and I shouldn't wonder if that brother of Miss March's has it in his possession. He seems to be a scapegrace at the best; and it wouldn't injure his character so much as it would that of the estimable and affectionate couple here if stolen property were found in his possession. That, I take it, is the whole mystery.'

This was too much for me. I had, I think, kept my temper fairly well up to this moment; but the Colonel's wholesale accusation, and the strain in which he worded it, stung me past patience.

'I have known one thief in my life, Colonel Farrer, one receiver of stolen property,' I cried, 'and that one is—you! I have not got your ring; I should be ashamed to possess a thing that had such a history. My hands are clean; I possess nothing that I have not honestly won. But you became the owner of the ring you have now lost by means of robbery and murder. It is a ruby in your eyes: it is a great blood-stain in mine, and I hope you will never know a moment's peace in possessing it. If you had any sense of honour, your chief desire would be not to get that ring back for yourself, but to restore it to its rightful owner.'

'Its rightful owner! And supposing I don't own that ring, may I ask you to tell me, in that fine eloquent way of yours, who it belongs to?'

'To Ram Asoka.'

'And where am I to find him?'

The Colonel had me there. 'I—I can't say, but that parrot seems to know, and!—'

The Colonel actually smiled, so pleased was he with his advantage. 'The idea of referring to a parrot for information as to the abode of a departed spirit seems—well!—'

'I don't care,' I burst in impatiently. 'The parrot knows something: he knows everything; and I believe that the soul of Ram Asoka, the man you killed, is imprisoned in that bird's body.'

'Mr Laurence, I am a Christian,' said the Colonel with all imaginable dignity. 'I don't believe in the transmigration of souls or any such heathenish doctrine. And if I did, I couldn't make restitution to a parrot. It couldn't wear a ruby ring.'

'I don't know; I'd give it a chance. It evidently wants the ring.'

"And he won't be happy till he gets it," sang a shrill voice behind me. I turned, and there was the parrot—I had almost said Ram Asoka—hopping in at the door. He looked at me in a confidential manner, and with the courteous comment of 'Right you are, says Moses,' sprang upon the back of a chair and surveyed the company.

We all laughed, even poor pale Agatha, even the indignant Colonel. With the parrot's opinions most of us sympathised; but there was no denying that his manner of expressing them partook of the language common to Ratcliff Highway or Seven Dials, or wherever was situated that dreary retreat from which Mrs Gretton had rescued him. Like a good many Indians who pick up our language from conversation, he used our colloquialisms with more aptness than dignity.

But when our brief outburst of amusement was past, we were still left face to face with the question, Where was the ring? Indeed, Polly's entrance had, after all, but brought it back from those cloudy regions where my bewilderment, my superstition, perhaps, had taken it.

'This is very amusing,' said the Colonel, 'and no doubt Mr Laurence appreciates the valuable support his opinions have received. But even he must admit that before I give the ring to his learned parrot I must get it back myself; and that,' he added truculently, 'will, I think, be best managed by giving Miss March into custody.'

We all exclaimed; but the parrot's cry of grief rang high above all. I began some threat, inarticulate, blustering; but Agatha, turning to the parrot, said in a piteous tone: 'O Polly, can't you save me?'

No stronger proof could well be given of our growing faith in the mystic connection between the ring and the bird than this appeal of Agatha's. It sounds absurd when set down here, but at that moment it seemed most reasonable and just.

And Polly came to the rescue. He fluttered on to the little table which held Agatha's work-basket. There he pushed with all his might against the slim wicker-case till he thrust it and, as it chanced, the half-cold cup of tea as well, on to the drawing-room floor. And there, among the cotton bobbins and balls of worsted it lay, flashing its crimson gleams, that outshone the red light of the sunset, the ruby of Ram Asoka. Somehow at that moment I began to understand how the greed of possessing such a gem as that might tempt a man to sin. I made some allowance for the Colonel.

We all rushed to the ring; but the parrot was ahead of us. He picked the ring up in his beak, and flying to Agatha's arm, dropped it into her hand. Then he retired to his chair-back as one who has done his work.

Agatha went up to the Colonel. 'I am very pleased,' she said with a cold smile, 'to be the person who hands to you the ring which had so miraculously disappeared.'

He took the ring from her; but it was to the parrot that he directed his reply. 'I,' he said, 'am much obliged to you for discovering the ring, which, by some means or another, had got hidden in Miss March's work-basket.'

The sarcasm of his tone roused me once more; but as my voice was raised in protest, Agatha interfered. 'Oh Frank, let him alone,' she cried. 'For my sake, don't quarrel with him. I can't stand more to-night.'

So, most unwillingly, I held my peace, and before long we separated, weary with the strain of the day.

A few words more will end this brief eventful history. Next morning, the Colonel heard a tapping at his door. He thought it was Jane, who had brought his hot water. After a minute he opened the door; but there, on the mat, there stood, not the harmless water-can, but—more dreadful to him than Edgar Poe's raven to the gloomy bard—our magically gifted parrot. (We found out afterwards that he had managed to unfasten the door of his cage and so make his way out.) With an exclamation that had better be left unrecorded, the Colonel started back, and Polly hopped into the room. He made straight for the dressing-table on which lay the ruby ring, still too small for the Colonel's injured hand. He seized it, while the human claimant stood helpless and amazed at this latest development. Holding it in his claw, he bent his eyes on the Colonel, and again said, as he had so often done, 'Who killed Ram Asoka?' Then, the ring still tightly grasped, he flew out of the open window, and was lost to view among the surrounding chimney-pots. And that was the last any of us saw or heard of Ram Asoka.

Was the spirit of the murdered priest indeed confined beneath the bird's green feathers, and did he come thus to claim the gem of which he had been robbed? Or was the whole thing a chapter of accidents, and our parrot no more than a mischievous thievish bird, to whom chance gave an appearance of reason in his deeds? I cannot venture to say. I think—what I think!—and Agatha agrees with me. But for yourself, reader, answer the question as you will, and as you are the more akin in mind to Horatio or to Hamlet.

THE NEW ELECTRIC UNDERGROUND RAILWAY.

It is now only sixty years since Salvatore de Nigro, the Paduan Professor, discovered that by means of the electric current he could generate continuous motion; and yet at the present time there are some two hundred and fifty different lines of railroad where electricity is used as the motive power. This is an age of progress indeed, and unique in both the rapidity and daring of its strides, for in no other surely could half a century have changed a scientific toy into a potent commercial factor. As a matter of fact, however, it is the last decade that has seen the introduction

and spread of electric railroads, which seem to have been successfully started for the first time at the Industrial Exhibition held at Berlin in 1879. Since then, more than two thousand miles of electric railroads have been laid, and active preparations are being made in many places for the extension of the system. At the present moment a new line is proposed from Vienna to Buda-Pesth, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles, on which it is hoped a speed of sixty miles an hour will be obtained; but nearer home we have at Portrush, in Ireland, a short line; and on the 18th of December there was opened to the public the New Electric Underground Railway, known as the City and South London Railway. Although this is not the first railway on which 'captive lightning' is made man's dashing steed, it presents so many noticeable differences from the railroad so well known to us all, that a short account of it will doubtless prove interesting.

When first proposed some years ago, the engineers obtained powers from Parliament without specification as to the motive power to be used; the only proviso being, that at any rate steam would not be employed. The line is only three and a quarter miles long, but noticeably differs from the other London underground lines. In the first place, instead of trying to take a bee-line from station to station, the directors have wisely avoided the expense of compensating landowners by following the line of the streets above; and in order to do this in narrow thoroughfares, the 'up' and 'down' lines are laid in separate tunnels, one being directly beneath the other. Thus it comes about that the stations are at depths varying from twenty to sixty feet below the surface, although the employment of hydraulic lifts prevents this being an inconvenience to the passengers. The tunnels are made of short segments of iron tubing, some ten feet in diameter, and these are firmly bolted together and cemented into the soil, so that there is no possibility of subsidence above. When the line was cut, workmen removed the soil from a space a little less than the proposed tunnel, and then a sort of gigantic paste-cutter, the exact size of the tunnel, was driven forward by hydraulic pressure, forming the head, as it were, of an enormous worm, into whose neck fresh segments of tube were from time to time introduced. All this was not, of course, accomplished without difficulties of many kinds; and more than once the much-dreaded water tried to force its way in. But now all is done; and the passenger, seated in a car brightly lit by incandescent lights, passes safely along under the Thames itself, as secure from collision and mishap as is possible in this world. Collision there cannot, humanly speaking, be a chance of; for the 'up' and 'down' trains run in separate tubes; and the employment of the 'block' system and Westinghouse brakes prevents two trains on the same line from colliding.

The trains consist only of an engine and three carriages, so built as to practically fill up the whole space of the tubes, thus forming an excellent set of air-pumps for the ventilation of the line. The motor gathers its power from an insulated rail placed on the sleepers between the

other two; and no trace of the wonder-working 'fluid' escapes, unless it be an occasional flash as the train passes the points necessary at Stockwell and London Bridge. The carriages are about twice the length of a tram-car, and the seats are along the sides. They are further all connected together, as in the Pullman system; and two attendants travel on each train to close the gratings through which passengers enter at the ends of the carriages. Two points especially attract attention—one being that the carriage floor is on a level with the platforms, and hence there is no need to practise gymnastics before a journey, as one must perforce do in some places. The second point is, that in each carriage is displayed conspicuously the name of the next station at which the train will stop, a feature that enables a traveller to know where he is, even if ignorant of 'English as she is spoke by porters.'

On leaving the train, there is no need to search through all one's pockets for the self-hiding tickets provided by ordinary companies, for when you enter the station you start from, twopence laid down at the turnstile has franked you for any, or the whole, of the distance. Here, again, the Directors have made a step in advance, though it is hardly to be hoped that other railways can possibly follow; just yet, at all events.

Altogether, then, a journey on the new line presents many novel features, and seems to give promise of greater things in the near future; but to many, the journey on the lifts is almost as interesting as the journey along the line itself. In this case, however, electricity is not employed, but hydraulic power; and each lift will accommodate half a train-load of passengers. Here, again, every possibility of mischance is provided for, since not only does each lift work independently of its fellow, but if any of the supporting ropes should yield, ten or twelve safety-clips would come into immediate action, any one of itself being able to sustain the whole load. To the engineer, the interesting point is that all the lifts are worked from the Stockwell terminus; so that this is the heart, as it were, whence the life and power of the whole system emanate.

But will it pay? will it pay? is the important question asked by many; and to this, of course, no definite answer can well be given. Rather unfortunately, perhaps, part of the line runs between places possessing excellent tramway service; and while on the underground the journey from the Kennington Oval Station to the Elephant and Castle costs twopence, you can 'tram' it for a penny. But, on the other hand, the trams take much longer on their journey, and do not, besides, run across the river; whereas the railway carries you from the Oval to London Bridge in about ten minutes. In addition to this, any one who knows the congested condition of the traffic from the Elephant and Castle to the City cannot doubt that many hundreds of passengers would daily make use of the 'drain-pipe'—as the line has been irreverently called—even if the fare were much higher than it is. Still, more than half a million of sunk capital is no light burden, though doubtless the same energy which has secured such great success up to the present will be used by the able Directors and Engineers to ensure financial success to the first of our English electric

railroads. The pioneer has always to bear the brunt of the fight; but energy, patience, and perseverance ever succeed in the end. 'Labor omnia vincit.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

A CLEVER little instrument founded upon Professor Hughes's Microphone has recently been tried with successful results. It is the invention of Captain de Place, is called the Seiseophone, and its mission is to detect flaws such as air-holes and imperfect weldings in metals. That such an instrument will be of extreme value, especially for testing metals employed in the rolling stock of railways, is obvious, for many lives must often depend upon the perfect condition of the materials used in such work. The apparatus consists of two parts, one being a tiny hammer, which taps the metal as it traverses its surface, and which works by pressure upon a pneumatic ball held in the operator's hand, while the other, a telephone, is carried into another room, so that the taps of the hammer can only be heard through the instrument—an effect which is brought about by including in the battery circuit a microphone. The listener at the telephone can tell by certain variations in the character of the sound when the hammer is near a flaw. He then touches an electric button, which rings a bell in the room where the hammering operation is carried out, so that the faulty place may be at once marked for subsequent careful examination.

In an interesting article upon Life in the African Forest, Lieutenant Stairs, who passed eight months in Fort Bodo during the Emin Relief Expedition, gives his opinion that medical authorities are at fault when they caution Europeans suffering from fever in tropical countries to abstain from eating much meat. His advice is that to prevent such fevers, and their consequent feebleness, the strength should be kept up with flesh-food. 'With vegetable food,' he says, 'no white man doing hard work day after day can keep up his system unless he be perhaps a vegetarian from childhood.' He also says that it was a matter of common remark at Fort Bodo that fifteen days of bad food meant fever, and that white men used to beef all their lives cannot give up that nourishing article of diet without suffering for it.

So much attention is now concentrated upon the important subject of speed of ships, that the introduction of a new form of boiler for marine engines is a matter of general interest. The boiler to which we refer is the new Water-tube Boiler, which has been designed and successfully tested by Mr Yarrow, one of the well-known firm of torpedo-boat builders; and although the new form of boiler is primarily intended for that class of vessel, it will no doubt be employed for far larger craft when its many advantages become better known. We have not the space for a full description of the new device, but we may say that it differs from the locomotive form of boiler commonly used in one important particular. Its tubes, instead of giving passage to the heated air from the grate, and so heating the water which circulates round them, contain themselves the

water, which is heated and caused to circulate throughout the system by means of the flames which play freely around them. Many forms of water-tube boilers have previously been designed, but they have all been open to objections which have prevented their adoption. In the Yarrow boiler these difficulties seem to have been cleverly surmounted.

The most recent official Report upon the subject of Mortality from Snakes and Wild Beasts in India contains the grave information that in spite of the large and increasing sums spent in rewards for the animals killed, fatalities increase at an alarming rate. There is reason in fact to believe that the offer of these rewards has in some cases stimulated the breeding of snakes. Taken as a whole, therefore, this Report would seem to indicate that the reward system has failed to accomplish its purpose. It is now suggested that the cover round about the villages which affords lodging for snakes should be destroyed, and district officers are to be instructed to see that this is done. In the year 1888, twenty-three thousand persons, as well as seventy-six thousand cattle, met their death through snakes and wild beasts of various kinds in India.

The Council of the Royal Meteorological Society have announced their intention of holding an Exhibition in London of rain-gauges, evaporation-gauges, and kindred instruments. The Exhibition will be open for a few days only during the third week in March, but is sure to attract many visitors, for all are interested in the supreme question of weather, and are anxious to ascertain how its vagaries can be registered and, to a certain extent, forecast. The Committee will be glad to receive for exhibition instruments or apparatus which have been devised or first constructed during the past twelve months. They will also be thankful for photographs or drawings which bear upon meteorological science, including photographs of lightning-flashes and cloud-formation. In connection with this matter of weather registration it may be interesting to note that during the severe frost in January this year the lowest reading recorded at Greenwich had only been equalled on three occasions during the past fifty years.

Those who happen to have exhausted all the pleasures of life, and are in search of something entirely new, cannot fail to regard with interest the scheme which has recently been elaborated for dropping a roomful of living persons from the top to the bottom of the Eiffel Tower without hurting them. Like the switchback railway, the enterprise is designed simply and purely as a new means of excitement, with something more than a spice of danger in it, and in one or two of the French papers illustrations are given of the manner in which the singular idea is proposed to be carried out. The room in which the visitors are placed is shaped like a conical bullet, and is allowed to slide into space point downwards. To break its fall, and to prevent any unpleasant concussion to its inmates, the projectile is to fall into a deep basin of water. We believe and hope that this ridiculous scheme will not, for the credit of human nature, get much farther than the initial stage.

Some interesting particulars have been lately published with regard to the telegraphic cables

which now form such a network over the world. The submarine cables are owned by twenty-six companies, with a combined capital of forty million pounds sterling, and a revenue of more than three millions. The first cable was laid in 1851, between Dover and Calais, and it is still in use. From this small beginning the number of cables has gradually increased, until at present their total length reaches the wonderful figure of one hundred and twenty thousand nautical miles. One of the most noteworthy feats ever performed by telegraphy was the sending of the result of last year's Derby from Epsom to New York in fifteen seconds; which means that the name of the successful horse was known in New York almost before the animal had time to pull up after passing the winning-post. This result was brought about by stopping all business on the lines directly the race commenced, and having operators on the alert to telegraph immediately the two or three letters which, by previous agreement, were to distinguish any particular horse. That every one must have been on the alert for the news and ready to act upon his instructions without delay is evident when we state that the message had first to be sent from Epsom to London, thence to Ireland, from Ireland to Nova Scotia, and thence to New York.

A paper upon the use of Opaque Glass in Decoration, recently read by Mr J. C. Powell before the Architectural Association, was full of interesting matter, and dealt with a phase of art about which little is known by the general public. It traced the history of decoration of this kind both of walls and pavements, from the earliest times, and gave an elaborate account of the most beautiful and important applications of opaque glass in mosaic, as it is termed. This art, the reader tells us, is of the greatest antiquity, and has been practised by many different nations with various materials. Long before the Christian era, this kind of architectural ornament was largely employed, fragments of marble being used, but chiefly for pavements. About the fourth century, opaque glass came to be largely used in this kind of decoration, the glass being rendered opaque by the addition of oxide of tin, and coloured by means of various other metallic oxides. The work was probably carried out as it is to-day at Murano, where a number of crucibles are arranged like wash-hand basins in a lavatory, with a wood-fire beneath. These crucibles contain the molten glass, which when sufficiently soft is ladled out on to a metal table and pressed into circular cakes averaging about eight inches in diameter and about three-eighths of an inch thick. These are annealed, gradually cooled, and are then broken up into fragments of a convenient size for the use of the artist.

Most of us hardly realise the extreme depth of some of our coal-mines, in which men daily work to win for us one of the first necessities of our lives. One of the deepest mines in this country is in Lancashire, and is known as the Ashton Moss Colliery. When we say that it is one thousand and forty yards deep from the surface, the mind fails to comprehend any idea of the matter; so that we must look for a comparison with some well-known thing or place before we can grasp what this great depth means. St Paul's Cathedral is a good object for the purpose,

for most people know it by sight, and also know that it is four hundred feet in height from crown to base. Now the coal-mine referred to is just upon eight times the depth represented by a plummet dropped from the top of the Cathedral. Strange to say, the miners do not experience any serious inconvenience from working at so great a depth, except that they are somewhat less energetic than they would be if they worked at the surface, a circumstance which is probably accounted for by the high temperature of eighty-seven degrees which is found at that depth. The air is dry, there is very little water in the mine, and the gas given off is not greater than in workings nearer the surface.

About ten years ago, when Edison's phonograph first appeared before an astonished world, many curious ideas were ventilated as to the power of the instrument to preserve the utterances of the dead for future generations. This notion has been to a certain extent realised, for not long ago a party of literary gentlemen met in London on the anniversary of the poet Browning's death, and were able to listen by means of the instrument to a reproduction of words spoken by the deceased. A curious point in connection with the matter is that when making the original record on the phonograph cylinder the poet in quoting some of his own lines had to be prompted by a bystander, for his memory failed him. This prompting, together with the apology from the poet which followed, were duly reproduced by the instrument.

The recognition of the Germ theory of disease, which has of late years caused such wonderful progress to be made in battling with many of those terrible ills to which human flesh is heir, is also responsible for the promotion of many absurd ideas as to fancied dangers lurking amid the most innocent pursuits and pastimes. The latest of the alarmist rumours is represented by the suggestion that drawing-room carpets, being probably the haunt of dangerous microbes, should not be danced upon by giddy feet, in case those germs which are always ready for mischief should arise in clouds and attack the human occupants of the room. Now, if householders were in the habit of cultivating uncleanliness in their carpets and hangings, or lending them out on hire to fever hospitals, there might be some sense in the suggestion. So there would be if it had been proved that the sweeping or beating of carpets and the dusting of furniture were peculiarly fatal occupations. As things are, the statement is a foolish one, and mischievous as well, for it may receive some credence by those who are of a nervous disposition.

Many deaths from burning are still attributable to the improper use of paraffin lamps, although several appliances have been invented which will cause one of these lamps to be extinguished should it be upset or thrown down. Some time ago a Committee of scientific gentlemen inquired into the question of paraffin-lamp employment generally, and laid down certain rules which ought to be observed in their use. One of these related to the common mode of extinguishing the wick by blowing down the chimney of the lamp. This custom was strongly condemned as being fruitful of danger, and users of lamps were directed to blow across the open mouth of the chimney, after

the wick had been turned down by the regulating button. Curiously enough, this Committee failed to point out that if one of these lamps is turned down to its lowest point, the flame will in a very short time die out of itself without any help from the breath. This seems to be a simple matter to call attention to, but in view of the very many fatal accidents which are recorded as resulting from ignorant use of lamps, it is of great importance.

Successful trials of some novel hydraulic appliances have recently been carried out at Portsmouth on board H.M.S. *Vulcan*, the new torpedo dépôt ship. These appliances consist of two enormous 'gooseneck' cranes, one on either side of the vessel, whose duty it is to act as davits, for the purpose of lifting the twenty-ton torpedo boats, of which the ship carries six, and dropping them into or lifting them out of the water. The cranes have each a total height of sixty-five feet, the major portion of which is hidden below deck, where huge hydraulic rams furnish them with their motive power. By their use a torpedo boat can be slung out of the water and deposited on any part of the deck of the ship, for the cranes have a reach, or 'rake,' of thirty-eight feet, at a speed of ninety feet per minute. The cranes are supplied from Sir W. G. Armstrong's works at Elswick, and various novel fittings belonging to them have been recently patented.

A wonderful feat in gunnery is reported from Singapore. During some target practice there with one of the new breech-loading nine-inch guns, a flagstaff was hit and broken at a range of three and three-quarter miles. This is hardly credible; and a correspondent of the *Times*, who signs himself 'Munchausen,' evidently thinks so, for he pertinently asks, 'What was the diameter of the staff which was visible when three and three-quarter miles off to a human eye directed along the line of sight of a gun; and what was the power of the particular eye which contrived to see it?' He further suggests, what will doubtless be present to the minds of most practical men, that the result must have been brought about by what billiard players call 'a fluke.'

Pyrogravure is a newly-invented process for drawing patterns upon wood or other combustible material by means of a graving-point which is kept at a white heat. This point is of platinum, and it is kept hot by a supply of mingled air and hydrocarbon vapour. Other means have before been adopted for burning ornamental devices upon wood for decorative purposes, and such ornamentation, if artistically carried out, is very effective in appearance.

A writer in the *Hygienic Review* gives some interesting particulars with reference to the diet of the Hindus, and points to the common error made by speakers and writers in dealing in general terms with the inhabitants of India, instead of remembering that the country contains a variety of natives, who are distinct from one another in appearance, habits, and language. It is not true that the inhabitants of India are all vegetarians, for some of the best and the worst are meat-eaters, but all the same India affords examples of the efficiency of a vegetarian diet. Among the Sikhs especially may be found splendid specimens of powerful men who have never tasted meat.

A rough-and-ready kind of railroad is in use at Cumberland County, Nova Scotia, for the purpose of carrying timber from the woods to the river. The rails are made of spruce poles joined end to end, and spiked down to sleepers of the same material; and the rolling-stock consists of an eight-horse-power engine and a couple of light cars. The tires of all the wheels have a flange on both sides, and are wide enough to accommodate themselves to the varying thicknesses of the wooden rails, which vary from six to four inches in diameter. The little engine is placed between the two cars, so that shunting and alteration of position are obviated. This railway is probably the cheapest ever yet constructed.

THE CRYPTOPROCTA.

ANOTHER NEW ARRIVAL AT THE 'ZOO.'

It is frequently the case that an animal arrives at the Zoological Gardens which has never before been exhibited to the public. It is also quite the usual thing for a rarity of this kind, which has perhaps cost a large sum of money, to die at once without allowing itself to be seen. Within the last few weeks the Zoo has received a specimen of a curious creature from Madagascar, which fortunately still survives, and may be inspected at any time in the 'Small Cats' House.' At the moment of writing (January) there is a little difficulty in finding out which is the animal in question; for it has not yet been provided with a card of introduction to the public, that is, with a label.

Madagascar is the home of many extraordinary animals, but of none more interesting than the Cryptoprocta. This animal, according to Professor Cope, is the sole remnant left to us of a large group of Mammals which flourished in great abundance during the 'Tertiary Period.' The name given to this group is Creodonta, which of course means much the same as Carnivora. The Creodonta were quite as ravenous and bloodthirsty as their modern descendants, and equally well furnished with teeth and claws; but they were behindhand in the matter of brain; and being thus perhaps unable to cope with the wiles of their more highly endowed prey, were starved out of existence long before the present epoch, and have only left us a few bones and teeth to tell of their former numbers.

Madagascar is just the place where waifs and strays of this description, which ought to have effaced themselves from creation ages ago, chiefly congregate. That island is supposed to have been originally connected with the African Continent; when it became separated, it was stocked with animals, which were at that time widely distributed. The advent of new forms settled the question of the survival of these creatures on the mainland in the negative; but the representatives of these persecuted and vanquished forms, which had emigrated to Madagascar before the separation, continued to live on in a dignified seclusion, free from the intrusion of any new-comers and only broken by their own internecine quarrels. Fighting the matter out among themselves, the result was the present fauna of Madagascar, which abounds in ancient types, such as those monkey-

like creatures which are not really monkeys, the Lemurs, and the Cryptoprocta.

The scientific name of the animal is *Cryptoprocta ferox*. Judging from the demeanour of the animal at the Zoo, 'ferox' is a rather libellous name. It frisks about in a playful manner, and does not give one the impression of being the most bloodthirsty and savage of all the Carnivora; this, however, is the character that it has somehow got. The ferocity of the Carnivora is almost in inverse proportion to their size: one of the fiercest known is the little weasel, which will kill and destroy merely for the love of the thing, long after its appetite has been glutted. Cryptoprocta may occasionally perform the same office in farmyards in Madagascar that its distant relations, the weasels and stoats, perform in farmyards in England, and have thus earned the title of 'ferox.' But the unprejudiced visitor who can endure for a sufficiently long period the decidedly pronounced odour of the cats' house, will come to the conclusion that for sheer malignity of character, unredeemed by any playfulness whatever, some of the wild-cats easily bear the palm. At the same time it would, perhaps, not be very advisable to attempt any familiarities with the Cryptoprocta in spite of his apparently friendly disposition; an attempt of this sort might lead to the demonstration of a very interesting fact in the structure of this animal—namely, that its claws are quite well developed and are retractile.

Cats, as every one knows, walk upon their toes; they are digitigrade, as the expression is; and as a natural consequence, the claws can be retracted, so that their softened footfall may allow them to approach their victims and make the fatal spring without betraying their whereabouts. Another advantage of this power of sheathing the claws is naturally to keep the sharpness unblunted. On the other hand, the Civets have only half-retractile claws, and many of the Carnivora walk upon the soles of their feet instead of upon their finger-tips. The Cryptoprocta is a mixture of these different conditions; it has retractile claws, but it walks partly upon the soles of the feet: it is semi-plantigrade, to use the technical term.

The Cryptoprocta is of a uniform tawny-brown colour, something like the lion or the puma; there are other cat-like creatures which are thus coloured.

The tawny colour of the lion is compared to the colour of the deserts which it inhabits, and is said to have been brought about in order to render it inconspicuous. The young lion whelps are distinctly spotted, which shows that in all probability the ancestors of the lion were more like a leopard than their descendants. The leopard has changed his spots, but the question is whether the usually received interpretation is the right one. The lion needs no protection from enemies; the muscular power of his limbs and jaws is quite enough protection.

But it might be suggested that a colour-resemblance to the ground upon which he crouches would deceive the herbivorous creatures into fancying that no danger was near until they were actually seized by their fierce and powerful enemy. Probably this is so, if it be true that a hunting lion approaches his prey always with due regard to the direction of the wind. To

admit that probability is, however, a long way from admitting that the colour has been produced for that very purpose; while the coloration of the puma and the *Cryptoprocta* cannot be accounted for in that way at all. One way out of the difficulty is to assume that the two last-mentioned Carnivores once inhabited deserts, but later on, changed their abode, the corresponding colour-change not having yet come into operation. But this is only put forward to show in what straits those who believe in the universal use of colour in relation to surroundings, animate and inanimate, and for other purposes, must occasionally find themselves. All we can say at present is that there appears to be a tendency among Carnivora to lose their spots and stripes and to assume a uniform tawny colour. The young of the *Cryptoprocta* is not known; but the newly-born puma is much more conspicuously spotted than the young lion of the same age.

A YEAR'S EMIGRATION.

VERY few of the general public, except those who are directly interested in shipping, can form any idea of the enormous number of people of all nations, creeds, and classes who annually leave our shores with the intention of forming fresh homes across the seas. We have before us as we write a Board of Trade return of the 'numbers, nationalities, and destinations' of the persons who left the United Kingdom for places out of Europe during the twelve months ending December 31, 1890. During this period no fewer than 316,145 souls left our shores. This does not of course in any way represent the total number of persons who emigrate annually, but simply the number who leave the United Kingdom.

Of this 316,000 odd, the majority are English—140,000; the Irish come next with 57,000; and then the Scotch with 30,000. The foreigners numbered 98,000. Of this number the great majority went to the United States; some 86,500 English, 52,000 Irish, 14,000 Scotch, and 81,000 foreigners, being 'dumped' there during the twelve months. The next country in favour was British North America, which received during the same period 18,500 English, 2400 Scotch, 1700 Irish, and 9500 foreigners. Australasia comes next with 16,000 English, 2750 Irish, 2500 Scotch, and only 392 foreigners. When we come to Africa we notice a very great falling-off, only 12,000—English, Irish, Scotch, and foreigners—having sought their fortunes at the Cape of Good Hope, Natal, &c. Some 17,000 emigrated to places not specified in the returns; and so in this way we make our total of 316,000. From these figures it will be seen that the vast majority of these emigrants are British or of British origin.

It is admitted on all hands that emigration is a sure index of prosperity or otherwise of a country. In times of prosperity more people emigrate than in times of poverty. When this statement, strange as it may appear at the first glance, is looked into, it will be found that such should naturally be the case. In times of depression a man has barely enough to keep body and soul together, and though he would willingly leave Old England, he cannot do so for want of money, even though the amount required be only

two or three pounds. In times of prosperity, however, the same man can manage to scrape together a few pounds, and then he 'gets off' with it to what he fondly trusts will be a better and happier land. For example, the year 1889 was a more prosperous one than 1890, except perhaps the latter part of the late year, when trade revived somewhat. In 1889 we find that, to be exact, 342,641 persons emigrated to the various countries mentioned; whilst last year, as we have already stated, 316,145 left 'the old home,' a decrease of no fewer than 26,496, or about eight per cent. This may not appear a very great falling-off; but when we come to reckon the amount in pounds, shillings, and pence, we find out what an enormous difference it must make in the circulation of that needful commodity, as well as to the pockets of our shipowners.

Let us look at the amount received by the various companies for passage-money to the United States and British North America. If we take it at four pounds per head, a low estimate, we find the total to be £1,062,004; of this the Britishers contribute £699,992. It is somewhat difficult to get a fair average cost of the fares to the other countries; but we think we are within the mark if we take it in the following manner: The total number of emigrants to Australasia, Cape of Good Hope, Natal, and all other ports, was 50,644. We average the fare at twelve pounds per head. This amounts to £607,728. It must be remembered, however, that the passage money does not all go to the shipowners; but we can fairly say that after allowing for all extras, &c., at one pound per head, we can credit the shipowners with £1,353,587 as the result of last year's emigration. In 1889 they must have netted something like £1,541,443; so that last year there was a decrease as compared with 1889 of 26,496 persons, representing in hard cash, £197,858. It has been calculated that each emigrant when he lands at a foreign port is worth to the country where he lands at least twenty pounds. If we figure this out, we find that the United States, British North America, Australasia, &c., amongst them received last year something like £6,322,900, and this from the one source alone—Emigration.

THE FORGE BY THE FOREST.

It stands half-hidden in the greenwood's edge,
Its music greets the dawn that glimmers white,
Before the sunbeams chase away the night,
Or the first warbler twitters in the sedge;
All day the anvil rings beneath the sledge,
The forge-fires roar, and gleam with ruddy light
Till crimson sunset crowns the distant height,
And all its fringes fade along the ledge.

Then, though the whispering leaves above it bend,
And night-birds call, and moonbeams round it play,
The voices of the smithy die away;
When in the dusk the evening dews descend
In silent slumber all its labours end—
Its music mute, its ashes cold and gray.

J. G. F. NICHOLSON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 375.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

TRINIDAD ISLAND AND ITS TREASURE.

THE latest story of buried treasure is not that which Mr Clark Russell recently told in these pages to the readers of 'My Shipmate Louise,' but one just narrated by Mr E. F. Knight, who in the year 1889 went out to search for a reputed hoard on the island of Trinidad. This is not the tropical West Indian paradise with which Mr Grant Allen made our readers acquainted a few years ago, but an islet of the same name and of very different character in the South Atlantic. It is a rocky, desolate, surf-encompassed islet, in latitude 20° 30' south, and longitude 29° 22' west, about seven hundred miles from the Brazilian port of Bahia. Mariners avoid it because of the coral reefs and deadly crags by which it is encircled, and rarely, until recent years, has human foot trodden its shores. Its only inhabitants are very loathsome and destructive land-crabs, numerous sea-fowl, and gigantic turtles. Once upon a time it was covered with a dense forest from beach to summit, but for well-nigh a century the forest has been filled only with gaunt and leafless trees. This dead forest is one of the most ghastly features of a peculiarly ghastly and forbidding island. When and how the trees were stricken by the death-blight, no man knows; but it was probably some volcanic eruption which at one stroke changed a land of fruit-groves and spicy harbours into a forest of desolation, for Trinidad is the centre of a small volcanic patch in the South Atlantic. What vegetation now remains is confined to some tree-ferns and acacia-bushes on a plateau high up among the mountains, and to a growth of wild beans in some of the gullies.

Another peculiarity of the island is that it seems wholly brittle, for landslips are continually occurring, crags falling, ravines filling and opening, and the general configuration altering. As described by Mr Knight, it seems like one of the forlorn islands of the old sea-romances, on which the bloody deeds of pirates have left a curse, so that the treasure is guarded by evil spirits. The great seas which roll up without

any apparent cause, even after days of windless weather, the ever-tottering crags, and all the forces and terrors of nature, seem in combination to keep man from off the secret hoard, while the land-crabs are ugly and evil and diabolical-looking enough to represent the spirits of the bloodiest pirates ever known.

On this desolate spot, there was buried, in the year 1821, a great store of gold and silver plate and specie, which, during the Peruvian war of independence, was being conveyed from the Cathedral of Lima to Spain for security. The vessel conveying it was captured by pirates, who then deposited it in a part of Trinidad known as South-west Bay, marking the spot with three cairns. They left it there, intending to return, doubtless, when Lord Dundonald should cease from scouring the pirate-infested seas; but they fell into the hands of the Spaniards, and were all hanged at Cuba—all save one—a Russian Finn—who about the year 1850 confided the secret of his life and the treasure to a Newcastle captain then in command of an East Indiaman engaged in the opium trade. This Newcastle mariner brought home the secret and the pirate's plan of the island; and some years afterwards, sent out his son, in a Newcastle vessel trading with the Brazils, to look for the hoard. The vessel reached the island; but after beating about for a week, could not find a landing-place, and the captain resolved to give up the attempt. The young man, however, was permitted to swim ashore; and after spending a night alone on the island, where he was nearly devoured by the land-crabs, was hauled by a line through the surf to the boat and taken on board again. He reported that he had identified the spot described by the pirate; that it corresponded exactly with the description he had received from his father; but that a great landslip of red earth had evidently fallen on the treasure, and that not for the whole treasure itself would he spend another night in such a place.

Here, then, was confirmatory evidence of one sort; while an inspection of the archives of Cuba

revealed the fact that a gang of pirates who had plundered Spanish vessels sailing from Lima had been hanged at Havana at the very date given by the Russian Finn to the Newcastle captain. Then it was known that a large portion of the treasure which Lord Dundonald reported as existing at Lima—valued by him at over six millions sterling—had never been traced. Some portion of it fell into the hands of the Peruvians, and other portions were recaptured by Dundonald from the pirates who had plundered the Spanish vessels. But a large portion remains to this day unaccounted for, and thus there was *prima facie* evidence in favour of the Trinidad story.

It was so firmly believed in by some very shrewd Tynesiders, that in the year 1885 they despatched an expedition in a barque called the *Aurea* to make thorough search for it. The mistake was in sending a square-rigged vessel of such large size that she could not be brought near enough to the shore. With great difficulty seven men were landed in a small boat with some tools, and no sooner were they landed than the ship was blown out of sight by a high gale, and could not make the island again for three weeks. By that time the party ashore were so demoralised by deficiency of food, exposure to rain, and the haunting presence of the land-crabs, that they eagerly re-embarked at the first opportunity. They had done very little digging, although they had identified the spot described by the pirate; but they were so emaciated and ill, that the leader of the party determined not to risk the lives of any more of his men, and so abandoned the search.

Besides these, three other expeditions had attempted to disinter the secret of Trinidad Island before Mr Knight had heard of it. This was only after his return from a cruise in the *Falcon*, the story of which was given to the world some few years ago, during which he had happened to land on and explore Trinidad without being then aware of the romantic interest attaching to it. He had discovered a moderately safe landing-place, had followed passes through the mountains, and knew where water was to be found. Thus, when he heard the treasure story, and remembered things about the island which seemed to lend colour to the piratical tale, he determined to organise a more thorough search than had yet been attempted.

Thus it was that the 'Cruise of the *Alerte*' was projected. The *Alerte* was a stout-built yacht—rigged as a yawl—which was purchased at Southampton, and specially fitted out for the work. She was only some fifty tons or so of yacht measurement, but quite big enough for a party of thirteen adventurers and all their provisions and tools for excavation. These tools were very complete, and included hydraulic jacks, forges and anvils, boring apparatus, materials for shafting, crowbars, shovels, wheelbarrows, tents, wire-fencing, &c.—enough to furnish a pretty extensive

mining 'claim' in America. Ample stores of provisions were also taken, and every preparation was made for a prolonged stay, since the reported landslip implied probably the removal of many thousands of tons of débris before the hiding-place could be laid bare.

The company was to consist of nine gentlemen-adventurers, including Mr Knight himself, to whom the others were to pay one hundred pounds apiece, and to yield implicit obedience, each receiving in return one-twentieth of the gross proceeds of the venture. Mr Knight's contribution was the vessel, provisions, and tools; and further, he engaged four paid-hands, who were not to be entitled to any share of the treasure, but were to be liberally paid whatever happened. Before the *Alerte* reached Trinidad, the number of gentlemen-adventurers had been reduced to five, and the paid crew changed and increased to five, so that the full number of those who actually engaged in the search was only ten. Unfortunately, among the gentlemen who, from one cause or other, dropped off from the expedition were the only two who had knowledge of photography, ornithology, &c., so that the collections which were expected were not obtained.

Sailing from Southampton at the end of August 1889, the *Alerte* made first for the Salvage Islands, which the party had been recommended to try in the first instance for a treasure reputed to have been buried there in 1804, the story of which is well known at the Admiralty. This story is, that a vessel from South America for Cadiz, laden with produce and two million dollars in money, was, when within a few days' sail of her destination, warned by a neutral that war had been declared, and that English frigates were watching the whole Spanish coast. Thereupon the captain resolved to run back to the Spanish Main; but the crew mutinied, murdered the captain, buried the money on an uninhabited island, and finally wrecked the ship in trying to make the West Indies. A survivor told the story to the captain of an English man-of-war, and the Admiralty ordered a preliminary search; but the results were so discouraging that it was not thought worth while to prosecute the matter further.

As the uninhabited island of this story was identified with one of the Salvage group, which lay, after a manner, in the route of the *Alerte*, it was resolved to make some attempt to test the truth of it. The Salvages consist of three islands between Madeira and the Canaries, and are carefully avoided by vessels on account of the dangerous shoals that surround them. These three islands are Great Salvage, Great Piton, and Little Piton; and it was on Great Piton that the search was to be made. Here a camp was formed, and systematic digging continued for four days, with no result; and as the information was so vague that the adventurers did not even know if they were on the right island, the search was then abandoned, and the course of the *Alerte* shaped for Bahia, which was reached on the 2d of November.

Here fresh provisions were taken in, letters received and despatched, some changes made in the crew, and a little delay caused by bad weather. Finally, sail was set on the 11th of November, and Treasure Island was sighted six days later. Sighted, yes; but it is one thing to sight Trinidad and another thing to land on it, as previous adventurers had found. This, indeed, seems one of the most obstinately inaccessible of all the earth-children known as islands—a lonely ocean-cast-away, as jealous of its seclusion as the Grand Lama of Tibet. The mountains rise sheer from the surf, which ever boils and seethes, even when there is no wind. Their sides are cleft by awful ravines with perpendicular precipices; pinnacles here, and huge cones there, show where masses have been shattered by volcanic commotions, and great slopes of red and black débris betray the changing character of the surface. The peaks tower to three thousand feet or more above the sea, and are ever wrapt in vaporous wreaths, torn and twisted into curious shapes as the winds eddy among the summits. Indescribably savage and grand is the scenery of this weird island, where silence is unknown, and where the sorrow of the sea is never quiet. The roaring of the surf on the beach and up the rocky ravines becomes at times almost deafening, and it is accentuated by the shrill cries of myriads of melancholy sea-birds.

The first thing to do was to land at a sort of natural coral pier that Mr Knight knew of; but this is some miles from Treasure Bay, and only availed for a preliminary survey-party of two. Afterwards this was used as a place at which to water the yacht, which anchored in the vicinity for the greater portion of the time of the search.—Treasure Bay itself being too exposed and dangerous for even a small vessel. Crossing the island by the mountain passes which he had discovered nine years before, Mr Knight and a companion, after a dangerous and toilsome journey, reached the site of the supposed hoard. They found relics of the *Aurea* expedition, and they also found, what was better, that a good water-supply was available with moderate labour.

'The nature of the scenery around us,' writes Mr Knight, 'was now grand in the extreme, and had a weird character of its own that I have never perceived on other mountains. The jagged and torn peaks, the profound chasms, the huge land-slips of black rocks, the slopes of red volcanic ash destitute of vegetation, in themselves produce a sense of extreme desolation; but this is heightened by the presence of ghastly dead vegetation, and by the numberless uncanny birds and land-crabs which cover all the rocks. This lonely islet is perhaps the principal breeding-place for sea-birds in the South Atlantic. Here multitudes of man-of-war birds, gannets, boobies, cormorants, and petrels have their undisturbed haunts. Not knowing how dangerous he is, they treat their superior animal, man, with a shocking want of due respect. The large birds more especially attack one furiously if one approaches their nests in the breeding season; and in places where one has to clamber with hands as well as feet, and is therefore helpless, they are positively dangerous. As for the land-crabs, which are unlike any I have seen elsewhere, they swarm all over the island in incredible numbers. I have seen them

two or three deep in shady places under the rocks; they crawl over everything, polluting every stream, devouring anything—a loathsome set of brutes, which were of use, however, in our camp as scavengers. They have hard shells of a bright saffron colour, and their faces have a most cynical and diabolic expression. As one approaches them they stand on their hindlegs and wave their pincers threateningly, while they roll their hideous goggle eyes at one in a dreadful manner. If a man is sleeping or sitting down quietly, these creatures will come up to have a bite at him, and would devour him if he was unable for some reason to shake them off. But we murdered so many in the vicinity of our camp during our stay on the island that they certainly became less bold, and it seemed almost as if the word had been passed all over Trinidad that we were dangerous animals, to be shunned by every prudent crab.'

When Treasure Bay was reached, the pirate's landmarks were readily identified, and arrangements were made for landing the stores and tools. This had to be done through the surf by means of a whale-boat, for carriage over the difficult and dangerous mountain-passes was out of the question. Landing through the surf was laborious and dangerous enough, but it was effected in a series of exciting journeys, and then a camp was formed and operations were commenced.

It was seen at once that these would have to be extensive and prolonged, for the exact locality of the cairns under the fallen débris could not be determined, and therefore almost the whole of it would have to be removed. This was done by systematic trenching; while the huge rocks were lifted out of the way by means of the hydraulic jack which had been brought. For three months the whole party laboured in turn as navvies, ceasing only during the heat of mid-day and on Sundays; and they left almost literally not a stone unturned in the ravine where ought to have existed the cavern where the pirates' hoard was deposited. But they discovered neither the cavern nor the hoard.

All hands were not on shore at a time, for at least three were needed to take charge of the yacht, whose anchorage was by no means secure. Indeed, so frequent and erratic are the winds which eddy from the summits of Trinidad, even when it is calm out at sea, that after a while it was determined that it was safer to heave anchor and to cruise off and on the island—drifting away at night, and beating back during the day. When the weather permitted, a boat would be despatched from Treasure Bay to the vessel, or *vice versa*, to exchange news and compare notes; but sometimes for many days together this intercourse was impossible. Then the supply of oatmeal gave out, and Mr Knight with a couple of hands ran the *Alerte* all the way to Bahia to get fresh stores. He was so detained by bad weather that when he returned to the island he found the shore-party on the verge of starvation, and just preparing to launch themselves in the whale-boat on the open sea in the hope of being picked up.

On off-days, the island was explored by the members of the expedition, who discovered the remains of what had evidently been a Portuguese settlement—several huts and stone walls overgrown with creepers. From appearance, this

settlement must have been of some duration; and it would be interesting if some one could evolve its history from Portuguese records. It may be, indeed, that the non-discovery of the treasure and the existence of this settlement have some connection. Who knows to whom the Russian Finn communicated his secret before he met the Newcastle captain? This is assuming that the pirate's story was true, and really there seems no good reason to doubt it. In spite of his non-success, Mr Knight, with all his knowledge of the island, has very little doubt that the treasure of the Cathedral of Lima was once really deposited on Trinidad. Whether it has been already removed, or whether it lies buried under some other landslip, cannot be said, and will probably never be known.

Certainly, the *Alerte* party made a gallant and persevering effort to recover the treasure, without stopping to consider what moral or legal claim they had to it should they discover it. When it was resolved to abandon the search, the weather was becoming so bad that every hour's delay meant danger. Happily, everything was got on board safely, and the yacht started for the other Trinidad, in the West Indies, where the party was broken up, and each man went to his own home, rich in experience of a novel sort, if not in the treasures of Lima. 'They did not catch that whale, brave boys;' but they did something to think about and talk about for the rest of their lives.

It cannot be recommended that any should follow their example. Six expeditions within twelve years have found the Spanish treasure on Trinidad to be pretty much like the Spanish fleet in the ballad.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

BY GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XII.—THE BUBBLE BURSTS.

'It's terrible,' said Linnell to Dumaresq, breaking the short pause, 'that after all you have wrought and done for the world you should still be able to say *that* to day—you, the greatest thinker in our modern Europe.'

'Not for me,' the old stoic answered with a resigned nod: 'not terrible for me: I'm used to it: it suits me: but for Psyche, I grant you, yes: for Psyche; for Psyche.'

'Miss Dumaresq deserves all the world can give her,' Linnell replied boldly.

The old man's eye fired up once more with a brilliant flash, and then grew slowly dim again. If only he could see his way to make Psyche happy! He wasn't sordidly anxious to sell her for gold: oh no, oh no; he would sell her to no man: but he wanted to see his Psyche happy. He clutched Linnell's hand once more and spoke earnestly, fervently. 'Listen here,' he cried in more vivid tones; 'you're a friend—a disciple. I can tell you. I can trust you. I know I've thrown away my own life: I could endure that easily, if that were all; but that's not all. I've thrown away hers too; I've failed

in my duty to her. You can't think how that wrong weighs upon my spirit now. I ought to have toiled and moiled and slaved and sweated, not to write the Encyclopædic Philosophy for the good of the race—how little that matters!—but to carve out for my child a place in the world well worthy of her. One or the other course I might rightly have pursued; but not both together. If I meant to devote my life to philosophy, I should never have been a father. Becoming a father, I ought to have devoted my life to *her* alone. I gave a hostage to fortune, and I failed to redeem it. I became responsible for a life, and I failed to guarantee it a proper future. And now in my helpless old age, I see my error. I see it too late; I see it too late; I see it, and I pay for it.'

'You are wrong,' Linnell answered firmly. 'So great a life as yours demands a great account to be given at last of it. The vast organising genius, the wonderful brain that conceived and wrought out the Encyclopædic Philosophy, was not only your own to do as you would with: it was a gift held in trust by you for the world and for the ages. You played your part well. It is for us, the remainder, who profit by your just and due, yet none the less splendid and self-sacrificing use of your own great powers, to see that neither you nor she is a loser by your grand and unselfish action.'

'You think so?' the old man asked, looking up at him with a passing expression of doubt.

Linnell hesitated, like one caught in a trap. Was the philosopher trying to probe his secret? 'I think so,' he answered aloud after a short struggle.

'Then that brings me back at once to what I wanted to say to you in confidence to-day,' Dumaresq continued, glancing at him with a strangely remorseful face. 'Mr Linnell, I'm going to trust you. You understand exactly how I feel towards Psyche. I know how sweet and rare a flower it is that blooms around the wreck of my ruined life. I know it, and I cherish her as she ought to be cherished—jealously, scrupulously, reverently, tenderly. I want my child to fill her proper place in life: I want to see her happy before I die. Unless she goes away to fill it and to be happy—well, I hope she may cling to the ruin still while there's anything left of it to hold together.'

'Yes,' Linnell answered, half chilled by his words. He sympathised, in a way, with that strange old man; but Dumaresq had struck by accident the feeblest of all the resonant chords in his complex nature for a father to work upon. No apt response could there be expected.

'Yes,' the old man answered, his eyes growing tenderer each moment as he spoke, and his lips quivering. 'Pardon me if I've noticed your feelings towards my daughter. I know you've been seeing a great deal of Psyche lately.' I know Psyche's been thinking a great deal of you.—It surprises you that I should have noticed it!—Ah, well, that shows you don't know how closely I watch over Psyche. You fancy I'm blind to these things, because I'm old, and a dreamer, and a philosopher, and a stoic. No doubt, where human trivialities are concerned I'm often blind; I see nothing. You can't keep

your whole soul fixed at once upon the main order of the cosmos, and the minutest details of Mrs Grundy's dinner-parties. But where even the veriest trivialities touch my Psyche, my eyes are at once as sharp as a lynx's. Then the blind bat wakes up and sees: the mole opens his narrow eyelids, shakes the dust of grimy burrowings from his coat, creeps out from his hole, and peers about him with the sharp vision of a very Argus. That's how it is when Psyche's in question.' He took Linnell's hand in his own for a moment once more. 'Bear with me,' he went on, pleadingly—'bear with a father who asks you only because he loves his daughter. I don't want to see her affections too deeply engaged without knowing what are the prospects of her future happiness. You love Psyche; oh yes, I know it. You can't conceal *that* from me. I have eyes. I see it; but before Psyche commits herself to loving *you*, I must earnestly ask you—as a father, I feel compelled to ask you—are you in a position to marry?—have you the means and the power to make Psyche happy?'

It was not an unnatural question for a father to put, as fathers go: even a man less hardly tried by fortune and less devoted to his daughter than Haviland Dumaresq might easily have asked it: but nothing could have been worse adapted for meeting a man of Linnell's nature. The painter's quick suspicion was aroused at once. Dumaresq's ardour chilled him.

'I never said,' he answered, disengaging his hand with difficulty from the old man's grasp, 'that I made any pretensions to be regarded as one of Miss Dumaresq's suitors. That honour is one I never ventured to claim. It would be the more usual course to ask me such a question as you now ask me when I came before you of my own accord to beg your consent, after I had already made sure of your daughter's wishes. As it is, you discount the future somewhat too brusquely—you have no reason to suppose my feelings towards Miss Dumaresq are anything warmer than those of the merest polite admiration.'

'The more usual course!' Haviland Dumaresq answered, looking across at him with a profoundly surprised air. 'The more usual course! and Psyche's happiness at stake! Ah, Linnell, Linnell, you don't know how I watch over her! Where Psyche's concerned, do you think it matters to me one farthing what's usual? I know how you feel. You're young, and you love her. For you, and for her, that would be quite enough, of course. At your ages, that's all young blood should think about. In the fitness of things, I acknowledge your attitude. But *me*! I tell you, it's my duty to guard her with all my soul from her own too hasty or too foolish feelings. I know what it all means—poverty; long waiting, a cheek grown pale with hope deferred; an imprudent marriage at last; my darling worn out with infinite petty cares and sordid shifts of a young family, brought up too scantily. I've seen it and known it. Would it be right of me to let Psyche expose herself to all that? If I see you're beginning to think of my Psyche, mustn't I make sure for myself beforehand who and what you are, and what you can do to make her happy? Don't suppose I'm so blind as not to know you think of her. No man

reads emotional expression worse than I do, I know—my mind moves on a different plane from that—but I must be a poor reader and speller indeed if I couldn't spell out what's written in letters as big as my fist across your very forehead—what pervades every act and look and word of yours whenever I see you one moment near her. So I venture to ask you now in plain words beforehand if my Psyche loves you as you love her, are you in a position to make her happy?'

'Mr Dumaresq,' Linnell cried, taken aback, 'I beg of you, I pray you, whatever you do, not to breathe or whisper one word of this to—Psyche. I can't bear to think that Haviland Dumaresq should be capable of speaking to me in such a strain; for many reasons which you will readily guess, it would surprise and distress your daughter even more profoundly. Don't let her know—pure and beautiful, and shrinking as she is—don't let her know you have so thrust her name in such a connection upon a perfect stranger. For her sake, for the sake of her maidenly dignity, which *I* at least respect if *you* do not, forbear to speak to me any more about her. I will not admit I have any other feeling on earth towards Miss Dumaresq; but I have at least too much reverence and regard for her position to breathe her name to any man living before I have asked her own permission to discuss her.'

Haviland Dumaresq paused irresolute for a moment; then he answered once more in a very soft voice. 'You say well,' he murmured; 'but—you admit the impeachment.—What you allow is more than what you deny. I won't put my question, therefore, on the ground to which you object: but I will ask you plainly, as a matter of general abstract information, which I'm anxious to obtain, have you any means of your own of a private sort, or do you live—well—entirely by the practice of your profession?'

'And I will answer you,' Linnell replied, drawing himself up with a determined air, 'that the question of my income is one which lies entirely between myself and the Commissioners of Inland Revenue.'

'Your answer is evasive,' Dumaresq said, drawing back and eyeing him hard with that keen clear glance of his. 'If anything except Psyche's happiness were at stake, I ought to take the hint and forbear to press you. But *there*, I can't help myself: for the very way in which you say it makes me see you're trying to hide from me, for some inexplicable reason, the fact that you have money.' He drew his hand across his forehead with a vague dim air. Again the strange dreaminess seemed to come like a cloud across him. His eye grew glazed. 'For myself,' he went on slowly, 'I care nothing for money. You know I care nothing. For myself I despise it. Have I not worked like a galley-slave all my life long, on bread and water sometimes, in the service of truth, caring for nothing—money, honour, fame—if only I could fulfil my appointed life-task? When did any man bribe me with gold or with position? When did any man turn me from my own high purpose? But for Psyche, oh, for Psyche, I'm very jealous. I can't bear to think that Psyche should lead a life of drudgery. I toil hard for her now; but I can't toil much

longer. I'm almost worn out. I want to know that after my time Psyche will be happy. It would be wrong for me to let her get her affections engaged with any one who hasn't the means to keep her as she deserves to be kept. That must be my excuse for reading your secret. At anyrate, I've read it. I can see it—I can see it: I can see you have money.' He repeated the word dreamily once or twice to himself, 'Money, money, money, money.'

Linnell recoiled from him with a startled look of surprise and annoyance. Had he known under what strange influence Haviland Dumaresq spoke, he might have been less astonished: as it was, he could hardly believe these words came from the lips of the Encyclopædic Philosopher and Psyche's father! The painter's disillusionment was indeed for the moment complete. His idol had truly feet of clay. 'You make a mistake,' he answered coldly, with a repellent air. 'But I myself am in no way answerable for it. I have never given either you or Miss Dumaresq the slightest reason for believing that I laid any claim in any way to the possession of riches. If the thought ever occurred to me—and I do not say it did—that I might perhaps venture to aspire—that I might ask Miss Dumaresq to share her life with me, then certainly it occurred to me only in the form that I might ask her to share a journeyman painter's early struggles—and perhaps in the end his success also. I thought she would sympathise with such an attitude. I thought she would not refuse to aid me in my first endeavours. If I asked at all, I would ask Miss Dumaresq to accept me just as I am; to take me for the sake of myself and my art; to inspire my work and to accept my devotion. It surprises me to hear you talk as you do.' He paused for a moment. 'If I had not heard it from your own lips,' he added slowly, 'I could never have believed it of Haviland Dumaresq. Even now, I cannot believe but that Haviland Dumaresq's daughter would surely behave in a way more befitting her father's character. If ever she marries any man, she will marry him, I firmly hold, not for money, not for position, not even for happiness, but just because she loves him. And if ever I asked Miss Dumaresq to accept me, it would be on that ground, and on that ground alone, that I could think of asking her.'

Were ever unconformable natures more inopportunately thrown together? By pure accident, either's angles offended the other mortally. They came so close in most ways, yet with such unfortunate capacities for creating mutual misunderstandings.

The old man's face relaxed rapidly. The collapse from an opium paradise is often almost miraculous in its suddenness. The gay bubble bursts even more quickly and strangely than it swelled. As Haviland Dumaresq sat and listened to Linnell's cold and guarded answer, the effect of the drug, which was already beginning naturally to wear off under the influence of exercise, cleared away all at once in a horrid awakening, when the disenchanted dreamer recognised at a single stroke his own needless degradation, and the total downfall of the magnificent palace he had been rearing for an hour or two on such an

airy basis. In a second the illusion was utterly dispelled. Space shrank once more like an empty bladder to its normal dimensions. The mountains fell slowly into long flat downs. The colour faded from earth and sky. The sea subsided to its natural level. The perspective of the world restored itself at once in all its ordinary meanness. And Linnell the mysterious stood revealed before him after all as a mere hard-working, penniless, struggling painter, with nothing but the chances of his art to subsist upon. Not such the dream he had cherished for Psyche. She must marry some one who could keep her at least in modest luxury—or else cling to the ruin.

'Then—you—have—no—means?' he gasped out slowly, clutching the stem of the elder-bush at his side for support, and gazing hard into the painter's face.

'Miss Dumaresq would not ask for money,' Linnell replied with an evasive smile.

The old man's face fell slowly. 'Have you nearly finished your picture?' he asked at last in a very quiet voice.

With a start of unwelcome surprise, Linnell divined his meaning at once. But he repressed his feelings. 'Another day will finish it,' he answered in the self-same unemotional tone, as coldly as the philosopher himself had spoken.

'That is well.—Come to-morrow and get it finished,' Haviland Dumaresq said with reluctant determination.

Linnell bowed. 'And after that?' he asked, looking hard into the old man's face.

'And after that,' Dumaresq answered, leaning forward apologetically, 'I think, for Psyche's sake, for all our sakes—it would be better she and you should not meet again.—Ah yes, I pain you! You fancy I'm hard. You fancy I'm cruel. That's just because I'm really so tender. I feel it my duty to guard my daughter from the bare chance of misery, poverty, drudgery. Drudgery! I know what it means, my friend. For a man, those things are easy enough to bear; but for a woman—tenderly, delicately nurtured—how could I expose her to them? I must not; I cannot. I've gained experience myself on my path through life. I paid for it dear. Psyche shall have the benefit of it for nothing. No penniless man shall drag her down, down, down, to a wretched struggle with sordid poverty. Psyche is beautiful; Psyche is intelligent; Psyche is animated; Psyche is clever. She has been much admired. She's reaching the age when a girl should come out. If I take her to London—and I'd work my fingers to the bone to do it—she can mix in society and meet the sort of man she ought to meet with. I may be poor, but I'm not unknown. My name is worth much. I can get introductions, invitations, acquaintances for Psyche. Once seen in London, she's sure to marry, and to marry as she ought. I must guard her for the present from throwing away her life for a future of drudgery.'

'I see,' Linnell answered bitterly. 'You think the world's wisdom for women is summed up in that one short phrase—to marry well—do you?'

'You say it yourself,' Dumaresq answered oracularly. 'You say it, not I.—But perhaps you're right, after all. To marry well! It means, what the wisdom of the world has made

it mean—to marry where the means of happiness are best forthcoming.' He said it musingly.

Linnell bowed his head once more in solemn acquiescence. 'I may see Miss Dumaresq to-morrow?' he asked after a pause.

'You may come in and finish your picture of course. That's mere common justice. Take as many days as you find needful to finish it. I wouldn't waste so much valuable work for worlds by curtailing in any way your opportunities for completing it.'

'And I may see her *alone*?' the painter asked again, trembling.

Dumaresq hesitated. 'Yes, you may see her alone,' he answered, after a moment's consideration; 'but you know my views, and as a man of honour, you will not try to take advantage, I'm sure, of the permission—I may even say, the concession, I make to you. You will not incite a girl of seventeen to differ from her own father on an important matter affecting her future. I allow you to see her only because it's possible you may have already said things to her you would now wish to withdraw or to explain away. I rely upon your sense of honour for the rest.' He faltered for a moment with a sudden servile air. 'I'm an old man,' he repeated once more, almost humbly; 'I only want to make Psyche happy.'

The last two sentences were plaintively said. They touched Linnell somehow, in spite of himself. 'Very well,' he replied; 'you may rely upon me then.' He looked at him fixedly. 'I have come to the age of disillusionments,' he went on; 'but no disillusion I've ever had in all my life was half so bitter as this of to-day's has been. I have seen with my own eyes a king of men dethroned from his high seat—a prince of thinkers lowered from his pinnacle to the level of the commonest and vilest humanity. But for the sake of what you have said, I will spare you more. Miss Dumaresq shall never marry a penniless painter.'

'Oh, remember, it's for her sake,' the old man cried appealingly, wringing his hands, and now unstrung by the sudden collapse of the opium-ecstasy. 'It's for *her* sake, remember! Don't be too hard upon me, I beseech you, Linnell. She's very young: I must guard her youth, her ignorance, her innocence. I would be doing wrong as a father if I didn't preserve her from the fatal consequences of her own impetuosity, as we take away knives from very young children. It's my duty to guide her by my elder experience. Many a woman who married herself for love at twenty—and led a life of hopeless drudgery—regrets it enough when she's reached fifty to make her daughters marry better than she did. The world knows best: the world knows best: it's wiser by far than any one of its component members.'

'Good-bye,' Linnell answered, rising up with an effort from the dreary bank. 'I'll call in to finish the picture at ten to-morrow.'

'At ten to-morrow!' Haviland Dumaresq repeated in a dreamy voice. 'At ten to-morrow!—Good-bye for the present, then. It's for Psyche's sake. At ten to-morrow.'

And sinking down on the bank, when Linnell was gone, he buried his face in his hands like a child and sobbed bitterly. 'I hope I've

done right,' he cried to himself in his profound despair. 'I hope I've done right. Perhaps I'm wrong. But I never could sell my Psyche to a life of drudgery!'

BLUE WATER AND GREEN WATER.

IF we wished to publish all that has been written during the last half-century on the subject of water in the household, water in the manufactory, the industrial arts, and in agriculture, the effects of water as steam, as ice, as rain, and as water properly so called, mineral or medicinal waters (natural and artificial), water as a vehicle of zymotic or infectious diseases, and water in the treatment of fevers and inflammations—we should require to fill some ten or twelve large volumes.

With all this, there are some important facts which have been to a great extent overlooked, and are little known, though they appear to be replete with interest and practical consequences. Some of our readers may have had an opportunity of comparing the fine emerald green colour of the sea in the Strait of Dover, for instance, with the beautiful blue tint presented by the waters of the Mediterranean. Others may be cognisant of the unsatisfactory disagreement among many eminent Professors as to the proper mode in which water should be analysed, in order to determine whether it is good enough for domestic purposes. But very few people are aware of the broad generalisation brought to light some years ago by a learned Frenchman, M. Gerardin, who boldly asserts that there are only two kinds of water in the whole world—blue water, which is good; and green water, which is bad.

Without at all endorsing this theory, we may safely grant that there exists something useful in his arguments; therefore, we will exhibit in a few words what he has to say upon the subject. After devoting a considerable number of years to the examination of water from every variety of source, the author just named has come to the conclusion that all common kinds of water—that is, all water which is ordinarily met with in Nature, such as river-water, well-water, rain-water, and spring-water—may be classed into two perfectly distinct types, and into two types only, which are well represented at Paris by the water of the river Vanne, which is *blue*, and that of the river Seine, which is *green*.

Let us examine, in the first place, the qualities that are attributed to the blue-coloured water. It is at once distinguished by its colour. Blue water shines with a peculiar brilliancy; it allows the light of the sky to pass into it without reflecting it from its surface. It flows over a hard bottom, which can always be used for fording without danger. When evaporated at a low temperature, it leaves a residue in which the microscope detects very little, if any organised matter, only a few rare and shining diatoms. It can be preserved for a long time without undergoing any particular change, decomposition, or fermentation; and the blue water of the river Dhuis was found by direct experiment to have retained its normal quantity of air after being kept for no less than eighteen months in ordinary glass

bottles. In blue water the infinitesimally small particles which it holds in suspension are not gradually deposited or precipitated to the bottom of the vessels; on the contrary, they remain suspended in the liquid for an indefinite length of time, for they are endowed with that peculiar molecular motion known as 'Brownian vibrations,' often alluded to in the writings of microscopists—a motion, the cause of which no one appears able to account for.

In these blue waters, albuminous matters, such as white of egg, for instance, froth by shaking, and produce abundant scum; which is admitted to be due to the fact that such froth depends upon vesicles of water, filled with air, and grouped around the solid microscopic nuclei that are present in the water. On account of its purity, blue water is the best of waters for domestic use. On the other hand, it is not so well adapted, we are told, for industrial purposes, as it does not allow matters in suspension to be very readily deposited; but that appears to us rather problematical.

The second type of water is characterised by its green colour; it is quite as distinctly green as the former kind is blue. Green water is dull, and devoid of brilliancy; it is not transparent to the light of the sky, which is reflected from its surface as from a mirror. The bed over which it flows is muddy, and not safe for fording. Evaporated, like the former kind, at a low temperature by means of the air-pump, it leaves an abundant residue, consisting largely of microscopic plants, such as are known as 'unicellular algae.' When kept for a certain time, it undergoes a kind of decomposition or fermentation, and then acquires a more or less offensive odour.

When shipped on board a vessel, the green water of the river Somme was found to lose about sixty-five per cent. of its dissolved oxygen (air) in about a week. Green water deposits rapidly all substances that it holds in suspension as long as it is in motion. As soon as the water is quiet, these substances are precipitated to the bottom of the flask, because, it is asserted, these bodies are not possessed of the 'Brownian movements.'

This 'Brownian' vibration—named after the great botanist, Robert Brown—is that peculiar molecular movement, or vibration to and fro, which affects the minutest particles of mineral matter, or organic matter of a resinous and insoluble nature, suspended in the liquid. It was first observed by the botanist just named, and since his time, has been seen by many hundreds of observers accustomed to the use of the microscope. By stating that the extremely minute particles suspended in green water are not endowed with this peculiar vibratory motion, our author means, of course, that they are too large; hence, also, they are readily deposited when the water is left at rest. When shaken up with albuminous matters, green water gives neither froth nor scum; a most singular and characteristic phenomenon. It is by no means a good water for drinking, and should be employed exclusively for industrial and manufacturing purposes, for which it is affirmed to be better suited than blue water.

But our author, whose communication to the Paris Academy made some sensation, and attracted

a good deal of attention, goes much further than this. He asserts, as the results of his observations pursued for many years, that neither the same microscopic plants (algæ) nor the same mollusca are found in green water and in blue water; and he is of opinion that certain geological strata, such as the Tertiary limestones, have been deposited from green water; whilst other varieties of limestones and sands have been deposited in ancient times from blue water. This is inferred from the examination of the microscopic elements contained in these strata. Another curious fact follows, which it would be perhaps difficult to contradict. M. Gerardin says that there is no practical method by which green water (bad) can be transformed into blue water (good); whereas there are a thousand methods of converting blue water into green water. Organic matter in a state of decomposition, or sewage, is a fruitful means of accomplishing this undesirable transformation. Thus, he finds that the water of the river Seine is blue at Corbeil before it enters Paris, but becomes green at Paris; and it remains green as far as Caudebec, that is, until it begins to receive the purifying influence of the sea.

This consideration leads to the important conclusion that the practice of running sewage and other organic refuse into rivers is day by day diminishing the quantity of blue water in most of our European countries. Day by day, also, the good blue water stored in dirty cisterns becomes green and unwholesome.

The best way to examine the colour of a sample of water is to place the liquid in a long tube closed at each end by a plate of glass. Whilst one extremity of the tube is directed to the source of light, the colour is noted at the other. By using the same tube for a series of water-samples, it will be possible thus to get properly comparable results.

We should like to affirm that the water problem has been solved by these ingenious considerations; but it is evident that before thorough reliance can be placed upon the conclusions drawn so boldly, the experiments and observations upon which they are based will have to be repeated by others.

Some years ago, Mr Shirley Hibberd, whose recent death is deeply deplored by all who knew him, showed us how this pure blue water can be obtained abundantly—namely, by utilising the rainfall. And it can thus be obtained almost for nothing, and certainly without paying any water-rate. The rainfall of London averages about twenty-five inches; and one inch of rain falling upon an acre of ground is equal to 22,622 gallons. Mr Hibberd supposes that there are twenty-five houses on that acre of land; then, the total annual rainfall is exactly that amount for each of them. But if only one-tenth of the total rainfall is caught, that alone amounts to 2262 gallons for each house per annum. There need be no difficulty in keeping the first part of a shower—which washes the dirt out of the atmosphere and from the house-tops—separate from the subsequent portion of it, which falls pure from the sky. Vessels of proper capacity receiving the first water, which becomes foul, may be made to act automatically, so as to divert the remaining supply to other reservoirs for the

storage of pure water, which, after subsidence and filtration, may be rendered as wholesome as that of Loch Katrine, for instance.

To pronounce upon a specimen of water as to whether it is or is not fit for drinking is not to be done with absolute certainty on the strength of analytical data only. The analyst can prevent us loading our stomachs or our kitchen boilers with water which contains sulphuric acid, lead, or arsenic, &c.; but when it comes to detecting the elements of infection, the chemical conclusions are apt, as Professor Huxley says, to present a good deal of 'biological turbidity.' It has been contended that the water of a stream which is impregnated with sewage at one point becomes pure again after a comparatively short flow from the source of contamination. But this is a chemical assertion which the physiologist will not admit. A subtle source of typhoid fever, scarlatina, and other ailments is to be traced to the adulteration of milk with impure water, and even, it is said, to the rinsing of milk-cans with water to which sewage has access.

Some time ago, eight cases of typhoid fever broke out in five houses at Bristol. It was ascertained that each of these houses was supplied with milk by a dealer who drew his supply from two farms. One of these farms was beyond suspicion; it was from the other that the houses in question derived their milk supply. This other farm drew its water from a stream which ran through it, and which had the appearance of beautifully pure water. The medical officer of health for that district was balked; but he decided, with praiseworthy activity, to trace this stream to its source. After following the course for about two miles, he came upon an accumulation of filth emptying itself into the brook: a mass of sewage oozed from an overflowing cesspool, and in the immediate neighbourhood were several putrid carcasses of calves and pigs. Here was the source of the virulent typhoid poison, which the chemists who might have examined the water of the brook at the farm could not possibly have discovered; nor had the flow of two miles removed it by oxidation or otherwise.

gardens and bowling alleys, for his guests to wander in and listen to the songs of birds: even 'the Queen's Majesty Elizabeth did lodge there.' No wonder, then, that crowds of the nobility and gentry came to visit Jasper Fisher. His hospitality and extravagance might almost be compared to that of an eastern potentate: a calif could scarcely have been more ostentatious. But 'Fisher'—so the story goes on—'being a man of no great calling, possessions, or wealth, and being indebted to many,' was unable for any length of time to keep up so large and sumptuous an establishment. He retired once more into private life: the place gradually fell into wreck and ruin; and so it came to be called 'Fisher's Folly.'

One autumn evening, some years ago, a young man entered the precincts of Fisher's Folly and looked keenly about him. At that time the place was the home of merchants, who had their counting-houses on the ground-floor. The man had the appearance of one who had recently landed from a long voyage: he wore a rough overcoat and waterproof hat; and his fresh complexion and bright eyes spoke eloquently of stiff breezes on a briny sea. His face expressed as he glanced about something more than mere idle curiosity. 'I thought I should have remembered the old house,' he muttered to himself; 'but I was only a lad; and one house was the same as another in those days. I didn't know then what I know now;' and he walked round the square, peering up at the doors and windows and down into the great areas, dismal and deserted, and faced by rusty iron rails. Presently he stopped opposite a corner house. It was the largest in the square: it had two windows on each side of its massive door, and five windows on the stories above. In the roof was a low smoking chimney; and in the deepening gloom this chimney, with a round garret window on each side, had the appearance of a shapeless monster, as it seemed to the young man, staring down over the parapet when he looked up.

As he was on the point of turning away, though the front door of this mansion stood invitingly open, a gleam of light in the windows overhead attracted his attention. He stepped back, and stood in the roadway with an eager expression on his uplifted face. The light moved swiftly about, glimmered dimly in the five windows, and presently became concentrated in the one above the front door. In the bow of this middle window, inside the room, stood a large lamp—unlighted. This lamp, raised upon a pedestal, was peculiar. It had the appearance of a lantern suspended under a gilded dome, the dome being supported by foliated pillars. The whole ornament, as far as could be seen at that distance, was a remarkable piece of workmanship. And while the young man stood there looking up, as if the lamp were of exceptional interest to him, the figure of a girl became apparent. The girl, carrying a taper in her hand, stopped before the lamp. The lantern was soon lit; and the brightness from it fell upon her face. It was a vision of beauty—an exquisite apparition of loveliness, upon which the lamp threw a pale subdued light; and then an arm was stretched out, the curtain

THE GOLDEN LAMP:

A TALE OF FISHER'S FOLLY.

By THOMAS ST E. HAKE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.

CHAP. I.—MR GIRDLESTONE'S HEIR.

In the neighbourhood of Bishopsgate Without, and only separated from that noisy street by a narrow lane of lofty warehouses, stands an old square. This square, which is mostly composed of fine mansions, was once the very centre of fashion. Here was to be found the ancestral home of more than one aristocratic family: it was here that the Countess of Devonshire—some two hundred years ago—lived and died. It was here, as we are told by Stow, the best of old chroniclers, that 'Jasper Fisher, free of Goldsmiths, late one of the six clerks of the Chauncerie, and a justice of the peace,' built for himself a magnificent residence. He laid out his grounds in regal style with pleasure-

drawn across the window, and the lamp and the lovely face had vanished.

The young man now went up the steps, and found himself in a large hall, with a broad oaken staircase beyond. Upon a door on one side of this hall was written in white letters upon a dark panel, 'Girdlestone, Carter, & Co.' After a moment's hesitation and a glance up the staircase, as though another glimpse of the enchanting face were possible, he opened this door and found himself in a dingy old counting-house, where the clerks, five or six in number, were seated on high stools, as if to get light, when any came that way, from the barred and dusty windows behind them. They all looked up when the visitor came in, like so many automata, and then looked down again.

'Is Mr Carter within?'

A clerk came forward. 'What name?'

'John Westcott.'

The clerk opened a door on which was inscribed 'Mr Girdlestone' in faded letters. The room into which he stepped was in darkness; but the clerk lighted two antique candlesticks on the high mantel-shelf. He then placed a chair for John Westcott and disappeared.

Westcott's expression of curiosity increased. The room had a mysterious and neglected appearance: there were many signs of its not having been occupied of late. The desk was covered with dust, and dusty cobwebs hung in the corners of the walls and across the chinks in the closed shutters, as though even the spiders had forsaken the place. A few sheets of paper lying upon the desk were as yellow as old parchment; and the ink in a pewter inkstand had evidently dried up long ago, with the tip of a quill pen sticking there, as if the hand that had dipped it had ended the records of a life and had vanished.

John Westcott sat down in the chair—probably Mr Girdlestone's—facing the old desk. His eyes wandered searchingly into the deep pigeon-holes and over the brass-handled drawers, quaintly designed with the heads of satyrs. Suddenly he glanced up. An antique picture—the portrait of an old man—faced him: it was hanging over the mantel-shelf between the two candles; and the eyes seemed to him to express extraordinary cupidity. Westcott moved from the desk, lifted one of the candles from the mantel-shelf, and, shading it with his hand, examined the portrait with acute interest. 'Yes,' said he, in an undertone, 'it is the face I remember. There is a look of insatiable greed in those searching eyes—in the hollow cheeks and wrinkled mouth. And what expressive hands! Why, yes, they seem to be grasping imaginary gold!'

While he still stood gazing at this painting, as if unable to take his eyes from it, the door opened, and the clerk requested him to 'step this way.' The room which he now entered had a cheerful appearance. It was well lighted, and a bright fire was burning in the hearth. Upon the rug, with his back to the fire, stood a somewhat careworn-looking man of about forty-five or fifty. He stepped forward, however, with a pleasant smile on his face, and held out his hand to the visitor.

'Well, John,' said he in a cordial tone, 'so you

made up your mind at last to come to England. You have done well, and I am delighted to see you.—But what has happened? I have been puzzling my brain ever since your letter came to hand. "John Westcott"—as I could not help saying to Marian—"has got some surprise in store for us." And Marian was somewhat of my opinion.'

If a sign of embarrassment crossed Westcott's face as he drew a chair towards the hearth, it escaped Mr Carter; for that gentleman had bent down to stir the fire into a brighter blaze, as though to give a more cheerful appearance to his welcome, and at the same time to hide the slight tone of reproach in which he spoke. The merchant was evidently one of those men who, when having an unpleasant duty to perform, are glad to get it over as agreeably as possible. The young visitor, after a quick glance about the room—as if reviving his memory, as he had done in the square and Mr Girdlestone's office—quietly remarked: 'So it seems strange to you, Mr Carter, that I should care to revisit my uncle's old home?'

'Indeed, it does,' replied Mr Carter frankly. 'I had concluded, long ago, that no possible motive would induce you to return. Has there not been more than one strong reason, during the last fifteen years, why you should come back? But you have all the while remained abroad.' Receiving no reply, Mr Carter went on. 'Was there not the prospect of a partnership?' said he. 'Did not Mr Girdlestone, as we wrote and told you, seem to set his heart upon having a relation in the house?—That did not bring you home.'

'I had chosen a profession,' replied Westcott. 'Even the certainty of inheriting a large fortune by working at the desk could not tempt me to retire from the navy. I had a passion for the sea.'

'Well,' said Mr Carter, half apologetically, 'perhaps I ought not, you will say, to express any opinion' on the subject. Your refusal to come into the business led to my promotion. Mr Girdlestone, despairing of getting you to join the firm, made me a junior partner.—But was there not another reason, a far weightier one, for a visit to England a year ago? And still, John, you stopped away.' Mr Carter looked, as well as spoke, reproachfully now.

'You mean,' said Westcott, steadying his voice, 'at the time of my uncle's death.'

'You received my letter?'

'Yes; at Madras. You told me that he had left his property—except your share in the business—to your daughter Marian. It is she, as I understand, who is now the senior partner in the old house.'

A slight smile passed over the merchant's face. He had censured the young man so far as, in his opinion, his conduct merited reproof, and on that point his conscience was set at rest. 'Yes; Marian is senior partner. That is the position, John,' said he. 'I am junior still.'

For some moments Westcott pondered deeply. 'Mr Carter,' he presently said, 'I have no wish, as you must know, to dispute my uncle's will. He made me a generous offer, and I refused. Had I fallen in with his views, instead of opposing them, I should have been made his heir.'

'Unquestionably,' said Mr Carter.

'Fifteen years ago,' continued Westcott, 'I was very young. I had no judgment: I was all activity and impulse. But I have now—at least I hope so—arrived at years of discretion. I am thirty-two; and I should like to settle down in life. Will you help me?'

Mr Carter's face grew thoughtful.

'Don't misunderstand me,' Westcott went on. 'I will begin, as you did, at the foot of the ladder.'

The merchant appeared surprised. 'Would you accept a clerkship,' said he, 'in your uncle's old house?'

'Why not? I wish to be guided entirely by you. I cannot ask you to make me a partner,' said Westcott with a slight smile. 'I have little or no means. Though I ought to tell you,' he added, somewhat mysteriously, 'I am not without expectations.'

Mr Carter reflected a moment; then he said: 'I should indeed be ungrateful, John, if I refused to help you. Mr Girdlestone was a true friend to me. And if I appear to hesitate,' he added, 'it is because I am thinking of you, not of myself. I will briefly explain my meaning.' He seated himself opposite his visitor; and the careworn look, which Westcott had noticed when he came in, appeared to increase. 'You must know, John, that your uncle was a great financier—how great, I did not realise until taken into partnership. I sometimes doubt if I fully appreciated his genius even then. The amount of capital in the business was amazingly small. But such confidence was placed in Mr Girdlestone as a financier, that had he drawn bills to the extent of a hundred thousand pounds he would have had no difficulty in getting them accepted.' After a short pause Mr Carter continued. 'When Mr Girdlestone died, as you may imagine, the position was altered. With small capital and greatly diminished credit, I have had to sustain the reputation of an old-established City house. I have been doing my best; you will not doubt that. But I do not profess to have a talent for finance like my late partner. What has been the result? For a whole year I have been at my wits' end how to save the firm. It has been a hard struggle: affairs have gone from bad to worse. You have appeared, John, at a most trying moment. Had you arrived a few weeks later, you would probably have found the old place locked up and in the hands of creditors.—How, under these circumstances, can I help you?'

John Westcott rose from his chair. There was a look of energy in his face. 'Who knows of this?'

'No one,' replied Mr Carter, 'except Marian.'

Westcott reflected a moment. 'What sum is required to save the house?'

'Twelve thousand pounds.'

The young man answered: 'I scarcely possess that number of shillings. But something—though one must not be too sanguine—something may be done.'

Mr Carter appeared lost in thought. His face expressed deep despondency. It was not merely the dread of losing the position he had gained through close attention to business: it seemed to him that if the house failed—as it could never have done, in his opinion, while his old partner

was alive—the catastrophe would throw a blot on Mr Girdlestone's memory. Mr Girdlestone had chosen him as a trustworthy and competent person, one most capable of upholding the traditions of the firm after his death. But independent of that, as Mr Carter could not hide from himself, his daughter would suffer: if failure came she would participate in the calamity. The gloomy prospect was almost overmastering. And now John Westcott, Mr Girdlestone's one surviving relative, had come unexpectedly upon the scene—had come as if to remind him, at the eleventh hour, of his serious responsibility.

As Westcott stepped towards the door, Mr Carter recovered himself and said: 'You will be our guest? A room shall be prepared for you—your old room. Where shall I send to for your luggage?'

'I left it in a coach at the entrance to the square.'

The merchant hastened out to give the necessary instructions. When he returned, Westcott was standing with his hand on Mr Girdlestone's door, a side-door communicating with Mr Carter's room. 'May I take another glance,' said the young man, 'at that portrait of my uncle? It struck me as being a remarkable work of art.'

'By all means,' said Mr Carter. 'It is by a great master.—Will you excuse me?' he added, seating himself at his writing-table. 'I have a number of matters to see about. We dine at seven o'clock.'

The candles in Mr Girdlestone's room are still burning. Westcott takes up one of them and again looks intently at the portrait of his old uncle. 'It is your secret'—and his eyes still rest upon the picture—'I will use it, as you would have wished me to do, to save the house. He puts the candle on the bureau; and again he sits down in the chair facing the desk. He does not hesitate now. He places his hand into an apparently empty pigeon-hole, and the inner wall falls open. In a moment he has drawn forth an oblong paper. He glances rapidly at the inscription. It is the 'Last Will and Testament of Jeremiah Girdlestone of Fisher's Folly.' And at the foot of the document, in a quaint handwriting, John Westcott reads the following significant words: 'For the key to the secret strong-room, wherein will be found fifty bags of hard cash, look behind the Golden Lamp.'

THE SARDINE FACTORIES OF KENT.

THERE flourishes at the present day in the little town of Deal what is probably the most curious of the many industries in which the sea-coast populations of this country find employment. The fragrant and picturesque occupation of bloater-curing, and the noisy bustling business of fish-packing for the Billingsgate market, are familiar enough details of our maritime towns. But what will the reader say on learning that the sardine manufactory, which he has doubtless hitherto associated with the shores of the Mediterranean and the confines of Biscay, has found its way into the historic Cinque Port, nestling gloomy in antiquity upon the coast of Kent? It has been frequently asserted that the annual take of the genuine sardine is not one tithe sufficient to

supply the manifold demands for the delectable little fish. Statistics which have been issued of late in France would seem, however, to disprove this statement. Those qualified to speak upon matters of gastronomy assure us, so perverted is our taste in this direction, that were we to get the real thing our appreciation would need due education to do justice to the unctuous morsel. It is the little home-keeping pilchard which has won the reputation of depraving our palates, and which lying decapitated, immersed in savoury oil, has so long successfully hoodwinked the epicurean relish. Not many years ago, however, a season arrived when this usually prolific fish grew almost as scarce as the tiny original which it was made to emulate. A substitute had to be found for a substitute—here was proper scope for the development of an *ars in arte*—and what more natural than that the sprat, the much-despised sprat, should suggest itself as likely to serve an end which a mere matter of nomenclature had hitherto hindered it from attaining?

There is probably no tract of our home waters more generous in its yield of sprats than the Downs. For generations the hardy Deal boatmen, as regularly as the winter season recurs, have plied their trade upon that fruitful stretch of sea; returning by night, when luck has attended their 'shooting,' with their little bluff punts sunk deep under the sparkling silvery burden of several 'lasts.' Hence, few spots upon the southern coast could be better adapted to the establishment of a factory, having as its object the transmutation of the sprat into the 'sardine à la huile,' than the town of Deal. A tour of inspection of one of these buildings forms an experience alike instructive and amusing. Perhaps the most interesting of the three sprat emporiums which are in full swing during the season is the one that pioneered the industry in the year 1873; and this, being typical of the others, we will select to view. Exteriorly the edifice offers little enough suggestion of the curious trade which is being prosecuted within. A long low line of sheds, erected within biscuit-toss of the sea, black and grimy to the eye, with scarcely an unbroken pane of glass in the whole row of little windows, constitutes the premises. The first impression upon entering can scarcely be termed salutary, so far certainly as it affects the olfactory organs. A nauseating odour of stale oil is borne upon the whiff of hot air which greets the nostrils on passing into the interior, and the sound of machinery in motion falls with a dissonant *burr* upon the ear.

The scene which meets the view of one who, regardless of these trifling inconveniences, takes a leisurely survey of the place, is as much like the picture of an animated fish-market as anything it can be likened to. From the time the sprat enters wriggling, still full of life, and maybe hope, down to the period when the last rites of its little tin sepulchre have been observed, there are several processes to be gone through, all of which may here be witnessed. The first department that claims our attention is the cleaning and gutting room. This is a spacious, bare, brick structure, erected at the extremity of the row of sheds. Into this the fishermen bring the silvery spoil which they have just snatched from its watery home. The sprats come in small wooden

boxes; and as the burly boatmen deposit these upon the earthen floor, groups of picturesquely attired girls gather around and proceed to shoot the sparkling contents of them into huge green tubs. In these they are thoroughly washed, and then conveyed to the gutting table to be cleaned. There are half-a-dozen of these tables, each about twelve feet in length, ranged side by side in a row, and on either hand stands a file of women, their arms bared to the elbow as they diligently ply their gleaming knives. The process of decapitation and removing the offal from each individual fish, although it strikes an onlooker as tedious in the extreme, is in reality a very light form of labour; and the persons employed in it speedily acquire such dexterity that one hundred of them working for six hours during the day can clean forty lasts (a last is ten thousand sprats), that is, four hundred thousand fish, in that period. The people engaged in this particular branch of the industry are all girls; they are paid by piece-work, and their earning powers range from two to three shillings a day. The offal is cast into movable troughs fitted to the tables, which, when they are full, are removed and the contents—so greatly esteemed by horticulturists—sold for manure.

From the dissecting-knife of the women the sprat again goes into the large green tubs, and here it is scrupulously cleaned. Then follows the process of drying, which is accomplished by means of machinery. A great horizontal shaft, like an elongated boiler, encased in wooden walls, receives the sprats. A large cone-shaped fan is inserted into the aperture of the shaft, whilst the other end is hermetically sealed. This fan is driven by a steam-engine, and in revolving, injects hot air into the apparatus. By the aid of this simple appliance an incredible number of fish can be dried within the space of a few hours. Indeed, it is astonishing what facilities are provided in this establishment for dealing with the sprats. Statistics usually convey but a slender idea to the uninitiated; but some notion of the proportions of the industry may be derived from knowledge of the fact that during the season, which begins in November and ends in February, an average of fifty lasts of sprats pass through the complete process of transformation every day.

The fish being now cleaned, washed, and dried, are ready for cooking. They are first ranged one by one upon huge gridirons, and perhaps the occupation of placing them singly upon the wires is the most firesome part of the work. The sprats being thus prepared, are next cooked in oil; and here it may be of interest to say a few words concerning the kind of oil used for this purpose. It is not unfrequently stated, even to the extent of the publicity of the press, that the quality is very inferior, and indeed actually unwholesome. No assertion could be more ill-founded, nor, let it be added, unjust. The oil used in the factories at Deal is the finest olive oil which the vineyards of Italy can yield. It is exported in bulky casks called 'pipes,' two of which are equal in measurement to one tun. The cost of one tun of this oil is fifty-five pounds. That olive oil, even in its purest quality, is a highly digestible form of nourishment is a question upon which variance of opinion is permissible; but certain it is that if the oil in

which these sprats are cooked and preserved contains anything deleterious, it cannot be impugned to the noxiousness of inferior brand. The average consumption of oil is one hundred tuns each season.

The sprats are now ready to be packed in tins; and this brings us to the contemplation of another industry which is comprised within the precincts of the factory. It consists of the manufacture of those little metal boxes, so familiar a detail of the breakfast table. Sheets of new glittering tin, stacked in great piles against the walls of the shed, bespeak the department of this branch of the trade. The process of cutting the parts is perhaps the simplest of any portion of the business. One of the tin plates is placed in a small machine, of which half-a-dozen are employed for the purpose; a lever is pulled, the cutter descends, and rises again, leaving the sheet cleft to the proper dimensions. The divided part is then put under another instrument, which stamps a circle upon its centre and raises the edges on every side. These form the lids and bottoms of the boxes; and an experienced hand can cut and mould as many as ten thousand of them in one day. The sides of the cases, which are lacquered and embossed with the inscription, 'Sardines à la Huile,' are imported from the Continent in whole sheets, and the strips are cut and bent into the requisite form by machinery. The parts then come to the hands of the solderman, who proceeds very deftly to join the sides to the base. He may, if he is at all nimble with his iron, easily earn from two to three pounds a week.

The sprats—it is but a pleasant *équivoque* to call them sardines—are now packed into the little flat cans. Each tin holds twelve of them; and when they have been carefully laid in and the interstices between their tiny bodies filled with oil, the metal cases are once again passed to the solderer, who fits the lids and hermetically seals them. The process is now complete; nothing remains but to pack the tins, which are put into wooden crates, one hundred in each. These are then sent away to London by water-carriage or by rail, whence they are distributed in whatever directions the demand for them may arise. The manufacture is ostensibly carried on solely for the purposes of exportation, notwithstanding which, a considerable proportion of the sprats find their way into the shops of the locality, whence they are retailed at the price of fourpence-halfpenny a tin. This is a cost which places a palatable article of food within the means of the poorest classes.

It is urged in justification of the apparent disingenuousness of offering these fish, not as sprats in oil, but as 'sardines à la huile,' that the two families are so nearly analogous that, like the distinction between the dab and the flounder, it is very difficult to determine where the one ends and the other begins. It must be admitted in appearance, the difference is very slight, and often imperceptible to all but the practised eye. The only definite points of dissimilarity are that, as a general rule, the sardine runs smaller in size than either the sprat or the pilchard; and the ridge of its back is of a lighter hue than those of the two latter fish. The sprat may lack the piquancy of flavour peculiar to the sardine; but

nevertheless, when thus prepared, it forms a savoury morsel. The great market, curiously enough, for the commodities of the Deal factories is in France. The business, although comparatively in its infancy, is in a flourishing condition, and with the exception of a pilchard factory upon the coast of Devonshire, somewhat similar in its manner of treating that fish, may be deemed a unique industry in this country. The method of preparation is identically the same as that pursued by the most celebrated firms upon the Continent.

The supply of sprats is not always by any means adequate to the demands of the factory. Of late years the fishing seasons have been very scanty in their yield, and the promoters of the establishment were willing enough to purchase the fruits of the boatmen's labour in this direction at a fixed rate of twenty-five shillings a last. But the winter of 1890 produced a superabundant harvest for the Deal watermen. The factories were glutted; they were obliged to refuse taking the fish in; with the result that during the month of January sprats were to be bought at eight shillings a last, a most unprecedented price, and quite outside the pale of the most aged fisherman's recollection.

The industry affords employment to above one thousand people during a season of the year when the pinch of poverty is necessarily greatest. From the earliest days of November down to well into the month of February, the traffic is in full drive. It not unfrequently occurs that the little town of Deal cannot supply labour sufficient to cope with the thriving business of these institutions; and when this happens, a number of Frenchmen are imported to assist. There is no reason, however, why this trade should remain so purely local as it has hitherto been. It is an industry that is surely capable of considerable development. Not only does it supply the fisherman with a market for a certain species of his takings, but it furthermore affords the means of placing a wholesome and tasty article of food upon the humblest table. Our home-waters teem with sprats during the winter months; and the sea-coast communities are, as a general rule, largely composed of a class to whom the opportunity of earning even a slender pittance at this season would be very grateful. The trade has been initiated at Deal with more than ordinary success, and indeed it may safely be asserted that no more flourishing institution exists upon the southern coast than the sardine factories of Kent.

A TALE OF A CANDLE-END.

At an hotel in New York, a few years ago, I fell in with a mining engineer from Mexico, who told me a stirring tale from his experiences in that romantic region. This tale I may well remember, for, as will be seen, it was impressed on my mind by a scene which formed a sequel to the story, and of which I was a witness that very evening.

The engineer and I had dined together, and spent a pleasant time in talking over our past adventures. There in the smoking-room we lost count of the time; the other guests dropped off

one by one, and the vast hotel became silent. It was past midnight when my friend began his story, a long one for the time of night; but I did not interrupt him. I was only too glad to sit still and listen, with my eyes on the dark bearded face opposite, lighted up at times by the memory of dangers past and gone. There was a look of anxiety on his face when in repose, the meaning of which I was soon to learn, but by the strangest accident.

My wife and I (he began) were married, away there in Mexico, two years ago. Now, it is just two years ago that what I have to tell you took place. At that time I was engineer to several mines in Mexico, travelling about from one to another the greater part of the year. Some of those mines had been worked for centuries, following where the veins of silver led, thousands of yards away from the little opening in the mountain side, which looked like a rat-hole from the valley below. Not a few of these were in a very dangerous state; but of all the mines in my district, none was in a more critical condition than the three old workings above the picturesque village of Palos de Santa Fé.

It was always very pleasant to me to stay a few days at the little 'posada,' perched a mile or so above the village, and to look down the valley of Santa Fé from my lounge on the long veranda. This posada was kept by an old Spaniard called Diez—his full name, if you please, was Antonio Juan Maria de Diez y Antigüera. He was a solemn, long-visaged old fellow, clean-shaven and very dark, a bandit every inch of him, by descent and by preference too.

But to return to Santa Fé. You cannot have seen it in your wanderings, or you would remember that valley, if nothing else in all Mexico. The village itself was at the head of it; down the middle rushed a broad deep stream, which never dried up; and the lower hills on either side were hills, and not walls of granite, as they mostly are in those parts. Altogether, the valley was ravishing, luxuriant, restful; only above the sloping verdure rose the mighty peaks of the Sierra. Many a mid-day hour of blazing heat have I lounged away on that veranda, while the distant thud of the engines came throbbing through the 'sing' of the mosquitoes. One could be lazy then.

But at night, when the engines were silent, and instead came murmurs and cries from among the thousand lights of the village below, I could not help thinking of the forces at work in those silent hills, where the scattered watch-fires glimmered by the shafts above me. I knew, if no one else did, that incalculable masses of water were stored somewhere among those peaks, and that our workings were bound to tap sooner or later that everlasting reservoir. The inevitable disaster must be very near now; the wonder was that it had not already come during the hundreds of years the mines had been worked. This was the ghost that sat brooding above the village of Palos de Santa Fé.

About the beginning of August, it was my duty to pay a visit to Palos. You may imagine

that with my anxiety about the mines this visit was a less pleasant prospect than the delightful climate and surroundings of the place seemed to hold out. On my arrival I found that the owners had at last made up their minds to consult me seriously about the danger to which I have alluded. What was more, they determined, if necessary, to close the mines. They knew there would be serious trouble with the miners, and they had therefore obtained from the government the despatch of two companies of soldiers to maintain order; a large convent a mile or so from the inn where I was staying served as barracks for the troops.

The miners, more than a thousand in number, were enraged at this determined action, but were powerless in the face of such a force. Besides, they were by no means unanimous. A certain number, chiefly Americans and Germans, were unwilling to risk their lives against professional warnings such as mine; the presence of the troops gave this minority the support they needed. The malcontents could only grumble and, as it turned out, plot against us. The storm was but waiting till my arrival to burst; all depended on my verdict, I may say on my life, for it was pretty well known what my verdict would be.

The heat of the day was only partly spent, but, it being Sunday, and especially because of the great excitement, the village streets were crowded. Men, women, and children were all abroad. I could tell by the men's faces, by the sullen scowl or the uneasy, anxious glance, the adherents of either party. But when I had ridden into the courtyard of the inn I saw that the worst of my opponents were there. Now, this was the only posada in the place—more than that, it was the only place where I could put up. The owners of the mine lived far away, and the manager himself was at Palos only when he was not wanted at some mines twenty miles away, worked by the same company. He was staying at the inn when I arrived. This man had little influence with the miners, and was not to be relied on in an emergency like this. He was known to be very much against closing the mine, so that it needed great pressure from the directors to compel him to take the necessary steps.

You can see how uncomfortably I was placed. The whole responsibility was laid on me for a proceeding certain to make me the enemy of hundreds of fierce revengeful fellows, who had evidently their headquarters at the solitary inn where I was staying. To set against all this I had a guard of two hundred soldiers about a mile away, and on the spot a representative of my employers, who was prejudiced against me, and who would be the last man in the world to raise a finger in my defence, if the need arose.

Within a week of my arrival three several attempts were made on my life. During one of these attacks I had the ill luck to wound, in self-defence, one of the ringleaders, a Spaniard named Antonio, nephew to my worthy host. This young man had thus two reasons for wishing my destruction, and a third was supplied by a circumstance of which I had then no suspicion. To this day he is the only enemy I am aware of possessing, but I have a foreboding that he will yet do me or mine some fatal injury.

After the failure of these three attacks, I was not surprised to find that the conspirators had resolved to give me a few days' rest; but I was not deceived by their inactivity. I had refused an escort from the commandant at the convent simply because I felt that my own vigilance was the only safeguard likely to be of any use. My enemies, I suspected, were but biding their time to put in practice some more safe and certain scheme than open attack had proved to be. The event showed I was right. Meanwhile, I was not idle. I was carrying on my work of inspection from day to day, and had, in fact, nearly finished my written report to the directors. This I had taken care to support by the authority of more than one eminent geologist and engineer. The closing of the mine was, in my opinion, an imperative necessity.

All this time I was preparing unconsciously for myself the greatest danger of my life, a danger which has not yet passed away; but with it was to come to me a blessing which has enriched my whole existence.

I think I have never seen a more perfect specimen of the heavy-villain class than Diez, my worthy landlord at Palos; and certainly never a woman who charmed me more than his daughter. Juanita was a girl of fourteen when first I came to Palos; I can remember having admired even then her pretty face and graceful, shy manners, and having wondered how such a maidenly creature could be the daughter of my coarse and sometimes brutal landlord. As for myself, I do not mind confessing that, half conscious only as I was of any feeling of a tender sort, I had one reason which I have not mentioned before for making my visits to Palos de Santa Fé as long as possible. Juanita's attractiveness had for me been growing as she grew to early womanhood; she never appeared more lovely than when I saw her that Sunday evening after my three or four months' absence. My all-absorbing anxiety would have prevented any love-making, even had I had any thought of such a pastime. But I remember having noticed, after my escapes from assassination, a new shade of thoughtfulness on the girl's dark face. At the time I put this down to the persecutions of her cousin Antonio, who was devoted to her in a savage, jealous way, which made her very uncomfortable. He was evidently favoured in his courtship by his uncle, Diez.

Attracted as I was by Juanita, I could not help taking a great deal of interest in this lawsuit, prosecuted by one who, I had no doubt, was my bitterest foe. So it was that I noticed a great change in Juanita's treatment of her admirer. Hitherto, her dislike for him had been evident; besides, she was apparently afraid of him. Now, to all appearance, the pressure put on her by her father, of whom she was very fond, and who treated her with surprising indulgence, and even respect, had proved too much for her powers of resistance. Her manner was now one of shy acquiescence in her lover's claims: whereas before this time you would have thought her less than kin to the eager Antonio, now I at least considered her more than kind to him.

Unreasonable as it was, this state of things added, I know, to the feeling of loneliness and

depression which was growing upon me. I put it to myself that I was disappointed in the girl.

Though still shy and timid in her lover's presence, my landlord's daughter had altogether changed in her behaviour to the frequenters of the inn. Instead of keeping to her own room when the house was full of men, or going quietly about her household duties, the young girl began to loiter near the bar, listening to the conversation of the miners. Diez, no doubt, attributed the change in his daughter's habits to her growing love for his charming nephew, who was always there; at anyrate he never interfered. I myself could only think as he did, and acknowledge to myself with a sigh that Juanita, too, was in the enemy's camp.

At last, three weeks after my return to Palos, the great report was finished. I handed it to the manager, and received from him an acknowledgment in writing. My work was over, and I was heartily glad of it. I at least had done my duty; it only remained for the directors to do theirs. The next day I would see the last of Palos; I did not doubt that with the force at their command, the company would close the mine before many days were past. I could not help being sorry; the village would cease to exist; Diez would have to close the posada, and this lovely valley would be deserted for many a long day to come. Still, the company had other mines not very far away; they could start new workings there, and use a good deal of the old machinery. The miners, too, would soon perhaps get work again; but they would be the chief sufferers by my decision.

I was in very good spirits that evening, so that it seemed to me quite natural that every one about me should be wondrous polite and even cordial. My host was overwhelming with his attentions, forced his company on me upon the slightest pretext, and grew eloquent as he told me with gay confidence of his plans for his dear Antonio. His nephew, it seemed, was a good fellow if ever there was one, only a little too warm-hearted and too sensitive. Did he not seem to me a little sullen? I confessed that he did. Ah! So I, too, had noticed it! The poor fellow was in love, and all lovers were despondent at times. And, would I believe it? Antonio had actually an idea that I did not like him, and he had such respect for me!—And so on. At last the old fellow became so affectionate and so garrulous that I was glad to get off with a promise to drink to the health of his new enterprise, an hotel in a neighbouring mining town, in a bottle of his best champagne.

Everything seemed for the best in the best of all possible worlds as I lay back in my favourite lounge on the veranda, hobnobbing with the genial old scamp, my landlord. The only thought which troubled my serenity was that Juanita had been invisible since the morning, and now the sun had set on my last day at Palos. Would she take the trouble to see me off in the morning?

I intended to go to bed early, worn out as I was by anxiety and hard work. Already the veranda, which, I must tell you, ran all round the house, was dark, for the house lay in the shadow of the lofty western peaks, and as yet there was no moon. A curious little heartache

came to me as I thought that I might never see Juanita again. And while I lingered there in my dreamy, sentimental mood, half-listening to the landlord's endless flow of talk, Juanita, my Juanita, was struggling madly to escape from an outhouse in the distant corral, pausing now and then to listen with sickening dread for the sharp, clear sound of dynamite exploding in the open air on the veranda—not this time the dull report of blasting among the hills!

I have often wondered since that time how it was that I did not more distrust the landlord. During the whole of that visit to Palos I had been oppressed by the thought of how great an injury I was unwillingly inflicting upon him. But this evening I had cast aside all suspicion, and, but for being armed according to my habit, I had taken no precautions whatever; Diez might have been my father for all the suspicion I then had of him. You may think it was the champagne, if you like; but I really believe that made no difference to me, except, perhaps, to exhilarate me a little, and to make me whistle a tune as I rose to take my candle and go off to bed.

Diez had called for the candle; but when it was brought, lighted, I noticed that his face was as white as skin of that sallow tint can become. I thought he was ill, and told him so. He answered not a word, though he seemed to try to speak, but took the candle with a trembling hand and—blew it out!

I said I was ready to go; but he pressed me to stay a little longer and take another glass of wine. He himself sent for brandy, which he gulped down at a draught, and sat in the darkness quite still and apparently asleep. At last I took the candle and lighted it. I turned to the landlord as I was about to go, and began to say something about my early start on the morrow. To my surprise, he had disappeared. I turned away and walked slowly along the veranda, the way I always went to my room at the back of the house. As I went I whistled the tune I had started before. I shall never forget it.

The engineer ceased speaking, and remained a few moments in deep thought. The absolute stillness of the night was awful to me in the excited state of expectation to which I had been gradually worked up. When he resumed, he spoke in an awe-struck tone, low but clear, and as if living those few moments over again. 'I shall never forget it,' he said; 'the air I whistled went like this;' and he whistled softly an air I had often heard before. He was not half through it, when a piercing shriek rent the silence of the night, then a heavy fall, and all was still again.

The engineer turned pale, and seemed rooted to his chair. I ran to the door, opened it, and rushed into the hall, where he joined me at once. The hall was dimly lighted by one lamp near the outer door; a gallery ran round it a great height from the floor. There a white figure, a woman, was rising to its feet, and then another of those awful shrieks, and she rushed with arms outstretched along the gallery. She had turned the corner to our left, when a door opened close to where the woman had first fallen. It was a man this time, who glided

swiftly after the woman; in his hand he held something which flashed once, dimly, in the light of the lamp. My companion started, ran forward, and fired. The white figure stopped, but the pursuer still ran on; he was near her now, when another shot rang out; the man fell forward and lay quite still.

The following day, the engineer introduced me to his beautiful wife, whose life he had certainly saved that night. It was from her I learned how that exciting scene was the sequel and the completion of her husband's story. It was Antonio the Spaniard who had met his fate at the moment when he was about to take his revenge, nursed now for two long years. He and his uncle, the worthy Diez, had, it seems, conspired to kill the engineer by means of a dynamite cartridge made to imitate the lower part of a candle. To this cartridge a very small piece of candle was fixed with a little gunpowder cartridge inserted in the top of the dynamite. The whole looked like a good-sized piece of candle. Two or three minutes, and the dynamite would explode, and certainly kill the bearer of the candle.

Juanita had discovered the plot, as, indeed, her object for several days before had been to learn what the miners, and especially her relatives, were plotting against the engineer, the man she loved. Unfortunately, she had been herself suspected by her father, and shut up in the corral away from the inn. She had escaped, but only just in time to snatch the candle from her lover's hand and hurl it down into the ravine below, where it exploded harmlessly before it reached the ground.

The happy pair had escaped to the convent, and been married there; but the excitement of that day had left its mark on Juanita. At times she would walk in her sleep, and go through in fancy the scene she could never forget. But the shock of that other scene where she awoke on the gallery of the New York hotel effectually cured her. Only her husband remained to remind her of the plot of the Candle-end.

A DEAD GRIEF.

ALL is over! Come away;
Buried is my grief to-day;
See! it lieth deep and low,
With a name upon its breast.
Hush! in quiet let it rest.

Open is it to the sky!
But the grief so still doth lie
In its coffined peaceful sleep,
Ne'er again to throb with pain;
Listen! on it falls the rain.

Shielded well by sorrow's pall,
What though other griefs may fall?
Shall I—can I fear them more
Than that coffined grief can fear
Clods which fall upon its bier?

M. C. SALMON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 376.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 14, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

ON WORK.

FROM the dawn of life until its close man without exception needs 'something to do.' 'What shall I do now?' says the child when its light task is accomplished. 'What shall I do now?' meditates the man whose work for the day is over. It behoves us to consider carefully what it is that maintains so firm a grasp upon us from the cradle to the grave, that we may give it its due, and not more than its due; that we observe it religiously, not bow down to it superstitiously.

Work, though so huge a portion of human life, is not an end, but a means to an end; and being a means, should find its due proportion, not swallow up a share beyond its deserts. Necessity alone can excuse the man whose life is centred in work and in work only. To be so absorbed in work as to disregard, or to regard without sympathy, the illness of a member of the family; to be too busy to correct the faults, to enter into the pleasures, to make smooth the stony path of children; to have no time to spare for an old friend or to listen to the pleadings of the poor—this is to hold work in a reverence that is, we venture to think, superstitious. The end of all work, says a philosopher, is to obtain leisure: to the poor, leisure to eat and to sleep; to the intellectual, leisure to cultivate their minds; to the frivolous, leisure to indulge their trifling. But by the very act of passing so many hours in work many minds enter into a kind of slavery, from which they find it well-nigh impossible to free themselves, and the leisure they have obtained is useless to them. They have lost sight of the end, in obtaining facility in the means; and continue to practise the business—formerly necessary for their livelihood—now, when the gain is no longer needful to them. Proportion in work, therefore, includes the perception necessary for the art of leaving off. It is said only first-rate artists know when to leave a picture alone. Orators, talkers, over and over again spoil their points by too much insistence;

authors, even, have been known to write on more for the writing's sake than for having more to tell us; in short, work comes to be loved for its own sake, not for its results.

Many women pride themselves on being 'always busy.' A friend calls upon one such, needing perhaps a kind word or look, sympathy with some joy or sorrow, or it may be only the refreshment mind should receive from contact with mind. But how is the visitor received? The work-worshipper having mentioned the calls upon her industry of her Guild or Work Society, straightway gives half her attention, as well as her eyes and hands, to her task, regardless of the fact that the perpetual plying of her needle acts as an effectual bar not only to all confidence, but to all conversation except the merest commonplaces. Nevertheless, she has a keen eye for the blue-eyed angel who has dropped her work and sits with folded hands, lost in some heavenly reverie, whom she remorselessly rouses and urges on to the fulfilment of her possibly unnecessary task.

Professor Tyndall assures us that without honest labour there can be no deep joy. That honest labour may be productive of deep joy we readily admit; but that there is an infinite quantity of honest labour without any joy deep or shallow to season it, we believe as firmly as that there is—we are thankful to think—an infinite quantity of deep joy without labour honest or otherwise. The joy of listening to the first song-bird of the year, nightingale or thrush; the joy like his whose heart leaped up when he beheld a rainbow in the sky; the joy of hearing of a kind or noble action, or, better still, of trying to perform one; the joy when we have succeeded in pleasing those we love and reverence—these are the joys, not of the intellectual gladiator—to whose honest labour we accord, however, our sincerest admiration—but they are the harvest of the quiet mind, the single eye.

We have heard it argued that enforced idleness is a greater punishment than hard labour. We are not so sure that hard labour is a boon, except

to those unhappy ones whose remorse it may help to deaden. Not to have leisure until the muscles are strained to aching, the hands too cramped to grasp the instrument of toil, until the brain is dulled and the eye dimmed; not to have time to think until thought is all but an impossibility, and naught but baffled longings remain—this is the elysium of hard labour. On the other hand, we have spent many a pleasant half-hour reading of the marvellous, escapes planned and executed by prisoners whose hands were free to follow the dictates of their brains; many a touching anecdote of the skill, or patience, or tenderness, which a state of captivity unfettered by grinding toil has evoked in a man towards an insect, a reptile, or a plant.

The higher the scale of intelligence, we should say the greater the value of meditation. An insect buzzes unweariedly all day; but an elephant gives himself time to feel his way. Wait a while, says the philosopher, that we may finish the sooner. But it is not waiting alone that we would insist on; it is not vacant leisure that can renew us for fresh exertion. The world of art can recreate the busy by a change of thought such as nothing else—at least of this world—can give them. It is a sovereign remedy for a superabundance of leisure, that fatal superabundance which is the very nursing mother of misapplied industry; and which, in an age gone by, set our grandmothers to work on that trial to the eyes and nerves called patchwork. Have our readers ever beheld, as we have, a dress, a gown, entirely composed of the tiniest diamonds of printed calico; a gown, moreover, with two flounces to it? or, as we have, hangings, that is, curtains, vallions, and valances, for a four-post bedstead, all a tissue of these tiny morsels of stuff cut up for the purpose? But though we may and do consider such industry misapplied when regarded as *work*, as an amusement it was no doubt entitled to pass muster. It was not every one in those days who could, like the famous Mrs Battle, unbend their minds over a book after fatiguing them at whist.

The art of unbending the mind after a toil perhaps as cramping to it as hard labour to the sinews, is one to be early cultivated in order to be made useful. It will not avail us to have got leisure, to have curtailed our work perhaps for the purpose, if we are unable to fill that leisure with what shall at least equal our work in interest. It is a great thing to be able to control our minds, so that the thought about our work shall not follow us into the occupations of our leisure—to be able to say with Burleigh, when he laid aside his robe of office, 'Lie there, my Lord Treasurer.' For if a man be devoted to one pursuit only, be that pursuit what it may, his mind becomes painfully limited. It is not learning alone that can give wisdom; the merely learned man is often guilty of childish folly in practical life, simply because he has directed his thoughts entirely in one groove.

Some happy few there are, whose work and vocation being identical, require no leisure for refreshment of the faculties. Thackeray's 'J. J.', for example, rising early, standing all day before his easel putting loving touches to his work, surprised at the sun's going down—what an existence it is! But it is, we fear, given to few

of us to live to work; to work in order to live is oftener the rule. Yet, how the natural bent, the vocation, makes itself apparent almost pathetically in the lives of some men! For instance, the cobbler who has worked hard from Monday morning till Saturday night will cheerfully trudge miles on the Sunday to a meeting where he will hold forth to edification, simply because now he is labouring in his vocation. In like manner we have hunting parsons, soldiering lawyers, and praying doctors—men whose work is not their vocation, and in whom the natural bent is too strong to be wholly turned aside or hidden. To labour, says the Latin proverb, is to pray. How comes it, then, that the reputation of the busybody, of the one who works, is in such ill odour? There is nothing in the word itself to convey the idea of malice or mischief with which, however, it is associated in modern ears. Its degeneration is perhaps due not merely to the fact that work may be noble or ignoble—the labour of the first busybody having presumably been ignoble—but to this, that work itself is not necessarily meritorious. Work, like facts, may be of the highest importance or of none; or it may be mischievous, like that of the busybody. It is sometimes worthless because ill done; but quite as often it is mischievous from want of proportion, being unnecessary, misapplied, or impertinent, as in the case of over-ornamentation in details, or over-elaboration in design. And this is applicable not merely to the labour of the hands but to the work of the brain. When Dr Johnson said of a book that 'it had not life enough to keep it sweet,' the sentence was simple, direct, sufficient, or, as we say, in proportion; but when, in the redundancy of his learning and his love of Latin terminations, he elaborated that simple sentence into this, 'That it had not vitality enough to keep it from putrefaction,' he weakened rather than supported his idea. Again, when Bernal Osborne, that sayer of good things and worker in words, asserted that Disraeli's last illness was a great deal too protracted, adding, 'But he always did overdo everything,' we feel instinctively that the wit has overdone his own cynicism and allowed it to degenerate into brutality.

It is this well-balancing of all work that produces a sense of ease consequent on proportion. How the very phrase 'laborious politeness' condemns the breeding that allows the labour to be apparent! In all things done, our satisfaction is doubled if it be, only apparently, easy to the doer. Thus, all art is concerned to conceal the labour that has conduced to its production. And a thought that it has taken years of the discipline of life to perfect, which has only crystallised after passing through the alembic of time and fortune, is spoken of as a happy intuition of genius. Not that genius is without its intuitions by any means, but that we hardly care to acknowledge the want of time, of leisure, the pressure of work, in fact, which robs the world of but too many of the results of genius born into the world.

And if the pressure of work represses, as we believe it too often does, the 'noble rage' of the highly gifted, what is its effect on the everyday human being? It leaves him a prey to a

thousand little infirmities of mind or temper, which the leisure for a sincere love of art or science might have cured him of, or for which a love of literature might have left no room.

Parodying a saying of Goethe's, we would say in conclusion: 'Encourage leisure, since work encourages itself.' But encourage it for acquiring that which will console you in affliction, comfort you in loneliness, will never quit you; will, if you are poor, make your poverty respected, and adorn you if you are rich; which will maintain within you a spirit unsubdued by what it works in; a mind rich in thought, strong in reason, abounding in resource, capable to fulfil all the relations of life which have been fastened on you by duty or fortune.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIII.—THE PARSON IN NORTHUMBERLAND.

LINNEL, for his part, had made his mind up at once: Psyche Dumaresq should never marry a penniless painter. But unless she was ready to marry a penniless painter, father or no father to the contrary notwithstanding—unless she was ready to forsake all and follow the man of her choice willingly, to poverty or riches—she was not the girl he imagined her to be; and dearly as the wretch would cost him now, he would go away the very next evening, and never again set eyes on Psyche.

Not, indeed, that Linnell had any doubt whatsoever in his own mind upon that score. He had never felt before how deeply he loved Psyche—how profoundly and implicitly he trusted her instincts. He knew she could never harbour so mercenary a thought in her pure little soul as that fallen idol, her unworthy father. He knew she would take him, money or no money. He knew that *there* he could never be mistaken. He had watched her daily, he repeated to himself once more in the words of the ballad, a little altered, and he *knew* she loved him well. If he went to Psyche to-morrow, and asked her plainly, 'Will you marry a penniless painter who loves you from the very bottom of his heart?' he felt sure she would answer, with her own sweet innocent guileless boldness, 'I will, gladly;' and he would love her all the better for that naive frankness.

To do that would be no real breach of the virtual promise he had made her father; for was he not rich? Was he not well-born? Would he not make her supremely happy? Would he not be keeping the spirit of his bond by thus evading it in the outer letter? He said to himself 'Yes' to that question ten thousand times over, as he walked home alone across the breezy downs to the Red Lion, with the keen wind blowing fresh against his flushed hot face, and the blood running warm in his tingling cheeks at the memory of that hideous unsought interview.

Not that he really meant thus to break even the letter of his bond with Haviland Dumaresq. Oh no; he needed no such overt trial of his beautiful Psyche's fidelity as that. He could trust her implicitly, implicitly, implicitly. Besides, the trial would be taken out of his hands.

Dumaresq would go home, full of his discovery, his miserable discovery that Linnell was nothing but a common artist—a painter by trade—a journeyman colour-monger. That sordid philosopher, that mistaken father, would tell Psyche more or less directly the result of his own unspeakable inquiries: he would warn her against listening to that penniless young man: he would talk to her the common stereotyped cant of worldly-wise paternity: he would sink the brain that conceived the Encyclopædic Philosophy to the miserable level of the Maitland intelligence. Linnell could hear in his ears even now the echoes of that hideous unholy cant—'they were dangerous guides the feelings,' and so forth, and so forth, *usque ad nauseam*, as though Haviland Dumaresq, a prophet born, had consented to dwell in his old age in the coasts of the Philistines. He could hear the greatest thinker of our time, in that sad dotage of his, 'with a little hoard of maxims preaching down a daughter's heart!' Oh heavens! It was incredible, it was loathsome, but it was nevertheless true. He hardly knew how to believe it himself, but he admitted it grudgingly to his own soul; Haviland Dumaresq had feet of clay, and the feet of clay had tottered to their fall in these last stages of a once mighty intellect.

But Psyche? Ah, well! He had no fear at all in his heart for Psyche. He could never conceive his own beautiful, free, great-hearted Psyche 'puppet to a father's threats, or servile to a shrewish tongue.' He knew what Psyche would do; he knew it perfectly. Psyche would burst in upon him to-morrow morning, when he called round to finish her father's picture, and flinging all conventional restrictions to the four winds of heaven—rules like those were not for such as Psyche—would cast herself upon him with a wild emotion, clasp her arms around his neck in a torrent of joy, and cry aloud that, rich or poor, come what might, she loved him, she loved him. Or if Psyche didn't do that—for after all, a maiden is a maiden still—at least he would see from the timid and tearful way she greeted him that she at anyrate was wholly unchanged by anything her father might have said to her overnight against a penniless lover. She would treat him more kindly and tenderly than ever; she would say by her actions, if not by her words, 'I would love you still though you had no roof to cover you.' That was how a girl like Psyche ought to feel and act; and because he knew *she* would feel and act so, he loved her, he loved her. In Psyche's presence he was no longer shy. Perfect love casteth out fear. Psyche would never be bent aside by such base considerations as swayed that clay-footed idol, her father. The grand incorruptible Haviland Dumaresq of former days, that was dead now in the old man's shrunk and shrivelled soul, lived still in the purer and nobler nature of his spotless daughter.

And then, when Psyche had thus proved herself worthy of her high lineage—for what lineage after all could be higher in any real scale of worth than direct descent from the greatest and deepest of modern thinkers—he would clasp her to his breast in an ecstasy of passion, and tell her plainly, what he had never yet told any living being, that the sacrifice she thought she was

making for his sake had no existence—that all her father asked for her she should freely enjoy—that money, position, respect should be hers—that *she* should be everything he himself had never been. For Linnell was rich, if it came to that; from Haviland Dumaresq's point of view quite fabulously rich; wealthy beyond the utmost dreams of Dumaresquian avarice; and if for some quixotic fad of his own he had chosen so long to give up the money that was rightly his due to the service of others, and to live entirely on his artistic earnings, he would not consider himself bound any longer to continue his obedience to that self-inflicted, self-denying ordinance, when he had a wife's happiness to consult and to provide for—and that wife his own matchless Psyche. He was rich; and he stood next heir in blood to an English baronetcy. Many things had conspired to make the shrinking sensitive painter feel the importance of his own position far less acutely than most men would have done; but that was no reason why others should not value it at the current valuation of such things in the world of England. He could go to Haviland Dumaresq, if need were, and say to him honestly with unblushing pride: 'The penniless painter has asked your daughter's hand in marriage, and has been duly accepted. But the man who marries her is rich beyond the furthest you ever demanded from your daughter's suitors, and belongs to one of the oldest and most distinguished families in all England.' It was horrible, indeed, to think of coupling such a base and vulgar thought as that with the honoured name of Haviland Dumaresq; but if Haviland Dumaresq had in point of fact sunk so low, Linnell would meet him on his own new level, and ask him still for his guileless Psyche.

With such thoughts as these whirling fast in his brain, the painter strolled back to the village inn, the air all full of Psyche, Psyche, Psyche. As he passed the Mansels', he caught through the hedge the gleam of a rustling white summer dress, and overheard the tones of a most educated voice, which he recognised at once as the final flower of Girtonian culture. He hoped Mrs Mansel would let him pass by without calling him in, for he was in small humour that day to discuss the relative merits of Wagner and Mendelssohn, or to give his opinion in set epigrammatic phrase on the latest development of the subjective novel. But Mrs Mansel spied him out with keen vision as he passed the gate, and came over with her sweetly-subdued smile, in a Greek-looking robe looped up with an old gold oriental scarf, to call him for colloquy into her most cultivated garden. The *Academy* and *Mind* lay beside the learned lady's vacant place on the rustic seat, but in her hand she held coquettishly that far more mundane journal, the *Morning Post*. Curiosity survives as a maternal legacy even in the most highly-strung of the daughters of Eve; and Mrs Mansel's curiosity was now at boiling-point. 'Oh, Mr Linnell,' she cried with unwonted eagerness, 'I'm so glad you've come. I've been longing to see you. I wanted to ask you something so important. Have you any relations living in Northumberland?'

The question fell upon Linnell's ear like a clap of thunder from a clear sky. He hadn't the slightest idea in his own mind what on earth

Mrs Mansel could mean. But glancing hastily at her finger on the open page, the thought occurred to him with lightning rapidity that perhaps his half-brother Frank had just got married. That was the secret, then, of Sir Austen's desire to have the question of the succession settled upon a firm and secure basis before he left England! Linnell hesitated a fraction of a moment: then he answered doubtfully: 'I believe there's one member of my family living there at present. But I know very little of him. I've never seen him. To tell you the truth, our family relations haven't been always quite what you could call cordial.'

'A clergyman?' Mrs Mansel asked with her soft low voice.

'A clergyman, yes,' Linnell made answer, bewildered. 'Is there anything about him in the paper to-day, then?'

'Oh, I felt sure he must be one of your family,' Mrs Mansel cried, still holding that tantalising sheet tightly in her small white hand. 'The name's Francis Austen Linnell, you see, and I recognised him, as I recognised you, by the peculiar spelling of the name Austen.'

'We're all of us Austens,' Linnell answered with a short uneasy laugh. 'It's a point of honour with every Linnell I ever heard of to continue the family tradition in that respect. It's gone on in an unbroken line, I believe, since the time of Charles the Second; and it'll go on still till baronetries are as extinct as dodos and megatheriums.—But may I ask what my respected namesake's been doing at all to get himself mentioned in the *Morning Post*? Up to date, I can't say I ever remember any performance of his, except his birth, being thought worth recording in a London newspaper.'

'Like Mark Twain's hero,' Mrs Mansel suggested with a musical little laugh, 'who up to the age of seventy-five years had never shown any remarkable talent—and never showed any afterward: so that when he died, ill-natured people said he'd done it on purpose to gain notoriety.'

'Died!' Linnell exclaimed, holding out his hand incredulously for the paper. 'You don't mean to say Frank's dead, do you?'

'Oh yes, I forgot to say it's his death that comes next by way of record,' Mrs Mansel went on, with serene composure. 'In fact, of course, I took it for granted you'd have seen the announcement somewhere already.—No, not in the Births, Deaths, and Marriages: it's later than that.—See, there's the place: Appalling Catastrophe on the Great Northern Railway.'

Linnell took the paper from her hand with trembling fingers and ran his eye hastily down the lengthy telegram. 'As the 6.45 night express was steaming out of Doncaster yesterday evening . . . goods-wagons laden with heavy pig-iron . . . both trains were completely telescoped . . . harrowing scenes among the dead and wounded . . . the following bodies have already been identified . . . The Rev. Francis Austen Linnell, Vicar of Hambleton-cum-Thornhaugh, Northumberland.'

He handed back the paper, very white in the face, to Mrs Mansel. It was clear that the news profoundly affected him. 'Why, Mr Linnell, I didn't know you were so much interested in the man,' the learned lady cried, astonished and

penitent. 'If I'd thought you were so deeply concerned as that, I'd have broken it gently to you; indeed I would.—Was he such a very near relation then?'

'He was only—my brother,' Linnell answered with a gasp. He had never seen him; but blood is thicker than water after all. A nameless shock seemed to run through his system. Two thoughts came uppermost in the painter's mind amid the whirl of emotion that those words had brought upon him. The first was a sense of profound thankfulness that he had written and posted that letter to Sir Austen before he knew of his brother's sudden death. The second was the idea that even Haviland Dumaresq would now no doubt be satisfied to accept as Psyche's husband the heir-presumptive to an English baronetcy, who had no longer any reason for concealing his position and prospects from the world in deference to the feelings of an illegitimate relative.

THE VARIETY STAGE.

THE amusements of a nation are sometimes considered a good index of the character and abilities of its citizens. The artistic and brutal propensities of the ancient Greeks and Romans are well reflected in the amusements of their theatres and arenas. Modern nations have various forms of amusement more or less refined, or the reverse; each of these forms is adapted to the wants of one particular class in society, and it is impossible to isolate any particular form of public amusement and call it national. For example, no one could form a just idea of the character and genius of the Anglo-Saxon race from observing the phases of life to be seen in the music halls of London, Liverpool, New York, or Chicago. An idea thus formed would not be a flattering one. There is nothing intellectual in the varied features that make up the programmes of existing music halls. Of course, it must be admitted that some of these features are very amusing, and they are so because the performers possess physical skill in acrobatic and tumbling feats.

When music halls were first established, some really good opera and ballad music was considered the principal attraction at almost all the halls, notably so at 'The Oxford,' whose grand selections were performances that would not have discredited the Opera or Monday Popular Concert. Now, all this is altered. There is not a music hall in the metropolis—with the exception of the Alhambra, where, recently, the high-class vocalisation of Miss Ada Lincoln and Mr F. H. Celli of the Carl Rosa Opera Company affords some relief from the inanity and buffoonery of the variety elements—where good music is considered at all necessary. Yet, notwithstanding the entertainments at these halls have deteriorated, there never was a time when they were more popular than they are now. The music halls at the present time take equal rank with the theatres in public estimation. How is it good music has been banished from the halls? It may not be uninteresting or unprofitable to consider the question, and try to answer it.

Music halls—or, to give them the more recent and appropriate term, variety shows—are quite

modern institutions. Fifty years ago they were unknown. The Canterbury was the first established, and it owed its origin to the following circumstance. Close on fifty years back there was an actor named Sam Cowell on the comic lyric stage. Sam was a good comedian, an excellent singer, and a remarkably able mimic. He was also an intelligent and observant man of the world, and also, as every actor worth his salt should be, a keen observer of human nature. Mr Cowell's observations were chiefly directed to the curiosities of low life as seen in the slums of the cities. In his excursions round the slums of London, the actor had noticed that thousands of people never entered the doors of a theatre; the stage had lost its hold on the masses, whose principal or sole relaxation consisted in lounging in the bars and taps of flaring gin palaces and low 'pubs.' This free-and-easy life, with its everlasting smoking and drinking, and absence of all restraint, was congenial to the jaded and depressed men and women of the slums. To sit out a play required more attention than these poor wretches could give after a long day of severe toil and privation. How to reach these toiling men and women and give them suitable amusements was a problem that suggested itself to the mind of the actor. Here, it is curious to reflect that the theatre occupied the same position in respect to the poorest and most degraded of the people as the church did; likewise, that both these institutions—so different as they were—made use of the same means to reach and influence the masses. Both stooped to the level of the people they desired to influence by establishing the music hall and the mission hall. The music hall is to the theatre what the mission hall is to the church. The great Sam would have made an excellent missionary; very few men understood the lower classes so well as he. Charles Dickens was well aware of this, and on more than one occasion the great novelist accompanied the actor in his sallies round the dark city. Sam Cowell was ever welcome in the taprooms and 'kips' (low lodging-houses), where he often entertained the people with a song. Even in these dark places music had charms, and funny comic songs had a great many more.

These practical experiences convinced Mr Cowell that a place of amusement where a variety of serio and comic songs were sung by competent artistes would not fail to draw in low neighbourhoods. In these new places of amusement there must be no more restraint and conventionality than would be absolutely necessary. A man must be permitted to wear his working-dress, smoke his pipe, and have his beer or spirits. One Sunday night Mr Sam Cowell spoke about the matter to a friend of his, the landlord of a public-house in Lambeth Marsh. The latter, who was an enterprising and ambitious man, saw at once the feasibility of the scheme. He had a large and lofty room at the back of his house, and he determined to make use of it in the venture. It was very unfortunate that at the outset the scheme was put into the hands of the publicans. As a matter of business, these gentlemen are interested in promoting the sale of intoxicating liquors, and this interest would always be paramount and in the way of any abiding excellence in the music and other entertainments to be

devised later on. Sam Cowell's scheme was the mingling of good music with burlesque and dance; and as a matter of fact some really good music did form the best element in the music hall entertainments. The publicans, who in all the halls held the general management, were not slow in observing that good music did not encourage drinking half so much as did the most foolish and inane of comic songs, and all their efforts were directed to the task of vitiating the public taste by the gradual withdrawal of good music from the performances. That they have been successful any one may judge by a visit to any music hall in London or the provinces. When the Canterbury Hall was opened, great difficulty was experienced in obtaining artistes for the entertainment. A new profession had to be created. Sam Cowell was equal to the occasion, and on the opening night and for some time after the comedian alone gave the entertainment. He sang both serio and comic songs, and danced the dances, from the first, the most attractive feature of a variety show. The success of the Canterbury fully equalled the most sanguine hopes of its promoters, and very soon a host of others sprang up in London and the provinces, and afterwards in America.

The well-dressed and aristocratic people who frequent the palatial Pavilion and Tivoli little imagine that they patronise an entertainment originally designed for roughs and crossing-sweepers. 'Things are altered now,' they may say. So they are—for the worse. Do any of my readers remember the Oxford as it was fifteen years back? Then the Oxford was the leading music hall, and the entertainments excellent, varied, and musical. The 'grand selections' from popular operas were magnificent, and some really good singers sang the solos. We doubt whether any of these gifted artistes would ever obtain an engagement at their old home now, and most certainly not at the magnificent Tivoli or the splendid Pavilion. Mr F. Johngmanns was for many years the able conductor at the Oxford. It was Mr Johngmanns who introduced Offenbach to a London audience. In 1862 the management introduced a selection from Offenbach's earliest and most brilliant opera, 'Orphée aux Enfers.' The liveliness and brilliance of the music and the admirable way it was rendered at the Oxford paved the way for the production of 'The Grande Duchesse' at Covent Garden Theatre. Many habitués of the Oxford of those days will not forget the fine singing in this and in other selections of Mr Robert Green (afterwards at the Alhambra). Mr Green was an able musician, and had a really magnificent voice. Had Mr Green appeared before a London audience with an Italian name, he would have become one of the most famous singers of the day. Another gifted singer at the Oxford was Miss Fitzhenry, afterwards well known in opera-bouffe under the *nom de théâtre* of Miss Emily Soldene. Miss Constance Loseby of the Gaiety Theatre was also a music hall artiste. At the time of the American War of North and South, Miss Constance sang at every music hall in London a stirring war-song, 'The Death of Stonewall Jackson.' Mr Vernon Rigby, the eminent tenor, began his professional career at the Alhambra, where, at that time, good music alternated with displays of physical skill by the greatest

gymnasts and acrobats of the day. A succession of great artistes of the arena drew all London to the Alhambra, chief of whom was the famous Leotard. Jules Leotard was a splendid specimen of manly beauty—a perfect figure united to a strikingly handsome face, always grave and reposeful.

The story of the great gymnast's career has seldom been told. A native of Toulouse, in the south of France, young Leotard passed many of his earliest years in the beautiful city of the sunny south. His father kept a swimming-bath, having several skylights that were opened and closed by long ropes. It was young Leotard's office to open and shut these skylights, and he was in the habit of swinging from one rope to the other, doing so with so much grace and skill as to attract much attention from the visitors to the establishment. His first public appearance was as an amateur at the Municipal Fête. It so happened that among the people who witnessed the performance was the director of the Cirque de l'Impératrice at Paris. This gentleman was astonished at the skill and grace of the young athlete, and also at the novelty of the performance; and the next morning he made his way to the Leotard swimming baths and had an interview with the father. A few days hence and Jules Leotard set out for Paris. On his arrival in the gay city he was taken to a theatrical costumier, and a gay doublet of crimson velvet and gold spangles was fitted over the snow-white tights he had brought from the country.

'Take it off!' he said to the costumier. 'I am not going to play the clown.'

'Take it off! mon petit, the beautiful doublet? See how well you look in it—grand, magnificent, superb!'

'Think you so? I do not. I'll never wear spangles like a harlequin.'

'Ah! mon Dieu! was there ever seen such a drôle? Eh bien! mon petit, what is it, then, you will wear? You must have a doublet of some kind.'

'Have you any black velvet?'

A roll of plain black velvet was produced, and out of this material was made the young aspirant's doublet. And subsequently M. Leotard always wore the simple and elegant dress of a black velvet doublet over snow-white tights; a dress that served admirably to display the magnificent form of the gymnast. The début of the young athlete in the Paris arena was a veritable triumph, which was renewed on his first appearance in London. The flying trapeze became the rage, and a whole host of flying trapezists appeared at the music halls, none of whom, however, had the skill and marvellous ease of the master.

In 1865 the Alhambra management was undertaken by Mr Frederick Strange, assisted by the dramatic critic and journalist, Mr John Hollingshead, who became later on the projector and manager of the Gaiety Theatre. Up to this time ballets had not been much of an attraction at the Alhambra; but under the new régime they became, what they have always been since, the *spécialité* of the Leicester Square Theatre.

An experience of the writer, who, in the early part of Mr Strange's management, was on the Alhambra staff, may not be uninteresting to the readers of this *Journal*. It is one of the most

remarkable instances of human folly ever recorded. Among the frequenters of the canteen behind the scenes there figured an American, who, judging by the lavish way he spent his money, might well have been taken for a millionaire. This man generally had on his fingers no fewer than six magnificent diamond rings, and not one of these rings could have cost less than three hundred pounds. He used to make his appearance, almost every night, at the time the corps de ballet trooped off the stage after the spectacle; and many of these dancers were constantly regaled by him with the best champagne at a pound the bottle. The way that American threw his money about was—to use one of the ballet-girl's language—a caution. He gave costly breakfasts at public gardens and lived 'like a lord' at the Langham Hotel. He had jewellery enough to stock a shop, and many of the girls received some very costly trinkets from his hands. He used to hand away these valuables with a princely air, and spent his money freely; every one in the place received something from his hands. All this sort of thing tallied exactly with popular notions of American *nouveaux riches*, so all sorts of rumours floated about the hall respecting the position and riches of the 'American Prince,' as the ballet-girls termed the stranger. Some averred that he was a 'silver king' from Nevada; others, a great ranch-owner from Texas; while others were sure he was a pig-sticker in a big way in Chicago. Mr Silas W. Steggs himself said nothing about his antecedents; he left 'the almighty dollar' to tell its own tale. No one was seen more lavish with his money in the Alhambra canteen; and as time passed and this man kept coming and going, his face became a familiar one at the Alhambra.

With the manager, the late Mr Frederick Strange, Mr Steggs maintained a close intimacy, and one night he opened his mind to him. The London Alhambra was, he assured Mr Strange, the most splendid place of amusement to be seen anywhere; and, as an American citizen, he was sorry they had no place to equal it in the Empire City. A New York Alhambra, he went on to say, would certainly prove a good paying concern, if conducted on the same lines as the London establishment. He, Mr Steggs, had made it his business to study the management; in so doing, he had spent his money freely; that did not matter a cent; he had an object in view which would repay him every dollar. He proposed to himself to erect in the city of New York a large and palatial building, to be called The New York Alhambra. A large sum of money would be required; he had enough and to spare. One favour he begged of the Alhambra directors—permission to recruit his staff among the minor members of the Alhambra company. No objection was raised to this proposal; and when it was noised abroad, those of us who desired to better our positions were greatly excited. Mr Steggs lost no time in making his arrangements; and negotiations were at once opened with all manner of people connected with the Alhambra. All these people were to cross the Atlantic in the same vessel. What one hundred ballet-girls and a number of barmaids were to do during the time the place was building never seemed to be thought of. However, we all believed we

should be paid up, work or not. I was one of the officials Mr Steggs had engaged, and of course I had to give up the place I held under the Alhambra directors. I did so, as I was promised a much better position in New York. Before we set out, the American gave us a sumptuous breakfast at the Café de l'Europe; the next day we went to Liverpool to embark. Mr Steggs had taken berths for all on board a Cunard screw steamer, and he had spared no money in making us all comfortable.

Everything went on all right during the voyage; though I noticed with surprise that the American had parted with all his costly jewellery.

When we arrived at Sandy Hook, Steggs went on shore to secure, so he said, lodgings for all of us at the Metropolitan and other hotels. All that day we waited for a message from him, but none came. The next morning several of us landed and made our way to the Metropolitan Hotel, and, to our astonishment and dismay, we learned that no person of the name of Steggs was staying there, nor did the hotel people know any one of that name. We returned to the vessel, in hopes Mr Steggs would return; but he never came back. Here we were in a strange country, and what to do became a pressing question. It was well for Mr Steggs he could not be found, for the ballet ladies were infuriated, especially so the fine young woman who was to have been the 'première danseuse.' Mr Steggs had made love to this graceful dancer and had promised to marry her. Mademoiselle Blank as a prospective wife of a millionaire had given herself airs, and had made herself disagreeable to the humbler members of the company. Her mortification was all the more intense. The greater part of these women were sent back to England by the consul. Some of the men also returned. Some of us, including Mademoiselle Blank, determined to stay in New York. This lady at once obtained an engagement at Niblo's Garden in the spectacle of 'The Black Crook' (afterwards produced at the Alhambra). The writer obtained employment on the press.

One bitter cold night in the succeeding winter I was passing through one of the streets at no great distance from the Bowery, when my attention was drawn to the painful spectacle—alas! as common now in New York as in London—of a number of tramps waiting outside the police station for a night's shelter. I do not believe I have ever seen such a mob of wretched objects as was gathered there that night. One man in particular was a most pitiable object; he was dressed in filthy rags held together by a number of pieces of string. This man's face seemed familiar to me; but when and where I had seen him I could not remember. I looked at him a few moments before I recognised him: he was none other than the quondam millionaire, Silas W. Steggs. I called him out of the rank and asked him how he had come down so low. His story was a strange one. He had two years before inherited eighty thousand pounds, bequeathed by an uncle who had been a merchant in San Francisco. Unused to the control of money, he had placed his fortune in a bank, and began a round of dissipation in the saloons of New York. From the Empire City he passed

over to Paris, and afterwards came to London. In these three capitals this madman had actually accomplished the feat of squandering eighty thousand pounds in eighteen months. When we arrived in New York, Silas W. Steggs had lost all. He landed with five dollars in his pocket; beyond that small sum he had not a cent.

This episode in the history of the Alhambra Variety Theatre may well conclude a slight sketch of the rise and progress of the Variety Stage.

THE GOLDEN LAMP:

A TALE OF FISHER'S FOLLY.

CHAP. II.—MR GIRDLESTONE'S MONEY.

THE room with the five windows, in the centre one of which stood the Golden Lamp, was an old dining-hall. The oaken walls were hung with large and valuable paintings; and from the centre of the ceiling was suspended a great chandelier. At one end of this room a fire was burning in the open chimney; and near the rug, in front of the fire, was placed a round dining-table, laid for three. Leaning over this table, to arrange some exotic flowers in a centre vase, was the beautiful lamplighter who had attracted John Westcott's attention an hour ago.

No antique room, with so lovely a figure placed there, would have better represented a former century: a period, one might say, in which Fisher's Folly was the abode of beauty and fashion. The girl was plainly dressed; the fair hair was drawn back from the broad forehead into a Grecian knot, and the dark velvet robe fitted closely to the tall and slender form. Her face was undeniably handsome; but there was something more than mere beauty in the large brown eyes and resolute mouth; each feature expressed that quick intelligence which awakens confidence. It was the face of a woman with character—a woman likely to exhibit resource in a difficult situation. Such was Marian Carter, the head partner in the old house. Having touched the flowers softly with her long expressive fingers—a touch of the butterfly's wing in tenderness—she turned away and moved through folding-doors into an adjoining room. It was a small room, but with panelled walls of dark oak, like the dining-hall. In an armchair near the fire sat Mr Carter with his head resting on his hand. His face was more troubled in expression; since his interview with Westcott he appeared to have even more fully realised the magnitude of the calamity which was pending. As Marian approached him, however, he made a strong effort to overcome his depression.

'Is all ready, Marian?' said he, with cheerfulness in his tone.

'Everything.'

'Is the lamp lighted?'

'Why, father, do you think I would neglect that? Would it not be too thoughtless,' said she laughingly, 'on an occasion like this?'

As Marian seated herself beside him, her father said: 'How strange that John Westcott should have returned to-night.'

'It is strange,' said the girl with a smile. 'And

what is still stranger,' she added, with a slight blush, 'some one—I think it must have been Mr Westcott—was standing below the window when I lit the lamp. Is he likely to prove a friend?'

'Ah! I was wondering,' said Mr Carter. 'He has the character of being an excellent and shrewd young fellow. But I fear,' he went on, 'that even if he had his uncle's financial genius, he would find it no easy matter to'—He stopped abruptly; for at this moment Westcott came in. The change in his appearance, now that the rough costume was gone, was remarkable. Mr Carter scarcely recognised him; there was little of the sailor even in his face, and nothing in his manner. He had all the style of a refined gentleman. The merchant rose from his chair and formally presented him.

Had she seen him, thought Westcott, when standing in the square below the windows? There was something in her look, something in her very attitude towards him, which made him doubt if he was an entire stranger. He had recognised her; and he had conjectured, while in conversation with the merchant, that the beautiful 'vision' at the Golden Lamp could be no other than Marian Carter. But he had no time for more than this passing reflection. The dinner was announced; the folding-doors were thrown open, and they passed through and took their seats at the table.

The first object that attracted Westcott's glance was the old lamp. Marian's look followed his. She smilingly asked him: 'Do you remember it?'

'No; I had forgotten the house,' said he. 'I was seldom here.'

'Ah! It is strange you should have forgotten that lamp,' said Marian.

'So I am thinking,' Westcott replied. 'The workmanship is exquisite.—But,' he added, 'is it not a lantern?'

'It can be used as such. It is called the Golden Lamp. It was called so long before I was born. It belonged, as you may have guessed, to Mr Girdlestone. He used to call it mine. It has stood where it now stands, I believe, for nearly a hundred years.—But the lantern,' said the girl, 'can easily be detached; it hangs from a hook, as you see, under the dome. I have forbidden any one to touch it. I trim and light it myself all the year round.'

'No wonder,' replied Westcott gallantly, 'that it burns so brightly.'

'Not for the world,' Marian went on, 'would I miss doing so. It is to me a sacred duty.'

Westcott could not suppress a smile. 'What reason can you have, Miss Carter,' said he, 'for being such a conscientious lamplighter?'

Marian looked serious. 'It was Mr Girdlestone's wish,' said Marian, with a glance towards her father; and receiving no look of disapproval, she added: 'As long as the lamp is lighted—it was a sort of superstition with him—luck will not leave the house.'

As soon as the two men were alone over their wine—though they could see and hear Marian at the piano, for the folding-doors stood open—John Westcott turned to Mr Carter and said: 'There is something about that lamp—and I hope you will not think me too inquisitive—

which interests me. May I look at it more closely ?

The merchant readily acquiesced ; and the young man, stepping across the room, bent over the lamp ; and had not his back been turned to Mr Carter, the expression of keen excitement which came over his face might have puzzled him. Seating himself once more opposite to his host, after a somewhat lengthy examination of the lamp, Westcott said : ' There is a large key, I observe, hanging behind the lantern. Is there any tradition attached to that ? '

' I cannot tell you,' said Mr Carter. ' No one knows.'

' Do you mean, sir, that it fits no lock ? '

A slight smile crossed the merchant's face. ' You know how curious women are,' said he. ' I need scarcely tell you, John, that Marian has tried every keyhole in the house. She has not solved the mystery.'

' Have you no theory, Mr Carter, concerning that key ? '

' None.'

' Has it never occurred to you that it might have been the key,' said Westcott, ' to my uncle's financial genius ? '

' Ah ! that is a shrewd remark,' said Mr Carter thoughtfully. ' But let me tell you,' he added, ' something about that strange man. It will interest you. No one, unless it was his Indian servant, knew Mr Girdlestone more intimately than I did.'

That eager expression again passed over Westcott's face, but it escaped Mr Carter's notice. After a short pause, he began ; and the low sound of music in the adjoining room added to the earnest tone of his voice.

' Through a long life, John, your uncle had lived alone in this old house—alone with this Indian. During office hours he often occupied his room down-stairs—the room in which that fine portrait hangs ; but he received no visitors there. All matters of business were arranged in my room—in the room, at least, which became mine when I was taken into partnership. There, in his magic way, he settled questions of finance. No one was ever allowed to pass beyond the staircase. Even Marian, to whom he was greatly attached, never visited the upper stories except when Mr Girdlestone took her to look at this lamp. At six o'clock every evening the great hall door was locked and bolted behind us—that is, myself and the clerks—by the native servant ; and never, under any circumstance, was it opened until nine the next morning.'

' An odd character,' said Westcott in an undertone.

' This eccentricity led to all sorts of rumours. It was generally believed that Mr Girdlestone was a man of great wealth ; and his excessive caution and secret ways suggested a hoarding disposition. It was thought that his gold was stored in great heaps in the garrets. I often heard these tales. But I have since convinced myself that these rumours were unfounded.'

' You discovered nothing ? '

' I will tell you,' said Mr Carter, ' exactly what happened. During the years that I served Mr Girdlestone—more than twenty in all—I never knew him to be absent for one day from his desk. There were times when he remained in

the counting-house only an hour or two ; those were what I called his restless days ; for I could hear him pacing this room, which is just above the office, with a peculiar tread which I have never forgotten. It was the only exercise he took ; and it always foreboded some new and frequently gigantic financial scheme. I sometimes fancy, when I am very busy, that I can still hear him walking up and down.'

Westcott looked about him. ' In this room ? ' he interposed. ' You believe it was here ? '

' So it sounded to me,' was Mr Carter's reply. ' But it is a strange old house ; and I have sometimes thought,' he added, ' that there may be rooms up-stairs or down-stairs of which we know nothing.—But let me finish. One afternoon, towards the hour for locking-up, I heard a groan. It came from Mr Girdlestone's room. I went in, and found my old partner leaning forward upon his desk with his head sunk upon his arms. That was his last day in the counting-house—he died that night.' Mr Carter paused, with a distressed look on his face. The details of that painful incident were passing vividly through his mind. Presently he concluded : ' No sooner was Mr Girdlestone dead, strange to say, than his Indian servant absconded. No one knows where he has gone. He seemed to me like a man who had received some shock. I could make nothing of him. Doubtless, he possessed a great deal of information about his master. If Mr Girdlestone was a hoarder of gold, he must have found it out. But I, who have lived here ever since my partner's death, have discovered nothing. And as to the mystery, John, about that key,' he added, ' who can solve it ? '

Westcott made no reply, but he sat watching the merchant attentively ; and he soon noticed a look of drowsiness coming over him. The fatigue and anxiety of the last few days were beginning to tell upon his overwrought brain. The more sleep he became the more wakeful grew the expression on Westcott's face.

As soon as he had assured himself that Mr Carter was asleep, the young man rose from his chair, stepped softly across the room, and approached Marian's side. Standing where the light fell strongly upon him, some paces from her, he whispered : ' Don't stop playing, Miss Carter : your father will wake. I have a secret to tell you ; and much will depend, within the next few minutes, upon your presence of mind. But do not be alarmed,' he hastened to add. ' Play as you are playing now, and listen.'

Marian was a true musician ; and at the moment that John Westcott came and stood there she was carried away by the enchanting effect of some melody. His unexpected appearance startled her ; it was like being suddenly roused out of a dream. She could not hide her agitation ; even the flood of harmony threatened to fall into discord. A false note was struck ; and then, in a troubled voice, she murmured, as she half lifted her eyes from the keys : ' A secret to tell me ? '

Westcott sat down, though without approaching nearer ; for his first thought was to reassure the girl. ' Do not be distressed, Miss Carter ; place confidence in me. Can you not—for your father's sake ? He needs a friend.'

The girl fixed her eyes earnestly on Westcott's face: it was a handsome and sympathetic face. Why was his manner so mysterious and perplexing? But his appearance pleased her, and there was a genuine ring in his voice. She quickly decided: she put away all suspicion as ungenerous, and answered him, 'I am listening. Pray, do not hesitate to speak.'

The young man gave Marian a grateful glance. 'I have come to England,' said he, after a moment's pause, 'on an affair which deeply concerns your father—an affair of the utmost importance. I have come to do what is in my power to save the old house of Girdlestone and Company from ruin. Much that Mr Carter told me had already reached my ears—through what medium, and how strange a one, you will hardly guess.'

The weird stories that Marian had heard about this old house in Fisher's Folly—and of the quaint figure of Mr Girdlestone, who had lived here so many years—were still fresh in her memory: even while a child, her mind had been busy puzzling out the meaning of these mysteries. But she was more puzzled now; and as these thoughts came rushing upon her—thoughts which Westcott's words had recalled—something of her strange mood seemed to enter into her expression while she played.

Westcott presently resumed. 'You remember that Indian servant of Mr Girdlestone's?' said he. 'Well—I have seen him; and he has told me every secret he knew about my uncle.'

This was indeed startling news for Marian. She looked up at Westcott with eager eyes and half-parted lips. She even ceased, in her excitement, to move her fingers over the keys; and for a moment there was a dead silence. But she quickly recovered herself, and fell into playing soft and dreamy music while listening to all that now followed from Westcott.

'The secrets which this man has told me, as I hope, will enable me to restore credit to the house. But nothing is yet sure; and for this reason I hesitate to tell your father. Can the house be saved? Before Mr Carter wakes, let us try to settle this question.'

'Is it possible?' whispered Marian.

'Yes; I sincerely believe so,' said Westcott in an earnest tone. 'During the many years that this Indian lived here, Miss Carter, he kept his eyes wide open. But he was shrewd enough not to betray any signs of curiosity. He was discreet and honest. Indeed, my uncle, I am inclined to think, could scarcely have chosen a better servant. But he developed, owing to the circumstances which surrounded him, into a panic-stricken man. All that he had found out about his master's affairs, and the strange incident that followed, struck terror to his heart. He confided all this to me on his death-bed. It was quite pitiable.'

Marian, with a wondering look in her eyes, whispered: 'What strange incident?'

'One which was the cause of his sudden flight. This is what he told me. Years ago, when he first became my uncle's servant, he discovered that his master was a hoarder of gold. With that lantern in his hand, which you call the Golden Lamp, Mr Girdlestone would walk about the house long after midnight. He naturally supposed that his servant was asleep in his garret. But the man was following him like a shadow

from floor to floor. It became a fascination—a sort of mania. It was like following some uneasy spirit about these old rooms and staircases. And so near did he creep along behind him, with naked feet and sometimes on his hands, that he could at any moment have touched his master; and although Mr Girdlestone sometimes flashed the lantern round him with suspicion, the native was too agile in his movements to be detected. A particular panel became known to him—one that led to a secret strong-room. That panel is in this room: it is within a few feet, Miss Carter, of where you are seated.'

The startled look had come back into Marian's face. What strange story was this? She had heard nothing so weird about Fisher's Folly before. She followed the young man's glance towards the oaken wall, and again the music was almost inaudible.

'There!' said Westcott, pointing across the room. 'That panel can be moved. It is a door that leads down narrow steps, as the Indian assured me, into a huge cellar. Here are to be found bags of money: thousands of pounds, Miss Carter, in hard cash.'

Marian's cheeks were flushed with excitement; and the melody sounded as if following her thoughts into a shower of gold. 'Why,' said she, 'did Mr Girdlestone's servant hide this from us?'

'Ah! I am now coming to that,' said Westcott. 'On the night that Mr Girdlestone died—a rainy, gusty night—the Indian could not sleep. The loss of his old master distressed him deeply; but the secret which he had stolen distressed him still more. He could never restore it now; and it seemed as much a crime in his eyes as if he had stolen the gold. He took the lantern from its place and wandered about as he had seen his master doing. Neither the pattering of the rain against the windows, nor the moaning of the wind in the draughty rooms and corridors, gave him any concern. He had never experienced the least fear: it had all been wonder and breathless interest at his master's ways. Terror suddenly seized upon him for the first time. How the feeling came he could not explain; but without looking round or even listening, an overwhelming conviction took possession of the man: his master was following *him*! But it was not a living master, but a dead one—the noiseless ghost of Mr Girdlestone.'

Marian could not help shuddering; and her tremulous notes showed how deeply all that John Westcott had been relating affected her. The young man noticed this, and waited while she tried to overcome her emotion. He then rose from his chair, and taking from his pocket the document which he had an hour ago discovered in Mr Girdlestone's desk, approached Marian and pointed out the words written at the foot: 'For the key to the secret strong-room, wherein will be found fifty bags of hard cash, look behind the Golden Lamp.'

'And now,' said he, 'I will steal quietly into the dining-room and get the lantern.'

Marian looked up with an expression almost of awe. 'Have you the hardihood—all alone—to make this search?'

Westcott smiled. 'I'm not frightened when I've a good light. And was not the lamp lit

by you'—Marian dropped her eyes—'lit for this very expedition? It was my uncle's wish.—Besides,' he went on, 'is not the key which has been hanging there all these years the key to the secret strong-room?'

Westcott steps into the dining-hall and glances at Mr Carter, who is sleeping soundly. Marian looks over her shoulder, but never ceases playing. She sees Westcott detach the lantern; and as he comes quickly back with the softest tread, he stops and touches a panel near the fireplace. His lips convey these words to the girl, for his voice does not reach her: 'This is the way.'

Marian whispers back distressfully: 'If he wakes'—

'Stop playing: it will warn me. But tell him nothing.'

The girl glances towards the clock on the mantel-shelf. 'I shall count the minutes. Shall you soon be back?'

Westcott looks at his watch: 'In ten minutes.'

'So quickly as that! But it will be like ten hours to me.'

He approaches the wall and presses upon the panel, which yields to his hand. He glances back at Marian, and their eyes meet. His heart is beating fast, but her encouraging look makes it beat the faster. Westcott stoops down and steps into an open space in the wall. A cold, damp draught of air rushes into the room. The music trembles, as if an icy wind had caught the keys. For a moment the lantern glimmers; and Marian sees the light moving away. John Westcott and the Golden Lamp have disappeared.

SOMETHING ABOUT MICE.

IN an Encyclopædia article dealing with the Mouse tribe, we find the observation, that of the domestic mouse 'the habits and appearance are too well known to need any description.' Though, so far as relates to the animal's appearance, this remark may be correct, we think that those persons who have made the little creature's ways a matter of close observation will have noticed some things respecting *Mus musculus* that are not generally known. The mouse appears to have a particular attraction for human beings, for we notice that when visitors to the Zoological Gardens, children especially, spy a mouse in one of the dens, they generally watch it more eagerly than they do the lawful occupant of the enclosure. A few notes, therefore, which we once made respecting some mice which were the only mammals sharing with us the shelter of a cottage which we occupied in the Tasmanian bush, may not be without interest to lovers of the animal world. Finding mice in the dwelling when we took possession, we at first attempted to destroy them; but we soon determined to treat them rather as pets and to watch their ways. Their number never amounted to more than about a dozen of all ages; so their increase, which is naturally so rapid, was probably checked by wild animals catching them when they ventured out of doors.

We early came to the conclusion that the

common mouse has slight, if any, natural fear of mankind—that is, instinctive dread, like that possessed by English hares, wood-pigeons, &c. What they fear and start at is anything, animate or inanimate, which moves suddenly. We do not suppose that they comprehend a man as an entity inimical or otherwise. We have more than once when rising from a chair crushed a mouse under our foot which had been resting on the heel, and under which the mouse had doubtless run for shelter the moment that we began to stir. Very frequently, too, as we have stood motionless, mice have tickled our skin greatly by climbing up and down our clothes as high as the shoulder. They have also coolly walked round our book as it lay on the table before us, and apparently looked into our eyes without the slightest fear; but they fled at the sight of any sudden movement, if only of a finger. A mouse which I came upon in a large tin case made frantic efforts to escape by jumping out; but upon my putting my hand down to capture it, so far from avoiding me, it ran up my coat-sleeve and over my shoulder and back, and so to the ground.

We found the mouse's action in this respect paralleled by that of the rat-kangaroos in the bush. These animals fled like wild rabbits at the sound of our approach through the scrub, fearing, doubtless, a thylacine (the 'tiger-wolf' of the colonists); but if they happened to see us standing still, they would unsuspiciously continue to grub up roots within a pace or two of our feet. Like mice, they feared the undiscerned, but not man. Tasmania has never been sufficiently populated to give them a natural dread of the human hunter. But such an instinctive fear they may acquire—through natural selection—before they are exterminated by human weapons.

The percentage of mice which have been captured by men in the way that they are caught by cats has been too small for the creation of any instinctive dread of man as a whole. But, as he has always, presumably, trapped mice in large numbers, the creatures have, as might be expected, a horror of the smell of his fingers. Evidence of this we found by placing our hand over a small heap of flour. The mice came for the flour; but when their noses touched our naked fingers, they precipitately fled. Afterwards, when we covered our hand with a kid glove, they fearlessly put their heads between the parted fingers to get at the flour. They even allowed us—provided our movements were very slow—to drag them away by their tails, and would still return to the food. No corresponding fear seemed to be inspired by the smell of the human foot, as they would readily eat flour laid on our naked toes. We have often read of mice being 'tamed' by prisoners and others; but we have never seen it stated whether they learned to ignore sudden movements made by their human friends, or became indifferent to the smell of their fingers.

We were certainly surprised to find what could be done with these creatures without scaring them. If we tied a piece of bread at the middle of a long piece of string, one end of which was fastened to the wall, as we slowly raised the bread by pulling at the other end of the string, the mice would cling to the bread by their fore-

paws till they were half a yard from the ground. Upon their being let down to the floor again, they would immediately recommence their disturbed repast. This, done over and over again, seemed nothing more to them than the swinging of a bough is to a bird.

The organs of hearing and smelling in mice are, of course, very efficient; but their eyesight is, we believe, poor. Their intelligence is, we should think, low, as might be expected from the paucity of convolutions in their brains. We suspended a tin of flour at such a height from the ground that our little friends could not quite jump into it, though the smell of the food made them very persevering in their endeavours to do so. We then arranged a string so that by a detour they could get at the good stuff that way. One mouse by following that course attained to the desired goal, but evidently by chance, for being startled out of the tin, it continued for a long while to make futile efforts to recover its lost position by jumping up, never again seeking the road which had led it before to the object of its desire. For hours we have lain in bed watching mice trying in vain to spring into the tin of flour, none of them ever perceiving that there was a feasible road leading thereto.

Before we had much observed mice, the use to them of their long tails was a question that had puzzled us. We do not now know of what service they are to the females; but to the bucks they are, we see, of use in their combats; for, when they fight, they very often face one another standing on their hindlegs, the tail then making, as with kangaroos, the third feature of a tripod. Their appearance, when they thus stand facing one another with their heads thrown back, and their paws raised in front of their faces, is, on account perhaps of the resemblance it bears to the posture of prizefighters, extremely comic. Small mice, also, when attacked by their bigger congeners raise their paws before their faces, the attitude in that case strangely suggesting one of deprecation. What occurs when belligerent bucks actually engage, only instantaneous photography could record, so rapid are their movements. Presumably, they try to bite; but must consider defence the better part of valour, for they never appear to get hurt much, and between the rounds will nibble away at the crust which brought them into vicinage, only showing their excitement by rattling their tails against the ground. Occasionally, a tail seized by the teeth leads to one mouse having to drag his enemy over the floor till the latter lets go.

We are sometimes now reminded of our mice when the old worn-out wooden pavement of a London roadway is being broken up. A crowd of mice feeding on a sprinkling of bread-crumbs would scatter at our approach, and would come back one by one when the danger appeared to have passed away. If a mouse lighted upon a relatively large bit of bread, he immediately fled to his hole with it. So the little street arabs cautiously purloining the smaller scraps of wood in the roadway are seen to flee away at the approach of the man who has bought the lot; but as he moves away, one by one they return to fill their aprons, their eyes always open to the danger of capture. Should a child contrive to secure one whole block of the old wood, like the

mouse with the big morsel, there is immediately a hurried scamper home with the treasure.

In conclusion, we think that we can recommend—under some circumstances—an invalid who wants a novelty with which to beguile the time, to balance the advantage of suffering to live in peace any little murine visitors to the sick-room against the drawbacks which their presence is usually held to entail.

A CHINESE WEDDING.

AN American lady resident in Shanghai sends us the following account of a Chinese wedding, which she was lately invited to attend.

In the American settlement Hong-kew, to reach which you are obliged to cross a river known as Soo-chow Creek, there is a small neat American Episcopal church, which is cared for by a Christianised Chinese clergyman, the Rev. Mr Yen, and here the wedding took place. According to Chinese custom, the bridal procession was formed at the bride's house. First, there are a number of boys who are hired to walk ahead, carrying red banners fastened to long poles; then come the musicians, some playing wind instruments much resembling in sound Scotch bagpipes; others scraping elongated fiddles; others thumping gongs of varied sizes and discordant tones; while some are beating hollow pieces of bamboo, which give forth a dull clattering sound. The whole cannot be said to harmonise, but gives out a conglomeration of disconnected sounds rather like a badly-rehearsed toy symphony, but altogether delightful to the native ear. Apropos of music, the Chinaman regards the foreigner as far superior to him in civilisation and in business, but firmly believes that in the one subject of music he is the foreigner's superior—in fact, that he leads the world! After the band, come more boys carrying large red parasols, with long red and gold fringe; these parasols are on sticks ten feet long; then more boys with red banners, which bear Chinese characters in gold on either side expressing all sorts of complimentary things to the bride. Then more parasol-bearers; and after all this comes the bridal chair, which is a most magnificent affair. This ancient mode of locomotion will bear close description. It is a large structure about six feet high, borne on two long lancewood poles or shafts, and carried by four men, two in front and two behind. As weddings are not very frequent in a Chinese family, it is hardly to be supposed that the chair belongs to the bride. It is almost invariably hired for the occasion and at an enormous expense, sometimes as much as thirty or forty 'taels'—a tael being about six shillings sterling. In the case of a family of small means, this unfortunate custom plunges the family into a debt which it will take them years to pay.

Red being the colour denoting Chinese joy, the chair is of course of this colour. It is about as large as two ordinary sedan chairs, and is a mass of rich carving and gilt, inlaid with pieces of jasper, jade, and mottled Chinese marble, and draped with richly embroidered silk curtains both outside and inside. Besides all these there are strings of jade and gold beads, and tiny silken tassels strung from corner to corner on the outside. Inside, is a comfortable seat and a foot-

stool, covered with red silk. A small mirror and pictures hang on the sides. It is shut up, so that you cannot see in; but the person inside can look out.

After the bridal chair come any number of banner and umbrella bearers, and more musicians, followed by the friends of the bride, generally in sedan chairs, unless the distance is short, when they walk.

The music, or as they call it in pigeon-English, 'sing-song,' is kept up until the door of the church is reached, when the native gives way to the foreign 'sing-song,' and the bride is greeted with Mendelssohn's Wedding March, played on the organ by my friend Mrs M—, through whose invitation I had this opportunity of seeing a Chinese wedding.

The bridegroom on this occasion was a Christian Chinaman, who had been educated in America, and become very much Europeanised. When in America, this young man, a handsome and very intelligent fellow, had worn foreign clothes, and had adopted much of modern manners, becoming enlightened according to our civilisation, and losing faith in the customs of his mother-country. The contract for him to marry this young woman had been made years before, when both were children, yet he never had seen the girl, and had no idea what she was like. Upon his return to China the bridegroom had presented himself at the home of his bride-elect, in the hope of seeing her; but she would not receive him, preferring to remain loyal to the ancient customs of her race. During his stay in America, this young Chinaman had written to his future wife, asking her not to pinch her feet according to the practice prevailing in China, and to seek education in modern ways, to befit her for his wife. Her reply was, that she knew what was right for her to do as a Chinese lady; that she knew the Chinese poets, and the history of her country, and could embroider beautifully. This seemed to sum up the whole of her creed, and to these three or four articles of faith she was true.

Bishop Boone, the head of the American Church Mission in China, officiated in Chinese. In the church the native customs gave place to the observance of Christian rites, though I believe the bride was not a professing Christian. The bridegroom and his friends had already taken up their position in the church when the procession arrived. The bridal chair having been set down at the door of the church, it took some time to get the bride out and on to her feet, if such tiny things can be so called; they were not more than three inches long, as I had a chance to see later on. In her progress to the altar she was assisted by four women, who were attending her as maids, more to hold her on her feet or pegs than anything else. This part of the procession was the slowest thing I ever saw; it seemed as if the four women, guiding a moving bundle of clothes, would never reach the altar. My curiosity was excited to such a point that I could scarcely restrain myself from turning round, as every one else seemed to be doing. It should be said that the six bridesmaids had preceded the bride to the altar, where they stood, awaiting her arrival. When at last the bride did reach the altar, the ceremony prescribed by the Episcopal Church was soon over, and the husband

and his friends left his newly-made wife with four servants and six bridesmaids in the church, and made off to the house of Mr X, a Chinese missionary, where the couple were to live for a time. Almost all the Chinese men vanished with the exit of the husband, leaving only a very few to act as escort to the foreign guests.

After a lot of trouble, the bride was once more carefully packed up in her chair, and the whole procession re-formed, proceeding with renewed vigour and much hullabaloo to Mr X's house, whither the husband had already gone.

The regular Chinese custom is for the bride to be carried to the home of the bridegroom's parents. In this instance, however, the husband's parents not being Christians, the house of Mr X, a characteristic Chinese house, was taken as representing the paternal roof. We foreigners, about twenty of us, having taken carriages from the church, reached the house in time to see the procession arrive. The banners, the parasols, the musicians, and the whole motley crew came on, and crowded the courtyard in front of the house; the bridal chair again made its appearance; and not without much trouble the newly-made wife was got out and half carried into the house. It was here that I first had an opportunity to see the bridal clothes. These, like the bridal chair, are generally hired for the occasion at a great expense; but we were told that, as far as the bride's costume went, it was her own property and the work of her own hands. The material of her dress or robe was of rich crimson silk, beautifully embroidered in gold and colours, the design embodying almost everything you can think of—flowers, vines, houses, trees, animals, birds, butterflies, beetles, and lots of other things, jumbled together in an artistic but apparently meaningless manner.

The dress consists of two pieces, the lower one or skirt being the more elaborately worked; while the sleeves of the upper garment and the middle of the back were one solid mass of embroidery. Over her head she wears a very thick red silk veil, through which she can manage to see what is going on without being seen herself. This reaches below her waist. Over the veil she wears an immense bridal crown of gold or 'looksee' gold. This appears so heavy that it makes you tired to look at it. It is about eighteen inches high, and is made up of almost everything ornamental, heaped up tier above tier—gilt, real gold, jade, silver, silk, embroideries, pendants, tassels—in fact, a pile of Christmas-tree ornaments, weighing several pounds. What must this poor girl have suffered wearing it all day! This crown is invariably hired.

The bridegroom's dress was also hired, as the young gentleman having affected European clothes was not in possession of a Chinese wardrobe. His costume was of ink-blue satin, heavily embroidered with gold, the back being plain, with the exception of a square of about ten inches between his shoulders of very rich gold embroidery, which I thought at the time would just make a nice anti-macassar. We learned afterwards that this unwilling husband had been obliged to return to China by his parents, who have supreme authority over their children here; also, that his queue or pigtail was false, and was fastened inside his hat, removable with same.

Arrived at the house of the bridegroom, or the substitute for it, the Chinese ceremony begins. The bride is accompanied by her bridesmaids, her servants, and her friends, who lead her up one side of the reception room, while her husband is escorted by his friends up the other side. In the centre of this room is a large table with two seats at one end, the right one for the bride, the left for the groom. While the couple are proceeding to their places, a man, a relative of the groom, stands by the table, and in the soberest manner, yet in a sing-song tone, pours forth complimentary speeches about the bride and all her relations; while opposite to him an old woman, representing the bride's family, does the same by the groom and his relations. This simply amounts to an expression of mutual flattery. The table is decorated with flowers, amongst which is a stone jar filled with money which has been given to the bride. Besides this, all the guests are supposed to make presents of money to the bride; and in many cases the couple are dependent on these offerings to defray the expenses of the wedding—in fact, that is what it is for, just like a collection at church.

While the complimentary speeches are being droned out with many bows and much solemnity, some eatables are being brought in by an old waiting-woman, and set upon the table in front of the happy pair. These comprise about a dozen dishes of all kinds of Chinese foods, rather decorative than substantial, and are brought in for appearance only. A woman approaches the bride, and with chopsticks and bowl in hand pretends to feed her with some of the viands; but as the heavy veil is never lifted, nothing whatever is eaten, and only the appearance of it is indulged in. The same office is performed by another woman for the bridegroom, who, though not veiled, was equally content with going through the motions. Then a glass of native wine is poured out and handed to the groom, who puts it to his lips only; the same cup is then applied to the outside of the bride's veil, and both are supposed to have partaken. The couple are then tied together, always at a respectful distance, by two pieces of coloured silk ribbon, red and green, the ends of which are tied to the right wrist of the groom, and the left of the bride. This, I believe, is the nuptial knot. In this position they remain for about a quarter of an hour, being subjected to the gaze of all the guests and inflicted with more music by the band, which has by this time found its way into the room.

In due time—that is, when everybody's patience is quite exhausted—the couple are released from their silken bondage, and are conducted, each in the escort of two women, out of the room and up-stairs to the bridal chamber, all the visitors following in the train. This chamber contains, among other things, a bed of great splendour—a complete museum in itself. In shape it is a very large-sized four-poster of dark-red hard wood, richly carved, and with small round slabs of mottled Chinese marble let in wherever there seems a place for them. But the principal feature is the richly-embroidered curtains hanging from the top of the frame down to the ground, but made in such a way that the wooden frame of the bed is allowed to be seen in front of the

draperies. The bedclothes consisted of a number of hand-worked quilts, and two magnificently-embroidered pillows, which were laid down the middle of the bed in very neat order. Outside the curtains, this extraordinary piece of furniture was ornamented with all sorts of small specimens of embroidery of varied designs, looking like pen-wipers, pincushions, and the like, some shaped like dragons, others square or triangular, and all dissimilar. We heard that all these elaborate embroideries were the work of the bride, and that she had probably spent the whole of her life in preparing for this great event, such being the custom among Chinese women.

Having reached the bridal chamber, the company proceeded to examine the wedding presents, which were displayed on the Chinese dressing-table. These were partly Chinese, partly foreign, but all very nice and well chosen—a pair of costly vases, a *manicure* set, a toilet set, Japanese tea-service, pieces of silk embroidery made by friends, and many other things beside jewellery. But what was very characteristic was noticed on one side of the room—a pile of black boxes tied up with strips of red paper. These boxes were heaped up one over the other till they nearly reached the ceiling. There may have been twenty of them, all as like as peas, and each large enough to contain two or three ladies' dresses. It is regarded as a sign of wealth to have a large number of these; and such is their love for show, that a Chinese lady would sooner not be married than not have a large display of these boxes, which are supposed to contain her trousseau. Of course, some of these boxes may have been empty, and others may have contained old clothes, as great care was observed to have them sealed up and their contents safe from examination.

In one corner of the room, on a table, were a number of small cardboard boxes, covered with red paper, with gauze on the top, through which you could see that each contained a small handful of Chinese confections. Every one leaving the bridal chamber received a box. This corresponds to our custom of giving each guest a piece of wedding cake, and, indeed, may have been its origin.

The whole company, followed by the bride and bridegroom, then descend to a reception room, shortly to be shown into a long room furnished only with chairs. In the middle of the floor is a piece of red cloth; on one side are two bridal chairs, very elaborate and coloured red, standing a little distance apart; and facing these, on the other side of the carpet, are two ordinary chairs for the reception of the guests each in turn. These chairs, however, were scarcely used on this occasion, the guests remaining standing. This part of the ceremony—it was more like a scene in a drama—was perhaps the most characteristic of the Chinese ways and customs, and was devoted entirely to 'chin-chin,' or saluting. The groom had taken up his place beside one of the chairs, and there stood ready to receive and pay homage to the male guests each in turn; while beside the other chair stood the bride, bowing to the lady guests.

The gentleman who chanted the complimentary speeches at the make-believe breakfast table now acted as master of the ceremonies, and brought

in a male friend, placing him directly in front of the bridegroom. Then commenced a series of oriental salaams; the husband, the guests, and the master of ceremonies all on their knees, and with hands clasped and raised above their heads, bow down to the ground again and again. In order to enable them to move together, the master of ceremonies sings a doleful strain, rising and falling to suit the action, and apparently done to enable the trio to move in concert. The more affluent or rich the guest, the more 'chin-chin' they receive.

The first male guest having been disposed of, the groom takes a rest, and our attention is directed to the bride. She is assisted by an 'ahma' (Chinese nurse), who stands beside her and assists her to bow in a manner which seems more forcible than polite. A lady having been placed opposite, the same show begins, and the same extravagant salutations are indulged in. Then the groom begins with another man, while the bride has an opportunity to straighten out her back, and so on, until all the celebrities and intimate friends have been done homage to. With this, the first day's ceremonies are at an end, and the festivities begin. Other portions of the wedding festivities are held on the next two or three days, the final festivity not taking place for some days. It takes a long time to get married in China!

SOME FASHIONS IN HEELS.

'WHAT's your name?' asked old Prince Esterhazy, when Haydn at the age of twenty-eight was introduced to him. 'Haydn,' was the reply. —'Ah! I've heard of you. Get along and dress yourself like a Kapellmeister. Clap on a new coat, and mind your wig is curled. You're too short. You shall have red heels; but they shall be high, that your stature may correspond with your merit.' The 'red heels' promised to the composer in so offhand a manner by the princely old lover of music in 1760, had for nearly a hundred years been a mark of the man of fashion in England as well as abroad. The beaux who sauntered along the Mall in the days of Charles II., proud of their long curling wigs, heavy with scent, their canes and their snuff-boxes, were proud also of their scarlet heels. In the reign of Queen Anne, red-heeled shoes formed an essential part of the costume of those 'smart fellows' and 'pretty fellows' whom Steele so often mentions with good-natured satire in the pages of the *Tatler*. 'Smart fellows' were succeeded by other varieties of the genus fop, but red heels remained the fashion. Gay, in his 'Trivia,' describes the dangers of the streets braved by a beau:

Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head:
At every step he dreads the wall to lose,
And risks, to save a coach, his red-heeled shoes.

And later, in 1754, Colman, describing a needy beau—a predecessor of Goldsmith's Beau Tibbs—says that his shoes, though perhaps capped at the toe, had red heels to them; and his stock-

ings, though often full of holes, were constantly rolled up over his knees in the then fashionable manner. It is uncertain when these scarlet heels ceased to be fashionable, but they did not survive the eighteenth century. They probably went out with so many older fashions and customs during the French Revolution.

A much more venerable and persistent fashion in heels is the habit of wearing them high. Early shoes and boots would appear to have had very slight heels, if any at all; but when once the heels began to be made high and stilted, the fashion became firmly fixed, and has lasted to the present day. It would be difficult to say exactly when high heels first appeared, but they were worn in England at least as long ago as the early part of the sixteenth century. They reached this country from Venice, and the Venetians imported them from Turkey. The Turkish original was a kind of patten, worn, doubtless, to raise the wearer above the dirt. In the plates to George Sandys' 'Travels,' a well-known seventeenth-century book, the Turkish women are represented wearing these chopines, or 'chioppines,' as English writers called them. In Venice, they were in very common use. They were made of wood, covered with leather of different colours, and were often curiously painted and sometimes gilt. They were worn absurdly high, some being raised eighteen inches from the ground, the degree of nobility possessed by the lady-wearer being indicated by the height of the chopine. On stilts of this kind, unassisted walking naturally became no easy task, and hence was seen the ridiculous spectacle of a lady supported on either side by attendants, when she went abroad, so that she might not fall.

The word 'chopine' was supposed by our older writers to be of Italian origin, and was often spelt *cioppino*, and in the plural *cioppini*, as if a genuine Italian word. But, strangely enough, notwithstanding the fashion that undoubtedly prevailed at Venice, the word does not appear in Italian dictionaries. It is probably of Spanish origin. The modern Spanish *chapin* means a clog with a cork sole. Hamlet alludes to these exalted pattens in his welcome to the players, when he says: 'By'r lady, your ladyship is nearer to heaven than when I saw you last, by the altitude of a chopine.' This shows that the Venetian fashionable foot-wear was familiar to Elizabethan Englishmen; but its influence in the shape of high-heeled shoes had long before been felt in this country.

At the Tudor Exhibition, held recently in London, there were to be seen the shoes worn by Henry VIII. at the famous meeting of the Field of the Cloth of Gold. They were of velvet, beautifully embroidered, and had silver edges and pretty high heels. Some shoes worn by the unfortunate Anne Boleyn were also shown; and their heels were decidedly high. Another exhibit was a pair of shoes formerly belonging to Queen Elizabeth, which she left at Northiam, in Sussex, where on one occasion she dined on the village green on her way to Rye. The heels of her majesty's shoes were very high. In Elizabethan times corked shoes were much worn, the cork thickening towards the heel. In an old comedy, 'The Fleire,' printed in 1615, a lady who

inquires, 'Why the citizens weare all corks in their shooes?' is told: 'Tis, Madam, to keep up the customs of the cite, only to be light-heeled.'

During the reigns of Elizabeth's immediate successors heels increased in height. In King James's days, or in the early years of Charles's reign, before political troubles and civil war drove dandyism out of sight, and almost out of existence for many years, a fop delighted to exhibit his white silk stockings, embroidered with elaborate 'clocks' in a variety of colours, above shoes with heels cut away at each corner and of portentous height. About this time the ladies, too, got upon their stilts and took to chopines, for the eccentric John Bulwer, writing towards the middle of the century, denounces their adoption of this fashion, which, he says, is a monstrous affectation, imitated from the Venetian and Persian ladies.

After the Restoration, when dress once more became an absorbing pursuit with many a handsome cavalier, and the scented beaux sunned themselves and their love-locks in the Park, fashionable shoes rejoiced in long toes and heels that were still high. Ladies followed the same fashion. An old ballad in 'Vindication of Top-knots and Commodes,' in the Bagford collection, dating from about 1680, says:

There's many short women that could not be matched
Until the Top-knots came in fashion;
Tho' they wore their shoes high, both painted and
patched,
And humoured the tricks of Love's passion.

Top-knots and commodes disappeared, and were replaced by many strange varieties of head-gear, both male and female, but foot-wear still continued high. In the time of George I. the beau or 'smart' wore square-toed shoes with very small diamond buckles, a great flap on the instep, and high red heels. The speculative mania of 1720, the famous bubble year, produced a great crop of caricatures and satirical songs and prints. Many of these were collected in a folio volume published in Holland, and among them is a large engraving satirising generally the madness of speculators. It represents Fortune being driven by Folly, her car being drawn by figures representing the chief bubble companies, from the South Sea and the Mississippi schemes downwards. The attire of Folly, the driver, gives us a complete picture of the female fashion of the day; it includes a great hoop petticoat, patches, and shoes with very high heels. The fine gentleman of a few years later is well depicted in the figure of the young nobleman in the first picture of Hogarth's 'Marriage à la Mode.' He has been admirably described by Hazlitt. 'The beau,' he says, 'sits smiling at the looking-glass, with a reflected simper of self-admiration and a languishing inclination of the head, while the rest of his body is perked up on his high heels with a certain air of tiptoe elevation.'

In France, throughout the eighteenth century, heels were worn very high. English writers forgot or were ignorant of the fact that this fashion had long prevailed in this country, and were accustomed to denounce it as an importation from France. A satire of about 1780,

describing female fashion, which at that period was marked by great variety and sudden changes, says:

Now high in French heels, now low in your pumps;
Now monstrous in hoop, now trapish, and walking
With your petticoats clung to your heels like a
maulkin;
Like the clock on the tower, that shows you the
weather,
You are hardly the same for two days together.

Writers on dress of the present day also often speak of shoes of 'Louis Quinze height.' About 1770, French women wore shoes with very pointed toes and high slender heels. In 1789, the year of Revolution, an abundance of rouge, many patches, and very high heels, were considered essential aids to female beauty. The men wore shoes of similar elevation, while their attire as a whole was marked by many eccentricities.

The great French upheaval produced a revolution in dress as well as in many other matters. Male costume generally became simpler and less ornate. Artificial appendages, wigs, and like abominations, gave place to more natural modes and customs. Female fashions can hardly be said to have become simpler or more natural, when one recollects the many extraordinary developments and extravagances in dress that the last sixty or seventy years have witnessed. But amongst many changes, the ladies have remained pretty constant in their attachment to high heels. These were once upon a time considered by some folks to be dangerous weapons in the armoury of female charms and blandishments, for not long ago there was discovered in New Jersey an old colonial statute, still unrepealed, which enacts that 'all women of whatever age, profession, or rank, whether maids or widows, who shall, after this Act, impose upon, seduce, or betray into matrimony any of his majesty's subjects by virtue of scents, cosmetics, washes, paints, artificial teeth, false hair, or high-heeled shoes, shall incur the penalty now in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanours.'

ROSES AND MEMORIES.

SONNET.

GLOAM and a grayness as of breaking night
Till the June day awakens, till the hush
Breaks into song of throstle, and the lush
Long grasses stir and quiver, dewy bright.

A world of dusky crimsons, with the white
Snow petals budding, and the fragrant blush
Of the moss-rose—an ever deepening flush
Of flowers that wait the love-kiss of the light.

So breaks the morn of roses; but, alas!
Dead Junes have left their memories, a flower
Pressed between storied leaves, a twist of grass
Once fitted to my finger in that bower
Of twilight blooms. Oh love! though youth must
pass,
Life holds the mem'ry of that golden hour.

C. A. DAWSON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 377.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 21, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE RUINS IN SOUTH CENTRAL AFRICA.

THE Royal Geographical Society, aided by a grant from the British Association, is sending Mr Theodore Bent, well known as an archæologist and explorer in Asia Minor and the Greek Islands, to investigate the remarkable ruins in South Central Africa, of unknown date, supposed by the older geographers to be the remains of the palace of the Queen of Sheba. These ruins, generally known as those of Zimbabwe, are situated in Mashonaland, about one hundred and fifty miles west of Sofala, and were occupied, at the time of the Portuguese expedition into the interior in 1506, by a people denominated by them Moors, but who appear to have been Arabs, reigning over a subject race of Kaffirs, probably the ancestors of the present dwellers in that region; but the dominant race, the Moors of the Portuguese, have apparently disappeared, although some modern explorers trace them in a yellow race found farther in the interior.

The Portuguese historians were loud in their praise of these ruins; but in one of their expeditions, Zimbabwe, having been evacuated by its then inhabitants, was taken by Baretto, the Portuguese commander, sacked, and burnt. After this, nothing was heard of it until it was re-discovered and described by the German traveller, Carl Mauch, in 1871. Mauch, however, was not allowed to explore the ruins, which are regarded as sacred by the natives; but he made sketches of one or two portions of them, which were reproduced by his friend Thomas Baines, the well-known traveller, in his book entitled 'Gold Regions of South-eastern Africa' (1877). Baines' account excited some interest at the time; but the difficulties and dangers attending explorations in these remote districts prevented travellers from following up the discovery, and the matter was allowed to fall into oblivion until now, when the expedition of the Chartered Company of British South Africa has once more opened up and made

practicable a route to these interesting remains of an ancient civilisation.

Zimbabwe as described, is an extensive mass of ruins, covering the western slope of a granite hill, and extending across a plain for about three hundred yards, where stands another mass of ruins upon an elevated terrace. As far as can be traced, these ruins consist of labyrinthine walls one within another, often terminating in a 'cul de sac,' and enclosing in one part a conical tower still thirty feet high, to which no entrance has been discovered, although, perhaps, there may be one, partly buried beneath the débris. These buildings would appear to have formed a strong fortress, impregnable before the introduction of cannon, the entrances being so constructed that only one person could approach at a time, and being then always fully exposed to the arrows of the garrison.

There are many other peculiarities in the construction of these buildings deserving of notice: in one part projecting stones stand out from the wall, as though originally supporting a staircase or gallery; and these stones, which are very hard and of a dark greenish-black colour, are ornamented with a pattern of diamonds and wavy lines; then one of the most perfect of the walls has a frieze of zigzag pattern, formed of very thin slabs of hewn stone, let into the wall about twenty-five feet from the ground, on the south-eastern side only; whilst the whole of the walls, towers, and other structures are built of blocks of granite hewn into the shape of bricks, but a little larger, and put together without mortar, the walls being often ten feet thick at the base, and about seven or eight at the top. But remarkable as are the ruins of Zimbabwe, they do not stand alone, but appear to be connected by a chain of forts with a similar mass of ruins near Tati, fully three hundred miles farther to the west, so exactly similar in structure, design, and ornamentation, as to leave no doubt whatever that they were the work of the same people; whilst similar masses of ruins are reported near Manica, and also in the Transvaal east of the Nylstroom.

The whole of these are built of hewn granite blocks, the size of bricks, and without mortar; and when we consider the immense amount of labour this would entail, we may be certain that the builders must have been very numerous, quite settled in the country, and far advanced in civilisation. They were not Portuguese, who never occupied the country in sufficient force to execute these great works, and whose early historians have testified to their existence at the time of their first expedition. They are wholly unlike the work of any known Kafir race, as none of these ever construct stone buildings, and certainly never hew stones into shape for building purposes. Neither do they appear to resemble Arab structures; nor is there anything sufficiently distinctive to indicate a Phœnician origin, although the latter is the idea which seems to have occupied the minds of most travellers in these regions, for various native names, such as the Sabia River, and many peculiar manners and customs, have caused this land to be regarded as the Ophir of the Bible, the golden land whence Solomon drew the gold and ivory for the Temple of Jerusalem, and whence the Queen of Sheba came to see and judge for herself of the wisdom of which she had heard.

Whatever people may have been the builders of these wonderful structures in the heart of savage Africa, it is quite certain that they were attracted thither by gold, and that these masses of masonry were constructed partly for the protection of the miners, and partly for storing and extracting the precious metal. In the immediate neighbourhood of every one of these forts old workings abound, and near Tati they are met with in thousands; whilst in several of the rooms of the forts furnaces have been found for extracting the metal; the only objects met with besides being very coarse pottery, and stone basins with round stones, such as are still used by the Kaffirs for crushing corn, but which, from their much worn appearance, may also have been used for crushing ore after it had been roasted in the furnaces. It is said that the Kaffirs guarded these places jealously because they found there implements of value; but no modern explorer has ever found any object of metal either among the ruins or in the old workings, which latter consist of shafts, sometimes of great depth, and very skilfully constructed; neither has any inscription been found or other ethnological guide to date. Yet there are stories of inscriptions which formerly existed, and it is to be hoped that Mr Bent may come across something of the kind in his excavations.

That the buildings have been entirely abandoned for centuries is demonstrated by the fact that they are generally overgrown with dense bush, whilst everywhere trees of great size and probably two or three centuries old have forced their way through the walls. Mr Bent is inclined to attribute these remains to the Persians, in the reign of Chosroes II., in the seventh century of the present era; but the brilliant reign of that monarch seems far too short to allow of the works represented by these ruins; and after his death, Persia was in too chaotic a condition to allow of the maintenance of so remote a colony with its necessarily large garrison.

Failing Arabs and Persians, we are thrown

back upon the old Phœnician hypothesis for the origin of these remarkable buildings. It is very evident that Hiram, king of Tyre, had some one well-known *dépôt*, from which he drew his supply of precious metals, his ivory, and his almag trees, and starting from Ezion-Gebir, on the Red Sea, he would be quite as likely to sail along the coast of Africa as far south as Sofala, which from time immemorial has been a gold port, as to sail eastward to India, which has been the rival of Africa as the Ophir of Scripture. The Queen of Sheba has always been regarded as an African potentate, and it would be reasonable to suppose that she would have heard of the wealth and wisdom of Solomon from the merchants who from Tyre sought gold within her dominions, whilst the gold fleet would provide her with the necessary means of transport. It is not a little noteworthy that in this part of Africa there are still several female sovereigns, one of whom, Majaja, has recently submitted to the Boers of the Transvaal, whilst in all other parts of Africa men are the rulers. It is of course possible that the fleets of Hiram and Solomon may have visited both India and Africa in search of treasure; but in any case, the expedition of Mr Bent will be watched with keen interest, as likely to set at rest a controversy which has occupied the minds and the pens of the learned for many generations.

It may be of interest to note that the old Portuguese writers especially notice that rice, millet, and cotton were cultivated by the natives of this region on their first discovery, as well as various fruits, such as oranges, lemons, vines, pine-apples, figs, and the sugar-cane; and these the most recent explorers describe as still growing wild. 'Fancy,' says one of the pioneers, 'riding for miles and miles under the shade of wild orange trees, branches weighed down with fruit, and more of others than I can name, wild grapes, guavas, limes, plums, apples, and pomegranates—a veritable garden of Eden.'

As these fruits are not supposed to be indigenous in Africa, and were evidently not introduced by the Portuguese, who found them there, they may perhaps form a clue to the civilised builders of Zimbabwe.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIV.—RACK AND THUMBSREW.

HAVILAND DUMARESQ sat long on the bank, with his head in his hands, sobbing like a child. Then he rose wearily, and plodded home alone, his head aching and his heart heavy at the downfall of that mad momentary opium dream for his beloved Psyche.

Without and within, indeed, the day had changed. Dull weather was springing up slowly from the west, where the sun had buried itself behind a rising fog-bank. The philosopher made his way, with stumbling steps, across the open downs—those prosaic downs so lately mountains—and lifting the latch of the garden gate, entered the house and walked aimlessly into his bare little study.

A dozen books lay open on the plain deal table

—books of reference for the subject at which he was just then working—a series of papers on mathematical and astronomical questions for the 'Popular Instructor.' He sat down in his place and tried to compose. It was for bread, for bread, for bread, for Psyche. But even that strong accustomed spur could not goad him on to work this dreary afternoon. He gazed vacantly at the accusing sheet of virgin-white foolscap; not a thought surged up in that teeming brain; not a picture floated before those dim inner eyes; he couldn't fix himself for a moment upon the declination of Alpha Centauri: with all the universe of stars and nebulae and constellations and systems careering madly in wild dance around him to the music of the spheres, his mind came back ever to one insignificant point in space, on the surface of that petty planet he so roundly despised—the point occupied by a tiny inconspicuous organic result of cosmic energies, by name Psyche. At last he flung down his pen in despair, and opening the door half ajar in his hand, called up the stairs to her, 'Psyche, Psyche, Psyche.'

'Yes, Papa,' Psyche answered, jumping up at the call from the tiny couch in her own bedroom, and running down the steep and narrow cottage staircase. 'You weren't in for lunch. I was so sorry. You've had one of those horrid headaches again, I'm sure. I can tell it by your eyes. I see the pupils look so big and heavy.'

Haviland Dumaresq drew one palm across his forehead, and gazed hard at his daughter's eyes in return. Though she had bathed them well in cold water, they still bore evident traces of crying. 'My darling,' he said, laying his hand on her shoulder with tender care, and drawing her over caressingly to the one armchair in that bare little workshop, 'something's been troubling you too. You're not yourself at all to-day, I can see. You look pale and troubled.—Psyche, we two have never had secrets from one another up to this: don't let's begin to have any now. Tell me what it is. Tell me what's worrying my dear little daughter.' He spoke wistfully.

Psyche gazed up at him half doubtful for a moment; then she answered with a flush: 'You can read everything. You know already what it is, father.'

Dumaresq, trembling, took her little hand in his and stroked it tenderly. 'We must expect it so now,' he said in an undertone, as if half to himself, with dreamy persistence—'we must expect it so, now, I suppose: the Epoch has come for it. In the essentially artificial state of society in which we human atoms now live and move and have our being, feelings that are natural at certain turns of life as song to the bird or play to the kitten must be sternly repressed at Society's bidding; and they can only be suppressed by being turned inward; they must find vent at last, if in nothing else, in these hysterical longings, and tears, and emotions. I must expect them all, no doubt; I must expect these outbursts. But it's hard to see them, for all that, however inevitable. My little girl has been crying—alone. It wrings my heart to see her eyes so red. Psyche, Psyche, you must try to dismiss it.'

'I can't,' Psyche answered, making no attempt to conceal the subject that floated uppermost in both their thoughts. Father and daughter were too nearly akin to allow of any flimsy pretences

between them. 'I can't dismiss it—and, Papa, I don't want to.'

'Not for my sake, Psyche?' he asked sadly.

The girl rose, the peach-blossom flush in her cheek now more crimson than ever, and flinging herself wistfully on her father's shoulder, answered without faltering, or sobbing, or crying: 'Anything but *that*, father; anything on earth but *that*; for your sake, anything; but *that*, never!'

The old man disengaged her softly from his neck, and seating her down in the big armchair, where she let her face hang, all shame and blushes, without venturing to raise her eyes to his, surveyed her long and anxiously in pitying silence. Then he cried at last, clasping his hands tight: 'I didn't think it had gone as far as *this*, my darling. If I'd dreamt it was going as far as *this*, I'd have spoken and warned you long ago, Psyche!'

'It hasn't gone far at all, Papa,' Psyche answered truthfully. 'It hasn't begun even. It's all within. I don't so much as know'—she paused for a moment, then she added in a very low tone, tremulously—'whether he cares the least little bit in the world for me.'

'It *has* gone far,' the old man corrected with a very grave air: 'far, far, too far—in your own heart, Psyche. And your own heart is all I care about. I ought to have foreseen it. I ought to have suspected it. I ought to have guarded my treasure, my beautiful treasure in an earthen vessel, far more carefully. What matters is not whether *he* cares for you, but that you should care at all for *him*, my darling.'

Psyche looked down and answered nothing.

'You think yourself in love with him,' her father went on, accenting the *think* with a marked emphasis.

'I never said so,' Psyche burst out, half defiantly.

Dumaresq took a little wooden chair from the corner by the window, and drawing it over by Psyche's side, seated himself close to her and laid her passive hand in his with fatherly gentleness. Psyche's blank eyes looked straight in front of her. The philosopher, gazing down, hesitated and reflected half a minute. Stars and worlds are such calculable bodies to deal with: they move along such exactly measurable orbits: but a woman!—who shall tell what attractions and repulsions deflect her from her course? who shall map out her irregular and irresponsible movements? And since the last six weeks or so, Psyche was a woman. She had found out her own essential womanhood with a burst, as girls of her type always do—at the touch of a man's hand. Her father gazed at her in doubt. How to begin his needful parable?

At last words came. 'My darling,' he said very slowly and gravely, 'you are all I have left to care for in the world, and I love you, Psyche, as no man ever yet loved his daughter. You are all the world to me, and the rest is nothing. Looking back upon my own past life, I don't attempt to conceal from myself for a moment the fact that, as a man, I have been a failure—an utter failure. The failure was a splendid one, I frankly admit; nay, more, perhaps, a failure worth making—for one man, once in the world's history—but none the less, for all

that, an utter failure.—No, don't interrupt me, my child, for I know what I'm saying. Am I a man to palter with the truth or to hide from myself my own great weaknesses? Have I not taken my own gauge like all other gauges—accurately, and dispassionately? From beginning to end, my life has been all wrong; an error from the outset: like the universe itself, a magnificent blunder. Not that I regret it; I regret nothing. I am myself, not any other. I must follow out the law of my own being unopposed, though it bring me in the end nothing but blank disappointment.'

He paused a moment, and ran his hand abstractedly through her long fair hair: then he went on again in a soft musing undertone. 'But you, Psyche, it is for you to profit by my sad experience. I have learned once for all, myself vicariously for all our race—learned in a hard school, a hard lesson, to be transmitted from me to every future Dumaresq, for individuality runs too strong in the current of our blood—learned that the world is right, and that the individual does unwisely and ill to cast himself away for the sake of humanity. Humanity will owe him no thanks for his sacrifice. My child, I want you to be happy—happy—happier far than ever I have been. I could never bear to see you condemned to a life of drudgery. I want *you* to be all that I have missed. I want *you* to be what I could never have been. I want you to be comfortable—at your ease—happy.'

Psyche caught at his meaning by pure hereditary sympathy. She glanced back at him with her proud free face, tenderly, indeed, but almost reproachfully. How could he ever think it of her? 'Papa,' she said in a very firm voice, 'I am your daughter. Individuality, as you say, runs strong in the blood. As *you* are, I am. But being the actual man you are yourself—why, how can you ever expect your daughter to be any otherwise?'

'You despise money too much, Psyche,' the old man said, in a tone of conviction.

'Do *you* despise it?' Psyche answered simply with a straight home-thrust. 'Papa, you know you do—as much as I do.'

Haviland Dumaresq's lips half relaxed in spite of himself. 'True,' he replied; 'very true, little one. But then I'm a man. I can bear all that—poverty, drudgery, misery. I know what it means. Whereas *you*, my darling'—

'I—am your daughter,' Psyche repeated proudly.

'Then you mean,' her father said in a heart-broken voice, 'that if he asks you, you mean to marry Mr Linnell?'

'He hasn't asked me,' Psyche answered with a deeper flush.

'But if he does, Psyche—my darling, my daughter, promise me, oh promise me, that you'll give him no answer till you've spoken to me about it.'

Psyche looked him back in the eyes sorrowfully. 'I can't,' she answered, faltering. 'Oh, anything but that, Papa. I didn't know it myself even till you began to ask me. But I know it now. I love him, I love him too dearly.'

Dumaresq looked at her with melting regret. 'My child,' he said, faltering in his turn, 'you

will break my heart for me. Psyche, I've had but one day-dream in my life—one long day-dream that I've cherished for years for you. I've seen you growing up and unfolding like a flower-bud, becoming every day sweeter and daintier and more beautiful than ever, flitting like a butterfly through this dull gray life of mine—and I've said to myself in my own heart: "If I've nothing else to give my child, I can give her at least the dower of being Haviland Dumaresq's only daughter. I can introduce her to a world where my name at any rate counts for something. There, she will be noticed, admired, courted: there, her beautiful face and her beautiful soul will both be rated at their true value. There, some man who is worthy of her, by birth and position, will make her happy, as she richly deserves to be." I saw you in my own mind surrounded by comfort, honour, luxury. That was my day-dream, Psyche, the only day-dream of my sad long life. Don't break it down ruthlessly for me, I beseech you, by marrying a penniless man, who will drag you by slow degrees of decline, down, down, down, to poverty, drudgery, wretchedness, misery.—Don't let me see you a pale careworn wife, harassed with debt, and many children, and endless rounds of household worries. Don't break my heart by spoiling your own life for me.—Oh, for my sake, Psyche, promise me, do promise me, for the present to say *no* to him.'

'Papa, Papa,' Psyche cried, 'you've said it yourself; if you've nothing else on earth to give me, you've given me the dower of being Haviland Dumaresq's daughter. I've always been proud of your own grand life, and of the way you've flung it so grandly away for humanity. Do you think I'm not proud enough to fling my own away too—for love? I'd rather bear drudgery with the one man I care for, than share wealth and position and titles and honours with any other man in all England.'

Her father gazed down at her with remorseful eyes. He was proud of her, but heart-broken. 'You're very young, Psyche,' he murmured again, holding both her hands in his, and pleading hard for his day-dream. 'You're only beginning your course through life. You'll meet many other men in your way through the world whom you can love as truly as you love Linnell. This is but the first slight scratch. Don't fancy, as girls will do, it's the deepest of wounds, the one grand passion. You'll find penniless young painters are as plentiful as blackberries on your path through life. I've seen women marry before now for pure, pure love; and marry a man who loved them truly; yet lead such lives, such unhappy lives of sordid shifts and squalid household tasks, that all the romance—yes, and all the health and strength and spirit too, was crushed clean out of them. Don't rush headlong at once on such a fate as that. Wait a while, my child; I ask you no more: just a brief delay: wait and make your mind up.'

He meant it in the kindest possible way—the way of fathers; but he had mistaken his hearer. Psyche looked up at him with a great fact dawning ever clearer on her half-childish understanding. She had realised it but dimly and uncertainly before; she saw it now, under stress of opposition, in all its vivid and undeniable distinctness. 'Papa,' she cried, with profound

conviction, 'I may wait, and wait, as long as you like, but I shall love him, for ever, and him only.'

He had forced it out of her. He had forced it into her almost. Without the spur of his searching questions, she could never have put it so plainly, even to herself. But she knew it now. She was quite certain of it. She saw it as a simple fact of Nature. She loved Linnell, and she was not ashamed of it. She had forgotten by this time all her girlish bashfulness—her modesty—her reserve—and she looked her father full in the face as she repeated fervently: 'I love him! I love him!'

The old man flung himself back in his chair with a groan. 'Psyche, Psyche,' he cried, 'you'll kill me—you'll kill me. Was it for this I longed and dreamed in secret? Was it for this I worked and flung my life away? You'll bring down my gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. To see you drudging as a poor man's slave in some wretched lodging! For your father's sake, oh, take pity on yourself—refuse him, refuse him!'

'I can't,' Psyche answered firmly—'I can't do it, Papa. My tongue wouldn't obey me. He hasn't asked me yet, and for your sake I hope he won't ask me; but if he does, I can't refuse him; I must say *yes*; I can never say no to him.'

Her father rocked himself to and fro in his chair in speechless misery. If Psyche were to marry that penniless painter he would feel that his life was indeed a failure. His house would in truth be left unto him desolate. The ground would be cut from under his very feet. He had dreamed his dream of happiness for Psyche so long that he had come to live on it now altogether. It was his future, his world, his one interest in existence. It had intertwined itself alike in his opium ecstasies and in his soberer, saner, waking hours, till each form of the dream had only seemed to heighten and fortify the other. And now Psyche, for whose sake he had dreamt it all, was going herself deliberately to crush his hopes under foot by flinging herself away, and accepting that penniless, struggling painter!

He rocked himself to and fro in his chair with tears in his eyes. They rolled slowly down his weather-beaten cheek, and Psyche, watching them, let her own keep them company in solemn silence. One heart or the other must surely break. Which heart should it be? that was the question. Big drops stood upon the old man's brow. It was clear the disappointment wrung his very soul. The opium-fever made him see things ever in extremes. If Linnell wasn't rich, then Linnell was a beggar, and would drag down his Psyche to the grave or the workhouse. His agony stood out visibly in every line of his face. At last Psyche could stand the sight no longer. She flung herself upon him with tears and sobs. 'Papa,' she cried piteously, 'my dear, darling father; I love you, I love you, very, very dearly!'

'I know it, Psyche,' the old man answered in heart-broken tones, with his hand on his heart—'I know it; I know it.'

'Ask me anything but that, Papa,' Psyche burst out, all penitent, 'and I'll gladly do it.'

The philosopher smoothed her fair hair with his

hand. 'Psyche,' he murmured once more, after a long pause, 'he's coming to-morrow to finish the picture. After that, I believe, he's not coming again. I think—he's going away altogether from Petherton.'

Psyche's face was as white as a ghost's. 'Well, Papa?' she asked, in a voice that trembled audibly with a quivering tremor.

'Well, I want you to do one thing for me,' her father went on, 'one thing only. I won't ask you to give him up: not to give him up entirely. I see that's more than I could ask of you at present. The wound has gone too deep for the moment. But young hearts heal much faster than old ones. I do ask you, therefore, to wait and think. Remember how young you are! You're only seventeen. In four years more, you'll be your own mistress. If in four years from now you love Linnell still, and he loves you still—then well and good—though it break my heart, I will not oppose you. Even now, my darling, I do not oppose you. I only say to you—and I beg of you, I implore you—wait and try him.'

Psyche looked back at him, cold and white as marble. 'I will wait, Papa,' she answered, in a very clear voice. 'I can wait, if you wish it. I can wait, and wait, and wait for ever. But four years or forty years, I shall always love him.'

Dumaresq smiled. That's the way with the young. The present love is to them always the unalterable one. 'If you'll wait for my sake,' he said, holding her hand tight, 'I'll let you do as you will in four short years. In three years even: I'll give you law. You're young, very young. I never thought these things had come near you yet. If I had thought so, I'd have guarded you better, far better. But I want you to promise me now one other thing—say nothing of all this to Linnell to-morrow.'

'Papa!' Psyche cried, rising in her horror. 'Am I to let him go away without even saying good-bye to him? without bidding him farewell? without telling him how sorry I am to lose him, and why—why I must be so terribly different now to him? Suppose he asks me, what must I answer him?'

'My child,' the old man said in a soothing voice, 'he will *not* ask you. He'll pass it by in silence. But for my sake, I beg you, I beseech you, I implore you—try to say nothing to him. Let him go in peace. Oh, Psyche, don't break my poor old heart for me outright! I'm an old man: a broken-down man. If I have time, perhaps I may get over this blow. But give me time! I'm very feeble. Worn out before my day. Let him go to-morrow without telling your whole heart to him.'

Psyche stood still and answered nothing.

'Will you?' her father asked once more imploringly.

Psyche, white as a sheet, still held her peace.

'For Heaven's sake, promise,' the old man cried again, with an agonised look. It was crushing his heart. He couldn't bear to think that Linnell should drag her down to those imagined depths of bohemian poverty.

The poor girl gazed at him with a fixed cold face. She looked more like a marble statue than a human figure as she stood there irresolute.

The heart within her was divided two ways, and frozen hard with horror. But her father's attitude moved her to despair. He was an old man, as he said, and to refuse him now would clearly be his death-warrant. 'I promise,' she murmured slowly, and stood there rooted. Three years, three years; three long, long years! and she dared not even so much as tell him.

DO PARROTS THINK?

I SUPPOSE all animals must think after their own fashion, but I do not now propose to debate or gauge their general mental powers; my question refers to the use of phrases caught up by birds in their captivity, especially parrots. As regards these, it is just possible that we have been too ready to speak of 'parrot-like repetition,' and in assuming that the birds never attach any meaning to the sounds they utter. In spite of this being the accepted theory, there has always been a great fondness for stories in which there appears an application of such phrases as seem to be beyond coincidence. One of the oldest and, I fear most apocryphal of such anecdotes, proves this. We all know how Queen Elizabeth's or somebody else's parrot fell into the Thames, was rescued by a waterman, and on the man demanding a larger reward than was thought befitting, and a dispute arising, the bird exclaimed, 'Give the knave a groat!'

Before I leave the apocryphal stories, let me ask if the reader has ever heard of the bird which won the hundred-pound prize at the Liverpool parrot show? Now, I do not believe that there was ever any such prize at any show held in Liverpool; but the story is a very good one for all that. At this parrot show it was announced that the chief prize (one hundred pounds) would be given to the best talking bird; but beauty of plumage and shape would be taken into account, and would turn the scale, if the speaking powers of several candidates were pretty equally balanced. A Liverpool gentleman happened just then to have a parrot presented to him by a friend in the African trade, the handsomest bird he had ever seen, so beautiful, indeed, that another friend, on seeing it, at once advised the owner to send it to the show. 'But it cannot speak a word,' said the latter, 'and the entries close to-morrow.'

'Never mind that,' urged the visitor. 'I am aware that the prize will be given chiefly for talking; but the judges will give it to such a magnificent bird as this, if it can possibly be done. Lend it to me: I will enter it, and take my chance.'

The bird was lent, and duly entered, after another warning from the owner that the speculation was hopeless.

The show came off in a great hall; and on an enormous horseshoe-shaped counter were two hundred cages, each covered by a hood, and each of course containing a parrot. The judges went

from cage to cage, uncovering them one by one; and the birds being roused by the light and bustle, there followed an immense amount of 'Pretty Polly! Polly, what's o'clock?' and all such familiar utterances.

The last cage to be uncovered held the bird we have described, as she was the last entry made. When the hood was taken off, an irrepressible murmur of admiration broke from the judges as well as the spectators at seeing so splendid a creature; while on her part the bird, blinking and dazzled by the sudden glare of light, seemed to be looking with amazement at the endless row of cages. 'My eye! what a precious lot of parrots!' she exclaimed.

The effect was electrical. The wonderful intelligence of the bird—this 'natural and spontaneous speech,' so it appeared, carried the judges away. Nothing like this had been heard; and they at once awarded the prize to a parrot which could not utter another syllable. The gentleman who had entered her had cleverly calculated upon the effect which such apposite words would produce; and he was not mistaken.

We will now deal with more trustworthy anecdotes. Some parrots are very quick in acquiring words, and are generally fond of displaying these new acquisitions; but occasionally a bird will be profoundly silent until the teacher despairs of her mastering a certain phrase or word; then all at once, and unexpectedly, the 'scholar' will repeat her lesson.

A parrot owned by a family of my acquaintance will furnish several of the anecdotes which, one almost fancies, go to prove the thinking powers of his tribe; but the first incident is, I must admit, only a curious coincidence. His master had tried for a long time, as the appropriate season drew nigh, to teach him to say, 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you!' but the bird, although wonderfully intelligent and docile as a rule, was upon this occasion obstinately silent, and his master gave up the task. But on Christmas Eve some friends called at the house, and as they entered the parlour, the bird, to their delight, but to his master's astonishment, saluted them with, 'A merry Christmas and a happy New Year to you!' The guests were quite ready to declare that this was the most sagacious of all recorded parrots, and might even have believed that such a phenomenon possessed the ability to study the almanac.

This particular parrot is fond of hoaxing the dog, an amusement in which many of his race appear to take a real pleasure, and which seems strongly to support the idea that they can think. This bird could imitate his master's voice and whistle to perfection, and was evidently proud of his power, which was curious, as he was so afraid of his master, or was, at any rate, so shy in his presence that he would never speak if the gentleman could be seen. Did the latter, however, but step behind a curtain or door, Charlie, the bird always calls himself, would

rattle away merrily, but stopped at once if his master showed himself.

Carlo, the dog, may be basking in the sun, or snoozing harmlessly in a corner of the room, when suddenly, and quite of his own accord, the parrot will shout so exactly in his master's voice as sometimes to deceive the family: 'Hie, Carlo! Cats!' The dog leaps up, rushes furiously into the garden, looking fiercely round for the intruders; then, encouraged by fresh cries of 'Cats! Cats! Seize them, Carlo!' bounds over the wall into the next garden. The moment he has done this, the parrot, with a wonderful change to his master's sternest tones, calls out: 'Come back, Carlo! Come back, you naughty dog!' Carlo slinks back, ashamed and frightened, evidently expecting to find his owner awaiting him with a cane. Now, this looks like something more than 'a parrot-like repetition' of certain acquired words.

Another bird in my circle is equally fond of 'chaffing' his fellow-housemate the dog. In a very different tone from that employed to poor Carlo when 'cats' were referred to, this one will whistle and say patronisingly: 'Gyp, poor old Gyp! Does Gyp want to go out?' The dog, delighted at the prospect of a run with his master, is invariably taken in, frisking and dancing about, and looking wonderingly around in search of the supposed speaker; but of course is always disappointed. This trick is played by the bird over and over again, always with the same success.

This particular parrot is not at all like the last as regards shyness in his master's presence, for this one, either from his own impudence, or, as is more likely, from his mistress having indiscreetly used the phrase, will often say, when she sees the master put his hat on: 'Now, Harry! get out!'—meaning, no doubt, in the wife's mouth, that the gentleman had no time to spare. I do not suppose that the bird has any such thought as this, and if she had been regularly taught the words, there would be no great marvel in her using them. What makes it odd is that she has not been so taught, and never utters them at any other time. It will be argued that the bird only does it from associating the words with the action of her master putting on his hat; but even then, does not this involve something uncommonly like thinking?

This parrot could also dance the polka, or what she considered was the polka, and proud she was of this accomplishment. You could not please her more than by asking her to show off her steps; and it was amusing, and odd too, to hear the bird, when she was covered up for the night, practising her dance. Whether she did this to improve herself, or because she liked the exercise, or from no logical cause whatever, there is no telling.

I must not forget one anecdote of our friend Charlie, which is perhaps the most curious of any I have to record. There were two young boys, brothers, in the house; and their mother, Charlie's mistress, was in the habit of calling them by name Reginald and Albert, using certain familiar contractions when she did so. It was no wonder that Charlie caught these up; but what will be said of such an application of them

as the following? The bird, as with most parrots, was not allowed water in his cage; so, when thirsty, he would call in what may be termed his own voice: 'Reggie! Reggie!—Reggie or Bertie!—Charlie wants some water!'

Charlie has a great fondness for the paste of which pie-crust is made, and this being known, he was often treated to a piece. He naturally looked for this; and when forgotten, he would invite himself to have some, in the form of words which had doubtless often been used by his mistress; he would say: 'Charlie, do you like paste? Will you have a bit?' This would be said in the voice of his mistress or her daughter; he would then add in quite a changed tone: 'Oh, rather!'

I am inclined to fancy that parrots learn, and perhaps understand, phrases relating to eating and drinking almost sooner than any others. One of my feathered acquaintances was in the habit of inviting visitors to take refreshment. 'Won't you have a cup of tea? Do have a cup of tea,' she would say; and sometimes it was really awkward, as almost compelling the mistress to extend her hospitality to visitors for whom such an invitation had not previously been intended. This bird was also fond of saying 'Good-bye!' and never said it at the wrong time. When the visitor was about to depart, he or she would be startled by a voice from a personage hitherto unseen, saying: 'Well, good-bye! good-bye!' If that parrot did not know that this was the proper thing to say, and that this was the proper time for saying it, I am no judge of parrots.

This bird had been taught to count up to six; but she could rarely say the numbers all in order. She often missed one, not the same figure, however; three, four, or five were, but only one at a time, her usual omissions. She was always conscious that she had made a mistake, and on 'skipping' a figure, would give a shrill comical whistle and begin again. Some kind of thought and calculation must have passed through her mind during this performance.

I have already spoken of the fondness of parrots for hoaxing or mischief, and many instances might be furnished; but they do not always bring out the 'thinking' sufficiently to give them a place here. Perhaps this may be said of the two examples following, but yet in each case the bird must surely have had some idea of the effect of what he said.

I was once acquainted with a family in the west of England the father whereof was owner of some extensive brickworks and grounds near his residence. He used to be on his ground very early, and came home to breakfast. His time being limited, his wife liked to have the meal ready when he came in. She used to watch for him, and call to the servant as soon as he was in sight. They kept a parrot; but no one, it is certain, ever taught the bird to imitate this, so it must have been out of sheer mischief that he acquired the phrase referring to his master's return. Often did his voice in exact imitation of his mistress startle the servant: 'Mary, here is your master coming across the field!' Mary would hurry up with the breakfast tackle, the clatter whereof would alarm her mistress, who naturally supposed that the girl had seen Mr

R—close at hand; and the good lady would hasten from her room possibly fifteen or twenty minutes before she need have appeared, only to find that the parrot—who would exult in a deep chuckle—had hoaxed them again.

That these birds are the same in all parts of the world is sufficiently proved by an anecdote which another friend, a very intelligent Singalese, told me, referring to his own people. A parrot had long been kept by his family, who belonged to the Roman Catholic Singalese, and the bird would sometimes startle my friend's mother, when perhaps she was, so to speak, 'up to her eyes' in household work, and much indisposed to receive visitors, by assuming the voice of one of the daughters, and exclaiming, as if alarmed: 'Mother! mother! the priest is coming!' Then the poor woman would at once cease her work, and throw an apron over her head, after the manner of Singalese women, in order decorously to meet the holy father, who was not near the place. The bird did this several times, but yet did not repeat the call over and over again throughout the day, as she would repeat other sentences she had picked up; so it really does look as though she had some knowledge of the meaning of the words and took a mischievous pleasure in their effect.

Parrots have a bad reputation as being spiteful and cruel. I daresay this is often true; but many of them are gentle and affectionate, and all have a dog-like faculty of remembering members of a family who have left home. This may appear to the reader as an unlikely power, yet one of the birds already quoted—our friend of the polka—was very fond of one of her young mistresses, who married and went away. When she came home to see her friends, the bird would recognise her step before seeing her, and would call with evident pleasure: 'Hallo, Flo! Come along, Flo!' Now she might, indeed must have heard the girls' brothers thus greet her; but how did the parrot know the right time to use the expressions, and that they were to be used to this particular sister? I can suggest no explanation beyond my first theory, that the birds think.

As regards the affection of parrots, most persons who have kept them will have some corroborative anecdotes to tell, and yet the birds have a reputation for spitefulness and malice-bearing. This last accusation, by the way, tends to support a belief in their thinking. I again admit that they are often spiteful; but they have generally been teased a good deal and their tempers spoiled.

The parrot last described was fond of all the family in which she lived, a tolerably large one; and when let out of her cage, which was usually done for an hour every day, she would go from chair to chair and kiss in her fashion every one present. How did she learn that a kiss was the usual way of showing affection? She might perhaps have been taught to do this mechanically or to one person; but to go the round of the family one after the other was her own idea—not at all a bad one for a parrot. That she knew what she was doing, and what was the meaning of a kiss, was made abundantly clear at other times. For instance, when her favourite the former Miss Florence came in,

the bird would say very softly: 'Come and kiss me, darling!' and appear supremely delighted when the young lady complied, which I need hardly say was always the case.

THE GOLDEN LAMP:

A TALE OF FISHER'S FOLLY.

CHAP. III.—CONCLUSION.

HOLDING up the lantern and peering downwards, John Westcott found himself at the head of a flight of brick steps. These steps were incommodiously narrow, being built up between the outer and inner walls of the old mansion. It was impossible, with such broad shoulders as Westcott's, to descend otherwise than obliquely. The sensation was not agreeable; less so, even, than being lowered into a well, for a rope is something: here the connecting link with the outer world was, as it were, completely cut off; even the sound of Marian's piano having gradually died out. Or had she stopped playing? thought Westcott. Had Mr Carter awoke?

Although the chilling draught of air was lessened when the panel was closed, the cold damp atmosphere, and that peculiar mustiness which clings to vaults and such-like underground places, became more perceptible at every step; and these steps seemed endless. Yet he had proposed to return in ten minutes. Was it possible to complete this expedition in search of his old uncle's gold in so short a time? It scarcely seemed probable. And yet Westcott did not despair. The encouraging look which Marian had given him inspired confidence in his purpose. If he had acted impulsively, the motive had been a good one. His prompt decision was stimulated by a keen desire to save his uncle's firm from ruin: in truth, he had been seized with an undefined sense of apprehension when first encountering the Indian servant in his travels. The man had told him, in a rambling way, that Mr Girdlestone's death might prove a serious blow to the business; and he had implored his 'young master,' as he had called Westcott—for he had known him when a boy—to proceed without loss of time to Fisher's Folly and put matters right while there was still time. The man had awakened a deep interest in Westcott's mind concerning the old house and its surroundings, not omitting the beautiful Miss Carter. Indeed, the young man had pictured to himself a lovely girl, from the Indian's description, lighting the Golden Lamp, long before the 'vision' came in sight. The first glimpse of Marian, when entering the precincts of Fisher's Folly a few hours ago, had somewhat resembled the realisation of a dream.

But Westcott had no time for such reflections at this moment; for he had reached the foot of the steps and had come upon a long passage. It was at right angles to the steps: it widened out sufficiently to enable him to walk straight ahead. He at once quickened his pace; but he was careful as he advanced to observe every detail of the brickwork; for he dreaded the mere thought of losing his way in such a dark and mysterious locality.

To any one with a belief in the supernatural,

however slight, this was not an expedition likely to awaken a feeling of scepticism. More than one strange fancy flashed across Westcott's brain. A sudden current of air, which he now encountered, was like the icy breath of some unseen phantom that had hurried by. But this only proved to be, when he raised his lantern and examined the walls, a small iron grating, which was doubtless placed there for ventilation. But he had no sooner explained away this phenomenon than a more weird sensation seized upon him. The noise of muffled footsteps broke upon his ear—footsteps that seemed to be approaching nearer and nearer, for each moment they sounded more distinctly, and beyond the passage along which he was advancing. Was it the tread of a sentinel, in the shape of Mr Girdlestone's ghost, on guard over the bags of gold? Westcott stopped and listened. The sound of the footstep ceased: he had heard the echo of his own footfall in an extensive vault. A pace beyond where he had stopped would have brought him to the entrance: a few feet more and he would probably have fallen head foremost into the cellar.

Was it to be wondered at that the Indian servant, Westcott now thought, had fled so precipitately from this house in Fisher's Folly after his master's death? If he had once followed him into these vaults, as the man professed to have done, his sudden dread could be understood. Mr Girdlestone must have seemed, in the eyes of this unreflecting native, something almost superhuman—a being whose disembodied spirit haunted Fisher's Folly. Had not a shadowy form, as he imagined, appeared to him when he was on the point of revealing the secret? Even Westcott, who was among the most sceptical concerning disembodied spirits, began to experience a certain indefinable tremor; for the vault at the edge of which he now found himself had no visible limit. The light from the lantern in whichever way he directed it gave him no clue as to the dimensions of the place: it was, he could only conclude, an immense cellar. He shrank back with a natural feeling of hesitation. Which direction should he take? If he descended and went forward into the impenetrable darkness, the chance of finding his way back appeared remote. His only plan would be to follow, if possible, the direction of the wall, either to the right or to the left. By this means he might, without abandoning all hope, continue the search.

Before taking another step forward, however, he resolved to make a close examination of the spot. And he soon discovered that the entrance to this passage along which he had come had been cut out of the brick wall. The hole was unsymmetrical, but sufficiently large for an ordinary-sized man to pass through. The bricks which had doubtless been taken from this hole lay in a heap two or three feet below. While inspecting this heap, over which he had been on the point of stumbling, the light from the lantern fell upon something which set Westcott's heart beating fast. The floor of the cellar, as far as he could see, was unpaved: it was covered with damp-looking clay. He crept down over the bricks and alighted upon it. The clay was trodden down into a distinct footpath towards the left and close under the wall! To what point could this footpath lead? Westcott did not

hesitate another second. Bending forward, with the lantern almost touching the ground, he carefully followed the beaten track. Presently he stopped and raised the lantern. He was standing opposite a closed door. In his impatience he struck it with his heel; but it resisted the shock. He hastened to detach the key from the lantern and place it in the keyhole. It fitted the lock: but no force would move the key; it resisted all his efforts to turn it.

Westcott drew the key out of the lock in despair. He stood looking at it with a puzzled face. But presently the puzzled expression changed. His eyes became hopeful and animated. He noticed marks of rust upon the key—marks which were not there when he placed it in the lock. He knelt down and opened the lantern. Having unscrewed the lamp near the wick he found the lower part more than half full of oil. He poured some drops upon the key and again thrust it in the keyhole. After some persuasion it began to show signs of yielding. The key moved, then stuck, then moved again. Westcott's patience was becoming exhausted: his face flushed, and his hand shook from excitement. Suddenly the key turned, and the door flew open. Westcott raised the lantern hastily above his head and went stealthily forward.

Meanwhile, Mr Carter, asleep in his armchair, was dreaming about his old partner. He dreamt that he could hear him pacing up and down the dining-hall, while he sat at his writing-table in the office below. It seemed to him that Mr Girdlestone had found out the disastrous state of affairs: that the discovery had brought him out of his grave, and that he was exerting all his great financial faculties in order to save the house; and his peculiar walk, as it appeared to Mr Carter, expressed his anger at the situation. He felt himself greatly humiliated. He had not the courage to go and place the matter clearly before Mr Girdlestone. He was persuaded of his inferiority as a financier—though he had done his best, as he kept repeating to himself, he 'had done his best.' But the monotonous tread of his relentless partner still went on: it seemed to enter into the very throbbings of his brain. He could not shut out the sound. At length it became so unbearable that he cried out in despair, and awoke.

'Did you call me, father?'

Marian was standing at the entrance to the dining-room with her eyes fixed anxiously upon the merchant. Mr Carter put his hand to his forehead perplexedly. 'A strange dream,' he muttered. Then suddenly looking up, he said: 'Where is John?'

Marian glanced at the clock. The ten minutes which John Westcott had named had almost expired. Would he soon return? She listened with intense eagerness for any indication of his coming.

Again Mr Carter passed his hand across his brow. 'I have been dreaming,' said he. 'Am I dreaming now?'—and he glanced round the room. Suddenly he started up. 'Where is the Golden Lamp?'

At this moment, Marian, standing within her boudoir and near the secret panel, heard a slight noise; but she dreaded to look round;

she dreaded to take her eyes from her father's face. She spoke to herself in a low tone of despair: 'What shall I do?'

Immediately a muffled tone whispered in reply: 'Tell him everything. All is well.'

Mr Carter had sunk into his chair. Marian approached him. Her face brightened with a sudden feeling of gratitude and delight. But the merchant did not look up. 'I have been dreaming,' he repeated. 'I dreamt that Mr Girdlestone had come back to life—that he was pacing up and down this room. He seemed to know all about our troubles.'

Marian sat down beside the merchant. 'Father,' said she, 'I, too, have had a dream.'

He looked up with a smile. 'About Mr Girdlestone?' There was always something cheering in his daughter's voice.

'Partly,' she replied, 'and partly about his money.'

'His money, Marian?'

'Yes. I have been dreaming that news had reached us about Mr Girdlestone's Indian servant. He knew everything connected with his master's affairs: he even knew the meaning of that key which has been so long a mystery to us.'

'Why, Marian?'

'That is not all. The news that reached us—in my dream—was that the key opened a secret strong-room. The Indian was conscience-stricken; and on his death-bed implored some one to come and tell us all about it. And,' added Marian, 'some one came—some one who took the lantern and the key and went in search of the strong-room; for in this secret place, as I dreamt, there are bags and bags of gold.'

The merchant was now looking keenly into his daughter's face. Marian did not return his glance, but she placed her hand persuasively on his arm; for he had half risen from his chair. 'The only way, father, to reach this strong-room,' continued Marian—'the only way that the Indian knew of was by moving a panel in the wall. And the person to whom he confided this secret—a person related to Mr Girdlestone—followed his instructions and found'—

'Found what?'

Marian could no longer keep her father from starting out of the chair. He had guessed the meaning of her words. He was beginning to comprehend that, heedful of his anxiety, she was trying, in her love for him, to break the news of some good fortune which had befallen them, and in such a manner that it might not come upon him too suddenly. She stood looking attentively at his anxious face as he walked up and down the room. He seemed to be mastering the sudden emotion which the dawning knowledge of brighter days had awakened. Presently Marian put her hands gently upon his shoulders and looked up into his face. 'It is no dream, father. It is true. The person to whom Mr Girdlestone's servant confided all this is Mr Westcott. But it was his wish, before raising your expectations, to make sure that the man's story was well founded. It is well founded; and Mr Westcott is waiting to tell you all the details himself.'

Marian induced her father to resume his place by the hearth. He sat down, and with his hands pressed to his forehead, stared vacantly at the

fire. But suddenly he looked up. A quick step had caught his ear. Westcott stood before him with the lantern in one hand and an old-looking bag in the other.

'Mr Carter,' were his first words, 'make your mind easy. The house of Girdlestone and Company is saved. This bag must contain at least a thousand guineas, and there are more than fifty like it in the strong-room. Is not this convincing?' As Westcott spoke, he lifted the bag suddenly. It was yellow and rotten from age, and the action of raising it burst open the sides, and the floor was immediately covered with gold. The guineas clinked and spun about in all directions; and some of them, rolling towards the hearth, settled down at Mr Carter's feet.

Neither John Westcott nor Marian's father thought of seeking any rest that night. They were too deeply occupied with a minute examination of the cellars under the old house in Fisher's Folly, and bags of gold that Mr Girdlestone's relative had discovered there. No place could have better served a hoarder's purpose; for it was a secret strong-room that had been built centuries ago in which to store treasure in the time of civil war or serious rioting in the city of London.

It would have done Mr Girdlestone's heart good, let us hope, had he witnessed the prosperous turn which the old firm now took. Under Mr Carter's instruction—for Marian's father was in reality an excellent man of business—John Westcott became in time as great a financier as his uncle had been before him. And when he was urged to accept a partnership in the house, a year or two after the memorable date of his return to England, he could not refuse; for he and Marian had in the meantime learned to love each other. Besides, the will which he found had named him his uncle's heir. And so, after their marriage, Mr Girdlestone's house was for many years their chosen home.

This old mansion in Fisher's Folly, still standing in these modern times, is untenanted. It has a lonely and dilapidated appearance. The windows—including the great central window, within which the Golden Lamp once stood—are begrimed with dust and smoke; and the steps below are as green as antiquated tombstones. A great padlock and chain are affixed to the front door; for the lease has run out at last, and this landmark in the history of London will soon be demolished and forgotten.

LITERARY TREASURE-TROVE.

It has been customary from very early times to employ the skins of animals as material for the reception of such writing as, from its importance, was deemed peculiarly worthy of preservation; and leather of all kinds, from the thick integument of the full-grown animal to the delicate membrane of the new-born young, has been extensively used for this purpose. All such varieties may conveniently be referred to as vellum, although the term is properly applied only to the parchment obtained from the calf, and although the skins of various animals have

been utilised for the composition of volumes and records.

The celebrated Biblical manuscript the 'Codex Sinaiticus'—about the authenticity of which so fierce a controversy raged some thirty years ago—is written upon the finest skins of antelopes. But the majority of existing ancient manuscripts are written upon vellum; those upon papyrus having yielded very generally to the inroads of time.

The ink first used probably was some natural animal pigment, such as the black fluid obtained from various species of cuttle-fish; but the limited supply of this material soon led to the use of a mechanical mixture of water, gum, and lamp-black, and the characters were painted, rather than written, by means of a broad-pointed reed. As ink of this simple nature was easily removed from the surface of the parchment by the mere application of moisture, it was early found necessary to contrive some means of forming a more durable ink, and for this purpose the expedient was adopted of treating the mixture with some substance, such as vinegar, of the nature of a mordant, which would penetrate the parchment written upon, and form an ink not liable to fade. A chemical dye, consisting of an infusion of galls with sulphate of iron, was afterwards used, as from its vitreous nature it bit into the medium employed; but a compound vegetable ink containing a good deal of carbon pigment was subsequently adopted, and was very generally employed down to the middle ages. With ink of this sort the best and most ancient manuscripts which have been preserved to us were written; and the separate leaves, after being allowed to dry slowly, were bound together into volumes. Pliny and Vitruvius, as well as other writers, give receipts for the manufacture of inks.

In times when paper was unknown and skins practically were the only substances available for writing, and were scarce and correspondingly expensive, the would-be scribe was forced to fall back for his supply of parchment upon older books which had become obsolete, or, in his opinion, contained matter of less importance than that which he intended to commit to writing. A practice was therefore initiated of removing the characters first written by washing off the old ink, or more mechanically by scraping the parchment with a knife, thus in some measure repeating the original process of preparing the skin for use by rubbing it with pumice-stone. The surface of parchment which had been subjected to treatment of this nature, especially if subsequently polished, would not show any traces of the first writing, and was again available for use. Thus arose a class of manuscripts known as 'codices rescripti,' rewritten books; or as 'palimpsests,' literally, 'again-rubbed' books. The practice, as originally followed out, has given rise to but little inconvenience; for the ancient booksellers were good judges, and took care never to destroy a valuable treatise, but only obliterated such works as had no sale in the limited literary market of the ancient world.

Frequent references to palimpsests occur in the classical authors. Cicero laughingly alludes to the parsimony of his friend Trebatius, the juriconsult, who, to write a letter, erased some pre-

vious communication; and Plutarch, in his treatise upon the Conversations of Princes and Philosophers, laments the failure of Plato's visit to Sicily, and compares Dionysius of Syracuse to an old book from which the writing has been erased, but which is still defaced by the ancient stains, which can never be completely removed, appearing under the newly-written characters. Ulpian, the great jurist, states that a will can be either on fresh paper, on paper which has been used previously ('charta deleticia'), or on the back of paper the face of which is already occupied, and that property can be claimed under a will so written. Gaius, Martial, and Catullus also refer to palimpsests, the allusions in the epigrams of the latter being to paper or parchment so prepared that authors could easily revise and correct their work.

In the middle ages the rage for theological controversy, combined with a constantly increasing scarcity of parchment, caused the practice of remanufacture to be resuscitated; and as the writers from the fourth to the tenth century were chiefly ecclesiastics, a determined and systematic destruction took place of the invaluable literary treasures which had accumulated in the libraries of the monasteries since the times when the incursions of the northern barbarians had scattered the collections of antiquity. As a result of the conquests of the Calif Omar, and the subjection of Egypt to the dominion of the Arabs and the newly-founded fanatic Mohammedan faith, the manufacture of paper from the papyrus ceased in the seventh century; and had not the art of making coarse paper, known as 'charta bombycina,' from cotton or some similar vegetable substance, been invented in the ninth century, and paper from linen rags in the thirteenth, thus supplying an unlimited amount of material for writing, it is probable that theological discussion would have deprived us of every line of the ancient classical authors.

Fortunately, it has been discovered that however thoroughly the effacement has apparently been performed, sufficient traces of the early characters are so indelibly ingrained into the texture of the skin, that some of the ink can always be rendered visible by the aid of chemical reagents; and thus many most valuable ancient works have been recovered, although too frequently in a fragmentary and mutilated condition. If a parchment from which the first inscription has been obliterated be carefully washed with a test for iron, such as a solution of nut-galls, and then exposed to the action of light, some of the metallic portion of the ink absorbed by the porous texture of the skin will become more or less discernible to a practised eye by reason of the formation of a black precipitate, due to the restoration of the gallic acid and tanning material; and thus many palimpsests of the highest importance have been deciphered during the last two hundred years. This method of rendering hidden writing visible is of comparatively modern origin, and attracted very little attention until the experiments of Blagden upon some parchment manuscripts of the ninth to the fifteenth centuries produced some very remarkable results. The modern art of photography, too, has been impressed into the service of restoration, for it is found that many parchments

which are too decayed to bear the somewhat rough handling of the laboratory, and the characters upon which are quite illegible to ordinary vision, are yet capable of giving up their secrets to the camera and the sensitive gelatine plate.

The Syriac collection of manuscripts which was brought from the monastery of St Mary Deipara, in the Nitrian desert in Egypt, and is now in the British Museum, is very rich in palimpsests. It includes, in addition to Biblical fragments, some portions of a sixth-century copy of the 'Iliad,' and a unique manuscript of the 'Annals' of the Roman historian Licinianus. The latter is a curious example of a double palimpsest. The historian was carefully washed out by a Latin grammarian of the sixth century, who in his turn was ignominiously effaced by a Syriac monk some few centuries later. The sixth-century manuscript known as the 'Codex Regius' or 'Ephraim,' which is preserved in the library of Paris, is also a rescript. The celebrated 'Institutes' of Gaius were discovered in 1816 by Niebuhr in the library of the Chapter of Verona, where a collection of important manuscripts on jurisprudence had long existed. The history of the recovery of this long-lost treasure forms one of the most interesting chapters in the whole annals of literature. While on his way to Rome as envoy for Prussia, Niebuhr treated chemically the ninety-seventh leaf of an eighth-century manuscript containing the Epistles of St Jerome, and deciphered sufficient to satisfy his acute mind that lying beneath was a portion of the work of some Roman juriconsult of the Antonine era, that age when, according to Gibbon, the human race was most happy and prosperous, as the vast extent of the Roman empire was governed by absolute power under the guidance of wisdom and virtue.

The anticipations of Niebuhr were fully realised, for, owing to the action taken by the Berlin Academy of Sciences, the greater part of the parchment was transcribed during the next few years by Greschen, Bekker, and Blume, the latter of whom used his chemicals so recklessly that he unfortunately damaged the manuscript. In 1820, a first edition of the work was published in Berlin, thus restoring a book which is invaluable to the student of the antiquities of the Roman Law.

THE RIVALS.

By KENNETH LEIGH.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MRS FLUSHTON was a widow, and though she was rich, handsome, and absolutely independent, yet she felt that her life lacked interest. She had never had any children; she was not a clever woman; and the wheels of her household, under the care of a most excellent housekeeper, moved too easily to give her even the occupation of scolding her maids. She had tried going abroad in summer, and for three months she had jogged very contentedly over the Continent with a maid and a courier. But, as we have said, she was not a clever woman, and she could not rouse herself to enthusiasm even in Italy. Picture-galleries tired her eyes, and the music and incense in the churches produced a somnolent effect upon her.

Nor did she care for reading up her guide-book for more than a quarter of an hour at a time, and then it was so difficult to find the page at which she had left off, that when she returned to England she was in a hopelessly confused state as to the various cities she had passed through, and invariably associated Venice with Zenobia, and Rome with Desdemona, which latter heroine she also confused with Cleopatra, owing perhaps to a certain similarity in the sadness of their fates.

Since she had returned, nothing of interest had happened to break the monotony of her life except the loss of her maid, who had married the courier. Though Mrs Flushton had felt rather aggrieved by this desertion on the part of a maid who had been carefully trained and knew all her ways, yet she had given her a handsome tea-service, and had now, having got another maid, forgiven her. After all, it had its advantages, for the last maid had never got on with Perk the pug-dog, and the present one was fond of dogs, and had consented to undertake his Saturday bath. Still Mrs Flushton felt, as she sat sipping her chocolate over the fire on a foggy November morning, that her life lacked interest, and she gazed rather helplessly round the luxurious morning-room, as if to try to find it.

'I will give a dinner-party,' she said. 'I am sure my dinners are always successful.' She laid down her cup and, opening a drawer of her *escritoire*, took out her visiting-book. After a time she sighed. 'The Ellingtons and the Browns aren't at home, and the Carringtons are in mourning,' she said. 'After all,' she added, 'it is very early for a dinner; and it's very difficult without a man to take the foot of the table. I think it must be an evening.'

She re-opened her visiting-book at the letter A and began making a pencil list. Presently she stopped and sighed again. 'I wish I had a *feature*,' she said. 'A mere musical at-home would seem to have no reason for it; if I had some one to ask them to meet, now!'

At this moment a footman came in and presented a silver tray with three letters on it. Mrs Flushton took them, and carefully examined all three before opening any, which is a way of ladies when they have little to do. One was a bill. This Mrs Flushton laid on her capacious silken lap. She had never known what it was to feel a trifle anxious on opening a bill. The second was a thin square envelope addressed in a lady's hand, and with a crest on the back. This Mrs Flushton opened. It was an at-home card, with a crest in the corner, and 'MRS LEITH LEAMINGTON at Home December 7th and 21st; January 4th and 18th; February 1st, 15th, and 29th, from 9-11.30 o'clock. 12 Buckingham Gardens.'

Mrs Flushton perused this card several times, after which she laid it down, and, taking up her knitting, clicked her needles fast and furiously for some moments. Then she laid the knitting down and took up the card again.

'So like Mrs Leith Leamington!' she ejaculated, raising her eyes in protest to the ceiling. 'She always tries to do something new and make a sensation! Fortnightly at-homes!—and the last on leap-year's day! If that isn't Mrs Leith Leamington all over!—I wish I'd thought of fortnightly at-homes,' she added, after a pause.

Then her eyes fell on the neglected third letter, and she took it up with a slight look of curiosity at the unknown writing and the foreign stamp.

'MY DEAR AUNT,' it ran, 'I don't know if you have altogether forgotten my existence; but I hope not, because I am going to follow the example of all scapegrace young nephews, and only recall myself to your remembrance in order to ask a favour. The fact is, my ten years are up, and I've six months' leave to come home; but it is all very well for the Colonel to shake hands with me and congratulate me, and all the other fellows to look at me with the eyes of envy; but I—haven't a home to go to. I thought first of refusing, and thus making myself famous in a moment, as being the first man on record who would have refused home-leave after ten years' service. But the ridiculous part of the thing is that I have got just the same feeling of a yearning to see the old country and all the old haunts, and no black faces, and wind and snow, as if I'd a patriarchal roof and a welcome waiting me! And so it was that I suddenly—don't be offended—remembered my Aunt Betsy, and that she cried when I went to India ten years ago. Aunt Betsy, if I come home, may I come and see you first, before knocking about a little? Or will you say: "Yes, I cried when you went away ten years ago; but all these ten years you have only written to me once!" India is an awfully hot place for letter-writing; the thermometer at my side is up to ninety degrees now.—I hope you are well in health, aunt, and that you don't think me a confoundedly impudent chap for writing like this.—Your affectionate nephew,

FRED OSBORNE.'

Mrs Flushton folded the letter up and put it back into the envelope with a curious expression on her face. Then she suddenly began to sob. 'Poor lad! poor Fred! Oh, if Mary had been alive! Her son, that she was so proud of!—her first baby! Oh Mary, little Mary! I'll be a mother to your son! I'll welcome him home for you, darling! Oh, I've been a selfish woman; I've been a lone, selfish woman!'

Mrs Leith Leamington sat at the top of her breakfast-table, dressed in a flowered morning robe and a dainty lace cap, reading her letters. She was between thirty and forty years of age, and everything about her conveyed the impression of being artificial: the bronze-gold of her elaborate 'coiffure'; the expression of her thin, handsome, powdered face; the tones of her voice when she spoke; and her striking morning costume. She was the kind of lady of whom you find yourself unconsciously wondering what her husband privately thinks about her; but also the kind of lady whose husband is usually blindly devoted to her.

Her husband was not at the breakfast-table, having left for his office a good two hours before; so the splendours of the morning gown were wasted on a very pretty young governess who sat opposite Mrs Leith Leamington, with her eyes fixed on her plate, and a curly-headed boy of about eight, who sat at the side in a high chair, drumming his sturdy fists on the table and eyeing the jam dishes critically.

'Do say grace quick, mummie,' he said suddenly,

having made up his mind about the jams. 'Miss Lucas has been down for an hour, and she made me come down-stairs too, though I told her you were never down before eleven o'clock! And we're both so hungry.—Aren't we, Miss Lucas?'

'Harold, be silent!' said Mrs Leamington; but she took his advice, and laid down her letters, said grace, and let breakfast begin.

'You will find Harold a very troublesome charge, Miss Lucas, I am afraid,' she said.

Miss Lucas raised her brown eyes shyly, and dropped them again quickly as she found Mrs Leamington regarding her through gold 'pin-nez.'

'Oh, I am sure'—she began; but Harold interrupted her.

'No; she won't, mummie. We get on splendidly.—Don't we, Miss Lucas?'

Mrs Leamington began reading her letters again; but all the time she was thinking: 'Perfect manners—so shy and modest. Very pretty, too. She will be quite the rage. I must see if she has proper dresses.'

'Do you dance?' asked Mrs Leamington abruptly.

'Dance? Yes! I learned at school; but I have not of course danced for some years,' she answered, and glanced doubtfully at Harold: was she going to be asked to teach that sturdy infant the art of waltzing?

'Ah!—we have a good many dances here,' Mrs Leamington went on. 'I myself am going to have open evenings once a fortnight, and I think of making two of them into dances. I hope you will enjoy them.'

Miss Lucas beamed with sudden grateful surprise; but Mrs Leamington did not even see the glance. She was actuated by no impulse of kindness; it was only that she wanted to give these dances, and the presence of the young girl in her house made a charming excuse for giving them.

'Oh, you are very kind to me, Mrs Leamington! I did not know—did not expect'—

'Mother, Miss Lucas raced me all the way down-stairs this morning; and she says she used to slide down the banisters when she was a little boy—girl. And she says'—

'Harry, if you've finished your breakfast, you may go and prepare your books in the school-room for Miss Lucas,' said his mother, taking pity on her 'protégée.'

He slipped off his chair and went; and Miss Lucas, having obtained leave, followed him.

May Lucas was an orphan. Her father, a clergyman of the Church of England, had died three years before, when May was eighteen. Since then, she and her mother had lived together in a little cottage in the Devonshire village which was their home, and had eked out their scanty income by receiving as boarders two little Indian-born children. Then the parents of the children had returned, and the mother and daughter could not hear of any other boarders, and funds began to run very low. They then made up their minds to separate and break up the little cottage home. Mrs Lucas consulted the vicar, her husband's successor, and he advertised for a governess's post for May.

Mrs Leith Leamington was a woman of caprice. She had been troubled by the accents

of the various applicants who came to see her in answer to her advertisement, and was struck by the fact of May being the daughter of a clergyman and only twenty-one. She wrote to the vicar who was given as reference; and on receipt of his letter of warm recommendation promptly wrote and engaged May on a salary of fifty pounds a year, thus bringing joy into the cottage parlour, and to the widow and her daughter, who cried over the crested note.

'She will be just a sweet young Devon girl, and quite a companion to me. It is very irksome going everywhere alone. Oh, she will be useful to me in a thousand ways!' Mrs Leamington said to her husband.

'Will she be able to manage that young scapegrace Harry?—that is the chief question. His manners are abominable,' replied Mr Leamington.

'Oh yes,' answered his wife indolently. 'She is accustomed to the care of children, and studied Greek and Latin and mathematics with her father, who was a great scholar. Harry only needs gentle supervision.'

'Gentle fiddlestick!' growled Harry's father. 'I'd rather trust to the Greek and Latin and mathematics!'

When May Lucas arrived—the night before the breakfast-table scene—Mrs Leamington had had a moment of misgiving. She was so *very* pretty. There was nothing artificial about her sunny brown hair, and her fair English skin needed no aid from the powder-box.

'I may have no end of trouble,' Mrs Leamington had thought, looking at her. 'I don't want to be turned into a chaperon to my boy's governess!'

But to-day Miss Lucas's manners were so exquisitely shy and grateful that Mrs Leamington felt relieved.

Mrs Flushton's nephew had arrived. The whole town knew it. Mrs Flushton had herself driven down to the station to meet him, and had brought the bronzed young hero in triumph home. After ten years of Indian native service, he had indeed fallen into a clover-field. His aunt gazed into his handsome young face, seeking wistfully for some likeness to her younger sister, his mother, who had died nearly twenty years ago. She found some likeness in the eyes, she said; and he smiled at her, and said carelessly: 'Oh, I was always supposed to be the image of my father;' and then regretted the remark, seeing his aunt's disappointment, and added, hastily, 'except about the eyes, you know!' His father had married again, and had become alienated from the family of his first wife, and had died seven years before. Mrs Flushton did not think about him in connection with her sister's child.

'Aunt, you will spoil me! You make me feel quite awkward: I am not used to it!' Fred Osborne exclaimed, laughingly, as his aunt showed him the rooms she had had prepared for him, with blazing fires in both the bedroom and the smoking-room adjoining, and a regal supply of cigarettes and cigars in boxes on the writing-table.

'I knew you would smoke,' she said, with a gentle laugh of triumph. 'But you won't spend

all your time up in this room, Fred?' she mildly observed. 'You may smoke cigarettes in the dining-room, you know. I shall soon get used to the scent of smoke, though my dear late husband, your uncle, was not a smoker. But cigars,' she added timidly—'well, if you don't mind, the scent of them *clings* very much!'

Her nephew laughed, and reassured her, and she then left him to dress for dinner.

And the temptation was great, as he sat at the bottom of the small oval dinner-table, laden with glass and silver and flowers, with the old Scotch butler behind his chair intent on an opportunity of refilling his glass, and his aunt, elaborately head-dressed in his honour, beaming across at him and hanging on his words—the temptation was great to colour his Indian life with a touch of the adventurous and to pose as the hero of many a battle. But the native truthfulness of the young man prevailed, and the stories he told his aunt gave a picture of barrack routine, the stern duties and the rigorous discipline of a soldier's life. He was rewarded, for his aunt added all the colouring, transforming him on the spot into a dauntless hero; and the old butler reported him down-stairs as a nice, quiet, merry young gentleman, real civil to his aunt, who's just fair taken with him, and it's easy to see who'll be *her* heir.

Indeed, the whole town saw easily who would be her heir; and mothers with marriageable daughters smiled on the young captain, and asked him to their houses; and Captain Osborne, who was enjoying his holiday, flirted with every one, and gained universal popularity.

'Aunt Betsy,' he said to Mrs Flushton as they were driving home from Mrs Leith Leamington's first evening, 'who is that very pretty little girl who is staying with Mrs Leamington? She was so very shy, and would stand in a corner, and seemed quite embarrassed when Mrs Leamington came and poked her out. Who is she?'

'Oh, she is Mrs Leith Leamington's governess.' The young man whistled. 'She's very young to be a governess, isn't she?' he muttered. 'Poor little thing!'

She was indeed very young to be a governess: far too young. The whole of the next morning, while she and Harold were at work, the verb *amo* became confused in her head with visions of the young officer who had talked to her so pleasantly and sympathetically last night; and Harold's eyes fixed in holy horror when she wrote down $7 + 5 = 9$ on the black-board. How could he tell that she was recalling the tone of voice in which Fred Osborne had said, 'Till to-morrow evening,' as he wished her good-night?

This evening she was going to meet him again, and then again on Saturday. She became lost in a pleasant dream.

'Miss Lucas, that's the map of Palestine, and we're still in Europe,' observed Harry in an aggrieved and squeaky tone.

Miss Lucas gathered her faculties together, and began the geography lesson with great sternness and dignity.

'I think I shall ask Mrs Leamington not to take me out any more; I find society upsets me for my work,' she said to herself severely, as the luncheon bell rang, and she and her charge went

down-stairs. Somehow, she never did ask Mrs Leamington not to take her out with her any more; on the contrary, she wore her best gown that evening, and bought some violets to fasten into her hair.

Mrs Flushton sat in an armchair by the side of her drawing-room fire, buttoning a pair of swede gloves on to her fat jewelled hands, and clasping her gold bracelets round her wrists. Her nephew, in immaculate war-paint, was standing in front of the mirror over the mantel-piece, sticking a spray of white stephanotis into his button-hole.

'Fred,' said Mrs Flushton, as she fixed the last button of her gloves and arranged the folds of her velvet train, 'you are to take down Lady Pearson.'

'And who will be on the other side of me?' asked her nephew irrelevantly.

'Miss Graham,' answered Mrs Flushton. 'Of course you must take down Lady Pearson, as she is the chief lady: you mustn't forget she is deaf. But I have put Miss Graham on the other side of you; I am sure you will like her.'

'Lady Pearson or Miss Graham?'

'Miss Graham, of course.'

'Have I ever met her?'

'Why, Fred! of course you have! She is that tall handsome girl in yellow I introduced you to the night before last. She is only just come to town. She is a great heiress, Fred, besides being a very nice girl.'

'Too much happiness!' murmured Fred.—'And who are coming in the evening, aunt?'

'Oh, every one! The rooms will be quite full. We shall utterly outrival Mrs Leith Leamington's receptions.'

'They are very jolly,' observed Fred.

'Yes,' said Mrs Flushton doubtfully; 'but her rooms are very small. She is so proud of her Queen Anne furniture—all those spindle-legged sideboards and chairs, and those cabinets and plates and yellow silk hangings; but really I am old-fashioned enough,' said Mrs Flushton, gazing complacently about her very luxurious but certainly not high-art drawing-room, 'to think that comfort.'

At this moment the first guests were announced, and aunt and nephew rose to receive them.

Fred Osborne made himself very agreeable all dinner-time, and proved a perfect host. He talked alternately with Lady Pearson and the stately Miss Graham. Mrs Flushton, at the other end of the table, was more preoccupied, and lent but half her attention to the portly bishop on her right hand and the wizened old judge on her left. She cast anxious glances down the table to see if her pet plan were progressing.

Towards the end of dinner, matters began to look hopeful. Her nephew and Miss Graham were chatting and laughing gaily. Mrs Flushton lingered over dessert as long as she could, and then rose, fearing the arrival of the evening guests. When in the drawing-room she went and sat by the heiress, and adroitly led the conversation on to her nephew. The heiress turned her large vacant eyes upon her, and appeared to be interested. Mrs Flushton prided herself on her diplomacy, which was usually rather transparent, so she soon changed the conversation, and rushed away to speak to the

bishop's wife. When the gentlemen came up-stairs, some of the after-dinner guests had already begun to arrive, and the rooms rapidly filled. Mrs Flushton took up her stand by the door; and her nephew, who was talking to a group of men in a corner, also kept his eyes fixed on the in-coming guests. Soon a tall, elaborately-dressed lady entered, the gaslight falling on her tortured hair, and making the gold-dust, with which it was powdered, sparkle. She was closely followed by a small slight girl in a soft white dress, and with white flowers in her fair hair, and whose big frightened eyes glanced quickly round the room, lighted for a second on Fred Osborne, and then glanced hastily past him in another direction. Captain Osborne left the group of men, and the next moment he and May Lucas were threading their way down-stairs together. Miss Graham was standing all alone in a corner, stiff and statuesque. She had only lately come to town, and her acquaintances were few.

Mr Leith Leamington slipped away early, to go to his club; but Mrs Leith Leamington and May stayed till nearly the end. Then Mrs Leamington rustled up and said good-bye to her hostess. 'I shall hope to see you and Captain Osborne on the 18th,' she murmured effusively.

Mrs Flushton and Mrs Leamington hated one another with that deadly hate which scorns to own a reason; but they beamed as they pressed one another's gloved hands.

'Good-night; it has been such a pleasant evening,' said May simply, as she came up after Mrs Leamington.

'My dear, I haven't seen you the whole evening; I hope you have had some supper,' said Mrs Flushton kindly; she liked the little governess.

May Lucas blushed and murmured, 'Yes, thank you!' and escaped.

'Miss Lucas, I must congratulate you!' said Mrs Leamington as they drove away.

'Oh no! What for?' exclaimed May.

'Of course he will have all his aunt's money, and she will never let him go back to India again. She will buy him a commission here. He is a very nice young man, perfect in every way; and it will serve Mrs Flushton right for her insufferable pride, she— Oh! I beg your pardon; I didn't mean that!' And Mrs Leamington paused apologetically.

But May did not heed the last part of her speech; she was sitting bolt upright in the dark carriage in a perfect agony of shame. 'Oh, Mrs Leamington—don't! You mustn't! He never'—

'No, no; but any one can see'—

'But I think we will not talk any more about it,' said May, with a sudden dignity.

'Oh, very well, my dear; but talking does not alter matters.'

In this case, however, it did alter matters, for when May got back and up to her own room, she flung herself down on the hearthrug and gazed into the dying fire and forced herself to think. And while Mrs Leith Leamington was sipping her cocoa as the maid took down her hair, and thinking in a pleased way over this final blow she meditated to Mrs Flushton's fond and tender

hopes, May, the unconscious instrument of her revenge, was weeping bitterly up-stairs, her happiness dying with the few remaining cinders. It was impossible to think he cared for her—her, a poor penniless little waif—not even very pretty; he, who might be anything, do anything! So clever, so handsome, so talented, so gentlemanly in all he said or thought! Oh, it was cruel! But if he did—if he did, it would ruin him. His aunt would be so angry—Mrs Leamington had said—And then May sat and thought a little longer, and made a firm resolve that kept her awake all night.

THE TREATMENT OF WATCHES.

VIEWS as to the proper treatment of watches differ so greatly, and are, moreover, so confused, that a few words of advice from a practical watchmaker are not out of place. A watch, to meet the requirements made upon its capabilities, must in the first place be treated well. When it is considered what continuous care is bestowed upon every steam-engine, how it is watched and guarded night and day, it appears self-evident that a watch, which is, after all, not only an engine, but one of a most delicate and complicated construction, should be carefully and tenderly looked after. Consequently, a watch, even the most perfect one, will satisfy its owner only when it is treated in accordance with its sensitive mechanism, when it is preserved against every kind of concussion, and is kept scrupulously clean. As there is a constant accumulation of dust and fibres from the waistcoat material in the watch-pockets, which penetrates even into the best-closing watches, it is advisable to turn out and clean those pockets frequently.

In order to keep the 'going' of a watch as regular as possible, it should be subjected to regular treatment; that is to say, it should be wound up always at the same time of day; and during the time that it is not worn it should either be laid down or hung up regularly, according to habit, as every watch goes differently when it is hanging than either during lying down or wearing. In watches having a double case, that over the watch-glass should never be left open. An attentive observer will find that, if such a watch is left open even for one night, the glass is covered with a thin film of dust, which will gradually enter the works even through the tiniest openings in the case, and thus cause disturbances. People should wind up their watches in the morning, not only because they generally rise more regularly than they go to rest, but also because a spring fully wound up will more readily overcome the disturbances which affect the correct going of a watch during the movement occasioned in wearing it. Springs will not break so easily if the watch is carefully wound up, and is not placed directly out of the warm pocket against a cold wall, or on a still colder marble slab; and for that reason a protective mat is desirable.

The capacity of a watch, or, more correctly, its keeping correct time, is very much governed by its construction and its more or less perfect finish. It cannot be expected of the best horizontal watch that it should always keep good time, and even less so of the inferior watches which are sold in

large numbers. The changes of the oil, the variations in temperature, the density or humidity of the air—all greatly affect the going of a watch; and it is only the lever watch, of the most perfect finish, which neutralises those adverse influences to the greatest degree. As a matter of fact, no watch keeps perfectly correct time; and even the best chronometers, used in observatories and on board ship, must be regulated according to tables which fix those variations to which watches are subjected.

A watch should be cleaned every two or, at most, every three years if it is desired to preserve it. In time the oil decomposes, gets mixed with the particles of dust which enter the works of even the best-closing watch, begins to act as a grinding material, and wears out the working parts. The best watch will be spoiled in this way, and will never keep such good time as before. It frequently happens that a watch requires cleaning in less time than every two years, according as it closes badly or is exposed to much dust and dirt. Any one having the misfortune to drop his watch into water or any other liquid should take it at once to the watchmaker, to have it taken to pieces and cleaned, for a delay of even an hour might spoil the watch for ever.

WITHOUT—YET WITH.

I STAND beneath the tree where once we stood,
We two, together, sheltering from the rain;
The flowers are growing, and from out the wood
Comes the soft murmur of the doves' refrain.
Shall we e'er meet again?

I see the little path where once we strayed,
The path run wild beneath the grasses' sway,
Flecked by sweet sunbeams playing through the glade;
The steps of two passed over it that day;
Now one has gone away.

The briar-rose blushing flings its sweets around;
The bramble, gadding o'er the woodland ways,
Its tender offshoots trails upon the ground,
Or with the graceful bracken gently plays;
Alone, I stand to gaze.

Yet not alone, for lingering by my side,
Thy spirit maketh beauty seem more fair;
Above all doubts, thy love shall still abide,
And give me strength that I may bravely bear
My daily weight of care.
M. C. SALMON.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 378.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, MARCH 28, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

HUFFY PEOPLE.

BY MRS LYNN LINTON.

HE who would be 'upsides' with Huffly People must rise earlier in the morning than most of us do. And even then he will not get before them, nor be able to circumvent their susceptibilities, nor prevent the shooting out of their fretful quills. For huffy people do not wait for outside circumstances before they are offended. Like spiders and silkworms they carry about them, in their own persons, the material of huffiness; and just as sticks are never wanting where-with to beat dogs, so are there never wanting external angles of support and branches of occasion whereon to fasten the dun-coloured web of huffiness and displeasure.

Trifles light as air are to these uncomfortable persons things as heavy as lead. A look, a word—a chance observation that had no kind of intentional reference to them—that could be made to have reference only by the most wilful torturing of application—anything you like, is able to fan those ever-smouldering fires into a flame—to set off those moral silkworms aspinning their gloomy webs at railroad speed. You never know when you have offended these people till you find it out by their displeasure. You never know what will offend them, and thus can never learn by experience—for huffy people, like all others, have their 'days,' and yesterday they smiled at what to-morrow will make them furious. At one time they accept with equanimity a buffet, and at another they lash out at the approach of a hand that comes to caress. It is this inconsistency, this inconsistency, which makes them so trying to deal with. If they had a broad line of demarcation between what would offend them and what would not, then their friends and neighbours might know how to steer. But as things are, no one can even guess at the shallows and sunken rocks, and the chart cannot be made which would lay them down for guidance. With huffy people it is always sailing over unknown

seas—fishing in unfathomed waters—walking in a pathless wood, and moreover walking in the dark. You never know where you are nor when you have them; and by accidents the most extraordinary, in ways the most unexpected, you have fallen into a hole where you saw only level ground.

These huffy people are ticklish conversation-alists, unable as they are to bear the smallest contradiction. If they are out in their facts or wrong in their dates it is wiser to let them wander than to try and bring them round to the exact point. If you do, you offend them, and they are off in a fume like a sky-rocket prematurely launched. If you are speaking to editors, you must praise the contents of their weakest numbers; if to writers, you must find unmitigated trash profound wisdom, or brilliant poetry, if it emanates from their pen. If they are painters, their 'hot' pictures must be called gorgeous colouring—their muddled tints must be exalted as subtle tones—their defective drawing has to pass as daring foreshortening. The most friendly criticism from a master in the art where they are not even apprentices, will set up those vibrating heckles of theirs; and they will be huffed and affronted at what, with wiser folk, would be taken as a kindly lesson given for pure love of good work and sincere desire for a fellow-craftsman's success. Nothing of all this for the congenitally huffy! It is unalloyed praise of all they have done, or—averted eyes, stiff gestures, cold shoulders, and very brief staccato words.

Huffy people demand more than their tenth in the distribution of attentions. You must not have a dinner-party without them if you value their good-humour; and they hold themselves righteously affronted if, having invited them once, you go on through the remainder of your list, leaving them out. If met by one of those dreadful persons who, when they are bidden to a feast, seem to spend the intervening time in wanting to know of every one they meet whether they, too, are dining at such a date at Mrs Fourstars'?—asked the familiar question, they draw themselves

up with unmistakable displeasure and answer glacially: 'No; the Fourstars have not thought fit to invite *us*.' They do not add that they dined there last week at one of the 'smartest' dinners given by these worthy 'amphitrites,' as the writer of these lines once heard them called. That would be too wide a stretch of generosity for the huffy kind to compass; for huffiness of temper and generosity of confession do not consort together. But they speak as if they had been persistently overlooked and intentionally affronted by the neglect of these unkind dinner-givers. For the matter of that, even when they are asked they are sure to find some cause for annoyance at the feast to which they are invited. The person assigned is unsympathetic, and they always want some one else. The man is too young, or too old, or of not sufficiently good social standing. The woman is not pretty enough, or so confoundedly stupid—it was like going over a ploughed field to try and talk to her! If, now, it had been that other—or that other—or that—or that! Any one will do as a peg whereon to hang the *san benito* of huff; so that, whether included or left out, the huffy are huffy still, and no one can rightly please them.

If they give a dinner of their own, they find their poison in their guests. The gowns of the women and the tempers of the men are the witches' straws which work evil where they are laid. Mrs A was over-dressed, and Mrs B was not dressed enough. Mrs C's gown was made up out of two old ones which Madame Huff remembers quite well; and if she were to die for it she would swear that Mrs D's silk was dyed. On his side, Mr Huff complains that Mr A was in one of his chaffing moods, which he, Mr Huff, considers an impertinence in any gentleman's house; and Mr B was in one of his sullen tempers, which is more impertinent still. C would talk politics, which is next thing to an insult in a host; and that dull dog D would not take up the ball. And so on through the whole alphabet and every circumstance. Whatever they do and wherever they go it is the same thing with these cranky creatures—the huffy people, who quarrel with shadows and are insulted by windmills, and who are mentally what mad Malays running amuck are personally—as unreasonable and as irresponsible.

Huffy people take possession of your mind and soul, and assume their right to be offended if you do not walk on the lines they lay down for you. If the solution of the great mysteries of life and the universe which satisfies them does not commend itself to you, they hold themselves offended as by a personal wrong, and make you feel how hard they can strike. In politics it is the same. Many a pleasant kind of friendship has been broken because the Huffs interpret certain texts in one way and their friend turned them round and looked at them from the other side. Moreover, the huffy will not accept the grand tolerance of the nobler kind. They cannot understand the right of independent thought. Bound by the narrow egotism which is the law of their own being, divergence and freedom are therefore enemies to be opposed tooth and nail; and when the dissident hold by their own views the Huffs take umbrage and

show that they do. The wrath of the intolerant springs from other causes. It is not necessarily personal, like the displeasure of the huffy. It is rather wrath with wilful traitors—wrath because of disloyalty to something beyond the Self than because of offended egotism. With huffy people, on the contrary, the sin is purely personal.

It is part of the huffiness of the huffy that they should refuse the right hand of good-fellowship to all artistic or literary workers whose productions do not please them. Have you painted a subject to which they are antipathetic?—they will lurch up their shoulders and scarce notice your existence the next time they meet you. Have you written a book they do not like?—they make it the subject matter of a quarrel, a coolness, a lecture, according to mutual agreement. Do you wander afield to even a different school of medicine from that which they affect?—they take that, too, as a personal affront, for which they are in their right to be offended. They are huffed with you because of your very handwriting, and make your spider legs and curleyques causes of irritation as grave as a slap on the face or a flat contradiction rudely phrased. They assume that you favour them with your worst performances; and, assuming this, they are huffed accordingly. Yet they would be still more huffed if, in a temporary separation, you should forbear to write to them at all, discouraged by the trouble and annoyance which your doubtful caligraphy seems to give them. So there you are, as all the friends of huffy people always are, on the horns of a dilemma, and you have nothing for it but to choose on which horn you elect to impale yourself. You have it to do; so you may make up your mind with what equanimity you can command.

A doubtful possession as friends, these huffy people as housemates, wives, husbands, sisters, brothers, and all the rest, are true Killjoys. Their bones of contention are never picked clean and never broken and done with. Afflicted with fine feelings, the gentler sort weep when things go wrong—and they are always going wrong—while the sullen sulk and the passionate rave. A word, a look, will bring tears into the eyes of the sensitive young person who spends half her time in looking for thorns and the other half in running them into her flesh. 'What is the matter with Maria? she went out crying,' ask the robust sort; and only one of the same kind as Maria herself can answer. Perhaps the robust sort have been the cause of it all. Perhaps an unfeeling allusion was made to dead dogs, and Maria's pet pug has just departed. Perhaps a laugh went round on 'carrots,' and Maria's hair has a shade of red in its gold. Perhaps the grand stature of some Daughter of the Gods has been commended, and Maria's four feet nothing quivered at the implied insult. It may have been something even more shadowy and less possibly personal than this, and as unintentional as the sighing of the wind in the trees; but Maria took it to herself, and met the pain with tears and the huffiness of strict seclusion for the rest of the day.

Husbands and wives cursed with this temper cannot hope to make a good job of marriage. In what form soever it may be shown, what kind

of life is possible between people whereof one is always on the *qui vive*, watching for causes of pain and offence, and resenting them when they arrive—as they must necessarily when watched for—with coldness, pouts, tears, or anger, as may chance? Peace cannot exist in such a household, because security does not exist. As a rule, women, being the more sensitively organised and the less occupied outside themselves, are more inclined to be huffy than are men; but some of the Lords run their Ladies hard, and make themselves supremely ridiculous into the bargain. How one's contempt overflows for those men who are thus supersensitive, thus easily hurt, and always offended, and who are never off the tenterhooks of wounded vanity! They are not like men, but rather like fretful spoilt children, who think themselves ill used if they cannot have the moon to play with, and are gravely remonstrated with on their folly in wishing for it. Dealing with one of these people is like thrusting your hand into a bed of nettles. No care can prevent those stings which make you smart, because of the inherent quality of the nettle itself. The wife of such a man has but a hard time of it, poor soul! We can only wish her an inexhaustible fount of patience and good-humour to bear what no care on her part will prevent, any more than it could prevent those stings of the nettle. If the huffy one is a woman, and the victim her husband, well—he, too, must have patience; but in either case there is no happiness, properly so called, and while the disease lasts, none is possible.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XV.—IN THE CRUCIBLE.

At ten o'clock next morning, according to promise, Linnell presented himself at the Wren's Nest. He was pale and anxious, for he had passed a long and sleepless night—who knows not those sleepless nights, more precious by far than sleep itself, when a man's head whirls round and round with a thousand tunes played deliciously on a single chord?—but he was not in the least afraid of the result, for he could trust Psyche: though Haviland Dumaresq himself might fade at nearer view into common humanity, he could trust Psyche—he could trust Psyche! How often did he not murmur to himself reassuringly through the night-watches that let who would fail, he could still trust Psyche! So he pulled himself together with what energy he might, and went round betimes to finish the portrait.

Psyche, too, for her part, was pale and agitated; but she was far too much of a woman already to let her devoted admirer plainly see it. She, too, had lain awake on her bed all night, not in the sleepless ecstasy of love like Linnell, but crying her eyes out in a fierce conflict of counter-emotions. Till yesterday, she hardly knew she loved her painter; but we often learn what we love best only at the moment when we are called upon to give it up. Now that she was asked to relinquish all thoughts of loving Linnell, Psyche felt to herself for the first time how her whole future had unconsciously wrapped itself up in him. She had cried and cried till her eyes were sore

and red: at least for the first half of that long lone night. But about three o'clock, the woman within her suggested suddenly that if she went on crying any longer like this, Linnell would detect those red eyes in the morning. So she rose up hastily and bathed them with rose-water; and after a long time spent in reducing the swollen lids to proper proportions, went to bed once more with a stern resolve not to cry again to-night, no matter what cruel thought might present itself to her. And she kept the resolve with innate firmness. She was Haviland Dumaresq's daughter, after all, and she knew how to control her own heart sternly. Let it throb as it would, she would keep it quiet. Her pride itself would never permit her to let her father or her lover see to-morrow she had shed a tear over this her first great sorrow.

So, when Linnell presented himself in the bare little dining-room at ten o'clock, Psyche was there, fresh and smiling as usual, to meet him and greet him with undisturbed calmness. Fresh and smiling as usual, but somehow changed, Linnell felt instinctively: not quite herself: some shadow of a thick impenetrable barrier seemed to have risen up invisible since yesterday between them. Could it be that Psyche too?—But no! impossible! Linnell dashed away the unworthy thought, half ashamed of himself for allowing it to obtrude its horrid face for one moment upon him. Such motives could never weigh with Psyche. Though Haviland Dumaresq had wallowed in mire, his Psyche could never soil the tip of her white little wings in it.

She held out her hand and took his with a smile. But her grasp had none of that gentle pressure he had learned to expect of late from Psyche; that cordial pressure, unfelt and undesigned, which all of us give to friends and intimates. A man so sensitive and so delicately organised as Linnell felt the difference at once: he felt it, and it chilled him. 'Good-morning,' he said, in a disappointed voice: 'we can go on at once, I suppose, with the picture?'

'Yes,' Psyche answered in tones she could hardly school herself to utter. 'It'll be finished to-day, I suppose, Mr Linnell? Papa told me you thought you'd only want one more day for it.'

The artist looked at her with a keen and piercing glance. Was his faith in Psyche, even, then, to be shaken? Would Psyche herself have nothing more to say to the penniless painter? He wouldn't believe it—he couldn't believe it. 'Yes, one more day,' he answered, 'and then we shall be done. It's been a pleasant task, Miss Dumaresq. I'm sorry it's finished. We've enjoyed it together.'

'The picture's beautiful,' Psyche answered, trembling, but trying to talk as coldly as she could. She had given her word to Papa last night, and bitter as it might be, she would do the best she knew to fulfil it. But, oh, how much easier it was to promise last night—though that itself was hard—than to carry the promise into execution this morning!

'I'm glad you like it,' Linnell went on, making up his mind not to notice her tone—a man may so readily misinterpret mere tones: 'I never pleased myself better before; but then, I never had so suitable a sitter.'

'Thank you,' Psyche answered with well-

assumed calmness: 'it's a pleasure to me if I've been able to be of any service to you.'

Linnell looked back at her in surprise and alarm. His heart was beating very fast now. There could be no mistaking the frigidity of her tone. Impossible, incredible, inconceivable as it seemed, Psyche must have found out—he wasn't worth catching.

His hand could hardly guide his brush aright, but he went on painting through that whole long morning—the longest and most terrible he had ever known—with the energy of despair increasing and deepening upon him each moment. They talked continually—talked far more than usual; for each of them felt too constrained and unhappy to let the conversation flag for a single moment. Silence in such a case would be worse than unsafe: only by a strenuous stream of platitudinous commonplaces can the overflowing heart be held back at a crisis from unseemly self-revelation. Linnell talked about the picture and its effect: Psyche answered him back bravely with polite phrases. Her courage never failed or flinched for a second: though she broke her heart over it, she would keep her word to the letter to her father.

After all, it was only for three long years: an eternity of time when one's seventeen; but still an eternity with limits beyond it. Some day, some day, she could explain it all to him. Some day she could tell him with a bursting heart how much she had endured, and for his dear sake. For he loved her, he loved her; of that she was certain. His hand was trembling on the canvas as he worked; till then, poor fluttering heart, lie still. Some day you may burst your self-imposed barriers, and let your pent-up love flow down its natural channel.

Once or twice, however, the pressure was terrible. Once or twice, the tears rose almost to the level of her eyes; but each time, with a superhuman effort of will, like her father's daughter, she thrust them back again. Towards the end, especially, when Linnell, now thoroughly wounded in soul, began to hint at his approaching departure, the conflict within her grew painfully intense. 'I meant to spend all the summer at Petherton,' he said with a burst, looking across at her despairingly, towards the close of the sitting—'particularly once; I almost made my mind up. But circumstances have arisen which make me think it best now to go.—Though indeed even yet, I might stop still—if other circumstances intervened to detain me.' He looked at her hard. She gave no sign. 'But that seems unlikely,' he went on, heart-broken. 'So I shall probably leave almost at once. Unless, indeed, anything should happen—unexpectedly—to keep me here.'

He gazed at her, despairing. Psyche faltered. The heart within her rose up and did battle. She knew what he meant. One word would suffice. One motion of the hand. Could she keep it down? Could she do her own soul—and his—this gross injustice? And then, her father's pleading face recurred to her. An old, old man; a broken old man! Her father's pleading face, and her sacred promise! Her promise! her promise! Come what might, she must, she must! It was for three years only! And he—he would wait for her.

Summoning up all her courage, she answered once more in the same set tone, but with agonised eyes: 'We shall be sorry to lose you. It's been a very great pleasure to us all to see you here, Mr Linnell, this summer.'

Linnell noticed the struggle and its result; noticed it, and—as was natural for him—misinterpreted it too. A nature like his could put but one interpretation upon it. Then she was really crushing down her own better feelings at the dictates of mere vulgar prudence and avarice! She would have liked to be cordial—to the man, to himself—modest and sensitive as he was in his heart, Linnell yet paid himself mentally the compliment of admitting so much—she liked the man; but she would make no concession to the penniless painter. He turned to his work once more with a stifled sigh of horror. He, too, had had a day-dream at last; he had thought just once, just once in the world, he had found the one true maiden to love him; and now, the day-dream had melted again into airy nothingness, and the one true maiden had declared by no uncertain signs that she too preferred the worship of Mammon. Ah me; ah me! the horror of it! the pity of it!

There was a dangerous silence for half a minute. Psyche thought he must surely hear her heart as it beat with loud thuds against her trembling little bosom. At all hazards she must find something to say. She blundered in her haste and trepidation on the worst possible tack. 'But you will come again?' she murmured, almost persuasively.

Linnell looked up, and hesitated for an instant. Could she mean to relent? Was she leading him on? Never would he ask her if she took him with anything less than her whole heart, for better for worse, for richer for poorer, on his own account alone, without thought or calculation of money and position. 'A painter's life is governed by many varying conditions,' he answered slowly and very deliberately. 'We can't come and go where we will, like moneyed people. We must move where we find work cut out to our hands. Ours is a very precarious trade. We work hard, most of us, and earn little. Such people, you know, must be guided by the market. They must govern their motions hither and thither by demand and supply—hard political economy—paint what they find the world will pay them for.'

'But you're not like that,' Psyche cried, more naturally and unconstrainedly than she had yet spoken: 'you're well known, and can paint what you will. Besides, you can come and go where you please. You've nobody else in the world but yourself to think of. And—it would give us all so much pleasure to see you again at Petherton.'

Her soul misgave her as she spoke. Had she gone too far? Was she breaking the spirit of her promise now? Was she moving half-way, in her eagerness, to meet the penniless painter?

Linnell, too, looked up with a fresh burst of hope as he heard her words. 'I might come back,' he said, eyeing her once more with that piercing glance of his, 'if only—I thought—I had something to come back for.'

Psyche shook with terror and remorse from head to foot. It was an awful ordeal for so young a girl. Her father should have guarded her

heart from this strain. She had gone too far, then. She had said too much. Her feelings had betrayed her. She had broken her word. Oh, what would Papa say to this! She must put herself right again; she must justify her promise. 'We shall all be delighted to see you,' she said, relapsing into the same cold impersonal voice as before. 'I hope you'll come. There must be plenty of things for you still to paint here.'

Linnell turned back, unmanned, to the picture again. Then she had fought it all out with her own heart, and the worse side had won within her! How beautiful she was, and how young, and how innocent! Who could ever have believed that under that sweet and almost childish face—childish in softness, yet full of womanly grace and dignity—there lay so much cold and calculating selfishness! Who could ever have believed that that seemingly simple country girl would stifle her own better inner promptings—deliberately, visibly to the naked eye—for the sake of money, position, worldly prospects! She would sell her own soul, then, for somebody's gold! And, oh, how futile, how empty was the sale! If she would but have loved him, how he would have loved her! And now, even now, when he saw she loved him far less than the chance of selling herself for hard cash in the matrimonial market—why, he loved her, he loved her, he loved her still! The more unworthy she was, the more he loved her. But he would never tell her so. Oh, never, never! For her own dignity's sake he would never tell her. He would never degrade himself—and Her—by putting her to the shame of that open renunciation of her better self. He would spare her the disgrace of belying her own heart. He would bear it all in silence. He would spare her—he would spare her.

He glanced across at her as he worked on mechanically still. A red flush stood now in the midst of her pale white cheek. She was ashamed, ashamed, of that he felt sure; but her heart was not strong enough to break through the vile bonds it had woven for itself. The Psyche he had dreamed of had never existed. But the baser Psyche that actually was he would always love. He would love her for the sake of his own sweet fancy. The ideal had made even the reality dear to him.

He painted away for some minutes in silence. Neither spoke. Psyche could not trust herself to say another word. The tears were welling up almost uncontrollably now. Linnell put touch after touch to the completed picture. Strange to say, the very power of his feelings made him paint intensely. He was surpassing himself in the exaltation of the moment. He was putting on the canvas the ideal Psyche—the Psyche that was not and never had been.

At last he drew breath, stood back, looked at it, and sighed. 'It's finished,' he said. 'One other stroke would spoil it.'

'Finished!' Psyche cried. 'Oh—I'm so sorry.'

Linnell packed up his things to go, in silence. Psyche never moved from her seat, but watched him. He packed them all up with a resolute air. She knew what it meant, but brave and proud still, she kept her compact to the very letter. 'Are you—going?' she asked at last, as he stood with the easel stuck under his arm, leaving the picture itself on the dining-room table.

'Yes, going,' he said in a very husky voice. 'It's all finished.—Good-bye, Miss Dumaresq.'

'For ever!' Psyche cried, all her strength failing her.

'For ever,' Linnell answered, in choking tones. 'One word from you would have kept me, Psyche. It never came. You didn't speak it. If you spoke it now, even, it would keep me still.—But you won't—you won't. You dare not speak it.'

Psyche looked up at him, one appealing glance. Her lips trembled. Her face was white as death now. 'I love you! Stop!' faltered unspoken in her parched throat. It almost burst, irrepressible, from her burning tongue. But her promise! her promise! She must keep her promise! The words died away on her bloodless lips. She only looked. She answered nothing.

With one wild impulse, before he went, Linnell seized the two white cheeks between his hands, and stooping down, kissed the bloodless lips just once—and no more after. He knew it was wrong, but he couldn't resist it. Then he rose, and crying in a tremulous voice, 'Good-bye, Psyche: good-bye, for ever!' he rushed wildly out into the cottage garden.

Ten minutes later, when Haviland Dumaresq came into the room to see what fruit his counsel had borne, he found Psyche seated in the one armchair, with her cold face buried deep in her two hands, and her bosom rising and falling convulsively. 'He's gone, papa!' she said; 'and I've kept my promise.'

(To be continued.)

TOURING CLUBS.

THE statistics relating to the number of passengers carried by the southern railway companies show that the number of travellers on the Continent is yearly increasing. The attractions of the French Exhibition led many people to cross the Channel who had not previously left their native land. Few of the visitors left Paris without resolving to return again; and a second visit to Paris usually resulted in a trip to Brussels or to Cologne. Travelling on the Continent has become popular. It has also become expeditious and cheap as regards Belgium and the north of France. But the Riviera, Italy, and Germany are seldom visited by the travelling public, on account of the length and cost of the journey.

A few years ago, it occurred to Mr Bolton King—a gentleman who has spared no effort to make the University Settlement in the east end of London a great and enduring success—that the principle of co-operation might be applied to continental travel. He had noticed that the value of art as an educational instrument was gradually obtaining recognition at the hands of the State, and he thought that if teachers in elementary schools could have an opportunity of visiting the art centres of Italy at a moderate cost, they would be better fitted to discharge the duties they were called on to perform. Communications were opened up with the continental railway companies and with hotels; and in the end, a party of sixty left London, travelled as far as Florence, and returned after an absence of

eighteen days, the total cost to each person being under twelve pounds. In the following years similar parties visited Venice and Siena. The success of the movement being proved by practical experience, Liverpool and Manchester organised parties to visit Italy, and the Touring Club is now a recognised institution in both these cities. As frequent inquiries are made as to the steps necessary to form a Club and the methods of arranging with railway companies and hotels, the following account, supplied by an active member of one of the existing Clubs, may prove interesting and useful.

In the first place, it is desirable to note that all the Touring Clubs are strictly educational in their organisation and objects. At Liverpool the Club consists of members of the local branch of the Teachers' Guild; and at Manchester, teachers have the first claim to go on any expedition. After teachers come students attending University Extension lectures on Art. At both Toynbee Hall and Manchester a course of lectures on the places to be visited, illustrated by the lantern, is always arranged; and those who propose to join the expedition are expected to attend these lectures. The result is that the party is not one of mere sight-seeing tourists, but of educated men and women, who take with them a large store of knowledge as regards the history and art treasures of the towns they visit. It is to be hoped that this principle will be maintained in all new Clubs. Otherwise, those who form them will be deluged with applications from all sorts and conditions of men and women, many of whom can well afford to travel by themselves.

The important points to consider in arranging a tour are—(1) Time of year; (2) Route and cost; and (3) Hotels. (1) As regards the time of year for visiting Italy, the months of June, July, and August should as a rule be avoided. In cool summers there is no inconvenience in travelling as far south as Naples even in August; but where time is very limited, it is essential to choose a month when no inconvenience is likely to be suffered from the weather. The existing Clubs always make their expeditions at Easter, school holidays being sufficiently long to enable a teacher to be three weeks away from duty.

(2) The route is closely connected with the question of expense. If it is desired to keep the expense down to the lowest possible limit, the Club must make choice between going by Ostend or by Harwich. The Toynbee Hall party went last year by Ostend; the Liverpool party by Harwich. For Clubs out of London it will generally be found that the Harwich route is the more convenient. The route *viâ* Dover and Calais is excluded by reason of its cost.

From London it is immaterial from the point of view of cost whether the Ostend or the Harwich route is taken; but from the country, the latter is the cheaper. The railway companies in England have hitherto refused to make any concession whatever to the Touring Clubs: the members, if they go by London, are required to pay single fare to and from London. As the fare to March, where most passengers from the Midlands join the Great Eastern system, is much less than the fare to London, a saving of at least ten shillings a ticket is made by adopting the Great Eastern route.

In order to obtain tickets, the simplest plan is to write to the Continental Traffic Manager of the Great Eastern Railway, or of the Belgian Mail Packet Company, stating the route over which the party proposes to travel, and ask for a quotation as to fares. It may be assumed that the continental railways from Brussels to Italy *viâ* the St Gothard will give a return ticket second class for practically single fare. In order to economise, it is usual to travel third class over the English railways to the point where the Great Eastern Railway is joined.

The cost of a second-class return ticket to a party of not less than sixty in number from any Great Eastern station to Florence and back will be about £6, 13s. each. To Venice and back the fare is something less. Now, if reference is made to any continental Railway Guide, it will be found that a single ticket second-class to Florence costs in London £6, 14s. by Calais; £5, 17s. 3d. by Dieppe; and £5, 15s. 11d. by Harwich. The saving effected by a Club travelling together is very great.

It should be noted that these tickets give ample facilities for stopping at any place *en route*. For instance, a party going to Florence usually stops for at least one night at both Lucerne and Milan, the return journey from Florence being made by Pisa, Genoa, and Lugano. In going to Venice, Lucerne and Verona can be visited; whilst in returning, Como or Lugano are admirable resting-places.

(3) Hotels. The arrangements with hotels involve more trouble, as suitable hotels have to be secured at each town visited. Hitherto, the Touring Clubs have been very fortunate. Large and expensive hotels are avoided. The most satisfactory hotels are those that Baedeker calls good hotels of the second rank. No difficulty is found in arranging with these hotels to accommodate the party on *pension* terms, even when a stoppage is only made for a night. It often happens that an hotel cannot accommodate the whole party; but the owner of the hotel chosen in the first instance undertakes to find rooms for all. It is generally desirable to arrange with the hotel-keeper that he will bring all luggage from the station and convey it back again. For hotel expenses an average of eight francs or six shillings and eightpence a day may be allowed. If the tour be restricted to seventeen days, it will be found that five pounds will cover all hotel expenses; so that the total expense of a tour may be kept well within twelve pounds from any Great Eastern station.

In organising a tour, it is important to secure the aid of some one sufficiently acquainted with continental travel, to guard the party against difficulties that otherwise would be unforeseen. For instance, the expense of travelling is greatly increased by taking too much luggage, luggage being usually charged for on the Continent. Luggage should therefore be restricted to the necessary wraps and the contents of a Gladstone bag. The presence of a treasurer is essential—by changing all moneys at a bank, a substantial saving is effected in the exchange. Above all, the party should make itself thoroughly acquainted with the topography of the towns to be visited, and in this way it will avoid the expense and inconvenience of local guides. Seventy should

be the maximum number, sixty the minimum. The former brings the party within manageable limits, the latter secures the important reduction conceded by the railway companies.

The following route-plan of one of the parties will illustrate how a trip can be arranged. Leaving London on the Wednesday before Easter, Antwerp was reached on Thursday morning, where the day was spent. Leaving in the evening, the party, travelling via Brussels, Metz, and Strassburg, arrived at Lucerne on Friday at 9 A.M. A halt was made here until the Saturday, when the party travelled over the St Gothard, arriving at Milan at 7 P.M. Easter Sunday was spent at Milan. Departing from Milan on Monday morning, Florence was reached the same evening. A full week was devoted to Florence. On the return journey, one night was spent at Pisa, one at Genoa, and two at Lugano on the Italian lakes; the party finally reaching London eighteen days from the date of departure. The party travelled leisurely, only two nights being spent in the train, and as the railway companies reserved special carriages, the journey was made under circumstances that involved the least possible fatigue.

THE RIVALS.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

'My dear, what's she going for?' exclaimed Mr Leith Leamington, gazing at his wife over the top of his evening paper.

'She's an ungrateful little thing!' his wife exclaimed angrily. 'To think of the way I've treated her! just as if she had been my—my—my sister! Heaps of people have asked me, "Who is that girl who is staying with you?" No one ever guessed from my treatment of her that she was Harold's governess! Taken her out, and given her evening dresses, and everything! And now that she should leave me at two days' notice!'

'Well, but what is she leaving for?' repeated Mr Leamington.

'Oh, she gives no reason. Reason! What reason could she give?'

Mr Leamington looked puzzled.

'I don't consider it commonly honest!' his wife went on. 'After my bringing her here, only to stay barely four months. She certainly brought me three pounds and said she would like to repay me for her ticket; but then there are the dresses!'

'They were old ones of yours done up, weren't they?' her husband asked.

His wife looked surprised. 'Yes,' she said, after a pause, 'two of them were; but that makes no difference.'

'Did she not give any reason, or say she was sorry, or anything?'

'Oh, she cried, and apologised, and said she could never forget my kindness, and that she couldn't help it. But I told her that no mere words could alter my opinion of her heartless conduct.'

Mr Leamington rustled his paper. 'Probably the poor little thing'—he began, after a pause.

'Oh, of course, if you are going to take her

part, you may as well say at once that it was I that was in the wrong, and that I haven't been kind to her.'

'No; I don't say that; but I do think the girl is a good little girl, and very conscientious, and has got on capitally with Harold: the little cub is really getting into shape; and I am sorry she is going; but I'm sure she wouldn't go and put you to all the inconvenience of getting a new governess without a proper reason. And I don't see why any lady should be pressed for her reasons—no, I don't. And I shall tell her that if she tries for a new situation I shall be delighted to give her a testimonial.'

Mrs Leith Leamington sat and stared at her husband. He read his newspaper. They had been married ten years and he had never revolted before. For five minutes Mrs Leamington gazed at him more in amazement than in anger, and the silence grew oppressive. Mr Leamington grew uneasy, and, with irritable nervousness, folded his newspaper into a small square and went on reading.

Mrs Leamington rose and left the room.

'Miss Lucas,' said Mrs Leamington coldly next morning, 'if you can make it convenient to leave this afternoon instead of this evening, I shall be obliged.'

May Lucas's eyes filled with tears, but she murmured assent. So that afternoon, before Mr Leamington returned from his office, a cab drove up to the door, and May's trunk was hoisted up by the driver, and May came down and got in, with no comforting knowledge of any sympathetic friend left behind, except Harold, who sobbed bitterly, and begged to be taken too.

All the way to the station she kept far back in the cab, but her eyes were on the busy streets, and often she started, and the colour came into her cheeks as she caught sight of a figure that seemed familiar, and then her face fell again—it was always some one else. At the station also she gave a wistful glance up and down, though a railway station is an unlikely place to choose as a promenade, unless you happen to be seeing a friend off or are meditating a journey. Then the train rushed in, and May got hurriedly into a third-class carriage, leaving her box to fate, for fear the train should go off without her; and then the crowd stood back, the doors were banged to, the whistle sounded, and the engine puffed out clouds of steam and started off, caring little how many lovers and how many hopes it left behind, or how many lives it was severing, for good or for ill. And May leant back and shut her tired eyes, and was carried home into beautiful peaceful old Devon.

All the world had gone wrong with Mrs Flushton. Her nephew had followed a dismissed governess into the country, and he had gone to ask her to be his wife. Mrs Flushton had spoken her mind freely to him on the subject—perhaps she had been a trifle harsh, but then her disappointment had been bitter, and the blow had been so unexpected. He had answered her very gently and very firmly, and had only got a little angry when she had said something about her fortune that she had intended to leave him; and had answered that it was her love and not her fortune that he had asked of her, and that he

intended taking his wife back to India with him. And then he had said that he would never forget her motherly kindness to him—it was the first love he had known in his life—and then he had gone—gone to the dismissed governess, to lay himself at that girl's feet, her own boy, that she had grown so fond of!—he had gone, and Mrs Flushton was miserable.

She sat knitting by the fire, her fair, fat, good-natured face wrinkled and troubled. Presently she got up and glanced at the clock. 'The carriage will be here in a quarter of an hour,' she said to herself; 'where shall I call this afternoon? Wednesday—I believe I've lost the list of calls I made out. Wednesday. I wonder, should I?—Yes! I'll go and call on Mrs Leith Leamington! I need give no hint; but I could lead her on to talk about the girl.'

Mrs Flushton arrived early, and Mrs Leamington was alone. She was sitting in her Queen Anne drawing-room, dressed in a yellow silk tea-gown, her frizzled gold hair showing off against a pale pink and amber pomegranate wall-paper, her tea-table drawn up to her side, and a broken lute leaning against an inlaid cabinet by her, and a sickly fragrance of lilies in the air.

Mrs Flushton, in her furs and crimson velvet bonnet surmounted by an upright crimson feather, sat down somewhat cautiously on one of the spindle-legged elbow chairs.

'Will you take tea or chocolate, Mrs Flushton?'

'Tea, please,' said Mrs Flushton severely. She disapproved of innovations.

'So you have lost your pretty little governess?' she began, as Mrs Leamington handed her her cup.

'Yes,' replied Mrs Leamington icily; 'I thought it better to send her home.'

'Much better!' Mrs Flushton rejoined heartily.

'May I ask what you mean by that?' asked her hostess, pausing with her hand on the handle of the teapot.

'Oh, nothing!' replied Mrs Flushton, regretting her impetuosity.

'I ask,' Mrs Leamington continued, calmly, 'because I think I understand what you allude to. It was certainly very evident.'

'I only wonder I never saw it!' exclaimed Mrs Flushton, casting prudence to the winds; 'but I must say, Mrs Leamington, that if it were so evident to you, I think you might—in fact, in the position in which you stood, I think you ought, to have warned me!'

'Why?'

The question, so calmly and shortly put, took Mrs Flushton's breath away. For a moment she gasped, and then her wrath rose. 'Why? Why? Well, I think you might see why! I think you might have known that I should not care for my nephew—my nephew, to marry a—— Well, I daresay she was a very nice girl, but hardly suitable for my nephew.'

'No? Dear me, now,' said Mrs Leamington, with extreme concern, 'and I thought it so suitable! Of course there would have been the difficulty of leaving the mother; but perhaps she might have gone to India with them. I really can't see what you can object to in Miss Lucas.—What does Captain Osborne say to her departure?'

'Say—say? Why, he's gone!—followed her home!'

In her joy at Mrs Flushton's complete downfall, Mrs Leamington quite forgot her animosity to her late governess. 'Well, I consider it very right of him,' she answered.

Mrs Flushton rose, and glanced scornfully up and down Mrs Leamington, from the tortoiseshell comb that surmounted her hair to the bronze shoe with the buckle on it that rested on the footstool.

Mrs Leamington, strong in the blissful consciousness of perfection, stood the scrutiny unflinchingly.

'I am surprised,' began Mrs Flushton, her crimson feathers nodding with indignation—'I am surprised that you should venture to say that. I wish to make no complaints; I have myself to blame for being so blind; but I only hope there has been no design in this matter!'

Mrs Leamington rose, smiling very sweetly, and trailing her yellow garments over the floor.

'Ah, dear Mrs Flushton, I don't wonder at your feeling a little vexed at your wishes being ignored, and your being set at naught, as it were! It is natural for you to be angry; but you must remember that young men will be young men; they are very headstrong in matters of this kind; and after all, you know, you have no claim on Captain Osborne, have you? You never saw him till he came home this winter, did you?—Ah, well! young men, especially if they have mingled much with the world, are very cold-hearted; you could hardly expect four months— They'll take all they can get, and give you nothing but ingratitude in return; perhaps even laugh at your fondness behind your back!—Must you go already?—Good-bye!'

Mrs Flushton paid some more calls, and then she drove home and dressed for dinner, and dined all alone. Her rival's last poisoned arrows rankled in her breast, and the house felt very lonely and silent. She sat alone by the drawing-room fire, and her spirits sank lower and lower. 'Laugh at my fondness behind my back? I don't believe it! Perhaps I was harsh to him, he spoke up in such a manly way! How proud Mary would have been of him! He never knew a mother, poor fellow! How gentle he would have been to her! as he always was to me.—I wonder what she would have done? Oh, I don't believe she would have seen him unhappy! I meant to be a mother to him for her, but have I been it? Haven't I let pride—— Oh, my boy, my Fred! If she can make you happy, and if she is a good girl!—'

A footman came into the room softly and put some coals on to the fire and stole out again. Mrs Flushton went on knitting; the fire burnt up and crackled for a little time, and then died down again, and the room was reduced to an oppressive silence.

'Such a bright, cheery, manly fellow! What a difference his absence makes!' Mrs Flushton thought.

Half an hour passed, and then the silence was broken suddenly by a coal falling out of the fire. Mrs Flushton started, shivered, and drew her light shawl round her. A sense of utter desolation and depression crept over her until it touched her heart with a finger of ice. Was

all her life thenceforward to be like *this*? Mrs Flushton was not given to looking much beyond the interests of the moment, but now she suddenly thought of the misty years stretching far away into the future. She was hardly past the prime of life; she had half her life yet to live; was it all to be so lonely, so loveless, so?—

The door opened and her nephew walked in. His face was white and drawn, and his eyes were wild and moody.

'Why, Fred! what's the matter?' exclaimed his aunt, starting up.

'She has refused me,' he answered shortly, and dropped down into an armchair and stared into the fire.

The vicar's wife sat in the sunny vicarage parlour, busily looking over some white frocks for a destitute baby, while the baby's mother stood by the door anxiously watching, and unconsciously curtsying at intervals as the heap grew larger.

'There, Mrs Hewitt, I think that should do; and you can send Hetty for the flannel to-morrow.'

The woman came forward with a profusion of thanks, and began rolling up her goods in a bit of white calico.

'May I come in, Mrs Tweedie?' said a voice at the French window that opened on to the lawn.

The vicar's wife turned with a smile of welcome. 'Come in, May dear! I was half hoping for a visit from you this morning! I have so much to do, I was longing for a helping hand.'

As May Lucas stepped in, Mrs Tweedie looked up and noticed her red eyelids, and thought: 'The poor little thing has some fresh trouble about that love affair of hers: she has come to ask advice.'

'It is all sewing, dear, so we can sit by the fire and chat with my big work-basket between us.—Shut the window; it is very cold, though it looks so sunny.'

May came in and nodded to Mrs Hewitt. 'How are baby and Hetty?' she asked.

'Ah, Hetty is a very naughty girl,' replied the vicar's wife, without waiting for her to reply. 'She hasn't been at the catechising class for I don't know how long!'

'Well, ma'am, it's just this way. What with baby and?—'

'Well, never mind now. Don't forget the flannel to-morrow.—Good-morning. I hope the frocks will fit baby.'

The woman curtsied her way out; and Mrs Tweedie shut the door after her and returned to May.

'First, how is your mother, dear?' she said, sitting down, and selecting a needle out of her case.

'Very well, thank you, dear Mrs Tweedie.'

'And next, dear, what about yourself? I suppose you want to know if the vicar has had any suitable answer to his advertisement about you?' She glanced at the girl as she spoke, wondering if she were beginning to regret having sent away her lover. Mrs Tweedie and the vicar were both very fond of May Lucas, and on her sudden return from the post which they had found for her, a half-tearful confidence of her

pitiful story had been drawn from May by the vicar's wife in answer to her questioning.

A day or two ago Mrs Tweedie had met May and Captain Osborne in the road that led to the cottage, and had easily guessed who was the stranger in their unfrequented village. She had returned beaming to the vicarage, and informed the vicar all had come right at last. But as May appeared next day more white and wistful than ever, and with no news to confide, Mrs Tweedie had taken her severely to task, and had been completely unable to understand the quixotic reason May had to offer for having ruined her happiness with her own hand.

May made no answer to Mrs Tweedie's remark about the advertisement, but fingered a piece of linen nervously, and then asked, in a strained voice: 'Shall I hem this or run it?'

'Well, run it, dear. But you'd better not use black thread on white calico,' answered the vicar's wife dryly.

May laughed a little hysterical laugh that ended in something very like a sob. 'The fact is, I am a little upset this morning,' she began, speaking painfully, 'by—a by a letter I've had.'

'Would you like to tell me about it, dear?'

For answer, May took the letter out of her pocket and handed it to Mrs Tweedie, who took her spectacles out of the case that was hanging, with her keys, by a steel chain to her side, and gravely put them on and began to read.

May got up and went across and looked out of the window at the fresh green lawn, where the starlings were hopping about intent on nest-building, and then her eyes wandered to where, among the young budding trees, the queer little old church stood, with its gray square tower against the blue of the sky. It was the hour for the choir-boys' practice, and every now and then a distant chord on the organ and the sound of the boys' high voices, endlessly repeating one difficult strain of the anthem, mingled with the sound of the birds' singing near at hand, and the more distant sounds from the far-off village.

Presently May was startled by a hand being laid gently on her shoulder. 'My dear, would you mind if I took this letter to the vicar? I'd like to hear what he says before I advise you; though I know quite well what I *should* advise you,' she added.

'Indeed, the vicar will advise just what you advise, for it is always what is wisest and best,' May replied lovingly.

'Perhaps that is why I always consult him, because we always think the same! But really, my dear,' she added seriously, 'this is so important a matter, affecting the happiness of two—or three lives, that I couldn't take the entire responsibility. So may I read it to him?'

May nodded; and the vicar's wife trotted across the room, went out and banged the door, and presently the door of the vicar's study opposite was heard to open and shut, and then all was silence.

May sank into a low wicker-work chair. She felt her fate was being decided, and her heart began to beat with great dull thuds, and the room swam before her eyes. 'I could not trust to myself; but if they think so too, then it must be right, and I will go,' she kept saying to herself, like a sort of lesson.

Meanwhile, this was the letter that the vicar was reading to himself at his study table, while his wife sat opposite, watching his sad, gentle face, and firm, kind mouth as he read.

MY DEAR MISS LUCAS—I do not know if I am not taking an unpardonable liberty in writing to you; but I am an old woman, and a very miserable one, and you must forgive me. My dear, my nephew has taken his berth in the *Deccan*, and he sails for India the day after to-morrow. Now, all I want to ask you, dear, is this: are you sure, are you very sure? If so, then you must not let this letter affect you, and we must all try to bear our lots bravely. But if you are not sure, if you have let any consideration besides your own feelings influence you, oh, for God's sake, come up to London by the 10 A.M. mail to-morrow, and I will meet you at the station. Oh, I know what it is that I am asking of you; but what else can be done? I dare not speak to him; and I feel my heart just breaking.

I am an old woman; I haven't a relation left except this poor boy of mine; and of what use is all my wealth to me if I cannot make the only person I have to love happy with it? He is my dead sister's child, and I had hoped so much of him—he had made such a place for himself in my empty old heart. Must he go away and leave me again?

Oh, don't let anything I say influence you if you do not care for him for himself; but, if you mistook, oh, then, don't let your pride lead you to make three people wretched and spoil three lives!

If you send me a telegram I will meet you. The *Deccan* does not sail till evening, so we shall be in time.—Forgive me, my dear, and believe me to be, your friend,

ELIZABETH FLUSHTON.

It seemed quite a long time till the door opened again and the vicar and his wife came in together, Mrs Tweedie's face beaming in such a manner as to show plainly that her husband and she were agreed.

'My dear,' began the vicar; but his wife interrupted him.

'It is all right, May, darling; he thinks as I do!'

'I think there can be no hesitation, my dear. The feelings that prompted you before were very honourable; but now this letter shows you that, if you refuse to marry this young captain, all the ill will happen to him that you thought you would bring about by accepting him. I think your duty is quite clear—if your inclination is.'

There was a pause, and May said nothing; but the soft pink colour came into her white cheeks, and a soft light into the eyes that were turned away towards the green lawn. The vicar's wife knew it all before, so of course the vicar did too.

'I will go up to town myself with you to-night. —And remember, you must be married from the vicarage—your own old home!' the vicar continued.

'And we'll ask Mrs Leith Leamington to the wedding!' added his wife joyously.

After that, a little hush fell on the three at the open window. The vicar's wife was busily and silently planning the details of the wedding

festivities. The vicar's thoughts had somehow wandered back to May's father, his predecessor, whom he had known slightly in Oxford days, and whose grave lay in the churchyard close by, in the midst of the little village that had been the scene of his work. May herself was trying to realise it. She had been so unhappy these last few days; such a hard fate she had thought to have been hers; and now—and now—

The choristers had finished their practice, and were straggling home in twos and threes across the fields. They had left the church door open, and one small boy, the pride of the village choir, had been kept to practise his solo. Suddenly his clear high voice broke the quiet, and across from the church in the quiet morning air came the words of the anthem: 'How beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace!—how beautiful are the feet of them that preach the gospel of peace!—and bring glad tidings—and bring glad tidings—glad tidings of good things!'

THE FESTIVAL OF THE CAR OF FIRE.

By S. BARING-GOULD.

IN these days of cheap lucifer matches, it is hardly possible for us, without an effort, to realise the different way in which we look upon fire from that in which it was viewed by the ancients, when the production of fire was a work of great labour and considerable uncertainty. In northern climes, the rubbing of two sticks together would hardly produce a flame, and to kindle a spark, flint and steel and touchwood or tinder were necessary. Steel, moreover, came into use at a comparatively recent period, long after bronze had been in employment—thousands of years after men had lived on the face of the earth and had needed fire. We find in all races of men, accordingly, that fire was held in great reverence, and that special guardians were appointed to keep the central hearth-fire of the tribe or colony always alight, so that thence every household could obtain its fire. The institution of the Temple of Vesta, with its perpetually-flaming altar, was merely the old hearth-fire of the Latin tribe settled at Rome, placed under the watchful eyes of maidens, who, if they let it expire, were subject to lose their lives.

The very method whereby fire was evoked by friction was regarded as something inexplicable and altogether supernatural; and the symbol of the 'fylfot,' that curious cross with crooked legs which is found on Etruscan pottery, and indeed on pottery of an earlier age elsewhere, is almost certainly intended to represent the instrument for eliciting fire: the crooked ends being handles whereby two sticks were worked about a common axle, till that axle flamed.

Perhaps the curious festival of the Car of Fire observed on Easter Eve every year at Florence carries us back to a remote period when fire was a sacred and mysterious thing. As is well known, in the Eastern Church all fires are extinguished before Easter; and in the cathedral, the bishop, on Easter Morning, strikes new fire, blesses it, and all the hearths in the city receive the new

fire from this blessed spark. It is vulgarly supposed that the old fire has got worn out, and has lost its full vigour by use throughout the year, and that the new fire is full of restless and youthful energy. There can be little doubt that this idea goes back to a remote and pagan time, and the Church accepted what was a common custom, and gave it, or tried to give it, a new and Christian idea, connecting it with the resurrection of Him who is the Light of the World. The same custom of striking and blessing new fire exists in many parts of the West as well as the East, and is sanctioned by the Roman Church. But nowhere does this ancient usage assume so quaint and picturesque a form as at Florence. There, however, the primitive significance is completely forgotten, and the people have endeavoured to explain the ceremony we will now describe, in various mutually contradictory ways.

On Easter Eve, four magnificent white oxen, their huge horns wreathed with flowers, and with garlands about them, as though they were being conveyed to sacrifice, draw a huge car painted black, some twenty-five feet high, pyramidal in shape, and crowned with a mural coronet, into the piazza before the west doors of the white marble cathedral. The car is itself wreathed with flowers to its highest pinnacle, and with the flowers various fireworks are interspersed. As soon as this great trophy is in place, the west doors of the cathedral are thrown open, and a rope is strained from the top of the car to a pillar that is erected in front of the high altar, a distance of some two hundred yards. On this cord is seen perched a white dove, composed of some white substance, probably plaster. For two hours before the event of the day takes place, the great piazza and the nave of the vast cathedral are crowded. Villagers from all the country round have arrived; but there are also present plenty of townsfolk, and strangers from foreign lands. At half-past eleven, the archbishop and all his clergy come in procession down the body of the church, pass out of the west doors, and make the circuit of the cathedral. Before twelve o'clock strikes they are again in their places in the choir. At the stroke of noon, the newly-blessed fire is applied to a train of gunpowder at the foot of the pillar. In another moment the pigeon skims down the nave, pouring out a shower of fire, sweeps out of the west door of the cathedral, reaches the trophy in the square, sets fire to a fusee there, then turns and flies back along the rope, still discharging a rain of fire, till it has reached its pillar before the altar, and there is still.

But in the meantime the fusee at the car has set fire to various squibs and petards and crackers there, and the whole structure is speedily enveloped in fire and smoke, from which explosions issue every few moments. As soon as the last firework has expired, the white oxen are again yoked to the car, and it is drawn away.

The flight of the dove is watched by the peasants with breathless anxiety, for the course it takes indicates, in their idea, the sort of weather that is likely to ensue during the year. If the bird moves slowly, halts, then goes on again, halts, and is sluggish in its flight, then they conclude the year will be tempestuous and the harvest bad. If the dove skims along to the car

and back without a hitch, they calculate on a splendid summer and autumn, on a rich yield of corn, and overflowing presses of grapes. It is satisfactory to know that since the Queen's Jubilee year the dove has never made so promising a flight as on this last Easter Eve, 1890.

And now for the legends whereby the people explain this curious custom. According to one, a certain Florentine named Pazzino went to Jerusalem in the twelfth century, kindled a torch there at the Holy Sepulchre on Easter Eve, and resolved to bring this same sacred fire with him back to Florence. But as he rode along, the wind blew in his face and well-nigh extinguished his torch, so he sat his steed with his face to the tail, screening the flame with his body, and so rode all the way home! The people along his route, seeing him thus ride reversed, shouted out, 'Pazzi! Pazzi! (O fool! fool!) and that name of 'fool' he and his family assumed; and the family is still represented in Florence.

There is another version of the story; that Pazzino, seeing the Holy Sepulchre in the hands of the infidels, broke off as much of it as he could carry to convey home to his dear Florence. As he was pursued by the Saracens, he reversed the shoes of his horse, to avoid being tracked. On reaching Florence, it was resolved that the new Easter fire should always be kindled on the stone of the Holy Sepulchre he had brought home. In honour of his achievement, moreover, the municipality ordered that the ceremony of the Car of Fire and the fiery dove should be maintained every year. For many centuries the expenses were borne by the Pazzi family; but of late years they have been relieved of these by the municipality.

The third version of the story is, that Pazzino was a knight with Godfrey de Bouillon in the first Crusade, and that he was the first of the besiegers to mount the walls and plant on them the banner of the cross. Moreover, he sent the tidings of the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre home to Florence by a carrier-pigeon, and thus the news reached Florence long before it could have arrived in any other way.

Such are the principal legends connected with this curious ceremony, and we are constrained to say that we believe that one is as fabulous as another. The explanation of the custom is really this.

The rite of striking the new fire was observed at Florence, as elsewhere, from an early date, but the *communication* of the new fire from the newly-ignited candle was both long and occasioned noise and struggle and inconvenience. Accordingly—partly to save the church from being the scene of an unseemly scramble, and partly to make the communication of the fire easy to a large number of persons at once—an ingenious contrivance was made, whereby a dove should carry the flame from the choir of the cathedral, above the reach of the people, who therefore could not scuffle and scramble for it, to the market-place outside, where it ignited a bonfire, to which all the people could apply their candles and torches. After a while the real intention was forgotten, and the bonfire was converted into a great exhibition of fireworks in the daytime.

The whole ceremony has a somewhat childish character, but then it dates back to a period

when all men were children; and it serves, if rightly understood, to link us with the past, and enables us to measure the distance we have trodden since those ages when fire was one of the most difficult things to be reacquired, if once lost, and the preservation of fire and the striking of fire was reserved to a sacred class.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

OF late years much attention has been concentrated upon Ramie fibre, and more particularly upon machinery for tearing it asunder, or decorating it. The difficulty in carrying out this operation is, on account of the peculiar nature of the fibre, the great obstacle to its more ready application in the arts. Recently, however, a lady in the United States has discovered a new use for the plant—namely, as a food for silkworms. She, it seems, had hatched some worms in a warm season before their ordinary food could be obtained, and she tried the experiment of feeding them on ramie leaves, with the surprising result, that the cocoons which they produced were larger than usual, and yielded a finer quality of silk. Commenting upon this, the British Consul at New Orleans, who sent an intimation of the discovery to the authorities at Kew Gardens, writes: 'If further experiments should prove that ramie leaves can be depended upon for silkworms' food, then a great impetus will be given to the production of this valuable article in the south, while it will add to the profits of those who raise that plant for fibre.'

A correspondence lately arose in the *Times* with reference to cutting the leaves of books, one correspondent being in favour of all books being treated by the guillotine, and so saving temper and use of the paper-knife; while others condemned the practice of machine-cutting in toto. But what is worth calling attention to is the curious fact which leaked out that a book of antiquarian value may have that value almost entirely destroyed by its margins being reduced. A case was quoted where a first edition of Shakespeare, very large in the margin, was sent to the binder's in order that the jewel might be set in a rich setting. The old lady who owned the volume was pleased indeed when it was returned to her resplendent in morocco and gold, and by a special clause in her will she left it to a favourite nephew. The legatee found that he owned a very ordinary copy, 'for at one slash the provincial binder had sent several hundreds of pounds into his shaving-tub.' Dictionaries and other works of reference, as well as all books of ephemeral interest, are certainly the better for being cut; but *livres de luxe* should be left intact.

Now that india-rubber and gutta-percha are used for so many and such a variety of purposes, it is difficult to imagine how the business of the country was carried on without them. Still more difficult is it to realise that the first sample of gutta-percha was imported into Europe so recently as the year 1842. Very shortly after this date, the suitability of the new product for

electrical insulation was recognised, and it was so used in the coating of the first submarine cables. In spite of numberless experiments with various artificial compounds, gutta-percha for this particular use has not been, and is not likely to be, displaced. According to the *Electrical Review*, the supply is apt to fail, for the adult trees are cut down in the most reckless manner, and forest fires account for the destruction of many more, so that the trees furnishing the most valuable kinds of gutta-percha are becoming very scarce, and in some localities have been utterly extirpated. This is also, unfortunately, the case with the trees that supply the many varieties of india-rubber; and if the destruction goes on unchecked, artificial cultivation must be resorted to, or the supply cannot keep pace with the demand.

The new Natural History at South Kensington has lately had an addition to its treasures in the form of a whale's skeleton which has been brought from the Behring Sea. A specimen of this particular kind of animal, which rejoices in the scientific appellation of *Rhachianectes glaucus*, has never before been brought to this country. Its present habitat is found in the northern parts of the Pacific, and in the sea of Kamchatka; but it is believed to have had a much wider range in past times, for fossil remains of the species, or of one very nearly akin to it, have been found both in Norway and Sweden.

The Royal National Lifeboat Institution has now its first steam lifeboat, a description of which while in course of building was brought before the last meeting of the British Association by its designer, Mr J. F. Green. The same gentleman recently read a paper at the Society of Arts, London, in which he was able to give a satisfactory account of the boat's performance in actual work. The little vessel, although propelled by steam, has neither screw nor paddles, but is urged along by the water-jet system. This form of construction dispenses with any outside parts which might become deranged or broken in such rough service as a lifeboat is called upon to perform. Moreover, it is found that the jet system propels a vessel in a rough sea almost as well as in smooth water. There is no reversal of the engine necessary, and should the rudder become useless, the boat can readily be steered by altering the direction of the water-jets.

Distemper—which is a mixture of whiting and size tinted by various pigments—is used for theatrical scene-painting and also largely for cheap interior decoration. Mr George Howe, who recently read an able paper on 'Decorative Treatments and Materials,' before the Society of Architects, deprecates the employment of distemper in the latter capacity. He urges that whiting, which is merely precipitated chalk, is a poor substance to depend upon as a basis, and that the size as now made is liable to decomposition. He advocates the use of gypsum (plaster of Paris) as a far better foundation for such work, and as one which can be cleansed by washing. The same material is far better, he tells us, for whitening ceilings than the ordinary whitewash. It can be tinted by admixture with certain pigments, and is far more durable. He believes that when these advantages are recognised, distemper will be soon displaced by this more lasting material.

A scheme for the wholesale destruction of birds' eggs in the Shetlands for commercial purposes, which has been happily abandoned on account of the public indignation which it aroused, has been of service in calling attention to the necessity of protecting from spoliation the eggs of wild birds as well as the birds themselves. Mr Arthur Pease, who had already introduced a Bill to amend the Wild Birds' Protection Act of 1880, by extending the existing close-time for a month, has now stated his intention to include the eggs of the rarer species of birds within his Bill. True naturalists will hope for the success of this measure.

The great interest which has been aroused in recent times by the experiments of Pasteur, Koch, and others, with regard to the relations of the diseases of animals to those of man, has found expression in the determination to promote discussion of the subject by well-known experts. The Organising Committee of the International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, which will be held in the metropolis in the autumn, under the presidency of H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, have set apart a special section for the discussion of the important subject, and the highest authorities in the medical, veterinary, and agricultural world will take part in the work. Among the subjects which it is proposed to consider will be, infectious, contagious, parasitic, and other diseases communicable from animals to man; the methods of propagation of diseases by animals and animal products; the infection of meat, milk, and other foods; and the restrictions placed upon the sale of such foods, and the movements of infected animals. The president of the section will be Sir N. Kingscote, K.C.B., who is chairman of the board of governors of the Royal Veterinary College.

The late Mr Richard A. Proctor, who did so much by his charmingly written books to make astronomy popular, is, we are glad to learn, to have erected to his memory an observatory. The site chosen is near the town of San Diego, in the southern part of California. Ten acres of ground have been given for this purpose, and enough money has been subscribed to warrant the promoters of the enterprise in ordering an eighteen-inch refracting telescope. The observatory will, unlike other places of the kind, be open to the public every evening for some hours after dusk, for its purpose is to teach. The building will be about five hundred feet above the sea-level, and about ten miles from the sea itself, and that altitude is judged to be sufficient to raise it above the fog which frequently rolls in over the land from the Pacific.

The increasing use of boracic acid by the metropolitan milk-vendors as a remedy against the souring of the product in which they deal, has caused certain inquiries to be made by their customers as to the wholesomeness of the milk so treated, and with this view they invited a Report upon the subject from Sir Henry Thompson. This Report has now been made; and it states that the acid if taken in full doses causes irritation of the digestive organs, and is injurious even if taken in small quantities habitually, probably to adults, and certainly to children. At the same time the addition of the substance to milk might be permissible if guarded by stringent

regulations, and if the fact of the addition having been made were stated, together with the exact quantity added, at the time of purchase.

The *Electrician* describes an ingenious form of soldering-iron which is likely to be adopted in workshops where there is a source of electrical energy at hand. It has the same weight and general appearance as the ordinary soldering-tool, but requires no heating by flame or stove, the heat being furnished by a resisting medium placed round the shank which supports the copper head. The amount of energy required is about the same as would be wanted to supply half-a-dozen incandescent lamps. The new tool is said to give the best results; and it is obvious that much time must be saved with one which is self-heating, and which must of necessity keep a clean point.

Every one is just now interested in the cost of electric lighting, and numbers of householders would be glad to exchange their old lamps for new ones if they could do so without any serious initial outlay. It is easy enough to obtain an estimate for a given number of incandescent glow lamps, but one important item of expense is apt to be forgotten by those who supply the estimate. We allude to the cost of renewals. It is true that remarkable statements have occasionally been made with regard to the long life of these lamps in particular instances; but experience proves that as a rule a lamp is not worth much, even if it does not cease to shine, after one thousand hours duty. As each lamp costs from five to six shillings, the outlay for what may be called 'repairs' is very great, and is one which those who contemplate an electrical installation would do well to bear in mind. It is said that a French electrician has lately found out a means of renewing the exhausted carbon filament, but the cost of the operation has not been made public.

In a recently issued blue-book on the Falkland Islands by the Colonial Office, the results of an experimental exportation of live sheep to London in the year 1889 is described in detail. A cargo of more than two thousand animals was carried by the steamer *Schleswig* to the Thames, but, owing to some sanitary informality, the sheep were not allowed to proceed farther than Deptford. Here they were slaughtered, and the carcasses realised in the London market thirty shillings apiece, much less than if the animals had been sold alive. The original price paid for them was nine shillings each, so that there was presumably a fair profit on the speculation. Two hundred and thirty-six died during the voyage, and the survivors, it was found, had each lost an average of fourteen pounds in weight while at sea. The experiment, it is hoped, may be repeated under more favourable conditions.

Modern chemistry, by the operation called synthesis, has been enabled over and over again to amalgamate the various constituents of a body so as to reproduce it artificially. This method of working, which it will be seen is the converse of analysis, has lately been applied by two Swiss inventors, resident at Paris, to the production of an ivory which, in all essential properties, is said to resemble the natural product obtained from elephant tusks. The new compound, in which nature is so closely imitated,

consists of certain proportions of lime, water, phosphoric acid, magnesia, alumina, gelatine, and albumen, which are thoroughly incorporated together, and kneaded into a stiff plastic mass. It is then, after a period of rest, placed in moulds and dried. Hydraulic power and heat are next applied to the compound, and the amount of each is regulated according to the density required for particular uses. After a few weeks' seasoning the material is ready, and can be sawn, turned, and polished like genuine ivory. It can also be coloured if desired by the addition of aniline dyes or pigments during manufacture. The finished product differs from celluloid in being quite unflammable.

The light railways now in course of construction in Ireland are likely to be of great permanent benefit to the country, if only in the conveyance of fish from the western coasts. Mr T. W. Russell, M.P., who has recently made a tour through these western districts in the character of a Special Commissioner for the *Daily Graphic*, speaks of one place in particular, Achill Island, where he says the sea all round teems with fish. Shoals of mackerel and herring go lazily by; while one fisherman related how he caught in one day eighty-seven soles, the average weight of which was two pounds. This catch he sent to Westport, thirty-seven miles away, and realised a profit on them of thirteen shillings and ninepence. The next day he caught ninety-seven, and could not sell them at all. Salmon, turbot, and lobsters can here be caught in profusion, but there is no market for them. The boats are mere canoes, only fit for fair weather, and there is no pier.

The Postmaster-general offers three prizes—the first amounting to two hundred and fifty pounds—for an improved method of transferring mail-bags to and from trains in motion. A model of the apparatus in present use can be seen on application at the General Post-office; but it is familiar to most travellers on our main lines. Proposed designs must be sent in to the London office not later than the 1st of May next.

From Dorsetshire, says *Nature*, a singular instance of starlings being eaten by rooks is reported. It seems that during the very severe weather we had lately, a flock of starlings was observed on a farm at West Stafford, near Dorchester, followed by a number of rooks in hot pursuit. The larger birds soon came up with their prey, and quickly despatched them, and, after stripping them of their feathers, devoured them then and there. When the scene of the occurrence was inspected just afterwards, the ground was found to be strewn with their feathers, but beyond these not a vestige of the starlings could be discovered. It seems that the rooks, from sheer hunger, must have been driven to this extremity owing to the scarcity of other kinds of food.

A new fire-resisting paint, named 'Babylonia,' has been produced by Mr Aspinall, of New Cross. It is formed of chemical ingredients, the constituents of which are kept secret. Asbestos, however, is said not to be one of the substances made use of. Some experiments were recently made with this paint in the grounds of Old Ranelagh House, Fulham; for which purpose three huts were erected, each being five feet wide by six feet deep

and seven feet high, and constructed of inch deals. No. 1 had received a priming, consisting of a clear colourless chemical solution, and was coated inside and out with the new paint; No. 2 was without the priming, being simply painted inside and out with the new paint; while No. 3 was painted inside and out with ordinary lead-paint. A sack of shavings was emptied into each, and the three were simultaneously lighted. The ordinary paint caught in one minute; by the end of two minutes the hut was well alight, and it was ultimately burned down. In the other huts the fires burned out in fifteen minutes, the new paint being partially blistered off in the region of the flames, while the woodwork had slightly caught in one or two places. The paint resisted the fire excellently, the amount of slight surface damage being about the same in huts Nos. 1 and 2. A pair of untreated muslin curtains were then hung over a structure representing a window fitted with a venetian blind, all the wood being painted with the Aspinall preparation. On the curtains being lighted, they were burned away without any damage being done to the blinds or the surrounding woodwork. The experiments satisfactorily demonstrated the fire-resisting qualities of the new paint.

A STAGE GHOST.

IN the course of thirty years' experience as an actor and manager in the provinces, I have had some curious adventures, but never one so utterly beyond my powers of comprehension as an occurrence which took place at the Theatre-Royal, Woolford, just before Christmas 1872. I have often related the details of this matter to my friends, and it was talked of freely at the time. Of course, every man who heard it had a theory of his own wherewith to account for the incident which I could not possibly account for; nevertheless, none of these theories ever satisfied me, and I am as much mystified to-day about that strange affair as I was the day it happened, now eighteen years ago.

Woolford, as most people—at least people of my profession—are aware, is one of the most important theatrical towns in England, and its Theatre-Royal is visited week after week by the leading touring companies. Eighteen years ago, however, it was the habit of some companies to remain in a large town for more than a week, and it was in accordance with this practice that the company of which I was a member stayed at Woolford for the three weeks preceding Christmas 1872. We were a strong combination, and during our stay in the place gained much applause for our presentation of Shakespearean plays, a selection of which we put forward with exceptionally good mounting and accessories.

There were three persons in our company who excited my interest in an unusual degree. The first was our leading lady, Miss Helen Lattimer, a very handsome clever woman, who was as charming off the stage as on it. She was a good deal above the ordinary run of actresses, and looked upon her work with that fine enthusiasm which always tends to success.

It was a great thing for her chances in the profession that she had been exceptionally well educated, and was thus able to give effect to passages in the great dramatist's works which an ordinary mind would have found it difficult to understand. She worked very hard, and devoted several hours a day to study, with the result that when she represented one of her favourite characters you quite forgot Miss Helen Lattimer, and thought only of Juliet or Desdemona or Perdita, as the case might be. Miss Lattimer, in fact, had already achieved the great distinction of submerging herself in the character which she engaged to present.

The second person who attracted my notice was our leading tragedian, Mr Edward Boville. He had come into the company under somewhat mysterious circumstances. None of us knew him as an actor; he had certainly not gone through the mill, as most of us had; and yet he proved himself very speedily a most finished artist, and rapidly rose from a minor position to the one he occupied at Woolford. Our manager, if he knew anything of Boville's history, carefully refrained from sharing the knowledge with us, and we therefore invented a story for ourselves to the effect that Boville was a peer in disguise who was acting for amusement. That he was a gentleman we had no doubt. He had all the manners and tone of the society which we usually call aristocratic, and it was palpably evident that he had been educated as only public-school and university men are. He was always kind and sociable with the rest of us; but we knew well enough that he was not of us, and that under other conditions we should not have had intimate relations with him.

Boville was a tall handsome man of twenty-eight or thirty, and I often thought that he and Miss Lattimer made a very fine couple. After he joined the company, Miss Lattimer and he struck up a friendship which no doubt seemed to some of us likely to develop into affection. They were a great deal together, and they spent hours on the stage rehearsing scenes from famous plays, just for the love of the thing, I think. But in spite of all this, I never saw anything which led me to suppose Boville to be in love with Miss Lattimer. He was always as respectful to her, in a somewhat formal and half-distant fashion, as he was to the other ladies, who, I believe, were half afraid of his 'swell' manners.

There was one person, however, who thought that Boville was making love to Miss Lattimer, and that was the third of the three people who had excited my interest. Until Boville's sudden advent and rapid rise amongst us, Mr Charles Melford had always been regarded as our most promising man. He had a long experience, came of a family of actors, and might be said to have been born on the stage. It was only natural that he should very much resent the way in which our manager passed Boville over his head, and he did not hesitate to express his resentment, and to throw out hints about amateurs and stage-struck swells, and so on. To this, however, no one paid much attention, for Boville was undoubtedly a very fine and capable actor, and well worthy the esteem in which our manager held him.

I had often thought that Melford was in love with Miss Lattimer. I had seen him watching her with an expression in his face which I did not like; I had seen him try to gain speech of her and fail, at which times the look would turn to one of baffled anger. He was not a bad fellow when you came to know him; but his dark, somewhat sullen countenance did not inspire any one with feelings of liking. Then, too, he was moody and taciturn, and sometimes had ugly fits, in which it was almost dangerous to speak to him. I believe that old Simpson, our manager, would have got rid of him but for the fact that Melford was a thoroughly-trained actor, and a very useful man in a travelling company.

It was the first week in December when we opened at Woolford, and we were to remain there until the 20th, when the theatre would be closed for a few days to allow of preparations being made for the annual pantomime. During the two or three weeks preceding our arrival at Woolford, matters seemed to have grown very strange between Boville and Melford, and more especially between Melford and Miss Lattimer. On more than one occasion I happened to come across Miss Lattimer and Melford talking together, and I fancied each time that she was in tears, while I was quite certain that he was speaking angrily and with a sort of peremptoriness that he had no right to assume. Two days after our arrival at Woolford I overheard these two talking in one of the dressing-rooms, and caught the final words which were spoken by Melford.

'I shall stand it no longer: I'll give you twenty-four hours, and if you don't speak then, I shall!'

Then he went abruptly away, and very soon afterwards I saw Miss Lattimer leave the theatre; and though she had a thick veil on, it was evident to me that she had been shedding tears. I wondered what it was that Melford wished her to speak about, but finally decided that it was nothing more than some grievance in relation to business matters, of which Melford, being a peevish man, always had a stock. And yet that hardly accounted for Miss Lattimer's tears. However, it was no business of mine, and I tried to dismiss it from my thoughts.

Our play that night was 'Romeo and Juliet,' with Miss Lattimer and Boville as the two ill-fated lovers, and Melford in the part of Tybalt. The occasion was somewhat out of the ordinary, for the Mayor and Aldermen of Woolford had given their patronage, and were to be present in full force. When the curtain went up there was hardly standing-room in the more popular parts of the house; and by the time we had reached the ball-scene, and Romeo saw Juliet for the first time, there was not a seat to be had in stalls or boxes for love or money.

It seemed to me that Boville was somewhat agitated that night. I had seen him early in the evening in conversation with Miss Lattimer at the wings. They were not long together; but Melford saw them, and a fierce look came over his face. He went away, muttering to himself, and I thought that we should have trouble ere long. Little did I guess how it was to come.

We reached the scene where Tybalt, returning to the stage, is met and slain by Romeo. I stood

at the wings watching, others of the company standing near me. Tybalt rushed on, and was met by Romeo. I started to see how real the thing looked. Both men, Boville and Melford, glared at each other as if the quarrel had been a real one affecting themselves. The duel commenced; the fencing was superb, for both men were accomplished swordsmen. One of the men standing at my side remarked how like a real fight it was. Suddenly, as in the stage directions, Romeo ran Tybalt through the heart, and the latter, with one wild glare round, dropped. Boville stood motionless for a second, gazing at his prostrate foe. A long sigh broke upon the crowded house. And then, all of a sudden, one of the girls standing at the wings shrieked aloud and pointed to a stain that was rapidly crimsoning the boards. The duel had been no acting; it was real, and Melford lay there dead!

I have only a confused recollection of what followed. There was no more acting that night, and the streets were soon full of a crowd talking of the awful mischance that had just taken place at the Theatre-Royal. For mischance it could be, and nothing else. By some dire mistake, Boville had used a buttonless rapier. At the crucial moment, he said, Melford slipped, and the weapon, instead of passing between body and arm, had penetrated his heart.

Of course there was an inquiry and an inquest, and so on; but everybody seemed agreed that the whole thing was a terrible accident, and no blame was attached to Boville. Melford was interred, and in a day or two the matter was treated like the proverbial nine days' wonder. But Boville went about looking very pale and haggard—a great contrast to Miss Lattimer, who somehow seemed to have recovered her spirits.

For a week after the accident the theatre was closed, and when we re-opened, Boville's name was not on the bills, the manager considering it advisable that he should not appear for a while. Consequently, the duties of leading man devolved on me, and hard work I had during the next fortnight. However, I acquitted myself so much to the satisfaction of old Simpson that he set apart the last night of our stay at Woolford for my benefit.

Now, I had always from boyhood had a great desire to play Romeo, and I was all the more anxious to appear in that character on my benefit night because Miss Lattimer was an incomparable Juliet. I talked the matter over with Simpson. We were both dubious about the propriety of producing the play again so soon after the fatal accident; but we finally decided upon doing so, and the bills were got out. I was anxious that Boville should support me, and prevailed upon him to take the part of Tybalt. He shivered slightly when I named the part to him, but finally consented on condition that an assumed name should go down on the bills.

The night came; I had a full house and a splendid reception, and Miss Lattimer was in magnificent form. The early scenes went off admirably, and after the balcony scene I felt so elated with my own success as to have visions of a great career in the metropolis. Boville, on the other hand, was gloomy and under a cloud. 'Tom,' he said, coming to me at the

wings, 'something is going to happen to me to-night.'

I looked at him in amazement. He shook his head. 'Something will happen to me to-night,' he repeated. 'I know it. I feel,' he said in a lower voice, and looking round him—'I feel that something is haunting me.'

'Nonsense!' I answered. 'You're out of sorts, Boville. The Christmas jollities will put you all right.'

'You'll see,' he said, and turned away.

The scene soon came where I, as Romeo, encounter the fiery Tybalt and slay him. As I stood waiting Boville's approach, I suddenly became aware of a strange coldness that seemed to spread itself all round me. The words,

'Here comes the fiery Tybalt back again,'

fell on my ears unheeded. I saw Boville advancing. And then—I felt a cold touch on my hand, and a voice—Melford's voice—whisper: 'Not you, Tom.' I felt myself held as in a vice, and saw another Romeo glide past me sword in hand. I caught a glimpse of his face—heavens! it was Melford come back. I heard the rapiers clash together and stood spell-bound. I heard a voice behind me whisper: 'Go on, Tom—go on,' and never moved. I was watching something that no one in that house saw except myself. There they stood, the living man Boville, and the ghost Melford, fighting. Suddenly, Melford's rapier went home, and Boville fell. I fainted and dropped on the stage.

When I came round, it was to hear of a tragedy. They said that Boville advanced upon the stage, and that I, for some unaccountable reason, stood still as if transfixed. Boville's face suddenly assumed a horror-stricken expression; he threw up his arms and dropped—dead. Heart-disease, the doctors said.

I told my story afterwards, and got laughed at. But whatever the truth of the matter may be, and whatever was the nature of that strange secret shared by Miss Lattimer and the two men, I know beyond question that my place as Romeo was assumed for a minute by the spirit of Charles Melford in order that he might wreak his vengeance on the man who had murdered him three weeks before.

A RAINY DAY IN SPRING.

From leaden clouds there streams incessant rain,

That blights the budding branches overhead;

The sodden violets—all their fragrance fled—

Weep, weary for the sunshine's smile again.

No gay bird-woosers trill a tender strain;

The woods are still; the windflower's petals shed;

And fresh-sown fields around look bare and dead,
Till warmth will come to wake the sleeping grain.

But kindly sunshine lights this little room,

For Love makes summer in my heart to-day;

What though the outer world be chilled and gray?

Within these walls there breaks a starry bloom

Of snowy blossoms, shining through the gloom—

My darling's message, sent from far away.

C. G.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 379.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 4, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

AN ASCENT OF MOUNT ETNA.

AMONG the habits peculiar to our century, not the least curious is that of mountain-climbing. A hundred years back it was the fashion, even for men of accomplished minds, to regard mountains upon the surface of the earth much as we regard the boils and ulcers which afflict the human body. They were objects to be denounced, as much for their ugliness or awesomeness as for their uselessness. A nice level land like Holland, which incited the husbandman to labour upon it, and repaid his labour with bountiful crops, was indeed something to grow eloquent about. But a mountain was nothing better than a pile of rocks cumbering the earth, of no service to man or beast.

Mountain-climbing, therefore, like steam, is sure to be recorded as one of the peculiarities of our age. In the next century, the chances are that all our high peaks will be possessed of aerial railways, which will of course be the death of Alpine Clubs and elevated pedestrian feats. The man who wishes to get a name for himself with posterity—no matter whether the posterity be domestic merely or world-wide—must make haste and go from continent to continent, scaling peaks with his own unaided legs while he may.

Some such thoughts as these filled my head as my guide and I ambled through the black sand of the lower slopes of Etna on our way to the summit. You see, I had declined to play the part of pedestrian. One must really draw the line of this sort of thing at volcanoes; for of all toilsome work afoot, give me that of the effort to climb in sand an indefinite number of inches deep.

It was a lovely morning, the time about four o'clock. There was a bright moon in the quiet heavens, and the cone of Etna—a fearful height above us—was calmly puffing its smoke towards Italy. My guide, one Sebastian, promised me all sorts of views when we should get to the summit, and meanwhile, heedless of my own nationality, he amused me by drawing a comparison between

the English and German visitors to his beloved volcano. He loved my compatriots, he said, because they generally paid best. But he loved the Germans more because they were wont to be so much more amiable than the English.

When the day began to break, which it did in a severely chill manner, Etna put on a very piquant robe of beauty. The sunlight caught the snow and the eddying steam from her cone, and made them look very fascinating. Then it crept down the lower snow-slopes yard by yard, until at length it shone on Sebastian's head, and made him lift his cap and mutter his orations to his guardian saint. Two or three little birds began to twitter among the chestnut trees of the forest in which we were riding, to remind us that we were not in a land wholly dead and devastated. Earlier in the night we had ridden through much jetty lava, the outflow of 1885, which did an immense amount of damage to the village of Nicolosi, and sent the villagers speeding down to Catania to escape it. The smoke from this lava had caught us in the face, mildly, however; for the ruin had spent its force years ago. Here among the chestnut trees we were out of the way of lava. The trees had been planted by a certain Prince, the owner of Etna and its southern flanks, in the deep sand which had been ejected from the mountain at one time and another in the form of mud; and lustily they seemed to thrive in it. The contrast between the bright green of the leaves of the trees and the black soil from which they proceeded was odd and captivating.

We rode for three hours, until we came to a little house with a red roof on a bluff among the trees. Here at one time had been a crater of Etna, one of the scores upon scores which have broken out upon the immense body of the volcano. At present, the crater was inanimate; perhaps it was really dead; one never knows, however, what a volcano is capable of; and it is quite possible that this very day or to-morrow a spring of molten lava may boil

upwards into the kitchen of the woodmen who live in this little red-roofed house, so remote from the rest of the world. It is the house nearest to Etna, and as such receives divers distinguished visitors in the course of the year.

Here, then, our mules were allowed to drink half a bucketful of water, and rub their noses for encouragement through the tough residue of work that was before them. And here, too, Sebastian and I, and a youthful wood-cutter who had the luck to be at home, shared the contents of our haversacks, which afforded us a breakfast of baked meats, soup, coffee, tongue, fresh oranges, and the red wine of Nicolosi, all of which we enjoyed with no small appetite.

It was in a cheerful mood that we resumed our journey after the meal, and each with an indifferent Italian cigar between his teeth. Etna was still unveiled above us, and the sun had gained no little power while we had tarried. From the chestnut woods, we passed to the naked mountain sides, where mud-slopes, and iron lava streams and rounded heaps of yielding ash or sand, gave us every possible variety of highway. Little by little, Sicily, all the way to Syracuse, was displayed to view beneath us: white towns and green fields and dark woods; shining tortuous water-courses; yellow sands by the curving bays of the coast-line; and the bright blue sea, which did but just eddy upon the sands. Below, all was radiant, warm to the heart, exhilarating. Above, the snow of Etna looked more and more formidable; and the black rocks of the adjacent lesser heights, where they were too steep to hold the snow, were forbidding enough to make the heart of an eighteenth-century tourist withdraw into his boots.

But the worst of these high peaks is the uncertainty by which they are surrounded. Though they stand against the blue with no suggestion of cloud anywhere one minute, you cannot answer for them a minute afterwards. This applies especially to active volcanoes. The steam from their craters has a knack of generating clouds without external help; and if there be but a shred of ordinary cloud within their reach, they will try to seize upon it and make it swell till it be big enough to form a night-cap or a day-cap of a size to hide the mountain top completely from the eyes of inquisitive mortals. Thus, when, with the feeling of a man personally aggrieved, I drew Sebastian's attention to a handful of cloud which seemed to have caught upon one of Etna's lesser peaks, and grew while I looked at it, Sebastian did but shake his shoulders in reply. 'It is not good for us—that!' he said. 'It will be all over us soon, and the view it will be'—A pout of the lip ended his prophecy.

Now, if there is one thing more objectionable than a prophet of evil, it is the fulfilment of the evil prophet's prophecy. I could have forgiven Sebastian his pessimism, if it had not by-and-by been so amply justified. Indeed, it was too quickly accomplished to be referred to the future at all. The puff of wool—as it appeared—distended itself until it had hid half the snow above us, and then there sounded in our ears the noise of a rushing wind, as the vapour came hurtling down upon us and isolated us from all things.

This was supremely tiresome, of course; moreover, it lasted. We journeyed on for an hour until there was as much snow below as above us; and all the time we saw nothing except each other; and I am now free to confess that though I thought Sebastian a fine fellow at the outset of our acquaintanceship, I became mortally tired of him ere the mountain was scaled. In justice to him, however, he was nearly as much disappointed as myself. He endeavoured to console me by expressing his opinion that, after all, if we persevered, we might, at the summit, find ourselves above the clouds and under a pure lucent blue sky. Of course, I myself knew as much, from my experience of high peaks.

When we had journeyed for five hours from the house in the forest, always on our mules, a white shape suddenly loomed through the gray of the clouds close in front of us. A moment later, and we could distinguish the dome of a building, and stout walls round about the building. This was the Observatory, a robust house, nearly ten thousand feet above the sea, but differing from the Observatory of Vesuvius in being devoid of inhabitants. Only when Etna is in an eruptive mood does one or other of the Sicilian Professors of Seismology, or I know not what else, come hither and take up his abode within convenient reach of the crater. At other times, it serves as a house of refuge for the traveller, who may sleep and eat here as comfortably as if he were in the hotel of Nicolosi, some seven thousand feet lower.

The smell of sulphur at this point became very strong. It was clear, even without the aid of metrical instruments, that we were nearing the summit. I declined to delay and drink wine in the precincts of this elevated nest, with its beds of straw, knives and forks and cups for the service of tourists. It would have been too humiliating if, by such sensual dallying, we were to lose any opportunity of a prospect which might in the meantime be offered us by Etna's cone.

We now left our laggard mules, to get what comfort they could from a pasture of snow and cinders. The climb up the cone of the mountain, which begins almost from the walls of the Observatory, is far too steep for a mule; and indeed the man who trusted even to that sagacious quadruped's instinct to carry him safely through the bombardment of rocks and molten matter which he has to face, and also to lead him along the edge of the crater itself, might well be envied for his philosophy and confidence.

At this stage in the day I was forced to bless Sebastian for his augury of good, because it happened to be fulfilled in part. We had left the clouds below us. It was delightful to shake the last shred of them from our feet, and then to look down at their dense mass, and feel that we were superior to them, even as we were superior for the moment to most of the denizens of our hard-working world. The blue sky above our heads was bright to a marvel. Nor could the eddying vapour from the crater, to which we slowly fought our way, sully these glorious heavens to any extent. It rose with a white whirl against the sky, and then drifted towards the north-east with easy, graceful movement.

Our climb was not easy. The slopes of the

crater were at a stiff angle; and their substance was of soft mud, that had been liquid, impregnated with ash and masses of lava. Now and again a shower of fiery cinders, interspersed with bigger stones glowing with red-heat, fell with a thud or a sprinkling sound to the right or left of us, above us or behind us. How we escaped them, I cannot tell. It must have been due to Sebastian's shrewdness; for, after every violent eddy of smoke upwards, he kept a brisk lookout from under the shade of his palm, and directed my steps with the promptitude of a successful general. Though the height of the summit above the Observatory is only about twelve hundred feet, we were more than an hour ascending it. This will give some idea of the severity of the climb, and perhaps of the perils which it was necessary to guard against in no rash mood of hurry.

At last, however, we stood on a level, and the boiling vapour was seen seething up from a great yawning pit at our feet. 'Behold it!' cried Sebastian, with a salute, bareheaded, to the mountain; and I realised that I was ten thousand eight hundred feet above the sea, and in as convenient a situation for a sensational ending as a man may find anywhere in the world. Etna responded to Sebastian's civilities with a terrific bellow, and an out-throw of ashes and rocks that put me in much doubt of my ability to live through it. The stench of the sulphur, too, was villainous, and though I adopted Sebastian's plan of binding a handkerchief over my mouth and nostrils, it was all I could do to draw one satisfactory breath in ten. Add to this, that the ground upon which we stood was composed of burning ashes and hot mud, and it will be apparent that Etna's summit is not altogether fit for the daintily-shod tourists who climb Vesuvius by the *funicolare*, nor an easy spot for the indulgence of poetical rhapsodies.

Some say the crater of Etna is two miles round; others are satisfied with half the estimate. The truth is that both reckonings may be justified. At one time the crater is two miles in circumference; at other times, more or less. The volcano is so terribly active that it is always revising and reshaping itself. The out-cast of ash one week—most of which falls back into the crater obliquely, so as to form an inclined bank—may be so prodigious that the crater itself seems curtailed of a third of its previous area. But perhaps on the eighth day that part of the floor—to speak loosely—of the crater which has to support this growing weight of material suddenly gives way; and not only all the newly-formed boundaries, but part of the original environing rim of the crater, fall in; and so the circuit of the crater is enlarged. This process is always going on with greater or less rapidity. And the fact that it occurs so constantly makes the traveller's measurements of so little permanent value that he may generally be counselled to spare himself all trouble in the matter.

If I may credit Sebastian, we were fortunate enough to see Etna in a very impetuous mood. His roaring and evacuations were both on a vast scale. But I could have wished it otherwise, when I found that, thanks to this fervour, it was impossible to see into the crater itself, the

vapour was so very dense. But I saw enough to have my respect for the mountain raised very high in comparison with that which I feel for Vesuvius. It is no very heroic feat to descend into Vesuvius's crater, though a dangerous one; but the sides of Etna's crater were perpendicular, which gave the place a character of awe much transcending that which Vesuvius inspires.

Well, we tarried on the summit an hour, until my boots could hold out no longer, and until certain ominous signs made Sebastian wish to move homewards. Something of Sicily we saw beyond the clouds which girdled us, but it was very vague. The mountains of Lower Calabria, in Italy, seemed a part of Sicily, the narrow strait being quite expunged. For the rest, I gave my attention to Etna solely. The ominous signs I have mentioned were an excited movement in the nether clouds, as if they proposed to ascend to our own elevation. Ordinarily, this would have been a mark of better weather; but Sebastian had a different theory. He fancied it would be the prelude to a thunder-storm. The electricity in the darkening clouds would meet the electricity of the volcano, and the consequences would be alarming. And so, though not without a wish to stay to see so sublime a conflict, reluctantly I yielded to Sebastian's wish, and we left Etna to himself again. Some day, however, I propose to return to the mountain with a portmanteau full of books and manuscript paper. If a man cannot read and write to advantage in a house like the Observatory, I fail to see what inspiration solitude can ever assume to beget.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

By GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XVI.—ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT.

To Linnell, the blow was a very severe one. At thirty, when a man loves, he loves in earnest. No playing then with light loves in the portal: no time then to wince and relent and refrain: the wounds he gets at that age go deep and rankle. As Linnell returned to the Red Lion that morning he felt the world was indeed a blank to him. Once only in his life had he indulged in the madness of daring to think a woman loved him: he had put that woman to the test, oh, such a tiny test, and found her wanting past all belief. Henceforth, he would hold no girl a goddess. The game was played—and lost. Linnell was tired of it.

He had left the oriental picture behind him at the Wren's Nest. The portrait of Haviland Dumaresq himself stood fronting him on the easel in his own sitting-room. It wanted several hours' work yet of its final completion. That fiery energy of despair he had felt at the cottage still possessed his soul. Seizing his palette, all on fire, and working away with a will from vivid memory alone—a memory now quickened by his unnatural exaltation—Linnell proceeded to fill in the remaining details, and to place upon the canvas a breathing, speaking, living portrait of the great philosopher in his happiest aspect. It was not Dumaresq as he appeared to the artist the day before on the west cliffs—not that shattered and disappointed old man of

seventy, pleading hard against his own earlier and better self for the lowest and vulgarest estimate of life—but Dumaresq as he appeared on that first glorious evening at the Wren's Nest, with the heroic air of resignation and simplicity he had worn on his face, while he told in plain unvarnished language the story of his own grand and noble devotion in the morning of his days to an impersonal cause. Linnell remembered every curve of the features, every flash of the eyes, every turn of the expression, as Dumaresq had unfolded before them in full detail that strange history of magnificent self-denial. That was the Dumaresq that should live for ever upon his earnest canvas: that was the Dumaresq whose lineaments posterity should transcribe from his hand on the title-page of five thousand future editions of the *Encyclopædic Philosophy*. For Linnell was too single-minded in his admiration of Dumaresq to let contempt for one aspect of the man's nature interfere with appreciation for the greatness of his life-work. Let him be emotionally whatever he might, intellectually, Linnell felt sure in his own soul, Haviland Dumaresq towered like a giant among the lesser and narrower thinkers of his age.

After three hours' hard work, he desisted at last, and standing back in the room, gazed close with a critical eye at the portrait. His instincts told him it was a magnificent picture: he had put his very heart's blood into each stroke of the pencil. The landlady came up while he worked, and announced lunch; but Linnell would not lay aside his brush for a second till his task was done. 'Give me a glass of claret and a sandwich,' he cried hastily; and the landlady, lamenting sore that all them nice sweetbreads was cooked for nothing, was fain perforce to acquiesce in his Spartan humour. But when the last touch had been put to the picture, and Dumaresq himself gazed forth from the canvas, a thinker confessed in all his greatness, Linnell stood before it with folded hands, astonished at his own unexpected force and originality. Never before in his life had he painted with all the inborn energy of his nature unrestrained by petty fears and unworthy self-criticisms. Never before had he so trusted to his own true genius; and the result of that proud and justified confidence was apparent at a glance on the easel before him.

Women take refuge from disappointment in tears; men in action, and above all in work. The work had soothed Linnell's nerves gradually. He sat down to his desk, when the task was complete, and wrote a hasty note with trembling hands to Psyche. It was the first he had ever written to her: it would be the last. His one love-letter. And then no more hereafter, whatever come with years.

DEAR MISS DUMARESQ—I leave Petherton for ever this evening. I leave England for ever to-morrow. The oriental picture is at the Wren's Nest. I beg you to keep it as some slight memento of me. The portrait of your father I have finished from memory this afternoon. Let it remain at the Red Lion till dry; then kindly send for it and take it home. You were quite right in thinking your father's features ought

not to be lost to the world and to posterity. That they may not be lost, I beg you to accept this faint representation of them—not wholly unworthy, I venture to believe, of the striking original—during your own lifetime, and to leave it by will at your death as a sacred trust to the National Portrait Gallery. Before this reaches you, I shall have left the inn. No answer can then find me anywhere.—Good-bye for ever.—Faithfully yours,
C. A. L.

He folded it up, took it out, and posted it. Then he returned, all tremulous, to the Red Lion, packed up his belongings in his little portmanteau, paid his bill, and drove down to catch the last train to London. The dream of his life was gone for ever. He didn't care much now what became of him.

At the station he jumped lightly into the first carriage he happened to see. It was almost empty, but one man sat in the far corner, looking out of the window. As the train moved out, the man turned. Linnell recognised him. It was a journalist acquaintance of other days, a man on the staff of a London daily, who acted at times as a special war correspondent.

Linnell was by no means pleased at the unexpected recognition, for he would far have preferred to be left alone, and to nurse his chagrin and mortification by himself: but there was no help for it now: the journalist had seen him, and it was too late to change into another carriage. So he gulped down his regret as best he might, and said in as cheerful a voice as he could muster: 'Hullo, Considine, on the move, as usual! And where are you off to?'

'Khartoum, this time,' the easy-going journalist replied jauntily. 'Hot work, too, at this time of year. I only received orders by wire to Plymouth at nine this morning, and I leave Charing Cross at nine to-morrow. But it's nothing when you're used to it. I'm all on the job, you know. Bless you, I was sent out to Zululand once, much quicker than that. Down at the office at six one evening, in comes a wire, "Troubles in Zululand." Says the chief: "Considine, me boy, you're off to Africa." Says I: "When?" Says he: "Steamer sailed from Southampton yesterday. Go overland, and catch it at Lisbon." So off I rushed to Cannon Street in the clothes I stood up in, and just managed to bundle into the night-mail, without even so much as a pocket comb by way of luggage: bought a portmanteau and a few things I needed in a spare hour at Paris; and was at Pietermaritzburg, as fresh as a daisy, before the fighting had seriously begun on the frontier. I call that smart. But a job like this is really quite easy for me.'

'Well, but you don't know Arabic!' Linnell cried, a little taken aback.

'Arabic, is it? Sorrow a word, me dear fellow. But what of that? I've gone the world over with English alone, and as much of every native lingo I come across as will allow me to swear at the beastly niggers to the top of my wishes in their own tongue.'

Linnell looked graver. 'But you ought to know Arabic, really,' he said. 'Any man who goes to Khartoum nowadays is to some extent liable to take his life in his hands for the time

being. I've been a good deal about in Africa myself, you know, and for my own part I wouldn't like to trust myself in the interior at present unless I could pass at a pinch as a decent Mohammedan. That is to say, if I valued my life—which I don't, as it happens—but that's nothing.

'You speak Arabic, I suppose?' Considine said suggestively.

'Like English, almost,' the painter answered with a nod. 'I'd pass for a Mohammedan easily anywhere in Africa.'

'Shall you go out there this winter? You generally do, I recollect; and this time there'll be lots of amusement. Things are getting lively on the Upper Nile. They'll be having a row up yonder before long. I expect squalls, myself, before the winter's over, and I wouldn't be out of the fun myself for a sovereign, I can tell you.'

Linnell laughed. 'You're a born Irishman,' he answered good-humouredly. 'You love a fight, as your countryman loves to brandish his shillelagh at Donnybrook Fair. Well, no; I hadn't definitely canvassed the Nile for this next winter, I confess; but now I come to think of it, it might be worth while to see the fighting. I don't much care where I go now, and to a man who's thoroughly tired of his life, Khartoum at present offers exceptional attractions.'

'That's right, me boy,' the correspondent cried, slapping him hard on the back. 'You speak with the spirit of an officer and a gentleman. You'd better pack up your portmanteau at once and come along off with me by the next opportunity. A man who can wear a burnous like a native and jabber Arabic's the right man for the place this blessed minute. I've got the very post in my gift to suit you. It's an artist you are, and an artist I'm looking for. The *Porte-Crayon* people are on the hunt for a fellow who can draw to go out and get himself killed at Khartoum in their service. Liberal terms: first-rate pay: a pension if wounded: a solatium for your widow if killed outright: and an elegant tomb over your cold ashes in Westminster Abbey. What more can ye want? It's a splendid chance. You can paint the Mahdi as black as you like, and no criticism. Sure, there'll be nobody else on the spot to contradict you.'

The idea fell in well with Linnell's present humour. When a man has just been disappointed in love, he takes gloomy views as to the future of the universe. Linnell was anxious to go away anywhere from England, and not indisposed to get killed and be done with it. At Khartoum his various talents and acquirements would be worth more to himself and the world at large than anywhere else. He wanted action; he wanted excitement. The novelty of the position would turn the current of his pessimistic thoughts. And besides, if he died—for he didn't conceal from himself the fact that there was danger in the scheme—he saw how his death might be made useful to Psyche. Though she wasn't the Psyche he had once dreamt about, he loved her still, and he would love her for ever. He could leave all he possessed to Psyche. That would be heaping coals of fire, indeed, on her head; but even Haviland Dumaesq, probably, would not refuse to take a dead man's money.

And Psyche then would have what she lived for. She wanted riches; and this would ensure her them. It would be better so. Psyche would derive far more pleasure from that heavy metal than ever he could.

'Really,' he said, with a bitter smile, 'I don't know, Considine, that what you propose mightn't very well suit me. Would it be too late now to see the *Porte-Crayon* people after we get up to town this very evening?'

'Too late, is it?' the correspondent echoed, delighted. 'Never a bit, I tell you. We'll ring them up out of the sleep of the just. Though they're rascals enough, if it comes to that, to deserve to lie awake from sunset to cockcrow. They're just dying to get some fellow to volunteer for the place. Old Lingard'd see you if it was two in the morning. You can arrange to-night, and pack at once, and come off with me by the first continental train to-morrow. Why, I want a man who can speak Arabic myself. Camels I understand; I rode some dozens of them to death—may Heaven forgive me for it—pushing on to Candahar in the Afghan business: but Arabic, I admit, 's one too many for me. I'll take you round to see old Lingard at once, when we get up to town, and we'll be whirling across France in a Pullman car by this time to-morrow. We'll catch the *train de luxe* at Paris, and you'll just have time to meet the Alexandria steamer before she leaves Brindisi.'

Linnell's mind was made up in a moment. He would go to Africa. And sure enough, by eleven o'clock that night it was all settled; Linnell had accepted the proffered post as special artist for the *Porte-Crayon* at Khartoum; and Psyche lay, white as death, with Linnell's letter pressed against her heaving bosom, on her own little bed in the Wren's Nest at Petherton.

AMERICAN MONSTERS NOW EXTINCT.

AMERICA is a land of big things—big trees, big valleys, mammoth caves, big cities, and big shows; so that we are hardly surprised when we sometimes hear of American gentlemen emulating the fancy of 'Chibiabos, the marvellous storyteller, the great boaster,' in one of Longfellow's most beautiful poems. But we never hear our transatlantic cousins boasting that the animals of their country are larger or more formidable than those inhabiting other regions. As a matter of fact, certain big and powerful creatures, such as lions, tigers, elephants, and giraffes, are conspicuous by their absence.

But it was not always so. Time was—ages and ages ago—when what we now call 'the New World' was inhabited by the strangest and the most gigantic forms of life that the world has seen. Geologists such as Professors Marsh and Cope, in searching among the stony records of certain geological periods, have discovered the remains of a host of reptiles of great diversity, often of stupendous size, and in some cases so unlike any of the present inhabitants of the globe, whether living on land or in the sea, that we might almost fancy ourselves in fairyland, as we try to clothe the bones with living flesh, and

to picture them as they really were, walking or crawling on the ground, paddling in the water, and flying in the air. The creatures of a fertile imagination could scarcely be more strange; and to the student of extinct reptiles, the 'dragons' of old days are hardly so wonderful as these primeval monsters would have appeared to man, had it been permitted to the human race to be their contemporaries.

It is difficult for us, living in an age of quadrupeds (Mammals), and accustomed to the present state of affairs, in which reptiles play only a subordinate part, to picture the life of a continent where they played the chief part. But such was undoubtedly the case at a certain period in the world's history. It is not to be implied that these wonderful extinct reptiles were confined to the American continent, for such is not the case. Some very remarkable skeletons have been dug out of strata in England and other parts of Europe. Among such are the great 'Fish-lizard' (*Ichthyosaurus*) found in Dean Buckland's time, and described in all text-books of geology; also the curious 'flying dragons,' known as *Pterodactyls*, with their wings on their fingers (like bats), enabling them to fly. We do not propose to speak of these, as most of our readers will have heard or read something about them, or perhaps have seen the models in the gardens of the Crystal Palace. But we propose to confine our remarks entirely to a group of fossil reptiles, called *Deinosaurs*, of which very little was known twenty years ago. For our knowledge of this wonderful order of reptiles we are mainly indebted to the persevering labours of the above-named Professors, who, with their pupils and others—sometimes guarded from hostile Indians by an escort of soldiers—have in the Far West dug up the fossilised remains of these ancient creatures. The results of their labours have not yet attained a compact form; so that the student is obliged to hunt through many volumes of different scientific journals in order to read the numerous 'papers' in which the creatures are described and reconstructed. Having spent some time in so doing, we now put together a few notes on *Deinosaurs* for those who would like to know something about them.

One difficulty which meets us at the outset is that many fossil creatures, and especially *Deinosaurs*, were so very different in character from those living now, that even in cases where the remains are complete and well preserved, naturalists find it no easy matter to assign to them their proper places in the reptile class and to decide in which tribe they should be included. Thus it has been found necessary to create new orders or tribes for some of the fossil forms. Such is the case with *Deinosaurs*; they are placed quite by themselves; we cannot class them with any of the four existing orders, of which turtles, snakes, lizards, and crocodiles are examples. For the sake of those who may be familiar with geological terms, we may mention that *Deinosaurs* flourished during the three successive periods known as the New Red Sandstone, the Jurassic, and the Cretaceous or Chalk period.

First, with regard to the name which has been given to these creatures; it means 'Terrible lizards'; and doubtless their 'aspect' when alive was 'terrible.' This has been generally accepted,

although Professor Huxley has proposed the name *Ornithoscelida*, or 'bird-legged,' which would make prominent one of their most striking and important characters—namely, a strong resemblance to birds of the ostrich tribe, the 'running-birds.' Meyer, another great authority, proposed the name *Pachypoda*, or 'thick-footed.' We mention these facts in order to point out the peculiar mixture of characters presented by this great and varied group of reptiles. Thus, the name *Deinosauria*, given by Professor Owen, connects them with the lizards; the second name connects them with birds; and the third name is suggestive of our modern pachyderms—the elephant, hippopotamus, and rhinoceros, with their thick skins and big feet.

They varied very much in size: some were only two feet long and lightly built; others were truly colossal in size and power, thus rivalling the whales and elephants of the present day. In one of these giant reptiles the upper bone of the hindleg was five and a half feet long; in another the same bone was six feet three inches long—a great deal bigger than the same bone of an elephant—and the reptile itself attained a length of from eighty to a hundred feet! The remains of *Deinosaurs* come chiefly from the Jurassic and Cretaceous rocks. They were doubtless very numerous during the preceding period of the New Red Sandstone; but as we have to rely mainly on footprints and fragments of skeletons, we do not know very much about those of that period.

Many strange creatures lived at the same time; but these *Deinosaurs* exhibit a 'new departure,' for their skeletons show a very marked approach to birds. Without introducing technical details, it will be sufficient for our purpose to mention one of the best known examples—namely, the famous *Iguanodon*, described by the late Dr Mantell. Some huge bones of this creature were found in Sussex, and may be seen in the Brighton Museum, also at South Kensington (Natural History Museum). Since Dr Mantell's day, complete specimens of this monster have been unearthed, so that it is now possible to restore it, and form a very fair idea of its appearance, since every bone is known. This ponderous *Deinosaur* was from thirty to fifty feet long, and fed on the leaves of trees in the neighbourhood of the Weald. In Wealden strata are found gigantic impressions, or tracks, which it can hardly be doubted were made by this creature; but they show impressions of only three toes, and so have, in spite of their size, a strangely bird-like character. The fore-limbs were quite small, and possessed five fingers; but the hind-limbs were enormous; and there is little doubt that it was in the habit of sitting erect on its hindlegs, because we do not find impressions of the fore-limbs. It had a long neck and small head. Now, these are all bird-like characters. Footprints very similar to those found in Sussex have been discovered in the famous New Red Sandstone strata of the Connecticut Valley in America. Indeed, the resemblance to bird-tracks is in some cases so striking that serious differences of opinion arose as to whether they were made by birds or by reptiles. Even now, it would seem that some of them were produced by birds, although no remains of birds have been discovered there;

while further knowledge of the Deinosaurs enables us to understand how the larger tracks were made by Deinosaurs, like *Iguanodon*, accustomed to walk on their hindlegs. Dr Hitchcock, who has studied this remarkable and varied series of footprints, believes that they were produced not only by birds and reptiles, but also by lizards, frogs, and turtles, &c. They have been found in more than twenty places, scattered throughout an extent of nearly eighty miles and in a succession of strata.

Beside the tracks are seen in some places little round marks, which are the marks of raindrops—records of showers which once fell on a soft sandy surface while Deinosaurs and other primeval creatures were walking about. Strange that these apparently trivial actions should be so beautifully recorded in the rocks of the earth's crust! Doubtless the sun came out as soon as the shower was over, and so the soft surface dried and hardened; and later on received a layer of sediment, thus becoming buried up and preserved for future ages, when the geologist would behold them with delight, and interpret to the human race their deep significance.

Deinosaurs were a very varied group of animals, partly amphibious in their habits, possessing two pairs of limbs fitted for use on 'terra firma,' and provided with claws at their extremities. As previously remarked, the hindlimbs were generally much larger than the forelimbs. In general structure, they are considered to have been intermediate between the modern running-birds, such as the ostrich and typical reptiles. They may therefore be regarded as 'missing links' between reptiles and birds. Some were vegetable feeders; others preferred a more stimulating diet, and were carnivorous. In each case the structure of the creature was adapted to its habits, the carnivorous forms being less huge and clumsy, and generally adapted for making rapid movements in seeking or catching their prey, just as cats, lions, or tigers are more lightly built than oxen or elephants. But the teeth and claws in these cases are the most certain evidence of their habits. Some Deinosaurs walked, or perhaps even hopped, on land; a few others probably haunted the trees, their bodies being very small and lightly built. Some had very solid bones; while others had light bones permeated with air-passages—another bird-like feature. Some had long necks and small heads; others, short necks and large heads. There is one form known with a powerful horn on its skull, like a rhinoceros. Some, like crocodiles, were provided with a defensive armour in the shape of long plates on the back, or even long and prickly spines. Others had no such protection, but were more powerful in attack.

The greatest number of Deinosaurs have been obtained from American strata of a certain geological period known as the Jurassic, to which the well-known *Lias* and *Oolites* belong. So numerous are the American Jurassic Deinosaurs, and generally so well preserved, that Professor Marsh has attempted their classification. He groups them in five divisions, to each of which he gives a Latin name roughly indicating their prevailing character. These divisions are as follows, the Latin names being turned into English: (1) The Lizard-footed—vegetable feeders

of very great size, with fore and hind limbs of nearly equal length, walking on all-fours, and with the limb-bones solid. In this group occur some enormous Deinosaurs, which we will presently describe. (2) The Plated Lizards, so called because their skin was provided with an armour of bony plates. Some were of gigantic frame. The hind-limbs were very large, and the forelimbs small. They probably walked on all-fours. (3) The Bird-footed—also herbivorous, with hindlimbs so much larger than the forelimbs that they show an approach to the type of birds. It is almost certain that they habitually sat in an erect position. The limb-bones were hollow, another bird-like character. Some, like *Iguanodon*, were of great size—namely, about thirty feet long. (4) The Beast-footed. These were formidable carnivorous creatures, which generally walked erect, their progression being in many cases assisted by a powerful tail, which they may have used in leaping, as kangaroos do. The forelimbs were very small, and they had prehensile claws. Their limb-bones were hollow. Evidently their structure was adapted to carnivorous habits, for they would be capable of rapid movements. One of the members of this division had a horn on its head, which, if we may judge from the rhinoceros, must have been a powerful weapon of offence. (5) The Leaping-footed. These creatures, which Professor Marsh only doubtfully includes among Deinosaurs, had curious hindfeet specially adapted for leaping. Probably they had great gifts in this direction. Lastly, there is one form of Deinosaurs which presents more bird-like affinities than any other—namely, the little *Compsognathus longipes*, from the famous lithographic stone of Bavaria. It is so peculiar that the Professor places it in a group by itself. It has toothed jaws, and a head supported on a long and slender neck. Professor Huxley concludes that 'it is impossible to look at the conformation of this strange reptile and to doubt that it hopped, or walked, in an erect or semi-erect position, after the manner of a bird, to which its long neck, slight head, and anterior limbs must have given it an extraordinary resemblance.' Is it possible that this little Deinosaurs represents how reptiles became birds? Who shall say?

In the Oxford Museum are some gigantic bones of an English Deinosaurs, which, because it was compared to a whale, has been named *Cetiosaurus*. It belongs to our first division. The following extracts are taken from Professor Phillips' account of this creature: 'Probably when "standing at ease," not less than ten feet in height and of bulk in proportion, this creature was unmatched in magnitude and physical strength by any of the largest inhabitants of the land or sea.' (This was written before the larger American forms were discovered.) 'Did it live in the sea, in fresh water, or on land? This question cannot be answered, as in the case of *Ichthyosaurus*, by an appeal to the accompanying organic remains, for some of the bones lie in marine deposits, others in situations marked by estuarine conditions, and in fluvial accumulations. Was it fitted to live exclusively in water? Such an idea was at one time entertained, and it is often suggested by the mere magnitude of the creature, which would seem to have an easier life floating in water than lifting its huge bulk and moving with slow steps

along the ground. But neither of these arguments is valid. The ancient earth was trodden by larger quadrupeds than our elephants.' He thinks it may have led an amphibious life, haunting both land and water. Only one small tooth was found; but from this Professor Phillips concludes that it was a vegetable feeder.

The best known American Deinosaur belonging to this division were *Brontosaurus* and *Atlantosaurus*. The former of these veritable monsters is now thoroughly known. Professor Marsh has drawn a complete restoration of the skeleton. It attained a length of fifty feet, and is estimated to have had a 'live-weight' of twenty tons! It had a small head, very long neck, solid bones, and a long heavy tail. The hindlegs are of enormous size, suggestive of an elephant rather than a reptile. The small head and brain seem to indicate a slow-moving reptile. It was entirely without offensive or defensive weapons, or bony plates on the skin. In habit it was more or less amphibious, and probably fed on aquatic and other succulent vegetation. Perhaps the individuals which have been found got 'mired,' and so died in the mud. The largest of all the Deosaurs was *Atlantosaurus*, which attained a length of nearly one hundred feet! But, since the bones have not all been found, it is impossible at present to give a description of this reptile. The 'cup-bones' or vertebrae are larger than those of the largest whales.

The unfortunate scarcity of Deinosaurian remains in the New Red Sandstone rocks both of England and America is matter for regret; but there can be little doubt that this great order of reptiles was then flourishing. If they have bequeathed very few of their bones to posterity, they have at least left their 'tracks' behind them—'Footprints on the sands of time,' in a literal sense.

The Deosaurs show us the reptile class in the height of their power. The evolutionist believes that reptiles developed into birds; but whether this wonderful transformation actually took place through the Deosaurs we cannot yet tell. At least these creatures mark the highest point in the scale of animal life attained by reptiles as such. After that they began a downward career; and from being 'lords of creation' for three geological periods, began to take a lower place, and make way for a higher type, the Quadrupeds, or Mammals, which are now at the head of the animal kingdom. Their origin is involved in obscurity. They seem to be related to crocodiles; but we have no evidence 'before the court' of geologists of crocodiles passing into Deosaurs.

Geology reveals to us the fact that classes of animals rise and fall, are exalted and then brought low, just as empires among men. The Deosaurs were not destined to remain for more than a certain time in their exalted position. Already in the New Red Sandstone period the usurpers had appeared on the scene in the shape of humble little quadrupeds, creatures apparently unable to cope with their rivals of the reptile class, but destined, as ages rolled on, to grow in power and strength, and so to attain the proud position they now occupy. One cannot help wondering how the victory was accomplished. But they had a more developed brain than reptiles; that

would give them an immense advantage in the 'struggle for existence.' Thus, it would seem that brains carried the day, and so Mammals now 'hold the field' against all their enemies.

If there is one truth which more than another is brought out by the study of geology, it is that, from the most ancient period down to the present day, there has been a gradual introduction from time to time of higher and higher forms of life on this planet, thus constituting a kind of drama of existence.

When our poet wrote, 'All the world's a stage,' he thought only of 'men and women,' whom he calls 'merely players.' But the geologist sees a wider application of the words as he reviews the great drama of past life on the globe, and finds that plants and animals, too, 'have their exits and their entrances.' Nay, more, the 'strange eventful history' of a human life sketched by the master-hand might fitly be chosen to illustrate the birth and growth of the tree of life, the development and expansion of which are so emphatically proved by 'the testimony of the rocks.'

MY AUNT CECILIA.

BY ARTHUR H. NORWAY.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

I MUST have been very young when my Aunt Cecilia took charge of me, for I cannot call to mind any save the dimmest recollections of my state of life before the occurrence of that event. She was a kind and gentle lady, with a singular capacity for exciting love in all who had dealings with her; and I know that from the first I was content to be under her charge. If my change of life caused me any wonder—I do not recollect that it did—that feeling was very transient; and in the London home to which my aunt transported me it was quickly lost.

My aunt's house stood in one of the roads which converge towards Westminster Bridge on the south of the river—roads which are now given over almost wholly to lodging-house keepers, but in which rich merchants once did not disdain to dwell, ordering their lives with a simple dignity, commoner in old days than it is at present. Aunt Cecilia chose the house, I believe, because it was so quiet. It stood back at some distance from the road; and the garden-beds which lay before it were inclosed by a high wall, topped with a row of pollard lime-trees. Even the front garden was thus quite private, and Aunt Cecilia could work in it without fear of being overlooked. At the back of the house was another garden, nearly the whole of which was occupied by a lawn, always smooth shaven, and surrounded by beds of homely flowers, marigolds, hollyhocks, mignonette, and tall bushes of white roses. It was a wonderful garden for the town; and beyond it was a stable-yard, with stalls for eight horses. These were always vacant in our time, and served as a playground for me.

The house, though comfortable, was not large ; and my aunt, as I know now, was not rich. Neither her means nor her inclination permitted her to see society ; and I do not remember that she had any acquaintances in the neighbourhood, except the Rector, a tall, courtly, old gentleman, somewhat bowed with years. He was a frequent visitor at our house ; for having no wife with whom to discuss those points of parish duty on which a lady's opinion is of value, he was glad at times to consult my aunt. There were not many ladies in the parish, the Rector used to say, and I suppose there were not.

In the first years of my residence with Aunt Cecilia, however, another visitor occasionally came to see us—my godmother. She came at long intervals, and always seemed sad and tearful, though she reserved smiles enough for me. I was very fond of her, for she had in perfection the art of amusing children ; and I was never happier than when standing beside her knee, listening to some old legend of Arthur and his knights, or to some tale of the merchant adventurers of Sir Richard Grenville's time, such as made the blood dance and tingle in my veins.

It was in October that she came for the last time. I was crossing the garden from the stables when I saw her, in the deep black dress she always wore, push aside the flame-coloured wreaths of Virginia creeper which hung across the garden-door of the house, and come out to meet me, followed by Aunt Cecilia. I always think of her as I saw her then. I can recall at will her girlish figure, hung round with glowing tinted leaves ; and her hair, which, though closely confined, caught the sunlight and glistened like threads of gold. But it was her face that impressed itself most clearly on my memory ; and I know now it was full of a sorrow which I was then too young to comprehend.

'He grows very tall, Cecilia,' said my godmother, with a constrained sound in her voice.

'He will be seven in March.' As she said this, Aunt Cecilia laid her hand caressingly on the other woman's shoulder, and went on : 'You will know he is well cared for.'

'If you should die, Cecilia!'

'I shall not die,' my aunt answered, 'until I am not needed any longer.—Be at ease, Fanny : I will not play you false.'

My godmother glanced at Aunt Cecilia as if she could not trust herself to speak ; and then, kneeling down on the grass, she drew me towards her and threw her arms around me. 'Oh my child,' she cried, 'I am going away from you, so far away that I may never see you again. Don't forget me, Osmond : always remember me : think of your playfellow often, often, for I love you dearly.'

Before I could answer her, she rose suddenly, and seemed to regain control over herself. All that afternoon she was the merry companion I knew so well, telling me over and over again the tales I loved to hear, always with such a

zest and enjoyment that I had never thought her so amusing. When I went to bed, she took off a black ribbon, from which a little cross of gold was suspended, and put it round my neck. 'Here is a present for you, Osmond,' she said. 'Try, for my sake, not to lose it. Think of me whenever you touch it, child. It is all I have to give you.'

I dreamt of my godmother that night, and more than once I could have fancied I woke up far enough to be conscious that she was standing by my bed, shading her candle from my eyes. I learned afterwards that she had come many times in the night to look at me as I lay asleep ; but in the morning she had gone.

That afternoon, my aunt took me to Gravesend ; and as soon as we arrived there, we went on board a great steamer which was lying in the river. My godmother was standing on the deck, and when she saw me she caught me to her breast, clinging to me as if she were some wounded animal and I some shelter that offered her security.

'He will forget me, Cecilia,' she said, striving to control her tears ; 'he will forget me altogether.'

'I do not think Osmond is so changeable,' replied my aunt. 'I should think meanly of him if he forgot you.'

'I will not ; indeed, I will not,' I protested.

'Poor child ! he doesn't know what he is promising,' my godmother said with a wintry smile.

At that, Aunt Cecilia took her by the hand and led her apart. I did not hear what passed between them ; but I noticed that my godmother seemed a little comforted by it. Aunt Cecilia stood very erect beside the bulwarks of the ship, holding my godmother's hand ; and at the conclusion of what she had to say, kissed her as solemnly as if she were sanctifying a vow.

Immediately after that, the shore-bell rang ; and almost before I realised that the parting was over, my aunt and I were in the tender, and the great ship was slowly put in motion. As long as we could distinguish my godmother's girlish figure, straining after the last glimpse of us, we waved our handkerchiefs ; and long after that, after even the lights of the vessel had faded and disappeared into the gloom of the autumn evening, my aunt stood motionless upon the quay, gazing down the river. When it was quite dark, she took my hand, and we went sadly home in silence.

The impressions of the days I have described are the strongest which remain from my childhood ; and I have no doubt that every sentence spoken in my hearing on these occasions remains unaltered in my memory. Many a night in my sleep I heard my godmother's tearful voice, and woke stretching out my arms in search of her with a vague feeling of desertion for which I never could account.

I may as well say now, before I lay aside the subject for a time, that four years afterwards we heard of my godmother's death. I doubt whether in all England there were two sadder hearts that day.

I have no distinct recollection of the years that followed. They were uneventful and placid.

I remained at a private school in the neighbourhood until I was thirteen years old; and then, being in somewhat delicate health, I was sent to spend six months with a clergyman near Epsom, in order that my health might be recruited, and that I might at the same time undergo some preparation for the larger school in London to which I was to go on my return. I had one fellow-pupil, a boy named Sinclair. From this point the story of my life properly begins. I often wonder whether it was chance alone which brought me to this country vicarage.

Sinclair's father was British consul at Trieste; his uncle was Port-admiral at Portsmouth. He himself was destined for the navy, and had been sent home to the charge of his uncle, in order that he might be educated the more carefully for his future profession.

The choice of a tutor for him was not happy. Mr Calthrop, with whom we were placed, was an excellent scholar; but of the art of teaching he understood as little as of that of control, and long ere I appeared on the scene, Sinclair had mastered him, and read each day as much, or as little, as he chose. My arrival naturally did not render my fellow-pupil more inclined to study; and as it was considered necessary for me to be much in the open air, Sinclair decided for himself that he would bear me company. Together we ranged day after day over a tolerably extensive stretch of country, and became so intimate as to have no secrets from each other.

'What are they going to make of you?' asked Sinclair one afternoon, as we lay on Banstead Downs, watching the light white clouds drift across the blue sky. 'What do you want to be, Osmond?'

I had not thought about it, and I said so.

'You know I am going into the navy,' he said. 'You are not far from the age; and by the time you reach it, you will be tired of school and desk work. I am already.'

'But you will not enter the service yet?'

'I am nearly old enough, I believe,' he said; 'but I haven't thought about it.' Then, led by one of his sudden wilful impulses, he broke off the conversation, and springing up, began to leap the patches of heather; and so our talk was at an end.

He returned to the subject, however; and often scoffed at the idea which I sometimes ventured to put forward, that I might become a barrister or a doctor.

'Pshaw! Don't speak of barristers!' he would cry in high disgust. 'I never knew one yet who didn't smell of dust.'

'Have you known many?' I inquired.

'Quite enough to judge, or you may be sure I shouldn't speak of them.'

'Well, why not a doctor?'

'Why, you go from bad to worse. The lawyer was bad enough; but he was at least clean. A doctor spends his whole life in handling dirty people—one might as well be an attendant at a public wash-house at once. And then the perpetual atmosphere of sick-rooms! Phew! Osmond, you must clear up your mind about your occupation in life, or you'll drift into something mightily unpleasant.'

'But there are doctors in the navy,' I suggested.

'So there are cooks; but you and I don't wish to join them, I should think.'

I did not often protest further; and the conviction soon stole in upon my mind that the civilian occupations I had contemplated hitherto as possible for myself were all burdened with some degrading circumstance which would render them highly unpleasant to pursue.

It happened about the time when this new idea was rooting itself in my mind, that Admiral Sinclair visited us one day, and carried his nephew off to dine at an hotel at Epsom. I spent that afternoon in wandering about the house and garden in a forlorn sort of way, wishing idly that I had an uncle to visit me sometimes; and wondering whether, if I had, I should not ask him to take Sinclair too. I had just decided that I should, when a carriage drew up at the garden gate, and Sinclair leaped out from it.

'Osmond, come here,' he shouted; 'I want you to speak to my uncle.'

I went up to the carriage in some trepidation, and held out my hand shyly to the bluff old admiral, whose jolly weather-beaten face looked at me with a curious scrutiny.

'Well, my lad,' he bawled out in his great voice, 'you're a likely fellow! Can you jump, my boy?—Harry, can he jump?'

'Better than I can, uncle.'

'Ha! now, let's see you clear that gate. No touching, mind.'

I was better at a high jump than Sinclair, and I knew it, though he far excelled me in strength and endurance. We took a short run, and both cleared the gate; but while Sinclair only just avoided scraping it, there were several inches between my boots and the topmost bar. The admiral was hugely pleased.

'Capital, glorious!' he roared out.—'Harry, your friend is a fine fellow. I once saved my life by jumping.—Here, my boy, Harry says you would like to go into the navy?'

My heart beat fast as I assured him I should.

'Well, I will give you a nomination,' he said. 'Mind, there'll be an examination after that; so you must stick to your Euclid, and so on. Write to me in October, my boy, and tell me whether you are still in the same mind.'

'No fear of my changing it, sir,' I protested.

'So much the better. But write to me all the same.'

With that he slipped a sovereign into my hand, and drove off, vowing he should be late for his train.

'So it is settled,' said Sinclair as we stood watching the carriage. 'But what will your aunt say?'

'I don't think she will object.'

Sinclair shook his head. 'I suppose you will get your own way in the end,' he said. 'If you have any doubt about the matter, you had better say nothing until you see her.'

I thought this good advice, the more so as I was to go home in about a fortnight; and therefore in my letters to Aunt Cecilia, though I mentioned the admiral's visit, I made no reference to his offer. The very secrecy I observed, however, caused me to think the more about it; and my curiosity and interest being artfully fed by

Sinclair, I was in a state of great excitement for many days, and had much ado to restrain myself from giving it vent the moment I returned home.

I had sense enough to see that an important subject could not be broached in the midst of the bustle of greeting. Aunt Cecilia received me with tears in her eyes, which passed into smiles when she saw what a ruddy, healthy lad had returned to her in place of the ailing invalid who left her only six months before. 'My dear boy, you are copper-coloured,' she declared. 'You are like a savage.—Come in. I will pay the cabman and see to your luggage. Ah! child, the house has been very quiet since you went away.'

A pang of remorse shot through me as I heard these words. It seemed to me as if beneath the half-jesting tone in which they were uttered a deeper feeling lay, felt, perhaps, rather than admitted. In that moment I realised that I had ceased to be a child, and that my aunt was beginning to look towards me for companionship. And I—what was I proposing to myself but to leave her finally to grow old alone!

This impression passed away quickly enough. My aunt seemed as happy as a child in having me at home again: she was full of laughter and of jest; and related to me some droll experiences she had had among the poor people who were pensioners of hers. 'And you, Osmond,' she said when she had done, 'have you nothing to tell me?'

'Well, yes,' I said, reddening a little, 'I have. I told you in one of my letters that Admiral Sinclair had come to see us.'

'Yes, he made you jump a gate. He must be a kind-hearted old man, judging from what you said of him.'

'He offered me a nomination for the navy,' I blurted out.

Aunt Cecilia set down her teacup with a sudden snap and turned a grave face on me. 'For the navy; a nomination? Why should he have done that?'

'I don't know. Perhaps Sinclair asked him.'

'But what did he say?' my aunt persisted.

'Tell me exactly what he said—his very words.'

I told her as nearly as possible what had passed.

When I had done, she rose from her chair and walked about the room in evident perturbation. 'And you, what answer did you make?' she asked at length. 'Ah! child, you should have told me this before.'

'I said I should like to accept. I am to write to him in October, giving a final answer.'

'In October,' repeated my aunt with a sigh of relief. 'Then there is no hurry.'

'No, there is no hurry,' I replied; 'but I shall have an examination, and I may as well prepare for it.'

Aunt Cecilia frowned. 'Don't prepare for it, Osmond,' she said. 'I can't allow this to go on.' Then seeing how my face fell, she came up to me and passed her arm round my shoulder. 'My dear boy, is your heart very firmly set on this?' she asked in her kindest voice.

'Very firmly,' I said; 'but of course'—

'Of course you won't do anything to grieve me. I know that, child.' Here she patted my arm

gently, as if to express her conviction that the understanding between us was perfect.

'I see a very grave difficulty,' she said. 'I am afraid the plan must be given up. But let me think it over. I am taken by surprise. We will talk of it again to-morrow. Meantime, there is a poor woman waiting to see me. Her son is dying, I fear, of consumption, and she is just broken-hearted. Find me a book for him, Osmond—something light to hold and pleasant to read. I will come for it: don't you come out, for the poor creature is in sad trouble, and she won't want to see any one but me.'

A NESTING-PLACE OF SEA-GULLS.

BETWEEN the narrow wooded gorge of Glen Almond and the broad fertile valley of Strath-earn stretches a long vale, embracing part of the parishes of Methven, Tibbermore, Madderty, &c., one-half of which drains westward to the Earn, and the other eastward to the Almond. The dividing-line is Methven Moss, from which two streams, both named Pow, flow east and west respectively. The eastern portion consists for the most part of arable land, interspersed here and there with bogs and woods. The most interesting of these bogs is the one popularly called the Gull Loch. The name is modern, having been given only a few years ago, when a colony of gulls, driven from a similar place near Dupplin, took possession of it for breeding purposes. Before this arrival, the bog was known as the Minkie Moss or the Cranberry Bog. The former name is suggestive of fairies, or rather water-kelpies, and the change to Gull Loch is indicative of the change of thought in modern minds, when, instead of ideal poetical figures like fairies, we substitute real, living, and not less beautiful sea-gulls.

The bog—for, despite its new name, it is only a bog—lies quite close to the main road from Perth to Crieff, and about half a mile distant from Almondbank Station. It stretches in the form of a crescent for nearly half a mile, having arable fields on the concave side and a thicket of oak, Scotch fir, and birch on the other. The centre of the bog consists of soft peat, overgrown with tufts of rushes and marsh-plants of all kinds; and this is the principal nesting-ground. Round this central part stretches a band of dark forbidding-looking water, in which the young gulls take their first swimming lessons, and then the look of the water becomes quite changed. A few broken, leafless, doddered stumps of trees grow at the edge of this encircling water, and help to give the dark chill marsh a more gruesome and uncanny aspect. In spring, marshes look more desolate and sombre than at any other time; for, while all around, the fields and woods and bypaths are bursting into the glory and beauty of their spring flowers, the cold dark waters of the swamp have not yet got the chill taken off, and the marsh-mallows and forget-me-nots are not yet showing themselves above the dismal slime or withered sedge. But the Gull Loch is an exception. Instead of spring flowers with

their white and yellow blossoms, nodding their heads in the breeze, we have thousands of gulls with their lovely white breasts and slate-coloured wings and chocolate heads; and instead of the dancing daffodils, we have the skimming, sailing flight of these sea-rovers with their shrill cries, which sound at a distance not unlike the beating of the waves on a rocky coast.

In the beginning of March, the bog, which has been untenanted save by a few wild ducks and coots throughout the winter, begins to be enlivened by detachments of gulls, which appear day after day, until the full number has arrived. Nesting generally begins in the early part of April. There is, properly speaking, no nest at all, but just a hollow place in the peat or in the bunches of rushes, in which they lay four or five dark spotted eggs, which bear a close resemblance to plovers' eggs, for which they are often mistaken. It has been calculated that as many as ten thousand gulls nest here every season, and the nests in consequence are placed very closely together; indeed, one nest is sometimes made to serve two pairs of birds; and a nest with eight eggs is no uncommon find. After the usual time the eggs are hatched, and then the pretty little chicks are to be seen running about on the peaty soil, or swimming slowly, like round gray balls, on the dark water.

One of the prettiest sights imaginable is to stand on the bank of the swamp in the morning or evening when the nearly level rays of the sun are glinting over the expanse of water and rushes, and watch the slow graceful flight of the gulls coming or going, or simply wheeling overhead in quiet enjoyment. If you fire a gun, the scene changes in a moment—from quiet beauty there is a change to wild shrieking tumult. Thousands of birds rise from the rushy cover and wheel about in endless confusion, uttering shrill, half-defiant screams at the intruder. After a time they begin to settle once more; and then, when seen against the dark background of Scotch firs, they look like large snow-flakes falling slowly down, such as one often sees at the beginning of a snow-storm. There is also the same picture of multitudinous bodies, which puzzles the eye and defies all attempts at enumeration.

It may be asked, 'Where do so many birds get sufficient food for themselves and their young ones?' As in large aggregations of human beings, there is sometimes considerable difficulty in getting supplies for all, and in dry seasons there is a good deal of hunger and starvation. Most of their food is got from the fields, and you may see them in great numbers following the plough and picking up insects, worms, &c. They also frequent the rivers, where they fish for minnows and other small aquatic creatures. During the summer they become very tame, and may be seen sitting in the village street and eagerly picking up the scraps of bread thrown to them by the children. As a community, they are socialists, all being equal and enjoying equal benefits and privileges. They also give us a very good example of kindness and good-feeling, for though crowded together in what must be a rather complex and puzzling manner, they seem always to be on the best of terms with each other, and such a thing as a fight is never seen among them. As soon as the young birds are sufficiently strong on the wing they begin to

migrate to the sea-shore; and by the end of summer the loch is quite deserted, except by the few ducks, coots, and water-hens which also nest there and stay on all the year round.

ON A RANGOON JURY.

THE scene is 'The Court of the Recorder of Rangoon;' the occasion, the first day of the autumn sessions; and the time ten A.M. on a scorching October day. The court-room and verandas which flank it are thronged with people of both sexes and all nations, whom curiosity or business has brought hither; among them ten or a dozen Englishmen who have been called as jurors, and do not seem to appreciate the prospective task. As a matter of fact, it is 'mail-day,' and they have had to leave their offices, where the weekly pile of mail-work is awaiting them, to dance attendance at the court, where their services may not be required after all.

His Honour the Recorder has taken his seat on the bench, and the clerk of the court produces a hat, from which he draws five names at hazard. Mine is the last to be called, and I follow the other jurors into the box under the sympathetic valedictory grins of my more fortunate fellow-countrymen who have been dismissed for the day.

'Elect your own foreman, gentlemen,' says the clerk when we have been sworn. And in deference to my status as the only pure European, my colleagues—three Eurasians and one aged Burman—unanimously appoint me to that office. The Recorder beams upon us good-humouredly for a few seconds, and then, resuming his wonted air of judicial gravity, directs the clerk to call the first case on the list.

The first case is not particularly interesting. Poonosawmy Moodliar, native of Madras, aged thirty-five, domestic servant in the employ of Septimus Balthazar, trader, of Rangoon, is placed in the dock charged with felony; in that on the 19th day of September last he did steal and carry away one cotton umbrella, value one rupee two annas, the property of Moungh Pho Loo. The clerk reads the charge at a hand-gallop, scorning the very elements of punctuation in a manner that must puzzle my Burmese coadjutor—'property of Moungh Pho Loo Prisoner do you plead guilty or do you claim to be tried,' &c.

The prisoner, who is undefended, pleads not guilty; and in reply to the usual questions, says he has no objection to any gentleman on the jury, and that he understands English. This latter admission is highly satisfactory to all concerned. In cases where every word has to be interpreted just double the time is occupied, which is no small matter when the cause list is a heavy one. The Tamil interpreter sits down, and the case proceeds forthwith. The first witness is Moungh Pho Loo, who identifies the umbrella—a ponderous structure of bright pink cotton—as his, and states that he laid it down on a stall in the Burra Bazaar on the morning of the 19th September, and next saw it in the prisoner's hands, a week later.

'No, sah!' from Poonosawmy, and 'Chuperao' ('Hold your tongue') from half-a-dozen policemen.

Moung Pho Loo having given his evidence, is ordered to stand down, and a Coringa policeman takes his place in the box. This witness is not a bright specimen. His evidence is rather difficult to extract, but is quite conclusive. He was on duty in the Burra Bazaar on the morning of the theft; saw prisoner take an umbrella off a fruit-stall and walk away with it; didn't stop him because he didn't know it was not his: that is the umbrella, lying there on the table. That is all.

Does Poonosawmy wish to ask this witness any questions? No; Poonosawmy is now weeping floods of penitent tears, and can only beg the Lord Sahib to forgive him; he is 'poor man,' and he thought the umbrella was his. Has he then any witnesses who could prove that he owned an umbrella like this? No, Poonosawmy has no witnesses, and he is poor man, sah. Has he nothing else to say in his defence? Yes; he wishes to add that he is poor man; very *poor* man, sah. If Poonosawmy had been charged with murder, high-treason, and incendiarism, he would have pled poverty in extenuation. It is a way the native has; but naturally it doesn't count for much in an English court of justice. A brief summing-up is followed by a briefer consultation, and a unanimous verdict of 'Guilty.' A previous conviction is proved against the prisoner; and Poonosawmy Moodliar, sentenced to six months' imprisonment, is removed, dolefully howling at the top of his voice.

The next case is one peculiar to Burma, and, fortunately, not very common even there. Nga Shway Oo and Nga Let Gyee, natives of Donabyoo, in the Irawadi district, are placed in the dock charged with the manslaughter of Moung Bah, native of the village of Panlang, in the Hanthawaddy district. They plead not guilty; and if an air of unmoved calm goes for anything, they don't believe themselves to be so.

From the Government Advocate's opening speech we gather the following facts. Early in the month of July last the two prisoners, travelling in their canoe from their own village of Donabyoo to Rangoon, stopped at Panlang to pass the night, and went to the house of Moung Bah, who was a friend of theirs, to sleep. In the course of the evening, Nga Shway Oo told the company how, during a recent visit to Mandalay, he had rendered some small service to a Hpoongyee (Buddhist priest), who had repaid it by teaching him a potent spell against death by drowning. Moung Bah, who was a fisherman by trade, was much interested in this; and after Nga Shway Oo had related some marvellous stories illustrating the infallibility of the spell, he implored that it might be cast upon himself; and the prisoner consented to exercise his powers for a consideration of five rupees. The money was promptly forthcoming; and Nga Shway Oo, producing the necessary implements, at once set to work to tattoo the figure of a paddy-bird (a species of egret) on the victim's chest, muttering incantations as he did so.

When the operation was finished, nothing would satisfy Moung Bah but an immediate trial of its efficacy; and as a full moon gave ample light, he insisted upon the prisoners taking him out in their canoe that he might put it to the test before he slept. Two other friends accompanied

the party, and a large number of the villagers assembled on the shore to watch the proceedings. Every Burman can swim like a duck from infancy, and though the tide in the Panlang creek is very powerful, with many dangerous undercurrents, any ordinary trial might have been made with perfect impunity. But Moung Bah, bent on making sure that he had got his money's worth, persuaded the two prisoners to bind him securely, hand and foot, before they tossed him overboard. They did so, then threw him into the water, and drifted down with the stream, awaiting the course of events. Whether they expected to see their friend rise to the surface freed from his bonds, or whether they imagined the 'spell' would cause him to float like a cork, the learned counsel is unable to tell us; but, as might have been expected, poor Moung Bah sank at once, and was never seen again till a few days afterwards, when his body was recovered thirty miles down the river.

The prisoners appear to have entertained no feelings but those of friendship and good-will towards the deceased, or they might have been charged with the greater crime of wilful murder. It will be proved, says the Government Advocate, that the facts of the case are exactly as he had stated them.

Mah Lay is the first witness; she is the wife of deceased, and was present when the first prisoner worked the spell upon her late husband. They had all eaten the evening rice together, and there had been no quarrelling of any kind. She heard Shway Oo tell some wonderful tales. Oh yes, she quite believed them, and does still. Doesn't understand why Moung Bah got drowned; thinks Shway Oo may have made some little mistake in the words he spoke while tattooing the 'inn;' or perhaps the moon wasn't favourable; anyhow, is sure that Shway Oo was not to blame; thinks it was an accident.

Moung Zan Way and Moung Hpay, cultivators, resident at Panlang, tell the same story in turn. The deceased was very anxious to be made proof against drowning, and begged the first prisoner to tattoo him. They accompanied him on the fatal trip; heard deceased request prisoners to pull right out into the stream, and also heard him ask to have his hands and feet tied; prisoners did so quite readily, and chewed betel while waiting for deceased to reappear. Yes, they were surprised when he didn't float on top of the water as he should have done. It was very curious indeed his sinking like that. Probably some slight miscalculation of Nga Shway Oo's. Moung Hpay thinks, moreover, it's just possible that deceased may have given offence to the water nats (spirits), who pulled him under water in revenge. Neither of these two witnesses thinks the prisoners are at all culpable; if any one is to blame for the accident it is the deceased himself; certainly not Shway Oo, who is a highly respectable man.

The English lawyer who represents the prisoners brings out most of this evidence by cross-examination; and when the last witness has been dismissed, delivers himself of a short speech dealing with the motives that actuated the pair of charlatans in the dock, and leaves the matter in the Recorder's hands. His summing up leaves no doubt in our minds that the

prisoners are guilty of manslaughter; and Messrs Pereira, Da Silva, and Aratoon, the Eurasians, record their opinion to that effect without hesitation. But our Burman colleague, Moungh Htso, is not convinced. He is of good education, speaks English exceedingly well, and I know him personally as a sensible and intelligent man; but he is a Burman.

'Come, Moungh Htso,' I say persuasively, 'we must return a unanimous verdict in such a case as this. Surely you don't doubt the men's guilt?'

'I think, sir, that they are good men. I do not think they wished to drown Moungh Bah.'

'But they tied him and threw him into the river; so they committed manslaughter,' I urge.

Moungh Htso shakes his head and twiddles his spectacle case. 'They did not think it would drown him,' he says seriously.

It is very obvious that an English education has not freed Moungh Htso's mind from the trammels of superstition; and after ten minutes more argument, I am compelled to accept his, 'I do not think they did it,' as equivalent to 'Not guilty.' So, standing up in my place, I inform his Honour that the majority—four of us—pronounce the accused 'guilty of manslaughter.' The Recorder, looking straight at the punkah which waves over our heads, expresses his surprise that the evidence should have failed to bring conviction home to any one of the jury; he did not think there existed in Rangoon a juror so blind to the plainest facts. Not a quiver of the judicial eyelid conveys a hint that his Honour knows Moungh Htso is the blind one; and that gentleman listens to his remarks with the stolidity of a wooden image.

Addressing the prisoners through his Burmese interpreter, the Recorder tells them that they have been found guilty of an act of incredible folly, which resulted in the death of a fellow-man. Taking all things into consideration, he cannot pass a sentence of less than three years' penal servitude on Nga Shway Oo, and of two years on Nga Let Gyee. The prisoners appear thunderstruck; and the Burmese members of the audience, who have been listening to the case with rapt attention, are clearly taken by surprise also. Had the jury returned a verdict of 'Not guilty,' and the judge released the spell-worker and his assistant with a few well-chosen words of regret for the failure of their experiment, and advised them to make such in shallow water next time, it had created no astonishment. Far from it; they would have gone home sounding the praises of the wise English judge, whose great mind could justly weigh the mysterious uncertainty of Burmese magic; and in all reasonable likelihood Nga Shway Oo and Nga Let Gyee would have found a score of confiding patients willing to be drowned at five rupees a head, as soon as they got out of court. English law is a long way above the Burman's comprehension, and in these matters always will be.

The next case again throws a lurid light upon Burmese powers of belief, but in a manner less grave than the last. Nga Loogalay is placed in the dock charged with cheating. Nga Loogalay, it appears, is a gentleman of no ordinary attainments, and among other desirable talents he possesses the highly lucrative ability to turn baser

metals into gold. About three months ago he made the acquaintance of Mah Too, an old lady residing in Rangoon, where she drove a snug little trade in dried fish. Like many other old ladies, Mah Too was of somewhat avaricious disposition, hence the knowledge of Nga Loogalay's alchemic accomplishments commended him strongly to her notice; and a few days after the first occasion of their meeting she entrusted him with a sum of thirty rupees, which he kindly undertook to convert into gold. The terms of the transaction were rather sporting in character, and may be shortly described as 'Play or Pay'—in other words, it was agreed that if Nga Loogalay failed to effect transmutation within a given time, he was to charge nothing. If he succeeded, he was to receive a handsome percentage on results. The scientific nature of the prisoner's profession enabled him to dispense with the vulgar necessity of giving her a receipt for the money, so she has nothing to show for it. But we are promised a number of witnesses who will substantiate the charge, to which Nga Loogalay enters a plea of 'Not guilty.'

The various threads of evidence must make it palpable even to our friend Moungh Htso that a very singular degree of ill-luck followed the prisoner throughout the whole course of this little affair. No sooner had he received the thirty rupees than the market price of mercury and other alchemic requisites began to advance, and continued to do so by leaps and bounds until they reached a level quite unheard of; which compelled Nga Loogalay to borrow small sums from Mah Too every week to meet the expense of conducting the operation; these working expenses were to be deducted from his share of the profits; and Mah Too confessed that she had been very much struck by the honesty with which he retained the first-given sum intact.

Nga Loogalay was an enthusiastic scientist, judging from the complainant's account. He sat up every propitious night for six weeks watching his crucibles and working charms with untiring diligence; but gold didn't come. He called upon Mah Too regularly during this period, and was able to give such satisfactory reports of his progress, that she was easily induced to part with the money he required from time to time, which amounted in all to some fifty-five rupees. Half-a-dozen times he was just on the very verge of succeeding, when a cloud obscured the moon, or the wind dropped suddenly, or something else happened and spoilt the whole business.

Mah Too was quite aware of the extreme exactness and nicety required in the operation, and forbore to press for tangible results so long as she saw prisoner regularly. But one day, not having seen him for a fortnight, she grew anxious, and went out to his house at Kemendine—a suburb of Rangoon—to ask how things were getting on. There she saw Mah Hlah, his wife, who informed her that Nga Loogalay had gone to Mandalay on urgent business, and she couldn't exactly say when he would be back. He had not forgotten his contract with Mah Too, however; indeed, it was solely in connection with this gold-making business that her husband was visiting Mandalay; there are great *sayahs* in that

city, and he had gone to consult with them ; for she frankly admitted that, up to now, Nga Loogalay had not attained the degree of success so clever an alchemist was entitled to expect.

Now, this story was very plausible, and even gratifying, and had Mah Too been a more confiding old party, she would have accepted it in a proper spirit, smoked a cheroot with Mah Hlah, exchanged a little gossip, and walked quietly home to Rangoon in the cool of the evening. But unhappily (for Nga Loogalay) she was dissatisfied with the report, and hinted at taking her rupees back in their original condition. The dried fish industry, she said, was not thriving so well as could be wished ; she was completely out of cheroots and betel-nut, and, to be candid, she wanted a little ready money at once.

Mah Hlah appears to have regarded this as an indication of growing scepticism, and resented it, like the loyal wife she was, with some warmth : and when she declared to Mah Too that she hadn't a single *hmat* (four-anna bit) in the house, high words began. To make a long story short, the two ladies interchanged vigorous personalities for three-quarters of an hour, at the end of which time Mah Too proceeded to the police station, and laid an information against Nga Loogalay for swindling her.

Search was instituted without delay, and the missing alchemist was arrested, not at Mandalay—which in those days would have been a safe harbour—but at Poozoondoung, the eastern suburb of Rangoon, not five miles from his own home.

It might have been his ardent pursuit of scientific knowledge that led him to the Chinese gambling den where he was discovered ; or possibly he thought that the 'thirty-six animal game' would be an agreeable relaxation after so much studious research ; his presence there, I say, was a detail that might have been satisfactorily explained. But when it came out that of all Mah Too's fifty-five rupees he had not a pice left, Nga Loogalay had no right to be surprised at the superintendent's locking him up.

The very small amount of confidence we on the jury had ever entertained in the prisoner's probity, was quite dispelled by these final revelations ; and we felt bound to bring him in 'guilty,' in spite of the dissentient voice once more upraised by Moungh Htso. There was no reasoning with that stubborn old gentleman. He firmly adhered to his own private opinion, that had Nga Loogalay been allowed sufficient time, he would have triumphantly returned to Mah Too the promised ingot of pure gold. As for the gambling-house part of the affair, that was a mere accident that might have befallen anybody ; all Burmans gamble more or less, and he didn't see why we should lay any particular stress upon it. And once more our Burmese fellow-juror was made the indirect subject of a few scathing remarks by his Honour the Recorder.

Moungh Htso informed me afterwards in confidence that transmutation was a very difficult thing to accomplish ; most difficult. But every sayah worthy of the name agreed that it could be done if you could only find out the right way. It was true he had never met any one yet who had achieved success ; but that was no proof whatever of its impossibility. Nga Loogalay, now sentenced to twelve months in jail, had

been very hardly used ; and for his—Moungh Htso's—part, if he happened to want any money turned into gold by-and-by, and hadn't time to devote himself to the job, he should cheerfully entrust it to Nga Loogalay.

THE ROMANCE OF WASHING.

It is wonderful how every little duty and necessity of every-day life is surrounded with a halo of charm and legendary lore. Some things seem so simple and practical, that we imagine that nothing of a weird description can possibly be associated with them, yet in many instances the simpler the operation the greater the affinity it appears to have for things supernatural. Off-hand, we should say that Washing cannot be invested with any romance ; but old wives will tell us otherwise. Woe betide the person that dares to wash his or her hands in the same basin of water that has been or will be used by another individual ! They will be sure to quarrel. Or, again, if you wipe your hands upon the same towel and at the same time with another person, you and that person will at some period of your lifetime go begging together. The late Cutlibert Bede, however, tells us that he was informed in Rutlandshire that these dreadful things would not happen provided you first made the sign of the cross over the water. Another curious thing, too, in connection with this is that the quarrel only supervened when a basin of water was used. You might wash together in a running stream as often as you pleased and no ill effect would come of it.

Washing the feet seems to be intimately connected with weddings. In the old Roman days the feet of the bride and bridegroom were washed after the ceremony had been performed. The custom of washing the bride's feet does not seem to have been so prevalent as that of washing the bridegroom's. Wood, in his 'Wedding-day in all Ages,' only gives one instance of the former. He says : 'Among the ancient Poles the bride walked three times round a fire, then sat down and washed her feet.' He refers more frequently to washing the bridegroom's feet. In India the daughter of a Brahmin is dressed by her father in a festive dress, and washes the bridegroom's feet, the bride's mother pouring out the water for that purpose. In Malabar the bridegroom's feet are washed by a young relation ; and in some parts of Java the bride, as a sign of her subjection, kneels and washes the feet of the bridegroom when he enters the house.

Somewhat analogous customs prevail amongst the agricultural classes of the east of Scotland. The actual ceremony is falling somewhat into desuetude, though the 'feet-washing' is still the name given to an evening of hilarious enjoyment preceding the marriage by a day or two. The practice is common in the north of Scotland both in relation to bride and bridegroom ; and so far as the latter is concerned, usually gives rise to some horse-play. A writer upon the subject, a few years back, says : 'I have a lively recollection of a relative of my own, a bridegroom, taking flight one winter night from his persecutors, who

were subjecting him to very rough usage in the cleansing operation. They were using a hard scrubbing-brush and brick-dust. The victim, rather than endure the torture, ran a considerable distance, barefoot and bare-legged, through snow lying a dozen inches deep, and took refuge in an outhouse, where he shut himself securely in.*

The operators are always anxious that the water should, after washing, bear witness to the fact that the victim was much in need of it; they therefore often plaster him to the knees with an unsavoury compound of hog's lard, soot, and perhaps other ingredients. The operation, no doubt, is highly satisfactory to all concerned, with the exception of the unfortunate victim.

Washerwomen have such a character for garrulity that one is surprised to find such a paucity of sayings emanating from this class. The one rhyme they possess, however, seems to be pretty generally spread all over the country. In Dr Robert Chambers's 'Popular Rhymes of Scotland,' we find the Scotch version as under :

They that wash on Monanday
Hae a' the week to dry;
They that wash on Tyesday
Are no far by;
They that wash on Wednesday
Are no sair to mean ;*
They that wash on Thursday
May get their claes clean ;
They that wash on Friday
Hae gey meikle need ;
They that wash on Saturday
Are dirty daws indeed.

The Welsh of Glamorgan have a saying which is undoubtedly an adaptation of the latter part of the above. Translated freely, it reads :

Who washes on Friday
Is half a slut ;
Who washes on Saturday
Is a slut to the bone.

The English version of the rhyme resembles the Scotch very much :

Wash on a Monday,
You have all the week to dry ;
Wash on a Tuesday,
Very nigh ;
Wash on a Wednesday,
A very good day ;
Wash on a Thursday,
But clear all away ;
Wash on a Friday,
Wash for need ;
Wash on a Saturday,
Sluts indeed.

Like every other occupation, washing has its unlucky days, days on which the cleansing operation must on no account be performed. In parts of Cornwall, it is held that no washing should be done on New-year's Day ; and not only this, but it is considered most unlucky to have any washing done in the house between Christmas Day and New-year's Day, so that even towels are left unwashed. If any washing takes place, it is feared that some one of the family will be washed out of life or an accident of a fatal nature happen before the close of the new year. Good-Friday also was regarded as a most unlucky day on which to wash ; the suds of any washing done on that day would, it was believed, be turned

into blood. Nor was any suds from the previous day's washing to remain till Good-Friday morning, for fear it would also turn to blood.

In Tom Hood's time, steam laundries inaugurated by men first made their appearance, and many humorous verses he penned in the name of the distressed ladies of the wash-tub. It may not be entirely the fault of our sisters that they are invading the sphere of man's labour ; they are only taking a leaf from our own books.

THE MOUNTAINS.

ALL through the frozen land we sped,
Through cuttings white and marshes drear ;
Through black plantations, grim and dead,
And forest giants darkly ere.

The landscape fled and passed below,
And gazing still, we saw no more
Than one great cheerless waste of snow,
An ocean with no farther shore ;

Until the mountains rose around,
So sternly from the icy earth,
And beauty, though rejected, found
A home in her own very dearth.

Cold they were, pride intensified
In every line so gaunt and grim—
A mantle and a pall of pride,
That lingered when all else grew dim.

The rocky heads all powdered o'er,
And in the valley far below
A forest tangle, and once more
A long and stainless slope of snow.

They seemed as mourning for the past,
In hopeless mourning for an age
So distant now, its records cast
But mystery on earth's dim page.

They seemed as frowning on the eye
That arrogantly dared to read
The secret thoughts they laid so by,
And to such silence had decreed.

They seemed as wrapped in voiceless scorn
Too passionless to stoop to hate,
That anything of mortal born
Should dare one thought to penetrate.

I met them, and I left them so,
Still watching from their fortress white,
Their cold, vast citadel of snow,
To see the first approach of night :

Longing to feel its shadows glide,
And veil their grief and hide their pain,
With eager longing, even pride,
Though measureless, could not restrain.

LILIAN WINSTANLEY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON ; and EDINBURGH.

* Not greatly to be pitied.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 380.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 11, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

A WALK ROUND WOOLWICH ARSENAL.

SINCE early days, Woolwich has been an important centre for war-ships and war-material. Here ships were built and launched when England first began to have a navy of specially constructed men-of-war, for Henry VIII. established the Woolwich dockyard, and also appointed Commissioners of the navy, and formed the Navy Office. Some of the earliest three-deckers, or, as we may almost call them, five-deckers, were built at this dockyard; and of these the most famous was the *Great Harry*, so named after the king, which was launched here in 1514. For the period, the ship was a large one, being of a thousand tons burden; though we should not think much of her size now, when we have ironclads of over eleven thousand tons. There are models of her in the Greenwich Naval Museum, which is not far from Woolwich; and a curious lofty wooden castle she is, rising far up above the water-line, and offering a fair target, if the cannon of those days had any accuracy.

On June 3, 1559, Queen Elizabeth came down to Woolwich to witness the launch of a large ship called after her name.

In 1637 a ship half as large again as the *Great Harry* was launched at Woolwich. She was the marvel of her days, and though named the *Royal Sovereign*, was more often called the *Golden Devil*, from the amount of mischief she wrought in the Dutch fleet. Her guns were probably of small size; but she carried enough of them on her three flush-decks, her fore-castle, her half-deck, her quarter-deck, and in her round-house; for in her lower tier were sixty ports; in the middle, thirty; in the third, twenty-six; in her fore-castle were twelve; in her half-deck were fourteen. She was decorated in the emblematical style of the time with gilding and carvings; and these designs were the work of one Thomas Haywood, an actor, who has left us an account of the ship which he adorned, in a quarto volume published the same year in which she was launched. We can

imagine what she looked like, with her lofty fore-castle and poop, the latter provided with five lanterns, one of which, we are told, was large enough to contain ten persons.

Old Samuel Pepys gives us many references to Woolwich in his famous Diary. He paid frequent visits to the dockyard on his duties as Secretary to the Admiralty, and seems to have looked after his business well. For instance, on June 3, 1662, he writes: 'Povy and Sir W. Batten and I by water to Woolwich; and there saw an experiment made of Sir R. Ford's Holland yarn, about which we have lately had so much stir; and I have much concerned myself for our rope-maker, Mr Hughes, who represented it so bad; and we found it to be very bad, and broke sooner than, upon a fair trial, five threads of that against four of Riga yarn; and also that some of it had old stuff that had been tarred, covered over with new hemp, which is such a cheat as hath not been heard of.' The next month he is looking after the hemp again, and writes: 'To Woolwich to the rope-yard, and there looked over several sorts of hemp, and did fall upon my great survey of seeing the working and experiments of the strength and the charge in the dressing of every sort; and I do think have brought it to so great a certainty, as I have done the king some service in it, and do purpose to get it ready against the Duke's coming to town to present to him.' He adds pathetically: 'I see it is impossible for the king to have things done as cheap as other men.'

Of as early date probably as the dockyard, was the 'Warren,' the name by which the Arsenal was formerly called. This establishment seems to have begun as a cannon-foundry, and such, indeed, it chiefly continues to be. Moreover, in other days when the dockyard flourished, stores of ships' cannon were kept here, ready to be placed on ships as soon as commissioned. But now that the dockyard is a thing of the past, and now that the large building-slips, workshops, and ropewalk are empty, the cannon at the Arsenal are chiefly

those for the royal artillery and for forts. The dockyard has been closed since 1869; its broad roads are deserted, its workshops are silent, and its large sheds are only used for stores; but the Arsenal has increased in magnitude; and the 'Warren,' in which, before the establishment of the Plumstead magazines, powder was proved ('before the principal engineers and officers of the Board of Ordnance, to which many of the nobility and gentry were often invited, and afterwards sumptuously entertained by them'), has now become an enormous establishment, covering acres of ground, and containing workshops provided with the most complicated machinery, and foundries of enormous size. It is round this Arsenal that we propose to take the reader a short walk.

Visitors are usually admitted to the Arsenal on certain days only, by an order obtained from the War Office; and, with certain exceptions, these orders are carefully restricted to British subjects. The officers of the garrison can, however, introduce or send friends at other times. The cadets at the Royal Military Academy on Woolwich Common, who are to be officers of the Engineers and Artillery, attend the Arsenal under the guidance of their scientific instructors as part of their regular duties. These young gentlemen are, of course, expected to take notes as part of their education; but note-taking is forbidden to the ordinary visitor.

Having gained admittance, the visitor is put in charge of a guide. Now, these guides, who are very civil and intelligent men, as a rule wish to conduct the visitor to those parts of the works where operations are carried on which are chiefly remarkable for their magnitude, but which may be witnessed on a smaller or perhaps on the same scale in many other places. Probably they have discovered from experience that the ordinary visitor is best amused and interested with such shows. For instance, the tapping of the great furnace is 'a big plum' in their rounds. Of course it is a remarkable sight to see a stream of molten steel run into a huge tank which can contain four or five tons of metal, and to watch this tank dragged off by some score of men to fill the various moulds. But such a sight can be seen in any large foundry. Again, it is remarkable to see a huge steam-hammer of some forty tons' force welding a mass of metal at white-heat; but these large steam-hammers are not unknown elsewhere. The guide will, however, always act on a hint from the visitor, and confine himself chiefly, if asked to do so, to those parts of the Arsenal where things are to be seen which cannot be found in many other places. The intelligent visitor will probably remember that he comes to Woolwich to see cannon and projectiles, and will act accordingly.

The Arsenal is divided into four departments—the Laboratory, the Gun Factory, the Gun-carriage Department, and the Stores; and of these four divisions, the first two contain the chief things not to be found in very many other places.

The Gun-carriage Department has workshops both for metal and wood work, and each branch contains many subdivisions. There is nothing, however, in this department which is peculiar to the Arsenal, with the exception of course of

the special articles which are manufactured; that is to say, forging, steam-carpentering, wheel-making, and so on, are carried on as they would be carried on elsewhere. The guides always make a point of showing the wheel-shoeing pit, as it is called, in which the tire is put on a gun-wheel; but then the same thing may be seen performed any day in rather a simpler manner at a village wheelwright's. The machinery in this department is, however, very complete, especially in the carpenters' shops, where the lathes which work automatically, and turn wheel-spokes and such things according to a given pattern, and the steam saws for cutting dovetails for sides of boxes, and other machinery, are all constructed on highly ingenious principles. With regard to the articles constructed, the trail of a gun may be followed in all stages of its construction until it appears complete with its wheels, and ready for the gun to be placed on it. Here, too, may be seen the ingenious Moncrieff gun-carriage, by which the gun is only raised above a fortification at the moment when it is fired, the 'sighting' being done from below by an arrangement of mirrors.

The Stores, again, are remarkable only for the quantity of material stowed away ready for use. For instance, there are ten thousand complete sets of harness for guns and baggage wagons always kept in stock. But when the visitor has just walked once through these storehouses, he will probably have seen all that he cares to see there.

It is, however, when we come to the Gun Factory that the special interest of the Arsenal begins. Imagine a huge mass of steel welded—for casting would not give sufficient strength—into the form of the trunk of a large fir-tree, and you have the first stage of a gun's existence. This solid mass is to form the tube of a cannon, and the solid core has to be removed by ingenious and powerful machinery. It takes a week or two to bore the interior of some of the larger guns. Some of the machines are constructed to bore a hole which is continually enlarged by successive tools; while others actually cut out a round solid mass from the interior. The tube has also to be subjected to the process of being turned both within and without, and it is then fit for the next process, which is that of cutting the grooves within it which give the required spin to the projectile, commonly called rifling. This is a delicate and intricate process, for the utility of the gun of course depends largely on the accuracy with which the grooves are made. The actual cutting is performed by a machine which travels up the tube at the required spiral; but as the work proceeds, the man in charge carefully examines the grooves along their whole length with the aid of a candle fixed at the end of a long rod which he pushes up the tube.

But when the tube has been bored, turned, and rifled, the gun is by no means finished. The tube by itself would be far too delicate for the large charges of powder employed; and consequently, it has to be fitted at the breech end with two or three outer cases or jackets, the outside one of which bears the trunnions on which the gun rests. At last the gun is completed; and the next thing is to subject it to a severe test

by firing from it a charge of powder proportioned to its size. For this purpose, it has to be taken to Plumstead marshes, a portion of which forms the testing-ground and powder-magazines connected with the Arsenal. Lines of railway run down to the marshes, and the gun is mounted on a truck and dragged off by a locomotive to the place appointed for its trial. It may be mentioned that lines of railway run in all directions through the Arsenal, one of narrow gauge being introduced into most of the workshops, so that the visitor has to keep a lookout lest a tiny locomotive with a train of what may almost be called toy trucks should bear down upon him as he is walking along.—But to return to the gun. When it has been finally tested, cleaned, polished, and stamped, it is coated with a particular varnish, and is fit for service.

The next most interesting place to the Gun Factory is the Laboratory, where shells and bullets are manufactured. Shells are cast rough, and then finished off in a lathe. A band of copper now usually takes the place of the copper studs which were formerly inserted to enable the shell to fit into the rifled grooves. This band is expanded by the force of the explosion when the gun is fired, and fills up the grooves, so as to give the necessary spin to the shell. Shells are charged with their interior bullets at the Laboratory; but the powder is added down at the marshes. A shell when completed has become a very expensive article, especially if it is a large one. Some of these projectiles are so heavy that the guns from which they have to be fired are provided with small cranes for lifting them up to the breech. The shells are, like the guns, beautifully finished off and varnished, and then sent off to the stores.

Perhaps the most interesting place in the Laboratory department is the Pattern Room, which is a sort of museum where shot and shells of all sorts are to be seen, from the old-fashioned chain-shot, made of round balls fastened together, to the most perfect specimens of modern shells. Here, also, are to be seen those strange weapons of modern warfare called torpedoes, amongst them the famous 'fish torpedo,' which with its complicated mechanism may be almost described as an under-water ship. It is so constructed that it finds its way unseen and unheard, with its terrible charge of dynamite, to the side of a hostile vessel.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVII.—THEN AND IN THAT CASE.

EVEN after the business with the *Porte-Crayon* was settled, however, Linnell did not go straight to his hotel. He had other work to do before he could finish the evening. He jumped into a hansom in hot haste, and drove round to his lawyer's, whom he wished to see upon important business. He drove to the private address, of course, not to the office; but late as it was, the lawyer was out—at his club most likely, the servant thought; and Linnell, all on fire to conclude his business at the earliest possible moment, drove down to the club forthwith to intercept him. He found the man of law relaxing his

mind at that abode of luxury in a hand at whist, and waited with impatience for his hasty interview till the rubber was over. Then he said hurriedly: 'Mr Burchell, I want you three minutes in the library. I won't detain you longer than that. But—— This is a matter that won't wait. I'm off to Khartoum to join Gordon to-morrow.'

'And you want your will made?' the solicitor suggested with the rapid wisdom born of old experience.

'Precisely, that's it. You hit the right nail on the head at once. Can you draw it up for me here and now? I leave to-morrow morning by the 9.40.'

'My dear sir,' the lawyer remonstrated, 'this is very precipitate. But you know your own business better than I do. If you wish it, certainly; a will's a thing one can do off-hand. We'll get two witnesses here on the spot. Watson's here: you know Watson, I think: and your cousin, Sir Austen, 's dining with him to-night in the club. Shall I ask them to attest? But perhaps that won't do; you may mean your cousin to benefit under the document.'

Linnell smiled. 'No, I don't,' he said. 'My bequests are few. Single, in fact. A very short paper. It won't take you two minutes to draw it up. Testamentary disposition reduced to its simplest and most primitive elements. I leave everything absolutely to a solitary person. Sir Austen will do as well as anybody else if he cares to sign it.'

Mr Burchell went off for a few seconds to detain two fit and proper witnesses from leaving the club (as it was getting late), and returned triumphant at the end of that time with news that the needful legal attestors might be found when wanted in the first smoking-room. 'And now,' he said, taking up a sheet of blank paper with a smile, 'what's to be the tenor of this most hasty document?'

'As I said,' Linnell answered, looking straight with empty eyes into the vacant fireplace, 'I leave everything I die possessed of to Psyche, daughter of Haviland Dumaresq, of the Wren's Nest, Petherton Episcopi.' And he wrote the names down as he spoke, for better security, on the back of an envelope which he handed to the lawyer.

Mr Burchell whistled audibly to himself; but he was too old and too practised a hand at his trade to dream of remonstrating or asking any questions. He merely suggested in the most matter-of-fact voice, 'Shall I add, "whom it is my intention hereafter to marry?"' The addition's usual, and in case of any dispute as to probate of the will, it carries weight with judges and juries. Some reason for a bequest is ordinarily given, when large sums are bequeathed to strangers in blood. The law expects at least a show of explanation. Otherwise, one is apt to have questions raised as to undue influence, inquiries as to sound disposing state of mind at the time, or other doubts as to precise fitness for testamentary disposition at the date of executing. May I add the clause? It simplifies difficulties.'

'No,' Linnell answered sharply and promptly. 'It is *not* my intention now or at any time to marry the lady. I leave it to her absolutely

sans phrase. If you want a reason, say that I bequeath it her as a testimony to the profound respect I feel for the literary and philosophical ability of her distinguished father.'

The lawyer paused, with his pen in his hand. 'It's not my place, of course,' he said in a very quiet voice, 'to interfere in any way, however tentatively, with a client's wishes or mode of disposal of his own property; but I think it only my duty to tell you at once that that will has a very small chance indeed of ever getting probate.'

'Why?' Linnell asked, half angrily.

'Now, don't be annoyed,' the lawyer answered, balancing his pen judiciously on his extended forefinger. 'My object is not to thwart your wishes, but simply to ensure their being duly carried out. Bear with me while I explain to you in very brief terms wherein such a will is likely to defeat its own purpose.—You're going, you say, to-morrow to the Soudan?'

Linnell nodded.

'Very well,' the lawyer went on, with demonstrative penholder, 'you go in a very great hurry. I don't presume to say what may be the causes which have led you to leave England in such breathless haste; but we will suppose, for the purposes of argument alone, that they are causes not entirely unconnected with relations you may have entertained or thought of entertaining with this young lady. You come up here to-night, late in the evening, in a state of obvious and unmistakable nervous excitement, and you ask me to draw up a will for you in the library of a club, at an unseasonable hour, leaving away every penny you possess from your kinsmen in blood, whoever they may be, to a complete stranger, whose name and status you can only define to me by her relationship to a gentleman equally remote in law and fact from you. And then you propose as one of your witnesses to this very doubtful and unsatisfactory transaction the heir-at-law and next-of-kin, Sir Austen Linnell, whom you intend to ignore, and whose interest it is to set aside, if possible, the entire document. As your solicitor, I ask you, plainly, isn't this course of action open to objection? Mind, I don't suggest such a point of view as my own at all; but won't a hard-headed, common-sense English jury simply say: "The man came up to town disappointed, in a breathless hurry; ran off to the Soudan, foolishly, at a moment's notice; got killed there, when he needn't have gone at all if he didn't like"—I'm discounting your decease, you observe, because no will, of course, takes effect under any circumstances during the lifetime of the testator—"left all he had to leave to a young girl he had probably only known for a couple of months; and cut off, without even the proverbial shilling, the whole of his own kith and kin, including a real live British baronet, whom any man of sense ought to have coddled and made much of as a distinguished relative." I put it to you, wouldn't the average respectable English jurymen—pig-headed, no doubt, but eminently practical—say at once: "The man was not of sound disposing mind. He must have been mad to prefer a girl he wasn't going to marry to his own most esteemed and respected relative?"—Observe, I don't for a moment suggest they would be at all right;

but, as your legal adviser, I feel bound to tell you what view I think they'd take in such a case of the proceeding.'

'We must risk it,' Linnell answered, with enforced quietness. 'I'm sure myself I was never of sounder disposing mind before—in fact, till now I never had any reason to think of disposing of anything. And as to Sir Austen, we can substitute somebody else for him at a pinch. Though I think him far too much of a gentleman to wish to dispute anybody's will in his own favour.'

The lawyer's brows contracted slightly. 'In matters of business,' he said with quiet decision, 'it never does to trust too implicitly one's own father. Treat all the world as if they were rogues alike, and the honest ones will never owe you a grudge for it.—But let that pass. Now, see one other point. No will, as I said just now, takes effect in any case during the testator's lifetime. You're going on a distant and dangerous errand. The chances are, you may never come back again. It's our duty to face all possible contingencies beforehand, you see. In case you should meet with any accident over yonder in the Soudan—in case, for example, the whole Khartoum garrison should be blotted out to a man, as Hicks Pasha's army was the other day—what legal proof of death can we have? and how would you wish me to comport myself meanwhile towards this young lady? Am I to communicate with her immediately whenever I have any serious ground to apprehend that some misfortune may possibly have overtaken you? or am I to wait a reasonable length of time after Khartoum's smashed, before unnecessarily harrowing her delicate feelings by letting her know that my suspicions are justified?'

'I'm afraid her feelings won't be particularly harrowed,' Linnell answered with a gloomy look. 'But wait, if you like, the reasonable time. It would be awkward if she were to come in to the property for a while, and—and I were afterwards to turn up unexpectedly like a *revenant* to reclaim it. Not, of course, that under such circumstances I should ever dream of reclaiming it at all.' The lawyer's eyebrows executed a rapid upward movement. 'But still, it's best to avoid all unnecessary complications. Let twelve months elapse before you communicate with her.'

Mr Burchell made no audible answer; he simply arched his eyebrows still higher and went on drawing up the short form of will, writing the attestation clause, and taking instructions as to executors and other technical details. When all was finished, he handed the paper to Linnell to peruse. 'Will that do?' he asked quietly.

'That'll do perfectly,' Linnell answered, glancing over it. 'Will you kindly go down, now, and get your witnesses?'

In two minutes more, the lawyer returned. 'This is very unfortunate,' he said. 'It's getting late, and there's nobody I know left in the club at all but Sir Austen and the other man. We can't go and board an entire stranger with a polite request to come and see somebody he doesn't know sign an important legal document. I'm afraid, undesirable as it certainly is, we shall have to fall back upon your cousin's signature.'

'Very well,' Linnell replied, with perfect trustfulness. 'Sir Austen let it be. We've met once or twice on neutral ground before, and we shall meet often enough now at Khartoum. I don't like him, but I trust him implicitly. In matters of that sort, one can always trust an English gentleman.'

'Not when you've seen as much of probate as I have,' the lawyer interposed with quiet emphasis. 'Where probate's concerned, a man should never trust his own mother. But if you must go to Africa to-morrow, and if this will must be signed to-night, we must get whoever we can to attest it. Ten minutes to twelve, and it's dated to-day. No time to be lost. I'll go down again and bring up your cousin.'

Two minutes later, Sir Austen came up, coldly polite. 'Good-evening, Mr Linnell,' he said with a chilly bow. 'Under other circumstances, I might perhaps have declined to undertake this little service. But we needn't conceal from ourselves at present the fact that my cousin Frank's sudden death, of which you have now of course already heard, has altered to some extent our relations towards one another. It's no longer necessary for his sake to adopt the attitude I once felt constrained to adopt towards you. I have to thank you, too, for your letter in reply to mine, and for what under the circumstances I must certainly call your very generous and friendly conduct—now unfortunately of no avail.—You sign, do you? Thank you: thank you. Where do I put my name? There?—Ah, thanks.—Here, Watson, you put your signature under mine. That concludes the business, I suppose?—Very well, then, Burchell, the thing's finished: now you can release us.—I understand, Mr Linnell, you leave England to-morrow.'

'For the Soudan, yes. *Vià Brindisi*.'

Sir Austen started. 'Why, how odd,' he said. 'A strange coincidence. I go by the same train. To the Soudan! Incredible. You're not going out to join Gordon, then, are you?'

'I'm going as special artist for the *Porte-Crayon*,' Linnell answered quietly. 'I didn't think of it till this afternoon; but I met a friend who told me of the post, and I made up my mind at an hour's notice; so now I'm off by to-morrow's oriental express.'

They stopped there talking for half an hour or so, Sir Austen's iciness thawing a little when he learned that his cousin was to be thrown in with him so much for an indefinite period: and then, as the small-hours were closing in, they drove off separately to their various resting-places, to snatch a few hours' sleep before to-morrow's journey. At the foot of the club stairs, Sir Austen detained the lawyer a moment after Linnell had hailed a loitering hansom. 'I say, Burchell,' he said, lighting a cigar in the vestibule, 'what's your opinion of Charles Linnell's condition to-night? Didn't seem quite in testamentary form, did he? Odd he should want to make a will in such a precious hurry just now, isn't it?'

'Not at all,' the lawyer answered with prompt decision. 'You've settled up all your own affairs, no doubt, before leaving the country for so dangerous an expedition.'

'Ah, but that's different, you know. I'm going with Her Majesty's approbation on active service.

This painter fellow's chosen to visit Khartoum of his own accord, and he's chosen to start at a moment's notice; and as far as I could see—just glancing at the body of the will hurriedly—he's left everything he possesses to some play-actress or somebody. Psyche Dumaresq, that was the name. Theatrical, obviously. It won't hold water. The man's in a very excited state of mind, that's clear. He laughs and talks in a dreary, weary way. Miss Psyche Dumaresq must have thrown him overboard. And now he wants to set out for Khartoum and get shot through the head, for no other reason than just to make that faithless lady sensible of her error with a thumping legacy. He was always as mad as a hatter, this Yankee painter fellow, and to-night he's more excited and madder than ever.—I tell you what it is, Burchell: the will won't stand. The next-of-kin will inherit the estate. Miss Psyche Dumaresq may whistle for her money.'

Mr Burchell only shook his head in quiet dissent. 'As sane as you are,' he answered with a nod; 'but a great deal too good for this world of ours in many ways. He doesn't want to wait for dead men's shoes. He doesn't want to get anybody's money.' And he murmured to himself, as he went down the club steps in the summer drizzle: 'If only I knew where Linnell was stopping, I'd go round to him now, late as it is, and advise him to make another will on spec. at Cairo or Alexandria. Sir Austen's far too sharp for my taste. But Linnell forgot to tell me where he put up, and I can't go round to every hotel in all London at this time of night and knock them up on the bare chance of finding him.'

THE VELVET BOOK.

No people are more fond than the British of sneering at the ignorance of other nations concerning matters Britannic—our customs, our social usages, our habits; and yet it may be doubted whether we are not more crassly ignorant than any other nation of affairs which do not directly concern ourselves. We smile, for instance, when we hear a Frenchman or an American speak of Sir Peel or Lord Norfolk; but how many of our fellow-countrymen, say the rank and file of the best men in London society—always excepting those engaged in diplomacy, of course—know anything whatsoever about, we will not say the social peculiarities, but the mere historic aristocracy of any country save their own? They will, indeed, probably have some vague idea that Montmorency is a noble name in France, Colonna in Italy, Dolgorouki in Russia, Metternich in Austria, Guzman in Spain, Fürstenberg in Germany, and so on; but any questions concerning members of these noble families, or about the history and traditions of these illustrious houses, they will be as unable to answer as they would be to tell you why Oodeypore looks down on Scindiah, or the Shereef of Wazan despises Osman Ghazee.

This ignorance of course does not extend to matters of primary importance, for we are a

practical people, and wherever knowledge can be turned into money, or the equivalent, we are at once all athirst for the sweet waters of wisdom. But it is amusing, if hardly edifying, to notice how, when our attention is invited to the consideration of foreign affairs of but minor interest, a spirit of self-complacency—something akin to Victor Hugo's famous 'Moi seul, et c'est assez!'—an expression of sentiment which, by the way, the illustrious poet again arranged and used later on as a motto, 'Ego, Hugo!'—invariably endeavours to spring to the importance of a national sentiment worthy of all honour and respect.

The well-known story of how Lord Palmerston, replying to the remark of the courteous Duc de Persigny, 'Were I not a Frenchman, I would wish to be an Englishman,' said, 'Were I not an Englishman, I would wish to be one,' sufficiently illustrates our meaning without going further; and it is a fact of no little significance that this reply has passed uncensored, hidden as it were by the insipid patriotism which is supposed to have inspired it. Of this national failing we are of course ourselves perfectly conscious, and we indeed delight in roundly abusing ourselves for it; but this self-scourging, strangely enough, never seems to stimulate to any active and practical reform in this particular.

But strange as it may seem to many, there are to be found, even in a mere careless examination of some of the least prominent features of the social life of foreign communities, items of considerable interest, trivial details concerning great facts and important institutions, which can hardly be without value in the eyes of the student of contemporaneous history, but which we, in our lofty self-complacency, wholly ignore. Take the nobility of Russia, for instance. This example simply happens to come to our pen, but we could of course choose many others. What do we know about it? And yet Russia is supposed to be our great enemy, and that vast Empire is governed by its nobles! As a matter of fact, the *Libro d'Oro* of the Muscovites, the volume which contains the essence and kernel of their nobility, is the 'Velvet Book,' the 'Barhatnaia Kniga,' or last copy of the old genealogical tables of the nobility, which was made when the 'Mestnitchestvo' was abolished (January 2, 1682), and the political equality of the nobility was introduced into the laws. Bound in red velvet, this book is now kept in the Senate, and no newly ennobled families are allowed to be inscribed therein. It contains the names of the Russian nobility who are descended from Rurik—the very essence of all that, according to Muscovite ideas, is the most noble. Many most powerful families have used every effort to have their names inserted in these sacred pages, but in vain—notably, the Narischkines, and yet a Narischkine was the mother of Peter the Great. The origin of this family is indeed curious. They pretend to have

descended from a royal house which flourished in the town of Egra, in Bohemia; but this is folly. Their original name was 'Yarichkine,' and their nobility only dates from 1670. They were common labourers in the village of Staro Kirkino, near Mikhailow, a village which still exists. Nathalie, the daughter of one of these labourers (Cyril) used to stay on long visits to her godmother, Madame Matview, in Moscow, whose husband, from having been a common soldier, had been raised from the ranks by the Czar Alexis, and who was even honoured from time to time with a visit from his imperial benefactor. On one of these occasions, the Czar met Nathalie, the pretty peasant girl, fell in love with her, and married her. Peter the Great was born of this union. Cyril the peasant obtained permission from his son-in-law the Czar to change his name of Yarichkine—which has a very offensive meaning in Russian—to Narischkine. Alexander Narischkine, the grandson of the peasant Cyril, received from Peter the Great the title of Count; but he wisely refrained from availing himself of this privilege; and his descendants, with equal good taste, have followed his example. That the Narischkines ever refused the title of Prince is not accurate. They did their best, as we have already pointed out, to have their name inscribed in the Velvet Book, but in vain.

On looking over this curious and interesting volume one finds many of the most famous names of Russia conspicuous by their absence—the Wolkonskis, for instance, were, like the Narischkines, refused admittance therein; but, on the other hand, many well-known names, the Soltyskoffs, for example, who are not only in the Velvet Book, but had their name on the older record, now destroyed (the 'Rodostorvnaia Kniga'), will meet the eye. As a matter of fact, the Odoievskis and the Koltsov-Massalskys are at the head of the Russian nobility; but the title of Prince ('Kniga') was up to the time of Peter the Great only borne, as in England, by members of a royal family. Peter began by making Mentschikoff a Prince, and others followed in rapid succession. As our readers are aware, the late Emperor Alexander II. married shortly before his assassination a Dolgorouki—the name in Russian means 'Longhand'; but the enemies of the lady, who cried out so loudly that it was a *mésalliance*, seem to have overlooked the fact that the first Czar of the Romanoff family, the youth Michael—who, by the way, was proposed for the throne by Theodore Cheremetew, an ancestor of the present Emperor's great friend—married Mary Dolgorouki; and that, later on, Peter II. was engaged to be married to a Catherine Dolgorouki, a union which the Emperor's death alone prevented.

The Galitzins (from 'Golitsa,' a gauntlet) are very noble; but the family is so immense—there are over two hundred members of this family bearing the title of Prince!—that, like the Tolstois, they seem omnipresent. The Orloffs and the Stroganows—Madame Cheremetew, the friend of the present Emperor, is a daughter of a Count Stroganow and the Grand Duchess Mary—are of comparatively humble origin; the former having descended from a young prisoner nicknamed 'Orell,' the eagle, who was condemned to death, but pardoned by Peter the

Great, who admired his coolness in kicking aside, as he went to kneel before the block, the head of a man who had just been decapitated, saying: 'You must really make room for me, old fellow!'—and the latter coming from a race of rich merchants who owned vast possessions at the foot of the Ural Mountains, and who paid Yermak, a brigand, to punish the barbarous tribes of Siberia for their depredations, thus earning the good-will of John the Terrible, who granted to the Stroganows the right to build their own fortresses, make their own laws, and have an army of their own. Peter the Great, by the way, deprived this family of these privileges, not to speak of the great honour of being addressed—and of this the Stroganows are justly proud—as 'distinguished men'—'Imenilyie liordi.'

Our limited space prevents our continuing further our survey of the Russian nobility in this paper; but enough will perhaps have been said to show that it is a subject not devoid of interest, and one not wholly unworthy the attention of our readers.

MY AUNT CECILIA.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I came down the next morning, Aunt Cecilia was already seated at the breakfast table. She looked up with a smile as I came in, and shook her finger at me.

'You have grown into a sad sluggard, child,' she cried. 'I have been down this hour. If you had known how fresh the air was blowing through the trees, you would not have lain in bed. I can't imagine where the sweet scent comes from that one gets in the early morning in town.'

I had no suggestions to make on this subject, and so sat down and began my breakfast.

'Osmond,' began my aunt hesitatingly, after she had watched me for some time in silence, 'I have thought over what you said last night.'

'Well?'

'It cannot be, my dear boy,' she said, speaking with evident exertion. 'I cannot tell you *why* I oppose your wishes; you must not ask me.'

'You have some strong reason.'

'Naturally, I have, or I should not refuse what I see you wish so much. Are not you the only one I have to love and gratify in the whole world?'

'But I think I ought to understand,' I objected. 'If you have a reason, why not tell it to me. You see, aunt, this is a serious matter. It affects my whole life.'

'It is for that reason that I am firm,' she said more gravely than before. 'I know you cannot understand my motives; but you must trust me, Osmond. We have come for the first time to one of those differences which will test whether you really love me. There will be more, but this is one. If you can look back on the past, and see grounds for confiding in me though you do not understand what I am doing, all will be well between us. If not, there is sorrow waiting for us both. For both, Osmond; sorer for you than for me, probably.—Will you trust me, child; will you try to trust me?'

'I will try,' I answered; and so the subject dropped for the time, but I was sorely dissatisfied with my aunt's rejection of my scheme. I was at that age when with the growth of an independent desire to think for one's self there increases also a dislike to accept the judgment of others, even of those most loved and trusted. I was bitterly disappointed; a sense of injury rankled in me. I felt I was being unjustly dealt with; and I went about all that day nursing my indignation.

Aunt Cecilia did not allude again to the subject, but she seemed aware that there was a cold shadow between us; and I caught her kind eyes more than once studying my face with an anxiously appealing expression, which should have brought me to her feet at once, but which caused no other feeling in me at the time than one of petulance at being watched.

Towards evening I took my hat and went out for a walk. I turned towards Westminster, and had hardly set foot upon the bridge when some one coming behind me thrust his arm through mine, and Sinclair's voice saluted me.

'Hullo! is it you?' I exclaimed. 'How did you get here? Is Calthrop in town?'

'I have done with Calthrop,' he answered, shaking his head disdainfully. 'The place was unbearable after you had left.—How very odd that I should meet you just at this moment! Five minutes more and it would have been too late.'

'Too late for what?'

'Why, to see me!—But tell me, what news have you?'

'Bad,' I assured him. 'My aunt won't hear of my entering the navy.'

'Won't she, by Jove!' Sinclair exclaimed. 'You know I thought you would find difficulties. Why not?'

'She won't tell me.'

'So! And what are you going to do?'

I shrugged my shoulders. 'What can I do? Give in, I suppose.'

'Oh, if you mean to give in, you may as well do it at once, with a good grace,' Sinclair said contemptuously.

His tone stung me, and I asked quickly: 'In my place, what would you do?'

'Not give way, certainly.'

We walked on for some distance in silence.

At last I asked him: 'Where are you going now?'

'Why, that reminds me,' he answered, 'that this is not my way. I am going to Portsmouth.'

'To Portsmouth?'

'Well, why do you look so astonished? I can't go back to Calthrop; I haven't enough money to stay in town; I am going to my uncle.' Then with a sudden pressure of my arm he said: 'Come with me, Osmond. My uncle will be able to help you. I know he took a fancy to you, for he told me so.'

'I don't see how he can help me,' I answered. 'If my aunt won't consent, she won't, and there the matter must end. I don't see what you want me to do. And how can I go to Portsmouth? I have no money.'

We had descended the steps beside St Thomas's Hospital as we spoke, and were pacing slowly

along the parade which extends before that building. Sinclair suddenly stopped, and leaned back against the river wall, thrusting both hands deep into his trousers-pockets.

'I am going to walk,' he said lightly.

'Walk!' I repeated—'walk to Portsmouth?'

'It would take a longer walk than that to exhaust my constitution,' he said. 'As for yours, of course it is another matter.'

'If you can do it, I can,' I said, rather nettled. 'But why not go by train?'

'Oh, why not go in a carriage-and-pair, or stretched at full length in an ambulance!' he cried contemptuously. 'Because I'm not a girl, nor an old man. Because I want to see the world; because— Well, there are fifty reasons, and the last is that I want to walk. So, if you care to come with me, you may; if not, you may go home and knuckle down to your aunt.'

What tempted me I do not know; but without another word I thrust my arm through Sinclair's, and we turned our faces towards the Westminster Bridge Road again.

'You had better send a line to your aunt,' Sinclair said, when we reached the top of the steps; 'don't frighten the old lady unnecessarily.'

We went into the first post-office we came to, and bought a sheet of paper, on which I hurriedly wrote a few lines, assuring my aunt that I was quite safe, and that she need feel no anxiety on my account. I wonder what anguish could fitly repay to me the cruelty of those cold-hearted words! Whatever it might be, I would gladly undergo it now, if I could erase from my memory the picture of Aunt Cecilia sitting through the dusk of that short summer night with a growing fear at her heart, waiting for the return of the child on whom she lavished such an undeserved and tender love.

Sinclair was in high spirits as we walked along. He sang snatches of songs, made jests on the people whom we met, and communicated at last a little of his gaiety to me; so that we walked along sturdily and briskly through Wandsworth to Wimbledon Common. It was the week after the meeting of the National Rifle Association, and one or two tents were still left on the ground. Into one of these we crept, and wrapping ourselves in a piece of canvas which had been left there by some accident, we quickly fell asleep. It may seem odd, but it is a fact that my sleep was sound and dreamless; and I woke without feeling one pang of compunction.

The morning was bright and fine. We went down into the town of Wimbledon and bought some rolls and milk. Sinclair was not without money; in fact it was, as he had implied, the adventure of the journey on foot to Portsmouth, not its economy, which had made it attractive to him. For my own part, as we followed the road which drops down from the heights of Wimbledon to the lower country, I was conscious of a wholly new feeling of exhilaration. For the first time in my life I was free; nobody could give me the word of direction, or interfere with me in doing what I wished. To most men it is a rare pleasure to feel themselves free to bend their steps whithersoever

they will; to a boy, relieved for the first time of restraint, it is simply an intoxication.

I often look back upon that morning. It was in some ways the happiest I ever spent. We walked leisurely through the pleasant country, straying through field-paths, where the reapers were already cutting the early grain; lingering beneath shady trees while the heat was at its greatest; talking always of the life we meant to lead, and seeing before us a long vista of glorious successes and distinctions, at the end of which we should be laid to rest in St Paul's or in the Abbey, leaving behind us a worthy monument in our deeds.

We plodded into Godalming late in the afternoon, and had some tea in a confectioner's shop. I remember well the curious glances bestowed on us by the comely woman who served us; and I do not doubt that I at least looked weary and travel-stained enough to attract attention. I should have liked to rest in Godalming for the night; but Sinclair had evidently no intention of doing so, and I did not venture to suggest it.

The light-heartedness of the morning was almost gone now; and we walked on silently enough, both more weary than we chose to admit. The sky became overcast; it was unbearably sultry; from time to time a few heavy drops of rain splashed in the thick dust; and low thunder rumbled in the distance. We left the main road at last, and turned into a byway which we were assured would bring us out upon the Portsmouth coach road. The path led through thick woods until it descended to the banks of a little stream, over which a rustic bridge was thrown. Sinclair cast himself down on the green bank with a heavy sigh of relief, and bending over the rippling water, drank his fill, and washed the dust and perspiration from his face.

'This is hot work, eh, Osmond!' he said, brushing away the water from his hair.

'It will be cooler soon, I suppose.'

'I shall stay here until it is, at anyrate,' Sinclair answered; and with that he laid himself comfortably against the roots of a tree and fell asleep. I had an idea that whilst he slept I ought to remain awake, and I tried valiantly to conquer my fatigue; but very shortly all things round me became indistinct; and I lost consciousness in the midst of a vision of Aunt Cecilia shredding cool lettuce leaves for supper in the pleasant shady parlour of the old house.

I was roused by Sinclair, who shook me violently. 'Wake, Osmond; wake up,' he cried. 'We have slept so long that the day has gone and the moon is up. Rouse yourself, my boy; it is cool enough now.'

I rose with some difficulty. My limbs were cramped and chilled; and I felt hardly less tired than when I had lain down; but Sinclair seemed full of energy. He strode forward hastily on the road. I did not mean to admit that I was nearly exhausted; so I set my teeth and followed him. We plodded along the dusty highway for two or three miles, hearing scarcely any sound but that of our own feet, for the country was marvellously still. The road began to rise at last; and we found ourselves on a steep ascent.

'This must be Hindhead,' Sinclair said. 'I know the Portsmouth road crosses it.'

I had never heard of Hindhead; but at that instant I saw, upon the slope of a vast hollow on the right of the road, a little hut or shelter for cattle.

'Sinclair, I can't go much farther,' I said. 'We cannot walk all night. Let us sleep there.'

'You do look pumped out,' he said good-naturally. 'And I am tired too.—Well, we will try that hut.'

The door was open, and in one corner were several bundles of clean straw. We spread the straw a little, and lying down on it, were soon asleep.

After some hours of troubled rest I woke with a start. The door of the hut was half open, as we had left it when we lay down, and the bright moonlight streaming through the opening reached almost to the straw on which we lay. I do not know how long I had slept—perhaps a couple of hours; but I was wide awake now, for the restlessness of extreme fatigue had seized on me, and I moved uneasily from side to side, seeking ease in vain. The broad band of light across the floor disquieted me, and drew my legs towards it in spite of myself. At last I rose, and moving quietly, so as not to disturb Sinclair, I went to the door of the hut. A light wind had risen, which refreshed me, and I thought that possibly if I walked a little way I might be able to sleep on my return. I went a short distance; but quickly becoming tired, I sat down upon a stone.

To the last hour of my life I shall remember the feeling of desolation which slowly entered my very soul as I sat looking over the wide expanse of moonlit country and watching the night-sky grow pale before the approaching dawn. In that hour I realised, not suddenly, but as the full development of the feeling which had suggested itself at times throughout the day, the whole value of the home I had cast from me. In a succession of quick mental pictures, I saw Aunt Cecilia watching through the night, listening with straining ears for the sound of my approaching steps; weeping tears, than which none surely can be more bitter, over the ingratitude which told her in the plainest language that her love had been in vain. I heard once more my godmother's heart-broken voice, bidding me be good to her whose charge I was; I saw the house in which I was always the first to be considered, and which my own action had made desolate and sorrowful. And still I fancied a voice, borne on the breeze, whispered, 'Return, return.'

I went to the door of the hut and looked in. Sinclair was sleeping still, unconscious that I was not beside him. Could I leave him, and go back? Could I face the contempt he would shower on me, and the reproach of everybody, and my aunt's tears?

I moved away again irresolute, and wandered up the hill-side to a spot where, on the very summit, a cross of granite had been placed. I sat down by its foot among the thick dew on the grass and watched the breaking light in the east. Slowly the rosy streaks deepened, lengthened, widened, broke, and gave way to a flood of brighter light, which swelled with a radiance

too blinding to gaze upon, and suddenly almost it was day. In that moment my mind was made up; I ran quickly down the hill and shook Sinclair by the shoulder.

'Eh! What? Is it time? Where are we?' he gaped out. 'Surely we need not move yet, Osmond. I haven't had half-enough sleep.'

'I have come to say good-bye,' I said hurriedly. 'I cannot go on with you. I must go back.'

'What! afraid?' he asked. 'What frightens you, man? You were plucky enough yesterday. Nonsense; this is only some whim you have got in the night. Lie down again, and sleep for a couple of hours, and then we shall go on cheerfully.'

'I can't,' I said. 'It is no use trying to explain—you wouldn't understand me. I must go back at once.'

'Pooh!' said Sinclair. 'I don't believe you. You're restless. Go and walk it off, and come back to me when you're rational again. I shall be here for an hour or two yet.'

So saying, he yawned and lay down again. 'I shall not come back,' I said. 'Good-bye, and good luck to you,' and so I left him. I do not think he caught my last remark; I fancy he was asleep.

The day was still so young when I turned my back upon the hut, that dark shadows lay among the trees, and the deep valley on the slope of which we had passed the night was filled with an impenetrable white vapour. I trudged on boldly for two or three miles; but it is a weary thing at best to retrace one's road; and the mental excitement I had passed through resulted in great bodily fatigue. I was still several miles from Godalming, and I was considering whether I should not sit down and rest for a while, when a lumbering sound of wheels was heard on the road, and the jingling rattle of such bells as carters fasten on their horses' heads. In a few minutes the team was beside me; the carter's dog, a rough tyke of no breed, ran up and smelt me, wagging his tail; the carter looked curiously at me; and I returned his glance wistfully, I suppose, for he stopped.

'Woa!' he cried; and the horses halted obediently. 'Where be you goin' this time o' the mornin', my lad?' he asked, not unkindly.

'To London,' I answered timidly.

'To Lunnon!' and he scratched his head, as if in perplexity. 'That's a good step from here.'

'If you would let me ride a little way in your wagon, I should be very grateful,' I said. 'I have no money to give you; but I can get you some, I think, when we reach London.'

'Get oop, my lad,' he said; 'and never mind the money. There's nothin' but empty sacks under the tilt; and if you sleep a bit, why, so much the better.'

It was with a beating heart that I set out towards Aunt Cecilia's house. It was ten o'clock; the night was dark and hot. I walked as quickly as I could, fearing lest my resolution might fail before I had asked my aunt's forgiveness. I reached the gate at last, and paused a moment to collect myself before ringing. I was raising my hand to the bell when I touched the gate, and found it open. It had never been left open even in the daytime within my know-

ledge; and I went in with a horrible fear as to what might have happened. There were bright lights in the lower windows of the house, and the blinds of my aunt's parlour were undrawn. I could see her sitting beside the table in her accustomed chair, her hands clasped on her knees. I was about to call to her; but her ears had been straining for my footsteps too long to need any other summons, and with a loud cry, she came running to me through the open door and took me in her arms. 'My boy, my boy! I knew you would come back,' she said, sobbing. 'It was not in you to desert me. You could not do it. God be praised, who has given my boy back to me!'

MORE JUNGLE NOTES IN SUMATRA.

WHEN the writer of these Notes had been long enough in the Far East to speak Malay tolerably, the coolies and others on the tobacco estate began to find out that the 'tuan kechil,' or overseer (literally, 'little master'), was anxious for 'information vegetable, animal, and mineral,' and that the timely exhibition of specimens might turn away his wrath. The Chinaman of the coolie class cares nothing for animals, except from an alimentary standpoint; and it did not seem to be at first understood that a monkey with a fractured skull, a squashed lizard, or a spider reduced to a biped, were not the sort of things I wanted. But when this point was settled, I soon had an embarrassing profusion of creatures brought me, which I generally restored to their native woods after a few days, as my hands were too full to admit of looking after them.

I think one of the first to arrive was that curious animal the 'kukang' (*Loris tardigradus*). It is a squat, thick-set creature, about the size of a small cat, brown in colour, four-handed like a monkey, but with a fox-like head. The most curious features are its eyes, huge yellow circular orbs, which are said by the Javanese, who have a great dread and dislike of the creature, to bring disaster on whatever their unwinking glare fixes upon. It is a nocturnal animal, feeding on insects and small birds. Its tenacity of life is very great; and its strength and power of bite surprising for so small an animal. My specimen had a collar and chain attached to a ring running on a pole which reached to the roof, where he generally slept all day. One evening, just as it was getting dusk, I saw 'Joe' slowly descending the pole, his gaze fixed on an unconscious cat, which was sleeping about a yard from its foot. When he reached the ground, he crept on like a shadow inch by inch till he almost touched his victim, when, with a sudden dart, he seized its hindleg in his jaws, while a whole Chinese orchestra of squeals and shrieks burst from the astounded cat. With much difficulty the cat was released by the united efforts of myself and 'boy,' who got grievously scratched for his pains; and Joe went slowly and solemnly up his pole to the roof with the air of a person who

has accomplished a thoroughly satisfactory piece of work.

This cat, I may note, was rather a curiosity in her way. All through Malaysia, eighty per cent. of the cats suffer from some deformity of the tail. Some have no tail at all; some, a mere knob; others have it bent at right angles or folded back on itself; but this particular specimen had it rolled up like a spiral spring, or corkscrew, so that you might have passed a stick through and suspended puss from it. I never heard of any explanation of this curious fact, but should put it down to general degeneracy, the Malay cat being a diminutive weakly creature, which is odd in a region so congenial to the tiger and leopard, and where there is certainly no want of food.

Snakes of all sorts were plentiful; but considering the number of men employed on field and jungle work, cases of snake-bite were very rare. I can only remember two—one of a Chinaman who handled a supposed dead cobra; and the other of a Javanese who was bitten on the neck by a large green snake, and died in five minutes. Cobras in this part of the East do not seem to have the same penchant for entering houses as in India, and you are tolerably safe from them indoors. The most dreaded snake of Sumatra is the hamadryad, or king-cobra. This reptile is not only the largest of poisonous snakes, but the most vicious and aggressive. In appearance it is not unlike the cobra, but not so thick in proportion to its length, and the hood smaller. The colour varies, but is generally an olive green, with dusky white rings round the body. My first experience of the hamadryad was when watching some coolies removing a stack of tobacco sticks. Suddenly there was a squall (Chinamen can't shout) and a rush to the door of the shed, while something long, sinuous, and glistening darted out from among the sticks and slid swiftly along the floor in pursuit. Finding no enemy, he paused for a minute, his head raised fully a yard, hissing like a small steam-engine, and then made for an opening in the wall of the shed—a fatal move, for as soon as his 'business end' was well outside, he was in halves from a blow with a 'changkul,' or large hoe. This snake measured eleven feet, but I have heard of them reaching fourteen or more.

The python or 'ular sawa' is common, but varies greatly in size. The largest specimen I ever saw was eighteen feet. The creature had entered a fowl-house and swallowed ten fowls: a bit of good luck for the neighbouring gang of Chinese, who disposed of the snake and its contents with equal gusto. This, however, was not much of a python; twenty-five feet being not uncommon. At the other end of the scale is a lovely emerald-green snake, about fifteen inches long, which feeds on insects, and is very fond of haunting the pot-plants on your veranda.

Then there are the monitor lizards, mis-called iguanas by Europeans, as in Australia. Some of these are formidable creatures, especially a species with a very rough scaly skin, mottled brown and dirty yellow, with very long and sharp claws on the forefeet, which are more effective as weapons

than his teeth, though the latter are no trifle. I was once coming down the coast in a small steamer with a number of Javanese on board, who were returning to Batavia. They generally travel as deck passengers; but as the deck-space was limited, room had been found for the women in the hold just under the after-hatch to the number of about twenty-five. There was also on board an agent of some Hamburg animal dealer, who had with him a number of birds and beasts, one of which was a very fine lizard of this description, about six feet long, kept in uncomfortable durance in a gin-case, with some laths nailed across it, at which he kept biting savagely, only leaving off to snap, with a sound like a sprung rat-trap, at any one who approached the cage. About midnight, as we were ploughing slowly through the malodorous coffee-coloured water of Bengkalis Strait, there arose such an outburst of shrieks and cries for help as brought every soul on deck in a twinkling, under the impression that the Chinese passengers, who were very numerous, had risen on us, or that we were boarded by pirates, who are by no means extinct on that coast. Somebody sung out 'Fire!' The engine stopped, and all was confusion, until the blue light being brought, showed the after-hatch blocked with a mass of squealing, struggling, feminine humanity. Presently the empty gin-case solved the mystery. The 'haramjاده benalang,' or 'illegitimately-born beast,' as the women styled him, on gaining his liberty, had fallen through the hatch on the sleepers, and forthwith wreaked his vengeance with tooth and claw on everything he touched. Several women had been badly scratched and bitten, and all were nearly out of their wits with fright.

The 'chichak,' or house-lizard, about a foot long, is sometimes a great nuisance. He utters incessantly a short snappish bark like that of a toy terrier, and when one has taken post in a bedroom, he makes sleep impossible till he is slain or expelled. This is the more difficult, because the animal is a natural ventriloquist, and the irritating 'Yap, yap' always seems to proceed from the quarter where he is not.

Perhaps the two insects which—next to the mosquito—first attract the notice of a new arrival are those industrious workers the carpenter-bee and mason-wasp. The former is an enormous insect, more than twice the size of a humble-bee, and of an intense jetty black. Indeed, the 'kumbang' is to Malay poets what the 'raven's wing' is to our own, with the exception that, with the former, a lady's teeth, and not her hair, are the objects of comparison. He (or, I believe, I should say she) enters your room with a startling whir, and, sailing slowly to the roof, sets to work with the noisy ostentatious industry of her race, at driving a five-eighths-inch tunnel into post or rafter. They work with the grain of the wood, and the burrows are sometimes a foot long. I never could make out how it is done, as their jaws are not stronger in proportion than those of other bees. I have known them nearly ruin a 'bangsal,' or tobacco drying-shed.

The mason-wasp is of several kinds; but the most common is a slim, active, black-and-yellow insect, with the two sections of her body connected by such a long and slender filament that she

seems in danger every moment of leaving the whole 'after-part' of her person behind. Their habits have often been described; but not all individuals build in the same way. Some economise material by building in a convenient hole, such as the barrel of a gun, or the keyhole of a safe; others, again, construct their clay cells against the wall or ceiling; but the thorough-going and conscientious wasp, after building the cells on the trunk of a tree and stocking them with preserved spiders, covers them with a mass of white clay, which she then works over with streaks and patches of coloured earth, with such truth to nature that it is almost impossible to tell it from a large knot on the bark. It is odd, however, that their instinct, or whatever it is, does not seem to tell them that this sort of nest on a white-washed wall is ten times more conspicuous than if they left out the decoration.

Of that unpleasant trio, the scorpion, centipede, and tarantula, the first is perhaps the most formidable. The sting of the very large black species, which is common about decaying stumps and hollow trees, is, I should think, the most agonising pain known, judging from its effect on the almost nerveless Chinaman. A specimen was once brought me which was covered, tail, claws, and all, with young scorpions about half an inch long in constant motion. It seemed half dead; and wishing to see whether the native belief is correct that scorpions are devoured by their young, I placed it in an empty seidlitz-powder box. Unfortunately, I was called away for a few minutes, and on returning, found the box and its contents in the possession of 'Chelaka,' or 'the scoundrel,' a monkey so named from the singular enormity of his crimes, who was crunching up the scorpion and progeny with the relish of an excursionist over a plate of shrimps.

The centipede is popularly supposed to carry a sting on each foot; but I have several times handled them—after their heads were removed—without the claws producing any result. It is the first pair of claws only that are venomous, being hollow, and provided with poison-bags like a snake's fang. The largest I ever saw was eleven inches in length, a gruesome creature. A bite from one of this size would most likely have been fatal to a man in weak health. The tarantula, though his powers of offence are nothing like those of the scorpion or centipede, is, somehow, a more unpopular character than either. The horror of these large spiders entertained by many people is curious and unaccountable. I have seen Australian bushmen, who in every-day life scarcely seemed to understand danger, turn white as a sheet at the sight of a small 'triantelope,' as they called it.

There is an enormous spider frequently found in the jungle, full three inches long in the body, and seven across the legs, black in colour, and elegantly marked with red and yellow. It spins a geometrical web about four feet in diameter between two trees, which web is strong enough to knock off a pith-hat. In one case the web was extended between trees at least twenty feet apart by a system of guys and stays, of which not one was unnecessary or out of place; and besides, was stretched in a vertical direction by two good-sized pieces of wood—axe-chips, in fact

—slung to its lower margin. Some of the Sumatran spiders are of such extraordinary and unspider-like shapes, that only drawings could give an idea of them. One species, about the size of a garden spider, has a hard shelly body, with a pear-shaped projection on each side, which, as well as the body, is covered with spikes.

But, to the Deli planter, the creatures that sting and those that bite, be their weapons ever so potent, are of little moment compared with those that eat. It is odd that tobacco, so fatal to insects when manufactured, should agree so well with them when green; but so it is; and for some five months in the year the 'worms' cease not to afflict the souls of the managers, the coolies, and assistants. Sumatran tobacco is solely used for the wrappers of the superior kind of cigars; and the smallest hole in the leaf takes off very seriously from its value. As soon as the infant plant appears above ground it is liable to the attacks of saw-flies, which deposit their eggs in the stem, causing a swelling, and speedily killing it. When it escapes these, and is duly planted out in the regulation rows, there appears a small green caterpillar, the larva of a white butterfly, exactly resembling the English 'cabbage' species, which sets to work on the leaves.

Another great enemy to tobacco is a large locust, some three inches long, head, wings, and legs bright green, and body scarlet. One of these insects will do as much damage as fifty caterpillars; and they are so sharp-sighted and strong on the wing, that it is very difficult to catch one without damaging more plants than the insect itself would have done.

The common Indian bee is very plentiful. On every tobacco estate are to be seen several enormous trees, towering solitary from the tobacco fields, or the waste of scrub or sword-grass which succeeds them. Each of these trees has a line of large excrescences running up its trunk as far as the first branch, which may be one hundred and fifty feet or more from the ground. These are the 'tualang' trees, exempted from the axe by special agreement with the chief from whom the land is leased, and each contains a vast bee settlement. The knobs are occasioned by the growth of the bark round the long hard-wood pegs which are driven in by the Malays to serve as a ladder. The looting of one of these bee-trees is a serious undertaking, and attended with no little danger. A great pile of wood is lighted beneath, the bees being driven off by the heat rather than the smoke, as the night chosen is one when a stiff breeze is blowing, so that the bees as they emerge are carried off to leeward and unable to return. When at length the coast is supposed clear, several men ascend, and pitch down the nests helter-skelter—the horrid-looking mess of spilt honey, smashed combs, dead bees, and dirt, being carried off for further treatment. Next morning the expelled bees return, and it is highly advisable to give the neighbourhood a wide berth for some time.

The bees' principal enemy, next to the native, is that drollest of creatures, the Malayan sun-bear. There are two species, similar in habits, but differing very much in size. One of the smaller species, with whom I was well acquainted, was indeed 'a running river of harmless merriment'

to his owner and all who knew him. He had been picked up in the jungle as a very small cub, and at the time I speak of him was about a year old, three feet long and eighteen inches high when on all-fours, which was his most infrequent position. He was an admirable performer as a biped, and the first sight of him was enough to upset most people's gravity as he came forward to greet the stranger with a rolling lurching gait, and a most absurd resemblance to a miniature mariner in a greatcoat of black fur, slightly the worse for liquor. But no stranger could ever be persuaded that the extraordinary performances of the animal were not the results of teaching, instead of being solely the work of native genius. He possessed—for he quite understood 'meum' if not 'tuum'—a rough wooden ball about the size of a Dutch cheese, and with this he would constantly practise a series of feats with as serious and solemn an air as if he were training for a gymnastic championship. I have seen him deliberately stand on his head for some minutes, the ball balanced on the soles of his hindfeet. Then he would drop it into his front paws, and shuffle along to the edge of the veranda, climb the posts, hugging the ball with one arm, and in some way contrive to lie on his back on the top rail, about two inches broad, while he kept the ball rolling incessantly between his fore and hind feet. Another trick was, to clasp the ball with both arms, and in this position to turn slowly heels over head the whole length of the veranda. Another article was an old Malacca cane, with which he used to perform a series of evolutions something between quarterstaff and the manual exercise; but none of these things would he ever do except at his own will and pleasure; and he refused steadily to learn from man any accomplishment except the very undesirable one of getting tipsy on gin-and-water highly sweetened.

He was the most inquisitive beast imaginable. Woe to the 'almirah,' or wardrobe, that was left ajar. In two minutes Bruin's long sickle-shaped claws would drag its contents in a heap on to the floor and his flexible snout would be rooting in its every corner. On one occasion he was discovered in the act of carrying off a clock for investigation at leisure; and on another, being accidentally shut into the 'godown,' or storeroom, he entirely ruined a brand-new saddle, and gnawed into shreds a quantity of floor-matting. The Chinaman to whose carelessness he owed this opportunity will carry the memory of that day 'Photographically lined On the tables of his mind, When a yesterday has faded from its page.'

This bear was omnivorous in his feeding, except as regarded fish, which he would not look at. Fruit of all kinds he would eat in any quantity; but he delighted in nothing so much as a tin of jam. Clutching it in his forepaws, he quickly licked out every particle of its contents with his curious strap-like tongue, and continued fondly to embrace the tin long after its interior was as clean as a new dollar. He used, as I have mentioned above, to love gin-and-water unwisely, and being far too often indulged, used to suffer from what his master called 'Katzenjammer' ('hot coppers'). It was probably in a fit of this ailment that he conceived the idea of abandoning the snares and pitfalls of civilisation and its

demoralising tendencies; for one morning his place knew him no more: 'he had been, and was not—that's all that they knew.' His native jungle had received him again; and no one felt his loss more than the Chinese 'boy' and 'cook,' who would now have to find some other reason than 'Bruang, tuan' (Bear, sir), to explain everything broken, stolen, or lost.

The other species of sun-bear is a much larger animal, longer in the legs and thinner in the body in proportion, but, as far as I know, quite harmless, and only objectionable from its practice, common to both species, of destroying cocoa-nut trees by eating the 'cabbage' or central bud.

At the same place where the bear resided I saw one of the rather scarce scaly ant-eaters, or 'pangolins' (Malay 'panggilin'; a roller or mill-stone). He was about thirty inches long, with a little pointed head, powerful mole-like digging feet, and a very thick tail—the whole of which, as well as his back and sides, was covered with heart-shaped, horny scales, attached by their bases, and overlapping, those on the back being, roughly, as large as a halfpenny. So thick and hard are these scales, that I can quite believe that they would stop a pistol bullet, at least from the cheap Belgian revolver with which the experiment was said to have been tried; but when the animal is alarmed and rolls itself up, the scales stand erect, so that, though their sharp edges would keep off an animal, an easy entrance is made for a spear or knife.

The mention of old travels reminds one of that grand old fiction of the Far East which has survived nearly to our own times, and will continue to furnish a good serviceable metaphor to generations unborn—the upas tree. The upas, when encountered in the wood, proved to be a large, but not exceptionally large tree, growing in dense jungle, with dark, rough, and very thick bark, from which, when cut, a thick milky juice flowed. 'Upas,' in the common Javanese dialect, signifies poison of any description; and the juice of this tree being plentiful and requiring no preparation, has always formed the arrow-poison most generally in use in Malaysia. It must, however, be kept air-tight, and only applied to the weapon very shortly before using, as a few hours' exposure converts it into a crumbly black resin, quite harmless. The effects of fresh upas poison are very rapid and deadly, though almost painless.

There is another tree closely resembling the upas, which most probably gave rise to the upas of romance. This is the 'ringgus,' the terror of jungle-cutters. The flow of juice from the bark is vastly more plentiful than from the upas, in fact it flies out in a shower from an axe-stroke; and the effect on the coolie's bare skin is frightful, resembling that of boiling oil. The first time I saw a sufferer from the ringgus, I thought that he had been seized with some extraordinary and perhaps contagious disease, for I had not left him at work ten minutes when I was attracted by his howls and invocations to Allah (he was a Javanese), and found him rolling on the ground, trying to rub off the creamy stuff which was sticking to his face and chest. Two or three of his mates came up and carried him about a quarter of a mile to the estate hospital; but by the time he reached it his head and the upper

part of his body were so swollen that he looked like nothing human, and his hands resembled brown boxing-gloves. I thought that he would certainly die; but by much rubbing with oil and laudanum he recovered.

One of the most striking trees in the jungle is the gutta-percha (*Isonandra*). It is not one trunk, but an assemblage of scores, twisted, knotted, and melted into one another, with the roots coiling like half-buried pythons over roods of ground. The advantage to the gutta-tree of this mode of growth is, that in the furious but short-lived storms of these latitudes the mass of small stems, supported by the buttresses and roots, gives to the wind; whereas, were the stem one solid trunk, the wood is so soft and weak that it would snap like a carrot. There is not much gutta at present exported from this part of the world, as the gutta-gatherers are too heavily taxed by the Malay headmen to make it a profitable business.

A MATTER-OF-FACT STORY.

On the morning of the 18th of March 1862, the Liverpool ship *Emily St Pierre* (William Wilson, captain) arrived within about twelve miles of Charleston and signalled for a pilot. She had made a long and tedious voyage of four months from Calcutta, bound for St John, New Brunswick, calling at Charleston for orders, if Charleston was open. If the Southern port was blockaded, Captain Wilson's orders were to proceed direct to the British port of St John, New Brunswick. The ship had formerly belonged to Charleston; but since the outbreak of the American Civil War she had sailed under the English flag. Her nominal owners were Messrs Fraser, Trenholm, & Co., of 10 Rumford Place, Liverpool, a firm doing an extensive business, who had very close relations with the Confederate or Southern States, for whom they acted as bankers and agents in this country.

The ship was hailed by a vessel which proved to be the Northern cruiser *James Adger*, and in response Captain Wilson hauled up his courses, backed his main-yard, and lay to. An American naval lieutenant and a score of men came on board and demanded his papers. The manifest showed an innocent cargo, two thousand bales of gunny-bags, and the registration of the ship as English was in due order. The captain demanded permission to proceed, Charleston being blockaded, to his destination, the British port of St John. The lieutenant refused, and referred the matter to his superior in command; and the two vessels proceeded into Charleston roadstead, where they arrived at half-past two in the afternoon.

Captain Wilson was ordered on board the flagship of the blockading squadron, the *Florida*, where he was kept for two hours in solitude and suspense. At last a flag-officer, Captain Goldboro, came to him, and said they had decided to seize the *Emily St Pierre* on several grounds. He

asserted that she carried contraband of war—namely, saltpetre; that her English registration was not *bond fide*; that many articles on board had been found bearing the name of Charleston; that the same word had been scraped out on her stern, and substituted by the name Liverpool; that Captain Wilson had not disclosed all his papers, but had been observed from the *James Adger* to throw overboard and sink a small parcel, probably of incriminating documents. Captain Wilson protested, and appealed to the maritime law of nations. But in vain. He was informed that the law-courts of Philadelphia would adjudicate the matter; and finally Captain Wilson was invited to take passage in his vessel to Philadelphia, and to place at the disposal of the navigator his charts and instruments. The invitation in form was in fact a command. He returned to his vessel to find that his crew had all been removed, with the exception of two who were not sailors—the steward, an Irishman, named Matthew Montgomery; and the cook, a German, named Louis Schelvin, hailing from Frankfort-on-the-Main. These were merely passengers; and with them was an American engineer, who had obtained permission to take passage to Philadelphia.

The prize-crew who took charge of the vessel consisted of Lieutenant Stone, of the United States navy, in command; a master's mate, and twelve men. Fourteen in all, with the American passenger, fifteen. The moment that Captain Wilson stepped again on board his own vessel, he formed the resolution to recapture her and take her home. He was bold enough to think that it might be possible to recapture the ship even against such odds. An unarmed man, aided by the questionable support of an Irish steward and a German cook, was practically powerless against the fifteen of the crew. On the other hand, Captain Wilson was a brawny, big-framed Scotsman (a native of Dumfriesshire), a thorough seaman, determined in resolve, cool and prompt in action. He called the steward and the cook to him in his stateroom, and disclosed the wild project he had formed. Both manfully promised to stand by their chief. This was at half-past four on the morning of the 21st of March, the third day out from Charleston. Captain Wilson had already formed his plan of operations, and had prepared to a certain extent for carrying it out. With the promise of the cook and the steward secured, he lost no time, gave them no chance for their courage to evaporate, but proceeded at once in the darkness and silence of the night to carry out his desperate undertaking. He was prepared to lose his life or to have his ship; that was the simple alternative.

It was Lieutenant Stone's watch on deck, and the prize-master's mate was asleep in his berth. The English captain went into the berth, handed out the mate's sword and revolvers, clapped a gag made of a piece of wood and some marline between his teeth, seized his hands, which Mont-

gomery, the steward, quickly ironed, and so left him secure. The lieutenant still paced the deck, undisturbed by a sound. Then across to another stateroom, where the American engineer lay asleep. He also was gagged and ironed silently and without disturbance. His revolvers and those already secured were given to the steward and the cook, who remained below in the cabin. Captain Wilson went on deck.

Lieutenant Stone was pacing the deck, and the watch consisted of one man at the helm, one at the lookout on the fore-castle, and three others who were about the ship. For ten minutes Captain Wilson walked up and down, remarking on the fair wind, and making-believe that he had but just turned out. The ship was off Cape Hatteras, midway of their journey between Charleston and Philadelphia, the most easterly projection of the land on that coast. It is difficult navigation thereabouts with cross-currents and a tendency to fogs, affording the two captains subject for talk.

'Let her go free a bit, Captain Stone; you are too close to the Cape. I tell you, and I know.'

'We have plenty of offing,' replied the lieutenant; and then to the helmsman: 'How's her head?'

'North-east and by east, sir,' came the reply.

'Keep her so. I tell you it is right,' said the lieutenant.

'Well, of course I'm not responsible now; but I'm an older sailor than you, Captain Stone, and I tell you if you want to clear Cape Hatteras, another two points east will do no harm. Do but look at my chart; I left it open on the cabin table. And the coffee will be ready now;' and Captain Wilson led the way from the poop to the cabin, followed by the commander.

There was a passage about five yards long leading from the deck to the cabin, a door at either end. The captain stopped at the first door, closing it, and picking from behind it an iron belaying-pin which he had placed there. The younger man went forward to the cabin where the chart lay open on the table. 'Stone!'

He turned at the sudden peremptory exclamation of his name. His arm upraised, the heavy iron bolt in his hand, in low but hard eager quick words, 'My ship shall never go to Philadelphia!' said the captain. He did not strike. It was unnecessary. Montgomery had thrust the gag into the young lieutenant's mouth; he was bound hand and foot, bundled into a berth, and the door locked. Three out of the fifteen were thus disposed of. There was still the watch on deck and the watch below.

The construction of the *Emily St Pierre* was of a kind not unusual, but still not very common. The quarters of the crew were not in the fore-castle, but in a roundhouse amidships. The name does not describe its shape. It was an oblong house on deck with windows and one door. From the poop, or upper deck at the stern over the cabins and staterooms and the passage before mentioned, there was a companion-stair on the port side leading to the deck at the waist; whilst a similar companion-way at the stern led down to the level of the deck, which could also be approached direct from the cabins through the passage. In this space, behind the poop was the wheel, slightly raised, for the steersman to see

clear of the poop; and there was a hatchway, leading to the lazarette hold, a small supplementary hold usually devoted to stores, extra gear, coils of spare rope, and so on. Nothing that might be done on this part of the deck could be seen, therefore, from the waist of the ship; nor *vice versa*, except by the steersman, who was elevated by a step or two above the level.

Coming on this part of the deck from the cabin, Captain Wilson called to the three men who were about, and pointing to a heavy coil of rope in the lazarette, ordered them to get it up at once—Lieutenant Stone's orders. They jumped down without demur, suspecting nothing, as soon as the captain shoved the hatch aside. They were no sooner in than he quickly replaced and fastened the hatch. The three were securely trapped, in full view of the helmsman, whose sailor's instinct kept him in his place at the wheel.

'If you utter a sound or make a move,' said the captain, showing a revolver, 'I'll blow your brains out;' and then he called aft the lookout man, the last of the watch on deck. The man came aft. Would he help to navigate the ship to England? No; he would not. He was an American. Then would he call the watch? He would do that. And eagerly he did it; but the next moment he was laid low on the deck, and bundled unceremoniously into the lazarette with his three companions—the hatchway replaced and secured, Captain Wilson standing on guard at it.

Meanwhile, the watch below had been called and were astir. When sailors tumble out they generally do so gradually and by twos and threes. The first two that came aft were quickly overpowered, one at a time, and bound. The third man drew his knife and dashed at the steward, who fired, wounding him severely in the shoulder. It was the only shot that was fired. Finding that cook and steward and captain were all armed, the rest of the watch below quietly surrendered, and submitted to be locked in the roundhouse, prisoners of the bold and resolute man who in the course of an hour had thus regained possession of his ship against overwhelming odds.

For England! Yes, homeward bound in an unseaworthy ship; for a ship that is undermanned is unseaworthy to the last degree. It is worse than overloading. And here is our brave captain, three thousand miles from home, calmly altering her course the few points eastward he had recommended to the lieutenant, homeward bound for England, his crew a steward and a cook! Neither could steer, nor hand, nor reef. Brave-hearted Matthew Montgomery, the Irish steward, honest Louis Schelvin, the German cook, now is the time to show what savour of seamanship you have picked up amongst your pots and pans of the galley and the pantry.

The first thing was to wash and bandage the wounded shoulder of the man who was shot, the next to put all the prisoners in the roundhouse under lock and key. Four of them out of twelve volunteered to assist in working the ship rather than submit to the tedium of imprisonment. The irony of fate! Not one of them could steer except one, and he imperfectly. And

the courses are set, and the topsails lower and upper are drawing, and the topgallant sails too—pray Heaven this wind may last, and no stronger!

The lieutenant was admitted to the captain's table under guard and on parole. The meal over, he was ushered into his stateroom and locked in. Once a day only—for the captain is captain and crew combined—bread and beef and water were passed to the prisoners in the roundhouse; no more attention than absolutely necessary could be spared to them.

Homeward bound! Captain Wilson had overcome his captors; could he overcome the elements? The glass was falling, the wind was rising, threatening a gale. The reef-tackles were passed to the capstan, so that one man's strength could haul them. Then the wheel was resigned to the Irish steward and the German cook, whilst the captain had to lay aloft and tie the reef-points, ever and anon casting a look behind and signalling to his faithful men how to move the wheel. Hours of hard work, fearful anxiety before all is made snug to meet the fury of the coming storm. All is right at last, thought the captain, if everything holds.

Yes, if. Everything did not hold. The tiller was carried away in the midst of the gale, and Captain Wilson, brave heart as he was, felt the sadness of despair. He had been keeping watch day and night without intermission for many days, snatching an hour's sleep at intervals, torn with anxiety, wearied with work. It was but a passing faintness of the heart. The ship rolled and tossed, helmless, at the mercy of the sea. For twelve hours he wrought to rig up a jury-rudder, and at last, lifting up his heart in gratitude, for the second time he snatched his ship out of the hands of destruction; for the second time he could inform Lieutenant Stone that he was again in command of his own ship. No longer was the ship buffeted at the mercy of the wild wind and the cruel Atlantic rollers, but her course was laid true and her head was straight—for England.

For thirty days they sailed with westerly gales behind them. They made the Channel in safety, and the code signal was hoisted as they passed up Channel. On the morning of the 21st April, exactly one month since her course was altered off Cape Hatteras, the *Emily St Pierre* threaded the devious channels which lead into the broad estuary of the Mersey, the anchor fell with a plunge and an eager rattle of the leaping cable, and the ship rode stately on the rushing tide.

Much was made of Captain Wilson during the next few weeks. All England rang with applause of his brave exploit. Meetings were convened, presentations were made, speeches were delivered to an extent that might have turned the head of a less simple and true-hearted man. Large sums of money were subscribed, of which plucky Matthew Montgomery and honest Louis Schelvin the cook got their share. But probably the happiest and proudest moment of his life was when the captain stood on deck on the day of arrival, his wife by his side, beside her the owner of the ship, Charles K. Prioleau, of Fraser, Trenholm, & Co., whilst he narrated in simple words the story of his exploit. His big beard was torn and ragged, his eyes bloodshot with weariness

and lack of sleep, his face haggard, weather-beaten, and drawn; but he was a man of whom all England was proud—a man to inspire her with the faith that the race of heroes does not die.

VOLCANIC AÉRATION.

VOLCANIC Aération is the name given to a recently introduced process for the readier and improved manufacture of those sparkling mineral waters which have of late years grown in such increasing demand. The present processes obtaining for the manufacture of mineral waters are doubtless familiar to our readers, works for producing the same being found everywhere; whilst the demonstrations of the most improved methods held at many of the International Exhibitions of late years have further familiarised the public with this branch of industry; suffice it, therefore, to deal directly with the new process which forms the subject of the present article, pointing out wherein its novelty lies, and indicating the advantages claimed by the introducers, as contrasted with the modes of manufacture at present in vogue.

In the neighbourhood of the extinct Eifel Volcano, near the Rhine, in Germany, are found springs of mineral waters which give off large volumes of natural carbonic acid gas. It is the utilisation of this natural gas, as opposed to the manufacture and employment of artificial gas, which forms the *raison d'être* of the new process. This natural gas becomes thoroughly purified in passing up through some two or three hundred feet of water, which of course means a considerable pressure upon the gas. This gas, being duly collected on the surface, is subjected by means of pumps to the pressure of five or six hundred pounds per square inch, condensing it into a clear transparent liquid, which is forthwith stored in steel or wrought-iron cylinders of special construction and exceptional strength; the German government testing the cylinders previous to use to a pressure fully four times greater than that employed in ordinary working, hence ensuring absolute safety—the pressure exerted on the cylinders by the condensed natural carbonic acid gas being about nine hundred pounds per square inch at ordinary temperatures.

The manufacture of aerated waters is now readily carried on by means of these tubes, which are easily transported in a manner at once simple, rapid, and inexpensive, no machinery whatever being required. The apparatus consists simply of a closed copper vessel of any required size, filled nearly full with ordinary pure water, and connected with a tube of compressed gas. On turning a tap on the tube, the liberated gas rushes under high pressure into the copper vessel, becomes thoroughly incorporated with the water, and produces forthwith the aerated mineral water which is so largely consumed and so justly appreciated at the present day. The aerated water can now be drawn off for immediate consumption or bottled for future use. Mineral water thus produced is stated to be entirely free from any flavour of chemicals, sometimes discernible in that which has been prepared from artificial carbonic acid gas.

The aim of the promoters of the new method is to establish supplies of cylinders to their customers, in much the same way as any other article of consumption is furnished from house to house; whilst it is confidently asserted that the process now under consideration compares very favourably in point of cost with those at present in vogue; and it would certainly seem as if in refreshment bars and restaurants doing a large business, this quick and effective mode of producing mineral waters must have an extended development.

A feature of especial note is that, owing to the atmospheric expansion of the liquefied gas within the cylinder on leaving it, extreme cold is produced, so that in the hottest weather the aerated waters leave the copper vessel or 'fountain' at an icy temperature. The simplicity of the process is a strong argument in its favour; neither is skilled labour necessary, nor is there any complicated mechanism that can become deranged. The space occupied by both cylinders and fountain is very small; and there seems every probability that ocean-going vessels will largely avail themselves of this important mode of reducing unremunerative load.

The invention has already made considerable headway, and bids fair to do well in the future; whilst its career will be watched by the public at large with no small interest, who seem in a fair way to secure what can hardly now be termed a luxury, but rather a necessity of everyday life, at a greatly reduced cost.

A FISHER-MAID'S SONG.

THE poplars tall kissed the cold gray sky,
And in front was the hungry sea,
And the river swept dark and drearily by,
While the wind sighed mournfully;
Away in the west, the low sun died
The amethyst banks between;
And amid the reeds, the plover cried,
As I gazed on that well-known scene.

And the fishermen's boats were far away
On the ocean's heaving breast;
And the red lights gleamed wide over the bay
From the high hill's windy crest;
And I saw again my lover's boat
With her white sails all outspread,
Like a joyous bird o'er the waters float
When the evening skies were red.

To-morrow, the sun in the east will rise,
And the fishing-fleet come home,
To gladden the weary, waiting eyes,
Wet with more than the salt sea-foam;
But ah me! for the boat that left the shore
That eve when the skies were red,
For the fisher lad I shall see no more
Till the sea gives up its dead.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 381.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 18, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE CONTEST FOR THE COAST.

AN island home does not imply perennial peace on the frontier. As a matter of fact, strife is always raging for the preservation of the British shore-line in its integrity. The fortunes of the fight vary. But those who have official care of the coast know that constant vigilance and effort are needed to prevent the tale of waste becoming ominous and disconcerting to dwellers in sea-side towns and villages. In certain districts, a steady denudation has been in progress for many generations, and continues in spite of all precaution. In other directions, the land is happily a gainer, and 'the sandy margin of the sea' is farther out from the fisher huts than it was a few score years ago.

Local traditions show that the loss from the inroads of ocean was a cause of vexation and of considerable solicitude to Englishmen of bygone centuries, whose means for grappling with the problem of preventing it were meagre and rude. They noticed what was going on, but seemed wholly at the mercy of the corroding waves. Absurd legend mingles with some stories of large catastrophe. There is the fable that the Abbot of St Augustine carried away the stones that should have made a secure sea-wall for the Kentish lands named after Earl Goodwin, and built Tenterden steeple with them; and that so the inland church is the cause of the great victory of the sea, which swallowed up pleasant grazing-grounds and left mariners the abiding menace of the Goodwin Sands. This account of a truly regrettable occurrence is backed up by no fragment of proof, and may be dismissed as a baseless libel on the old churchman.

In some cases, reasonable doubts may be entertained whether the measure of the mischief has not been exaggerated. The coast of West Sussex is practically rounded off by the promontory of Selsea Bill. It may or may not be true that a peninsula once stretched far to the eastward, and that a large park once belonging to the Bishops of Selsea lies submerged. An early episcopate

amongst the South Saxons unquestionably had its seat here. Cathedral and monastery have vanished. Camden, the father of English antiquaries, states that in the sixteenth century the ruins could be seen at low water. But it is unnecessary to believe that very much more than a tongue of low-lying land, with its sites of sacred association, was swallowed up. The spacious 'Bishop's Park' is probably a myth.

It is only now and then, by a casual reference in a writer belonging to the dawn of English letters perhaps, or by details entered in the Doomsday Book, that any check can be placed on floating rumours of such loss as is commemorated in the songs of 'the drowned land of Lyonesse.' An instance of the possibility of a test occurs in reference to the shore-line of Northumberland. According to report, the sea has filched away considerable estates in the vicinity of Holy Island and Bamborough Castle. But Bede in his *Ecclesiastical History* happens to let us know that the way of approach in his day to Lindisfarne was by crossing the sands at low water. When the tide came up, Cuthbert's home was even then an island. In the course of eleven hundred years there can have been little change at this point. At the corner of the same county, where the Tyne debouches into the North Sea, the robbery carried on by ocean is clear and incontrovertible. Strolling along shore from Tynemouth, the visitor reaches the huge fist-like masses of the Marsden Rocks. Within living memory, the largest of these craggy heaps could be reached by means of a plank-bridge. Now it is sixty yards away at high water, and only to be visited in a boat or by an expert swimmer.

The Yorkshire coast is mostly rocky and indented. It frowns at its foe in stout defiance. But Scarborough, its lovely queen, has recently had a disagreeable summer morning sensation. The whole of the north-east corner of the prominent Castle Hill vanished into the sea. Thousands of tons of earth, weakened at their base by the ceaseless fray and sap of the salt waves, were lost to the land. With this considerable slice of

soil went the familiar flagstaff used for danger-signals in time of the soldiers' firing-practice, an iron mantlet protecting the outlook, and the herbs and plants of a humble kitchen garden. Such a catastrophe is a summons to new and earnest defensive effort.

Coming southwards to Kent, with its proud motto 'Invicta,' another chalk rampart is found which fails to hold its own. The contest is unintermittent and severe, and the odds are always in favour of the waters. The loss on the most threatened parts of the Isle of Thanet is stated to be on an average three feet a year. Clearly, this is serious to landowners. At Reculvers, where Ethelbert retired after his conversion and baptism by Augustine, exists one of the classic spots of England. Every stone has its memory, and the sea menaces it more and more. The chiefs of the Trinity House defend as best they can the remaining ruins of the ancient church. It constitutes a useful beacon for the sailor. But it is a grave question if any amount of care will long suffice. Much has disappeared; and but for the action of the authorities, the end of Reculvers must have come before now. The friendly sea-wall extends from the coastguard station almost to Birchington.

It has been said that the reverse is sometimes the true picture. On the Essex coast the land has steadily spread out at various points. Fields that are now an appanage of some comfortable homestead were troublesome and dangerous shoals a few decades ago. And midway between the Forelands of Kent the case of Sandwich presents itself. It is all historic ground. At Ebbsfleet the first Saxon settlers landed. Richborough was a great Roman haven. Sandwich carries the story of its fame far back to Canute's days, when it was the best known of all British harbours. But the sea has steadily retired. The process of 'silting-up' has gone on in the trend of the bay. The always shallow tideway once dotted with Saxon and Danish keels has become marsh. The green grass waves over the place where sailors anchored. It has been a fatal blow to the trade and current renown of Sandwich. Wonderfully quaint and old-world is now the appearance of the 'port.' The proof is present that success may be resented when ocean here and there gives up the fight for the coast.

The same phenomena are found at Winchelsea and Rye. These were busy haunts of commerce in their short and treacherous day. They have become to all intents and purposes inland places.

But what of shallow shore the sea yields only seems to throw into relief the ravages committed elsewhere. Sandown Castle guarded the northern flank of Deal and commanded the Downs. The waves have played a wild and contemptuous game of stone-stealing with its ruins. On the opposite side, a carriage road ran until quite recently from St Margarets, against the South Foreland, into Dover, following the base of the cliffs. It has been filched away, and the cliffs themselves are being ceaselessly abraded, and promise to make but an indifferent resistance.

The controversy as to what are and what are not wise and certain measures of coast protection comes into view at Dover and Folkestone. Is

the best policy adopted to hold the existing line of the Channel shore? Many careful and learned students of denudation answer in the negative. For a long time a natural safeguard was supposed to be the running out of 'groynes' or rows of banded piles. The argument for these was simple. They would, first, obviate loss of coast by breaking the force of each incoming wave; and second, they would do a more positive good, by retaining the shingle. Facts have not always borne out these contentions. The shingle has somehow gone in spite of painstaking efforts to keep it. And the interference with the impact of the tide in one particular district may be of questionable use to the larger area. One town's gain may be its neighbour's injury. One side of a town may win and another lose in the same proportion. There is a general movement—a side-sweep—of the ocean currents. To build out barriers at an enormous expense and try to stop this action is perhaps to increase the common evil, even supposing some help should be rendered to one favoured locality. So the critics protest. Moreover, there are specific complaints of failure. The groynes have not answered as expected, or have been a continual expense to the local authorities for repairs.

Allied with the problem is the doubt as to the effect produced by stone harbour-piers such as accommodate the Channel boat service. A charge of damage is made against such gigantic works as the Admiralty Pier at Dover. It is alleged that the sea comes up to the attack immediately beyond them in overwhelming force. They are said to break the impact in some spots only to focus the strain elsewhere.

One method of defence alone passes without serious challenge. It is admitted to be the most permanent plan hitherto devised. Stout broad-side sea-walls do undoubtedly prolong the contest for a period which is to be measured at least by generations. They are worth their cost. At Cromer, where on the westward side the waves beat up the unstable cliffs with insatiable fury, a serviceable protection of this kind has been erected, and has temporarily changed the odds of the conflict.

On the Sussex and Hampshire coasts it is only where there is a sea-wall that there is some degree of security. The rugged mass of Beachy Head is wearing away. Within common recollection, severe losses have been sustained in this neighbourhood. There were formerly seven partially detached masses of cliff standing out from the head-land, and known to Eastbourne fishermen as 'the Charleses'—how the name was derived it is only possible to conjecture. The sea has left only a fragment of one. The martello towers which begin to dot the shore at Hythe, in Kent, and come to an end at Seaford, in Sussex, were particularly numerous between Beachy Head and Dungeness. Survey maps of the early part of the century show four at Langney, and all considerably above high-water mark. They have vanished, and the sea rolls over their site. At the juncture of the Marine and Grand Parades at Eastbourne an old mill, transformed into a roundhouse, was a marine residence in 1780 of Prince Edward, afterwards Duke of Kent and father of Queen Victoria. The waves undermined it, and it was removed

in 1841. Only the massive buttresses of the parade now save the shore-line.

The sea is unremitting in its assault upon the pleasant southern margin of the Isle of Wight, which, as Michael Drayton sings—

Of all the southern isles who holds the highest place,
And evermore hath been the great'st in Britain's
grace.

The bays that give beauty to its borders are the result of the age-long encroachments of ocean. On every hand signs are visible of the steady demolition of the rock. The frequent landslips have brought the steep slopes down to the shingle, and the triumphant waves have removed the debris. The chines, too, have steadily widened under attack.

Landslips play their part in the denudation always proceeding on the Dorset coast. The worn crags of the Needles have their fellows across Christchurch Bay, and the sea aims at their overthrow. There is great variety in the geological formation of the land defences of Dorset. In the Purbeck, Swanage, and Portland districts an efficient protection is afforded by the hard, defiant masses of solid stone. But beyond, between Lyme Regis and Bridport, ocean has made—and makes—large gains in the contest.

Striking across in a northerly direction, where the counties narrow between channel and channel, the traveller is facing Bridgewater Bay, with Watchet and Minehead to the left, and behind them the hill fastnesses of Exmoor—the country of Lorna Doone and 'Girt Jan Ridd.' And along this shore-line once more the waves are uniformly the winners. Foot by foot, yard by yard, the sea makes its way in upon the land. Here a cleft cliff is undermined and disappears; there, a rocky terrace slides down and is soon tide-washed shingle.

West as the crow flies lies Barnstaple, at the head of the estuary of the Taw. Tradition speaks—and there is every reason to believe speaks truly—of great changes on the margin of Bideford Bay. The so-called 'Burrows,' where marsh-land meets crag, are said to cover the site of a forest which formerly extended into the channel. What the sea has not claimed, the sandhills hide. In the vicinity of Westward Ho, the loss of coast is said to be at very nearly an average rate of ten yards per annum.

It has long been a matter under anxious consideration by scientific men and others interested how to insure comparative coast-safety. Unless resolute engineering on a large scale comes to the aid of local bodies, it is clear that no real existence can be offered to the forces that make for waste and destruction over extensive stretches of the British shore-line. But such a determined effort is surely worth the making. Happily, a process of reclaiming goes on at the same time as the denudation. At favouring points the waves are compelled to yield space for the purposes of the landsman. An embankment skilfully contrived has redeemed some six hundred acres at Brading Harbour, in the Isle of Wight. Similar works have rendered good service elsewhere.

There is one further matter demanding mention: it is the care of the foreshore. Heedlessness on the part of authorities has done great harm in the past, and abetted the enemy in the

fight for the land. But light has broken, and a much closer watch on the shingle is now kept. Its removal is invariably a source of grave mischief. To veto the reckless carting away of a beach—as was often done but a brief while back—is a point of prime and even increasing importance. A denial of selfish claims for the good of all is the policy indicated by prudence.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XVIII.—IN A BELEAGUERED CITY.

THE two Linnells and the correspondent Considine were the last Europeans who made their way into the lines of Khartoum before communications with the outer world were finally interrupted by the advance of the Mahdi. Three days after their arrival, all ways were blocked; Omdurman was cut off, the river was surrounded, and a sea of rampant fanatical barbarism surged wildly up on every side round the undermanned ramparts of the doomed city.

It was a week or two later, under a tropical sky, in one of the narrow lanes of the Nubian town, that two Europeans walked along slowly with doubtful tread among the eager and excited crowd of natives. Already the noise of artillery from the outlying forts thundered on the ear; already the hurry and scurry of a great siege were visible everywhere among the thronged bazaars. But the two Europeans walked on undismayed between the chattering negroes, engaged in strange talk for that babel of voices. One of them was clad from head to foot in Arab costume, for Linnell invariably preferred that simple dress in the warm south; he had grown accustomed to it in his long campaigning-out expeditions on the frontiers of the desert, and it was better adapted, he said, than our cramping and close-fitting European garments to the needs and peculiarities of a hot climate. In face and figure, indeed, when so accoutred, he might easily have passed for an Arab himself; his dark hair, his regular oval face, his clear-cut features, and his rich brown complexion, still further bronzed by long exposure to the African sun, all helped to heighten his oriental assumption and to turn him into a veritable son of the desert. Hardly a Mohammedan that passed but took him at a glance for one of the Faithful of Islam: mien and bearing were oriental in the extreme: even at the mosques, his behaviour passed muster; long usage had taught him with unerring skill when at Mecca to do as Mecca does.

The other man who stalked along by his side at a steady swing was the correspondent Considine, wearing European garb of the semi-tropical sort, in white helmet and linen jacket, and with the devil-may-care air of absolute assurance on his face which only the cosmopolitan Irishman in the journalistic service can ever assume to full perfection. The picture was symbolical of Khartoum itself during those short-lived days of its European culture. On the one hand, the tall white minarets and flat-topped houses of the native town; on the other hand, the great Government buildings in the meanest bastard Parisian style, the large hospitals, the European shops, the huge magazines, the guns, the ammunition, the telegraph,

the printing-presses. But though those two were walking the streets of beleaguered Khartoum, their speech for the moment was not of Mahdis and assaults, but all of England. Haviland Dumaresq would have thought this indeed fame could he have heard the grave-looking oriental in burr-ous and hood uttering his name with profound respect in the narrow and very malodorous alleys of that far African capital.

'And you know Dumaresq, then!' the Irishman exclaimed jauntily as he picked his way through the sloppy lane. 'A wonderful man, and as learned as a library; but between you and me, you'll admit, me boy, a wee little bit up in the clouds for all that. Sure, I tried to read the Encyclopædic Philosophy meself once: it was at Peshawar, I remember, just after the outbreak of the Ali Musjid business, you know, when we were attacking the Khyber; and I found the book, in four volumes, in the library of the good civilian who put me up while I was arranging for my camels. Says I to myself: "Considine, me boy, philosophy disdains the alarms of war: here's a work that by all accounts you ought to know the inside of." But when I took it up and began to read it, by George, sir, I hadn't got through ten pages before I put it down again, staggered; not a blessed word of it could I understand. "Is it Persian, it is?" says I to the civilian.—"No, sir," says me host; "it's meant for English."—"Well, then," says I, "if that's philosophy, it's not the proper mental pabulum, any way, for a descendant of fighting Considines, of County Cavan." And with that, I shut the book up right off with a bang, and devil another word of it do I mean to read as long as I'm left in the land o' the living.'

'That's the real difficulty about Dumaresq's fame,' Linnell said quietly, adjusting his robe and stepping over a gutter. 'He goes too deep for popular comprehension. If he were less great, he would seem to be greater. As it is, his work is oftener praised than looked at.'

'To be sure,' the Irishman assented with good-humoured acquiescence. 'The book doesn't sell. It's caviare to the general. Macmurdo and White dropped a power of money over it at the first push off; and though the sales have pulled up a little of late years, owing to the reviews, it can't have done much more yet than cover its expenses, for it's a big venture. I know all about it, ye see, for I was a hack of Macmurdo's meself, worse luck, when I first went to seek my fortune in London; slaved in the office from morning to night editing one of his children's magazines—the *Juvenile World*, the old scamp called it; and a harder taskmaster than Sandy Macmurdo hasn't been known in the world, I take it, since the children of Israel evacuated Egypt.'

'It's selling better now, I believe,' Linnell continued with a quiet confidence. 'A great many copies have been bought up lately—enough, I hope, to make Dumaresq comfortable for some time to come, at least till other contingencies drop in to help him.'

'Faith, it may make Sandy Macmurdo comfortable for a week or two in his neat little villa down at Wimbledon Hill,' the Irishman answered with a boisterous laugh; 'but sorrow a penny of it all will poor old Dumaresq ever

finger. To me certain knowledge, he sold the copyright of the Encyclopædic Philosophy outright to Macmurdo and White for a very small trifle when I was working me fingers to the bone in the *Juvenile World* office.'

'Are you sure of that?' Linnell cried, stopping short in sudden dismay, and almost knocking over a fat old Nubian woman who was waddling behind them in her baggy clothes, unexpected of the halt and the consequent blocking of the narrow alley.

'Sure of it, is it? Why, I know it for a certainty,' the Irishman answered. 'I heard Macmurdo discussing the whole thing himself with the philosopher. He's a sharp man of business, you know, is old Sandy Macmurdo: as good as three Jews or half-a-dozen Armenians: he sniffs a paying book as soon as he looks at it. Says Sandy: "This is a long investment, Mr Dumaresq; a very long investment. If you hold on to it yourself, it'll pay you in the end, I don't deny: but it won't begin to pay you a farthing for the next fifteen years or so. Let's be fair and square. I'm a capitalist: you're not. I can afford to wait: you can't. I'm willing to bet on your chances of disciples. Better take a lump sum down now at once, than go on hoping and biding your time till you're a man of seventy." And Dumaresq saw he was right at a glance, so he closed with him then and there for a paltry cheque; for all the philosopher wanted himself was to get the book published and out somehow.'

'Then sales at present don't matter a bit to him!' Linnell cried, profoundly disappointed.

'No more than they do to us at Khartoum this minute,' the Irishman answered with good-humoured ease. 'Sorrow a penny does the poor old philosopher get from all his writings. So, if you've been giving away the book to your friends, as a Christmas present, to benefit the author, ye've just succeeded in supplying Macmurdo with extra pocket-money to lay on the favourite at Sandown Park races.'

'That's exactly what I have been doing,' Linnell blurted out with regretful annoyance.

'And to what tune?' Considine asked, amused.

Khartoum is a far cry from Petheron Episcopi; and Linnell, who would have shrunk as a man of honour from disclosing the facts of the case in England, found his modesty forsake him in the heart of Africa. 'To the tune of eight hundred guineas or thereabouts,' he answered with warmth.

The Irishman drew a very long breath. 'Faith,' he said, laughing, 'I didn't know ye had so much money about you.—But I see your idea. Ye're a generous fellow. Well, you're quite mistaken. Macmurdo and White have divided every penny of it!'

To Linnell, the disappointment was a very bitter one. He gnawed his heart at it. But he saw at a glance that Considine was right. The explanation cleared up at once whatever had seemed mysterious and unsatisfactory about Dumaresq's conduct with regard to the money. With a start of regret, Linnell recognised now when it was all too late that Dumaresq must have paid for the picture of the Wren's Nest out of his own pocket. He had meant to enrich the family by his nameless generosity, and he had

only succeeded after all in making the poor old philosopher spend twenty guineas from his scanty stock upon a useless water-colour!

He hated his art in that moment of awakening. He wished he had never gone near Pether-ton. But then—he would never have known Psyche!

And here at Khartoum, surrounded and beleaguered, he had no chance even of setting things right again by word or letter. All ways were closed: no chance of escape. He must wait through the weary long months of the siege till relief arrived—if ever relief *did* arrive—from England.

But if relief never came at all, then Psyche at least would read his will, and know how much after all he loved her.

At Marquet's shop in the European quarter, Considine paused and gazed into the window.

'What are you looking for?' Linnell asked carelessly.

'For yourself, sure enough,' the Irishman answered, with a sudden start of recognition.

A faint shudder passed over Linnell's handsome face. He fancied he understood, yet hardly liked to confess it even to himself. 'Why, what do you mean?' he murmured incredulously.

'For Linnell,' the correspondent replied with cheerful alacrity. 'Ye'll know Linnell, surely?'

The painter froze up into himself once more. 'No, I don't feel sure I do,' he answered trembling.

'Then you've missed the best medicine that ever was invented for a tropical climate,' Considine exclaimed, with warmth, slapping his friend on the shoulder. 'I'm going to secure some boxes for meself before they're all gone, now supplies are cut off. Ye'd better let me get a couple for you. Linnell's Pills—an American preparation. They've just driven Nile fever out of Khartoum. There's nothing on earth like them for malarious diseases.'

'Thank you,' Linnell answered, drawing himself up stiffly; 'I—I'm much obliged. I don't think I'll trouble you, though. I'm sure I don't need them.'

'Have ye ever heard of them?' Considine asked, point-blank.

Linnell hesitated. 'Yes,' he said after a moment, overwhelmed with shame, but too much a man to deny the fact. 'To tell you the simple truth—I live off them.'

Considine looked up at him with an amused smile. 'An' is it you, then, that makes them?' he asked, with Irish quickness.

'I did,' Linnell answered, forcing himself bravely to speak the truth: 'or at least my father did. We've sold the patent; but I live still on the proceeds of the invention.'

There was a long pause, while Considine went in and made his purchase. When he came out, he handed a little packet without a word to his friend, who slipped it guiltily into his waistcoat pocket.

'Linnell,' the Irishman remarked with Hibernian candour, as they went on once more, 'I never knew till to-day what a bit of a snob ye were. Ye think pills are beneath the dignity of a member of an English bar-net's family.'

The painter flushed up to his eyes at once,

but not with anger. 'I was just thinking to myself,' he said quietly, 'you might have put that utter misinterpretation upon my obvious embarrassment.'

'Well, an' why should a man be ashamed of having made his money in good sound pills?' the Irishman asked with a confident air.

'It's not that,' Linnell answered, quivering with sensitiveness—'though pills are at best a ludicrous sort of thing for a cultivated man to make his money out of: but I've always been afraid, to tell you the truth, I was living on the proceeds of pure quackery. It's all a matter of rubbishing advertisement in the end, I fancy. I could never bring myself to use the money got from that source as if it were my own. As far as I could, I've tried to pay my way, myself, out of my immediate earnings from my own art, and held my father's fortune apart as a sum at my disposal in trust for humanity.'

Considine paused and looked back at him astonished. 'Me dear fellow,' he cried with convincing frankness, 'if that's your idea, I can assure ye, from me own personal knowledge, ye're mistaken entirely. It isn't quackery at all, at all. They're the best pills that ever were compounded. Malarial fever goes down before them like grass. If ye won't take me word for it, ye'll take Gordon's anny way; and 'twas Gordon that said to me only last night: "Considine, me boy," said he, "wherever ye go in tropical climates, remember to take two things with ye—sulphate of quinine, and a gross of Linnell's. The man that invented Linnell's," says he, "may never have had a statue put up to him, but he was the greatest benefactor of our species, after Jenner, in the nineteenth century." That's just what Gordon said to me himself; and he's as likely, I should say, as anny man living to know what he's talking about.'

The whole point of view was a novel one to Linnell. 'If I thought that,' he answered rather low, 'I should feel happier in my mind than I've felt for years. I've always had my doubts about my father's fortune.—But let's change the subject. I'm sick and tired of it.'

THE POPULATION OF THE UNITED STATES.

THE August number of the *Lottery Magazine* of 1776 contains a remarkable estimate—remarkable for its closeness of the future population of 'Our Colonies in North America.' The editor of the journal, which was published in London, in speaking of the comparative populations of Great Britain and North America, calculated that in 1892 the 'colonies aforesaid' would have a population of 64 million. Not even the writer of the last century had probably an idea that his estimate would come so near the mark as the last census of the United States has shown it to be. According to the figures given by the Census Office at Washington, the population of the United States, on June 1, 1890, when the census was taken, was 62,622,250, and, including white persons in Indian Territory and Indians on reservations and in Alaska, the population will probably

reach in round numbers 63 million, so that the estimate of 64 million for 1892 will not be far wrong. This by itself might be looked upon as a lucky coincidence, were it not for the fact that the writer in question was pretty correct in his estimates for the intervening periods. Upon the somewhat crude basis of doubling the population once in twenty-five years, and without giving any reason for his method of calculation, the writer made up a schedule which, when compared with the United States census returns for the corresponding periods, has proved a correct one.

Leaving, however, the old writer and his speculative estimates, and turning to official data, we find that a general law governs the increase of population. That law is that, when not disturbed by extraneous causes, such as wars, epidemics, immigration, and emigration, increase of population goes on at a continually diminishing rate. Taking the last thirty years, for example, figures, which are stubborn facts, show that in the decade from 1860 to 1870 the increase of population in the United States was 26.6 per cent.; from 1870 to 1880, 25.9 per cent.; from 1880 to 1890, 24.8 per cent. The operation of the law of increase in the United States has been interfered with in recent years by the late war, which, besides the destruction of a vast number of lives, decreased the birth-rate very materially during its progress. It was followed by an increased birth-rate, as is invariably the case under similar circumstances. The normal rate of increase has also been, and is, greatly interfered with in the States by immigration, and it is difficult to estimate the effect of this incident upon the rate of increase.

It would be outside the scope of this *Journal* were we to enter into details respecting the actual numbers of the population as a whole, and as presented by the returns from the various States of the Union; but a broad view may be taken of the facts disclosed by them. In the returns published by the Census Office, the States are grouped as North Atlantic, South Atlantic, Northern Central, Southern Central, and Western. This grouping is a natural one, and by its aid certain characteristic features in the development of the United States are brought out. They are full of interest, and show the great migratory movement which is going on in the country. The North Atlantic section is primarily a manufacturing division. As a necessary result of the predominance of manufacturing, there is a great development of urban population; indeed, more than half of the inhabitants of this section are concentrated in cities. The predominant industry of the Northern Central States, on the other hand, is agriculture, although in many of these States manufactures are gaining prominence. The industries of the South Atlantic and Southern Central divisions are still almost entirely agricultural; while in the Western States and Territories the leading industries are agriculture, mining, and grazing. In the course of the settlement and development of a

new country, the industries commonly follow one another in a certain order. After the hunter, trapper, and prospector, who are generally the pioneers, the herdsman follows, and for a time the raising of cattle is the leading occupation. As settlement and population become less sparse, cattle-breeding is followed by agriculture, which in its turn, as the population becomes more dense, is succeeded by manufactures, and, as a consequence, the aggregation of the people in cities. In the United States all stages of this progress may still be observed at the present day.

In Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont, the rate of increase which took place between 1870 and 1880 has not been quite maintained in the succeeding decade. This was probably due to a large migration of the farming population to the Far West, manufactures not having yet assumed sufficient importance. In the other States of the North Atlantic section, with the exception of Rhode Island—namely, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania—the manufacturing industries have gained such prominence that they have not only sufficed to maintain the former rate of increase, but even to augment it. In the Northern Central group of States various conditions prevail. In Ohio, Indiana, Iowa, Missouri, and Illinois, if Chicago is left out of consideration, the rate of increase has declined very decidedly. The cause of this is that in those States agriculture, still the prominent industry, has begun to fall off, owing to the sharp competition of Western farms. The farming population has also migrated westward, and the growth of manufactures is not yet sufficiently rapid to repair the losses occasioned thereby. The southern portions of Michigan, Wisconsin, and Minnesota are under similar conditions; but the northern parts of these States, lying upon the frontier of settlement, have filled up with sufficient rapidity to repair either wholly or in part the losses of their southern portions. The growth of population has been most remarkable in Dakota, Nebraska, and Kansas. In Dakota it was in the decade 278 per cent.; in Nebraska, 134 per cent.; in Kansas, 43 per cent. This increase has, however, not been uniformly maintained during the ten years. The industries of these States are almost exclusively agricultural, and are dependent on the supply of moisture, either in the form of rain or irrigation. Through these States passes what is known as the sub-humid belt, a strip of country several degrees in width, in which during rainy years there is an abundance of moisture for the needs of the crops; while in the years when the rainfall is below the average the supply is deficient. Little provision has yet been made in this region for artificial irrigation, the settlers having thus far been content to depend upon rainfall. In the early part of the decade the settlers flocked in large numbers into this region, drawn thither by the fertility of the land and by the fact that for a few years the rainfall had been sufficient for the needs of agriculture. During the past two or three years, however, the conditions of rainfall have materially changed. It has fallen below the normal rate, and the settlers have been forced to emigrate. Thousands of families have abandoned the region, and have gone to Oklahoma and the Rocky Mountain region.

Throughout the South Atlantic and Southern Central States the rate of increase has diminished, and in most of them very materially. A certain reduction in the percentage of increase, especially in the eastern part of these regions, was to be expected. It was due not only to the operation of the general law mentioned, but also to the fact that there has been considerable migration from the States east of the Mississippi River to the westward, and but little immigration. Taken together, however, these two causes by no means account for the reduction in the rate of increase in these States, the real cause, it is stated, being the imperfect conditions under which the census of 1870 was taken. These imperfections resulted in giving a comparatively low rate of increase between 1860 and 1870, and an exaggerated growth between 1870 and 1880. The industries of these two sections are almost purely agricultural. During the past ten years manufactures have obtained a slight footing, and mining has made considerable progress in the mountain regions; but these causes have thus far produced but a comparatively trifling movement of population. The urban population, although great in proportion to that which existed formerly, is very small compared with the rural population of the region.

In the Western section, finally, of the United States the conditions of growth have been very varied. In the earlier years of the past decade, the discovery of valuable silver and copper mines in the mountains of Montana, in the neighbourhood of Butte, have drawn to that State a large immigration, which is engaged not only in mining but in developing its rich agricultural resources. Wyoming has continued to grow with accelerated rapidity. The census of Colorado in 1880 was taken at the full tide of a mining excitement which had filled its mountains with miners, prospectors, and speculators, increasing its population enormously, especially in those districts. The census of the State taken in 1885 was a surprise. It showed that most of the mining counties had lost in population during the preceding five years. This loss was, however, more than made up by the growth of its cities and its agricultural counties. The census of 1890 shows a still further decrease of population in the mining districts of the State, and an extraordinary development of its urban population and its farming element. New Mexico, Arizona, and Utah show rates of increase which are small when the sparsely settled condition of these Territories is considered, while Nevada exhibits an absolute diminution of population. Idaho has increased its population two and a half times. Its prosperity is chiefly due to its mines, although its inhabitants are now turning to agriculture in considerable numbers. The progress of Washington has been phenomenal, the population in 1890 being nearly five times that of 1880. The inducements which have attracted settlers are principally its fertile soil and ample rainfall, which enable farming to be carried on without irrigation over almost the whole State. The growth of Oregon, although less rapid, has been at a rate of nearly 80 per cent. California, the population of which increased 54 per cent. in the ten years from 1870 to 1880, has maintained during the past decade a rate of increase of nearly

40 per cent. This increase, although widespread throughout the State, has been most marked in its great cities and in the southern part.

Such have been the leading features in the growth of the United States during the past ten years. The future increase in the population of the country is a problem which deserves brief reference, and in this connection we cannot do better than quote the authority of General Walker, who filled the post of Superintendent of the Census Office before its present holder, Mr Robert P. Porter, was appointed. General Walker, dealing with the causes affecting the ratio of increase or decrease of population as early as 1873, states it as his opinion that these causes are likely to continue, and even operate with increasing effect in the immediate future. Some have placed the population of the United States in 1900 at 100 million. This, according to General Walker's showing, is an exaggerated figure, which may be brought down by operating influences, not only to 90 million, but even to 80 million, 75 million, or as low as 70 million. There has been in recent years a remarkable change in the conditions affecting the increase of population. It commenced when the people of the United States began to leave agricultural for manufacturing pursuits, to turn from the country to the town, to live in big houses, and to follow the fashion of foreign life. The first effects of this change were hidden from the common sight by a flood of immigration unprecedented in history. Even its more recent and more extensive effects have been so obscured by the smoke of war that the public mind still fails to comprehend the full significance of the decline in the rate of increase, and vaguely attributes the entire loss of population to the Rebellion. But a close observer must discern causes working within the nation which render it little less than absurd any longer to apply the former rates of growth to the computation of the increase of the population of the United States. General Walker concludes by stating that the best of probable good fortune will hardly carry the population of the country beyond 75 million by the close of the century.

MY AUNT CECILIA.

CHAPTER III.

WHAT passed between us during the hour which followed my return I do not clearly recollect. Aunt Cecilia had sent the servants to bed as soon as it grew dusk, and had herself set the gate and front-door open, so that I might find a ready entrance at whatever hour of the night I might return. She said not a word of the agony of suspense she had undergone; she uttered no syllable of reproach; it seemed, indeed, as if she held herself largely to blame for my escapade, on the ground that if she had shown me more sympathy, my resentment would never have grown to such a height. After the evening on which I returned she never alluded to the subject; nor showed that she recollected it, except that once or twice when, in the midst of some indifferent conversation, she thought a chance allusion had recalled it to my mind, I

observed that she was at some pains to treat me with especial kindness.

Two days after my return I received a very friendly letter from Sinclair. 'How could I imagine,' he wrote, 'that you were going off in that headlong way? I don't even yet know whether you reached home safely; or that your bones are not lying now at Hindhead, picked clean by some beast of prey. Perhaps you were right to go back. I did wrong, I know, to lead you into this prank; and I am heartily sorry for the anxiety we must have caused your aunt. Tell her so, will you? The dear old uncle slated me heavily when I got here; and when he heard about your going back, he drew comparisons which were not at all favourable to me. He is going up to town to-morrow, and I fancy may look in upon your aunt.—Write to me, old boy, if you really did get home, and tell me you are safe.'

I passed the letter over to Aunt Cecilia, who read it in silence. 'You must bring your friend here some day, Osmond,' she said; 'I think I should like him.'

'I am sure you would. Everybody does. He is so strong and handsome.'

'Never mind his looks, child. I don't value beauty much in a man. Still, I think I should like to know him.'

'What do you think the admiral is coming here for?' I asked.

'Vain child!' she said mockingly, 'must I tell you that it is to see you he comes?'

'I don't see why he should,' I said, still unconvinced.

'Then let us give up wondering about the matter, and wait till he arrives.'

This he did late in the afternoon, and was shown at once into the drawing-room, where Aunt Cecilia sat. I was in the garden, and a servant was sent for me. I hastened into the house, and as I entered the room, heard the admiral's great voice saying: 'He behaved atrociously. I told him so, as plainly as I could; and I really think he was sorry. He's a good lad in the main; it is thoughtlessness which leads him wrong.'

'I am sure it was nothing more,' said Aunt Cecilia. 'After all, you know, one would not like a boy better if he were always so very prudent.'

The admiral stared hard at her, and then broke into a great laugh. 'Oh, I know. I was a wild slip of a lad myself once, and nearly broke my poor father's heart.'

He checked himself suddenly, observing me.

'But here's a boy who was man enough to own he was wrong and to come back to his punishment,' he said. 'I like that.—I like your pluck, my lad. I wish my boy had shown the same sense of discipline. All the same I hope you were flogged.—I hope you flogged him, Miss Winter?'

Aunt Cecilia shook her head with a smile; and

the idea of her castigating me struck me as so ludicrous that I laughed.

'There are other ways of maintaining discipline,' said my aunt; 'I like those better.'

'Eh, what! Other ways?' said the admiral. 'I don't know about that. I've tried pretty nearly all in my time; and in my opinion there's nothing like a rope's end.—However, that's not what I wanted to say.'

He got up and stood on the hearthrug, placing both hands on my shoulders. 'Now,' he said, 'Miss Winter, look at this lad; strong, active, well grown. He's headstrong; but so are half the best men in the world. What an officer he would make! He's cut out for the navy; and his heart is in it too, the rogue! See how he flushes at the notion! Give him to me, Miss Winter. I'll see him through his examinations. He shall work with his friend; and I will make it my care to see that they both start fairly in the service with every advantage I can give them.'

Aunt Cecilia covered her eyes with her hand and did not speak for a few minutes. 'You do not know what you are asking, Admiral Sinclair,' she said at last in a voice which trembled, notwithstanding all her efforts to steady it.

'I do, my dear Miss Winter,' he said, sitting down beside her, and speaking in a tone into which he threw great consideration.—'I do indeed. I have seen over and over again how hard it is for a fine lad to be spared for a life of action and adventure, even when he is only one among a large family; and of course the pain of letting your boy go must be infinitely greater.'

'It is not that,' she cried. 'God knows I would make a greater sacrifice than that, if a greater there be, for his ultimate advantage.'

'I am sure of it, dear madam,' said the admiral. 'Then let me have the boy. He shall spend all his leisure time with you; he shall come to you on every holiday. I will take only the time necessary for his professional advancement. You cannot always keep him by you; the time of parting must come; and if he is to leave you, is it not better for him to go to friends who will teach him to be a pride and an honour to you, and of service to his country? You have done very kindly by the lad; made him a brave and manly little fellow; don't deprive the country of just the kind of lad it wants.'

'Admiral Sinclair,' said my aunt, speaking once more in her fine collected voice, 'I am not opposing your generous offer from any caprice, but on grounds which I think final. It may be that I overrate the importance of these reasons; and I would very willingly consult you about them, if you will allow me. I feel the want of good advice.'

'I am quite ready,' said the admiral. 'Shall we send the boy away?'

'Yes,' said my aunt.—'Osmond, I do not wish you to hear my reasons. You must go away, child, and trust us to do the best for your interest.'

I returned to the garden, where I remained for nearly an hour wandering about, anxious and miserable. At last I was summoned to the drawing-room, where I found the admiral with a perplexed look of distress on his face, standing on the hearth-rug hat in hand.

'Osmond,' said my aunt, 'Admiral Sinclair agrees with me; and he has kindly remained in order to tell you so.'

'Yes, yes,' the admiral said. 'Tis a thousand pities; but I agree with your aunt, my boy. The navy is no career for you. A fine officer lost, too! God bless my soul, how sorry I feel about it all.—And Harry, poor fellow, he had set his heart on having you with him!—Well, it's God's will, I suppose, and we must bow before that!'

Up to that moment I had entertained some hope that the admiral's solicitations might prevail, and the disappointment was very severe.

'I am much obliged to you for all you meant to do for me, sir,' I said, in as steady a voice as I could; 'and please, tell Sinclair I should have liked to work with him if I could.'

The admiral looked at me, and then at my aunt. I suppose both noticed how hardly I bore the disappointment, for she came and stood beside me, laying her arm across my shoulder. 'Tell him I am right, admiral,' she said—'that I am doing kindly by him.'

'She is thoroughly right, Osmond,' said the admiral with conviction; 'and more than that, my boy, I tell you that not one woman in ten thousand would do for you what your aunt has done. You will understand it all some day; and in the meantime take my word that if you and she live for fifty years yet, you will hardly be able in that time to repay all the kindness you owe her.'

'I believe it, sir,' I said, impressed by the gravity of his manner.

'And now, good-bye, my boy,' he said, shaking hands. 'I would have helped you if I could; but it was not to be.—Come and see me when you can; and be good to your aunt all your days.' In another minute he was gone.

'Now,' I said, 'Aunt Cecilia, tell me what this means. There is some secret which I ought to know.'

'There is a secret,' she admitted; 'but I don't think you are old enough to know it yet. I shall tell it to you when you are fit to draw good instead of trouble from it.'

'Can't I do that now?'

'I cannot tell,' she said, shaking her head. 'I think not.'

I knew it was useless to question her; and the subject thereupon dropped; but it continued to absorb my thoughts, and many an anxious hour was spent in pondering over the mystery.

Almost immediately after the events I have described I went to St Paul's School, and began a life which, between work and play, was so full and busy that I had little time for reflection; and though at intervals, especially when I received news of Sinclair or of the admiral, the whole question rose vividly in my mind again, it was for the most part laid aside with the quick forgetfulness of youth. At first I heard tolerably frequently from the admiral: whenever he came to town, little notes used to reach me from his club appointing an hour for me to go and dine with him. On these occasions he treated me most sumptuously; and used to send me home in a cab, with a cigar between my lips, and a general feeling that I was growing up fast.

After a very few months, however, the kind

old man received a foreign command; and Sinclair about the same time got through his examination, and went on board the *Britannia*. The admiral gave me a farewell dinner, which began very jovially, but ended dismally, since I knew it was the last of those evenings, which I had enjoyed so much. The old man sailed the following week; and I never saw him again; for it was his last voyage. He died, as he would have wished, at sea, and was buried in mid-ocean.

That did not happen for more than two years, however; and in the meantime many a package of foreign trinkets and curiosities reached us, to keep our faith in him alive. Of Sinclair I saw a good deal, for he never came to town without staying with us. My aunt liked him, as, indeed, everybody did. She gradually began to look on him as a protégé of hers, especially after the admiral's departure; and at last a room in the house was set apart for him, and he was permitted to come to us as he would to his own house.

I think he valued the privilege. As far as it was in his nature to attach himself to any one, he maintained his connection with us. Some links in the chain were strong enough, but there was a weak link in it, and when the time of stress came it snapped. As I look back now on the events of that distant time, I marvel that I could have misunderstood his easy nature far enough to expect any other result.

It happened in the second year after the admiral's departure, and when Sinclair's time of study on the *Britannia* was nearly over, that Aunt Cecilia fell into a weak and languid state of health which caused me some anxiety. It was summer-time, and the heat had set in early. Even in May the air around our house was close and stifling; and in June, the heat became almost unbearable. My aunt suffered from no positive ailment; but she lay day by day on the sofa, unable to continue the active occupations which she loved. The doctor looked grave, spoke of nervous debility, and insisted that she should remove to fresher, stronger air at once. My term at school was nearly over; I sacrificed the remainder, and we moved at once to a cottage near the village of Hartland, in North Devon.

My aunt bore the journey well; and when her sofa was drawn over to the window, whence she could see the blue water lapping and swirling round the bases of the cliffs and the gulls wheeling overhead, she seemed to be perfectly at ease.

'I shall grow strong quickly here,' she said. 'Throw the other window open, Osmond, and let me have the whole of the lovely air.'

She sat drinking it in for a long time in silence, looking from the sea towards me and back again to the sea in evident content and happiness. 'It will be dull for you, my boy,' she said at last. 'What will you do for amusement when you grow tired of your weary old aunt?'

'That never happens,' I said. 'But if it did, here is amusement enough at hand, for, since we arrived, I have had a letter from Sinclair.'

'Already!' cried she, much amused. 'Was there ever such a faithful pair of friends!'

'I don't know about that; perhaps not. At anyrate, he is yachting with a friend whom he

calls Dundas, and he proposes to cruise down this coast, in order, so he says, to satisfy himself personally as to how you are.'

'Very thoughtful of him,' said my aunt. 'And I am glad for your sake. Now, when he comes, you must go away with him for a few days. I shall get well quickly enough without you.'

'I don't know,' said I, willing to humour her. 'We shall see. Perhaps, if you are very well.'

At the end of a few days the improvement in Aunt Cecilia's health was very marked; the sofa was pushed aside, and a deep chair took its place. In a little while even that was empty for continually lengthening intervals; and my aunt took a good deal of exercise on the cliff, leaning sometimes on my arm and sometimes on a crooked stick.

We heard nothing of Sinclair for more than three weeks. One evening a note was brought to me by a shock-headed boy; and on opening it, I found Sinclair had arrived with his friend at the inn at Clovelly.

'I am too tired,' he wrote, 'to hunt you out to-night. But come over, like a good fellow, early to-morrow, and show me where you are staying. You might send me a line by this messenger to say how Miss Winter is. We have left the yacht at Appledore.'

It was a fine evening, and still early. I felt inclined for a walk; and I consequently dismissed the messenger and walked over to Clovelly, arriving at the inn towards nine o'clock. I found Sinclair and Captain Dundas at supper, and on seeing me my friend sprang up and greeted me effusively.

'This is really kind, Osmond,' he said.—'Dundas, this is my friend Winter, of whom I have spoken so much to you. Sit down, Osmond.—Waiter, lay a fresh cover for Mr Winter.'

There was no gainsaying him; I must needs join the meal. Captain Dundas seconded the invitation hospitably enough.

'Do you know, Mr Winter, it is solely on your account that we have come here?' said he. 'I wanted to go to Holland; but Sinclair insisted, and my wishes went to the wall.'

'That statement is not accurate,' said Sinclair, who was flushed and excited. 'It was not to see you so much as your aunt that I insisted on coming this way; and Dundas was by no means so indifferent as he chooses to represent.'

It was growing dark, and the lanterns were lighted on the boats lying in the harbour beneath us. Captain Dundas struck a match before he answered, and kindled a cigar; I saw by the flickering light of the vesta that his face wore an amused smile.

'Indifferent, no!' said he, puffing out a cloud of smoke. 'I wanted to go the other way; that isn't indifference. However, it's a fine coast.—How is your aunt, Mr Winter?'

'Better, thank you. Her health has improved wonderfully since we came here.'

'Then we will have some champagne in celebration of her recovery,' cried Sinclair; and without waiting to see how his suggestion was received, he pulled the bell violently and gave his order.

I shall never forget that supper party. It marks an era in my existence, not by virtue of

anything which occurred at it, for, though we became merry enough, our conversation was quite ordinary. It is not that the supper had any remarkable feature; but it lingers in my recollection as the festivities of a breaking-up party remain long after the distinction between the term which preceded and that which followed it have been wiped out of memory by the lapse of years. I often find it difficult to realise the careless outlook over life which was abruptly terminated so soon after that evening; but the vision of that little room at Clovelly will start up unbidden, the cheerful voices and the faint wash of the sea sound in my ears again, and I see through the open window the fishing-boats swinging at their anchors on the dark waters of the bay.

It was late when I rose to go, having invited both Sinclair and Dundas to visit us next day. Sinclair volunteered to accompany me a part of the way, and we set out together along the moonlit cliffs.

'This reminds me somehow of Hindhead,' said he, breaking a long silence.

'Does it? I wonder why. Oddly enough, I too was thinking of that evening.'

'It is just such a night,' he said. 'How clear it is! One can see an immense distance.'

I made no answer. The night was so still and beautiful that it seemed to check words.

'Osmond,' said Sinclair after another silence, 'have you ever heard your aunt speak of Dundas?'

'No. Why should she? She does not know him.'

'You are sure?'

'Of course I am.'

'Well, it was only an idea,' said Sinclair slowly. He stopped as he spoke, and added: 'I think I'll go back now. We shall be with you about four to-morrow.'

I stood and watched him as he strolled back towards the town. The moonlight was so bright that I could see him for a great distance, but at last a turn of the path hid him from my sight.

Late as it was when I reached the cottage Aunt Cecilia was still awake. I went to her room to bid her good-night, and was received with an inquiry 'Well?'

'They are coming over to dine to-morrow,' I said. 'Now, go to sleep, or you will be too tired to entertain them.'

'I am never tired now,' she said; 'the days pass so pleasantly that I gain strength continually.'

All the following morning we were busy with preparations for our guests. I went down to bathe late in the day, and when I returned found Sinclair waiting in the garden.

'Hallo! you are rather before your time,' I called out. 'But why don't you go in? And where is your friend?'

'He is with your aunt. There's a scene of some sort going on, and Dundas asked me to leave them.—Come back, Osmond; you had much better not go in yet.'

He tried to catch my arm, but I broke away and entered the cottage quickly.

As I passed through the hall I saw the table laid for dinner in the dining-room, glass and

silver sparkling in the sunshine. No one was there, but in the drawing-room up-stairs I heard voices; and I took the stair almost at a single bound, and threw the door wide open.

RAILWAY BOOKING CLERKS.

RAILWAY Clerks have to pass an examination and appear before the Board of Directors before they receive an appointment. A certificate of birth and testimonials as to character are also required. They are then registered, and will have to wait till a vacancy occurs, which may be either in the Goods or Passenger Department, and at any station along the line. The work of the clerical staff in the Goods Department is very similar to that in a merchant's office. There will be a chief clerk, perhaps a cashier, and invoice, abstract, and ledger clerks. Their hours are regular, and they are a steadier lot of men than their confrères in the Passenger Department, and as a rule they get married sooner. The two branches are rather inclined to hold aloof from one another. They seldom frequent the same haunts, and their tastes seem to differ in the matter of enjoyment. The clerical staff in the Passenger Department consists of booking and parcels clerks; but except at large stations, the latter have to take their turn in booking, so can be classed under the same head. Booking Clerks are drawn from all classes, and mystery enshrouds many of them. If they are elderly, the chances are that they have been in some other line of business and failed, and through a little influence have managed to get on the line. They can be seen at all ages, sizes, and heights. The six-foot-two-inches man will take his turn with a lad a trifle over four feet; and the thin delicate lad weighing seven stone will change duty with a man turning the scale at sixteen or seventeen stone. Some can show a pedigree that a Highlander might envy; and others—well, would rather not have theirs inquired into. Officers in the army who have met with reverses or misfortune have been known to accept the post of booking clerk. One such was some years ago at a large station in the West Riding, and was recognised by an old private who had served under him, and who addressed him by his military rank. It was very gallant to him that he should be recognised, and still more so that his fellow-clerks should know what he had intended keeping secret. Sons of officers, parsons, and doctors abound in the service; but they do not always take kindly to their work, and seldom rise to any position.

One station-master in Yorkshire had the misfortune to have two young fellows of this class in his booking office together. One of them spent his time in reading a Greek Testament and chewing tobacco; the other would not book the passengers, on the ground that he had been sent there to learn the work, not to do it. He was supposed to be some distant connection of a

peer, and as such, thought it beneath his dignity to dole out twopence-halfpenny tickets. The clerks that had been sent to that station had all turned out badly for some time past, and the station-master got tired of reporting, as he feared that each new-comer would be worse than the one removed. Besides, constant reporting of the staff gets one into bad odour with the officials at headquarters. The aristocratic gentlemen, however, left in time, and severed their connection with the railway.

The hours on duty of a booking clerk are usually ten a day; but they are at very irregular times. This is on account of trains starting to run as early as five A.M. and continuing till midnight. There must be always some one to book the passengers; and as there are nineteen hours to cover, and in many cases only two clerks, they have to work as best they can that both may have time for their meals.

'The booking clerk is late again,' is a remark often heard when the first train in the morning is due out and no one appears to book it. The passengers begin to lose patience; but at the last minute the clerk is seen rushing to the office door, and in a few seconds the window is up, and the click of the stamping press is heard going at lightning speed. It is surprising how many people can be booked in a minute if they will but ask plainly for their ticket and tender the right fare. The clerk knows this, and gauges his time so nicely, that a minute or two is all he allows himself to send his customers on their way, not rejoicing, but grumbling at his delay in turning up. He has had no time for morning ablutions, and generally looks very seedy, and gets the discredit at once of being a dissipated creature. Old women are apt to lecture him if he is a young man; but they get a Roland for their Oliver, for the juvenile booking clerk is not without impudence, and does not fear to indulge in it during the early hours of morning when no officials are about. After the first train has gone, and should there be a long interval before another is due, he will conclude his night's rest on the counter or table, and will condescend about 7 A.M. to perform his morning toilet. The country clerk having not even mild dissipation to keep him up at night, gets to bed in good time, and arrives at his work in the morning as most men should; but the booking clerks in London and the large towns are fond of life; their very occupation has a tendency to make them want enjoyment. They have assisted during the day in sending hundreds away on pleasure, and when night comes they go in for a little themselves. The juvenile booking clerk is often very loud in his dress, at least when off duty, and even while booking, rings, chains, and studs are a prominent feature of his *tout ensemble*. There are exceptions, of course, to this remark, but most of the large offices can count one or two heavy swells amongst their number. They patronise theatres largely, having often the privilege of free tickets, and are great patrons of the music hall and other public

concert-rooms. But age tones down their gaiety, as it does every class of men, and by the time a booking clerk gets to be thirty, he is a more steady-going citizen, even though he is still a bachelor.

As before observed, the clerks in the Goods Department are married sooner than those of the booking office. This is not for want of opportunities of knowing the fair sex, or from any backwardness on the part of the clerks. It may be that they have too many irons in the fire, and among them cannot make a choice. They are great admirers of the fair sex, and the latter seem to reciprocate this feeling. The booking-office window is often blocked in the evening with two or three young ladies anxious to know all about booking and the mysteries of the booking office, which is supposed to be very private, as this word is generally painted in large characters on the door. This little entertainment goes on till some old curmudgeon, tired of waiting, calls out: 'Now, young man, take those girls inside and do your courting there;' and the interview ends.

Booking clerks are fairly good-tempered, and indeed they should be, for if any one wants a chance to see how cross-grained, obstinate, and despotic the travelling public often are, let him spend a day at a booking-office window, and he will soon see what a clerk has to put up with. At six o'clock in the morning, when all the cash is locked up and cannot be got at, a passenger will tender a sovereign for a ticket costing a few pence. The clerk has no change, and tells the passenger so, who will demand a ticket, which of course he does not get. He then threatens to report the matter to headquarters. Seeing the clerk still obdurate, he will start abusing him; and the chances are that hard words are bandied between them. The matter will probably be reported, and there it will end. A lady arriving at the station three-quarters of an hour before her train is due commences a violent rapping at the window, which for a time will be unheeded; but eventually, under pressure of the aural nerves, the window is opened, and the said lady will demand why the window was not opened at her first rap.

'There is no train, madame, for three-quarters of an hour,' replies the clerk.

'Give me my ticket at once, and I will tell the Colonel of your rudeness.'

Another report to answer in due time.

'You told me, young man, that if I went by the ten o'clock train and changed at D— Junction I should get to B— at three o'clock; but I had to wait at the junction an hour, and did not get to B— till five o'clock. I missed a most important appointment, and shall sue the company for your carelessness in giving me wrong information.'

'I gave you the information from the time table, and I can do nothing else,' says the clerk.

'You seem to treat it in a very off-hand manner, and I shall therefore make a note of your indifference in my report,' replies the irate passenger; and another explanation will have to be given to headquarters.

The clerk may be in the right in every instance; but these constant reports are unfortunate for him, as his name gets known in con-

nection with these complaints; and when he does happen to be in the wrong, he gets dealt with more severely than he would were his name not so well remembered.

There are often letters in the papers complaining of the dishonesty of these clerks. That there are such characters among them their own body will be the first to admit; but the accusation is far too general. But the dishonesty is not always on one side. If the clerk makes an error, either wilfully or inadvertently, the passenger can make a complaint, and the books will be examined; but if the passenger tries to 'do' the clerk, and succeeds, what remedy has the latter when the train has gone? for mistakes are seldom found out till all is booked up. He does not write to the papers regarding the dishonesty of the public, but puts up with the loss, knowing that it was owing to his own carelessness. Many young men, in fact it can be said that all of them suffer losses in this way the first few months that they are in a booking office; and where there is a heavy traffic and the fares are long, a slight error will often mean a serious loss. The work of a booking clerk is to be quick and exact at issuing tickets and accurate in giving change; and this ability has to be learned. His whole mind must be on his work, and he should not indulge in talking to passengers, for then a mistake is easily made. When excursions to race-meetings are on, he must be particularly sharp, for he will have to deal with men who are up to every dodge in bewildering a man when he is giving change. Bad money is generally about at these times, so that he has to keep an extra lookout on every coin; and when it is known that he has to make good all deficiencies on whatever account, that his salary is small, it cannot be said that he has much favour shown him. Let him, however, be intent on swindling the public, it will not end there. He will try his luck on his fellow-clerks, and for a time will succeed; but soon small amounts will not satisfy him; and at length suspicion is aroused, and all his transactions are marked; and there are means by which it can all be brought home to him. Dismissal will be his punishment, and for want of a character nothing but manual labour will be open to him as a means of livelihood.

There are stations on most lines that have a bad name through having clerks who have been proved dishonest, and the post of booking clerk at such places is hard to fill. It takes years of good character to redeem the name of such a station.

Although female clerks are very common on the continental railways, they do not exist in this country. Only one has been known to hold the position of booking clerk on an English railway, and she may be holding it yet. It is admitted that the fair sex make very good clerks as far as book-keeping and the routine work of an ordinary office is concerned; but in public offices they do not prove equal to the sterner sex. They stand too much on their dignity, and their duties are gone through with an air of condescension that ill befits a public servant.

Booking clerks being generally cool customers, have very little fear of their superior officers. The Superintendent, General Manager, or the whole Board of Directors might walk into his

office, and he would be very little concerned at their visit; but when a gentleman with a black case walks in about nine o'clock in the morning and demands his cash, he shows visible signs of being affected at the visit. This gentleman is the District Auditor, and he has a habit of popping in when least expected. If the clerk's cash is not right or his books not properly kept, it will be a hot day for him. It is seldom that the cash does come out exactly right; and as the Auditor comes expecting to find a rogue, a few pence one way or the other is quite enough to make him think he has found one.

Why they should be so overbearing and suspicious, it is hard to tell; but as their success in the auditing line is only visible by exposing dishonesty, they appear to show their anger more from a feeling of disappointment at not finding any than anything else. A good case of embezzlement which has tested their acumen to find out, has been known to give these gentlemen angelic smiles. But they are not all of this character, though most railway men will say that the majority are. It must be borne in mind that in the course of a year's auditing they find a great many cases against the clerks which approach very near the act of embezzling, besides many in which the clerks are eventually prosecuted and punished; and this fact may make them naturally suspicious, as men have gone wrong on whom they could once place implicit reliance. When, therefore, this gentleman has done his work and retires for another six months, there is general rejoicing amongst the clerks.

The keeping up of the stock of tickets necessary at large stations is generally left to the senior clerk, and it has to be done very carefully, for there is sure to be a sharp reprimand if tickets to any station are allowed to run out. It would be difficult to approximate the value of all the tickets in an ordinary booking office; but some idea may be formed when it is stated that the average number of tickets in an office will be between two and three hundred thousand, at fares ranging from one penny to three pounds or more. The numbers of the tickets as they stand every night at the time of closing the books are taken down, and the number taken the night before is subtracted from it, and the difference is carried out at the fare; this shows the day's earnings. Passengers often notice a mark on their tickets in black, blue, or red pencil, or sometimes a corner may be turned down. This is done when the numbers are taken, and the clerk can see at a glance if he has left any out; but there are different systems on different railways. Easy though the life of a booking clerk may appear, he has work sufficient to do in the course of the day. Railway companies are not in the habit of paying more men than are required to do certain work; in fact, offices and stations are generally under-staffed, and in some cases clerks have to work fourteen and sixteen hours a day when the monthly returns are due in. Care, however, sits lightly on the average railway clerk, and if he is not sensitive to the rebuffs that he is sure to get from all quarters, his life will be a fairly happy one. To be a station-master is generally the aim of the ordinary clerk, and in time the appointment may come; but he must have great faith in the French

proverb which says, 'All things will come to the man who knows how to wait,' for wait he will certainly have to, and probably for a very indefinite period.

THE STORM IN WHICH H.M.S. *SERPENT* WENT DOWN.

I HAVE so often now spent the winter in the island of the Hesperides—truly an island of the blessed as far as climate is concerned—that being by nature a thoroughly good sailor, I find myself giving much less of thought to the voyage there than many of my friends give to the idea of a crossing from Dover to Calais. When I first began my voyages to the Canary Islands, there was a certain amount of difficulty in getting there; few steam-lines called there, and there was a pleasing uncertainty whether, allowing that one ever arrived, one ever would find a way to get home again. All that is now quite changed. The only difficulty now is to decide on which of the many excellent lines to go by. I have tried most of them, and can speak from experience of the comfort of them all, and the kind attention of officers, stewards, and stewardesses to their passengers.

It was early on the morning of the 7th of November 1890 that I and my party started from London to go by train to Southampton, whence we were to start for the Canaries. The weather in London looked gray and threatening, and the wind, which had been very high all night, blew in fitful gusts, making the hearts of those of our party who were not good sailors sink within them. By the time we arrived at our destination, however, the sun had broken through the clouds, and all looked delightfully calm and promising. Our good ship, quietly reposing on the land-locked waves of Southampton Water, looked so strong and clean and comfortable, and our welcome on board was so kindly, that the hearts of the most timid of us were reassured, and we set to work to settle ourselves down in our various cabins and berths in good spirits, getting all comfortably settled before our vessel steamed away from the port. Southampton Water is pretty well land-locked, and though the wind was high, the sun was bright, cheering us, and inspiring us with the hope of a prosperous if rather rough voyage. However, as the ship ploughed her way down towards the more open sea, we began to realise how rough it was going to be; and the result of the good ship's rolls and plunges was that very soon the hitherto cheerful passengers became silent and one by one vanished to their cabins. By dinner-time only about half-a-dozen passengers were able to appear. The rolling and pitching of the vessel increased very much, and even we good sailors spent a most uncomfortable night from the difficulty of sticking in our berths. The sea was a grand sight on Saturday, though very few of the passengers ventured on deck, nor was it easy to keep one's footing in moving about.

Towards evening the wind freshened very much, and we began to make up our minds to another night of rocking about and discomfort; but how miserable it was to be, we luckily had no notion. Some of the passengers

fancied the night would be less alarming and their sufferings less if they did not go to their own berths, and leave was granted them to remain in the ladies' cabin. The ladies' cabin was on deck, at the head of the stairs leading down to the dining saloon and other cabins. They remained in this cabin until about midnight, when they found everything was becoming damp and miserable, owing to some water having forced its way through the woodwork at the sides of the windows. It was most providential that they moved, and one shudders to think what the result would have been had they remained until the catastrophe I am now going to relate.

The waves had long been washing right over the deck. It was curious for us who were below to watch them, curling white-crested and lighted up from the light below, and beating against the skylights of the passage that ran from the dining saloon between the passengers' cabins to the stern. The cabin I shared with my companion was an inside one, lighted by a flat skylight in the deck. It was a strange and weird sensation looking up at the water washing and breaking over this skylight, and feeling how slight a thing was between us and that terrible masterful sea. But so well used am I to the sea, and so trust inspiring was our good captain and all his officers, that a sort of strange interest and excitement was my only feeling, and beyond a hope that the storm would soon blow itself out, I had no special anxiety or fear.

Suddenly, however, all this was changed. A tremendous crash, which sounded something like the report of a huge cannon, was heard, followed by a deluge of water; and then another, flooding the dining saloon and the passage beyond. The consternation amongst the passengers may be imagined, though to all questions as to whether we were in danger, kindly and encouraging answers were given us by the officials; and at the worst, nothing was ever acknowledged as to our danger, the answer to all questions as to whether we were sinking or in great danger being always, 'Not as yet.' What our feelings were as we saw the cruel cold waves curling over and absolutely breaking in upon us, are beyond description. None of us who went through it will ever forget that time, nor how quick our thoughts flew, home to loved ones, out into futurity, upwards to God and His mercy.

Not long after this first crash—which we afterwards learned was caused by one of the windows of the ladies' saloon having been forced in by a huge wave, which carried the broken window, frame and all, and dashed it against the mirror on the opposite side, smashing it to pieces—another tremendous noise was heard, and in a few minutes the engines stopped. It was as if the life of the ship had suddenly come to an end; the vibrating beat of the screw ceased, and soon the electric light—with which all the ship was lighted—began to burn dim. It was a strange and terrible sensation to feel ourselves tossing and tumbling about at the mercy of the waters, and to hear nothing but the roar of the wind and the boom of the waves as they struck against the ship, like hungry wolves longing to tear her in pieces, while the water in the saloon and passage rushed and splashed with every plunge of the vessel.

All at once, as suddenly as they had stopped, the engines began to move again, the light brightened, the good ship seemed to shake herself together, and was soon battling bravely with her enemies, and steaming hard ahead, going as fast as possible, as we were told, to take us beyond the range of the storm.

The explanation of the second loud crash and the terrible *faint* of the ship—for the ceasing of the engine's beat and the slowly growing darkness was like nothing else—was that a wave had carried in one of the skylights of the engine-room and the waters had flooded out the fires. We passengers never had an exact explanation of all that happened; probably it was thought better for the nerves of those who had a long voyage before them not to dwell too much on dangers past; but we could not find fault with that, enjoying as we did all the kindly efforts to make us comfortable and repair the damage and discomfort of the storm; and even when all danger was past, much discomfort remained. The skylights of two of the inner cabins were burst open and everything flooded a foot deep; and as this happened when the worst of the danger was past and the engines bravely carrying us away from danger and the storm, it required some philosophy to watch one's shoes bobbing about like boats; one's boots floating around, toes up and heels down, till they filled and settled; and one's various 'draperies and naperies' fished out of the sea-water and wrung out, to remain for many a day damp and sticky and unpleasant. But if one was tempted to repine, one had only to think of that awful quarter of an hour when the life of the ship seemed stopped, and our lives seemed as if to hang but by a thread; and as we thankfully felt the good ship plunging her way along, bearing us to solid land and comfort, all temptation to grumbling left us.

As soon as things were right in the engine-room, all steam was put on to carry us out of the Bay of Biscay and beyond the region of the storm; and very delightful it was when we at last reached finer and calmer weather. Far from having been delayed by the storm, we reached our destination some hours before we were expected. It was some days after my arrival in the *Isle de los Hesperides* that we heard of the fate of H.M.S. *Serpent*, and learned that our storm had gone on raging after we ourselves had reached smooth water.

MUSIC AMONG THE WILD CATTLE.

IN reading lately Bret Harte's story of Gabriel Conroy, I came to his graphic account of Poinsett's adventure with the cattle on the Californian plain, and it recalled so vividly a little experience of my own in the Rocky Mountains that I am tempted to tell it.

My brother and I were spending part of September in one of the loveliest of the parks of Colorado. Our home was a quaint log ranch, containing the eating and sitting rooms, with small wooden houses grouped around, each containing one or more sleeping apartments. It lay at the far end of the park, nestling under the huge mountains which form the buttresses of

the storm-beaten giant known as Long's Peak. Summer visitors had departed, and we had the ranch to ourselves, barring one consumptive American, who found life more bearable in the clear mountain air than in the plains below.

My brother is an untiring fisherman, and the river running through the park supplied him with endless occupation; so I had to seek amusement for myself, and found it in sketching, trying to catch some of the wonderful effects of colour, always varying on the forest-clad mountains.

Doubtless, many of my readers know what is meant by a mountain park; but for those who may not, I explain that the term is used for open ground enclosed between mountain ranges. This particular one is perhaps seven miles long, and at its widest a mile broad, but narrowing greatly in parts. The surrounding mountains form a complete wall, and, until very lately, it was considered inaccessible on all sides but one.

In my quest for sketchable bits, it was my fashion to start off on long expeditions by myself, which from the first greatly surprised the folks at the ranch, my hostess assuring me that no one but an English lady could be so brave. I catechised her closely as to possible dangers, Indians, bears, rattlesnakes, &c.; but no Indians were within thirty miles; bears seldom came down from the mountains so early, and rattlesnakes were fast disappearing. So reassured, I took my own way in peace, though after all tracks of a bear were found round the ranch the morning before we left. One morning, walking down rather a narrow part of the valley, I found my road disputed by some fifty or so mountain cattle, which had come down to graze, and were clearly puzzled at my appearance. They formed in line in a most steady way, and for a few minutes we stared at each other. I have always had a lively terror of loose cows, engendered probably by a childhood in the Channel Islands, where the gentle little animals are all tethered; so I disliked the position extremely. I had no weapon more formidable than a paint-brush, and was fortunately too frightened to run away. An inspiration came to me, and warily watching my enemies, I struck up the melody of the Soldiers' Chorus in 'Faust.' The effect was delightful. The creatures listened attentively for a few minutes, and then one after another quietly fell to grazing; whilst I walked through their midst after the fashion of the little pilgrim, 'singing on my way.'

A few days later I was returning to supper, when, about a mile from the ranch, I saw a far larger number of cattle massed across the way I had to go. Remembering my late easy disposal of the invaders I marched on nothing daunted, and when within easy hearing, struck up my 'Chœur de Soldats.' As before, the animals all faced about and gazed at me steadily; but, alas, instead of dispersing, they moved slowly towards me like a moving wall. Louder and louder I sang on, until, looking beyond and around me, I saw cattle everywhere all moving in my direction—up the slope from the river, down the mountains on my right, up the track I had come, cattle slowly but surely closing me in. They were not fierce in aspect, but looked at me with their great soft eyes in a meditative way; but still they came nearer and

nearer, a vast noiseless audience. I doubt if Patti ever held spell-bound a more attentive crowd than gathered round me on that lonely plain, with the great violet shadows of the mountains lying over us, and the golden glories of the setting sun blending rock, river, and cattle into a gleaming haze.

I dared not stop singing, as I saw clearly my song was my 'shibboleth,' without which I was an ordinary human intruder, to be treated as such. On the other hand, it was evident that the more I sang the more the herd gathered. Closer, closer they came, until I could feel their hot breath like a cloud round me, and then a gentle poke, now in the back, then in the shoulder, from their long horns. I am still convinced that their intentions were good; none the less it was evident there could be but one end of such an increasing pressure. For a moment I despaired, then, with considerable difficulty for lack of space, I opened my parasol, whirled it round and round before me with all the strange shouts I could invent, and charged straight at my foes. To my thankful surprise, the bewildered animals gave way one by one, and fairly made a lane, down which I rushed, brandishing my weapon. When free of them I dared to look back, to find them all steadily staring after me in dull amazement; but no one moved a step in pursuit of me. Five minutes later I met a mounted farm-servant with a long whip coming in search of me, having heard that the cattle had come down to graze. Near the ranch I met the mistress, quite in a state of agitation. She was much relieved at my appearance, and amazed at my story. Some weeks later, telling it to a Nebraska farmer, he told me the danger had been extreme; only the week before, he and some other mounted men having rescued barely alive a new-comer who had incautiously strayed into a cattle run. From being invariably driven by mounted men, the animals seem to have lost their belief in humanity on foot. 'Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast,' and to it I certainly owed my escape, the gratification of the ears making them oblivious of the use of their horns.

A HINT THAT NATURE LIVES.

NEVER did Cowper's lines impress me more forcibly than during a recent visit to some parts of the East End of London—

These serve him with a hint
That Nature lives; that sight-refreshing green
Is still the livery she delights to wear,
Though sickly samples of the exuberant whole.

In the narrow and dirty, nay, even in the narrowest and dirtiest of the streets through which we pass in Bow, Bromley, Millwall, Cubitt Town, Limehouse, and the adjacent neighbourhoods—even in such places as these we notice that quite two out of every three of the houses show that some attempt is being made by the inmates to get 'a peep at Nature when they can no more.' Many and varied were the examples of 'household horticulture' which I noted in passing through some parts of the districts named: one house would exhibit a window-garden in which nothing thrived; while the next would have all the available window-

space crowded with various plants, where, though blossoms might be somewhat scarce, the 'sight-refreshing green' that the poet speaks of was extremely welcome, and even to the passer-by afforded a delightful relief to the dull gray of the roads, pavements, houses, and all other surroundings. Even the sky was a dull gray overhead. The prevailing gray seems, indeed, to have coloured the lives of the inhabitants of this unhome-like neighbourhood (Isle of Dogs). When an artist feels inspired to paint a harmony in grays, he cannot do better than take train to Millwall on a dull, drizzly, afternoon—I have seen it under no other aspect—and set up his easel anywhere; if it should be mid-day, so much the better, for the streets are crowded then with gaunt gray dockers and grimy gray children.

Depressing though it is, a visit to this particular neighbourhood had also its pleasing side, from the additional evidence it gave of man's innate love of flowers and plants, and the lightness and brightness that they cannot fail to impart where grown with even the most moderate amount of success. Although here and there window-gardening was represented by two or three flower-pots containing, it may be, some long-suffering evergreens—scarce even the shadows of their former selves—that were dying as rapidly as drought and general inattention could make them; yet quite as often would we note such instances as that of a house where the narrow area with the window looking into it were turned into a veritable garden; two large pots or tubs of euonymus occupied the chief places in the area; while a rough staging was crowded with many and various plants, a similar stage being inside the window; while the whole thing was appropriately framed by a magnificent growth of Virginian creeper, which fairly covered the house-front.

Where the windows of the houses open directly on the street, they are often wholly masked up with fuchsias and geraniums trained fanwise across sticks, this often being done most successfully, the plants blooming profusely. One such window of fuchsias we specially noted in a back street of Bromley by Bow. It is in windows such as these, of which we get so close a view, that we often find evidence of curious tastes, notably when we find wretched ragged stuffed canaries fixed in the window-garden—though this perhaps should not be blamed, while the fashion of having stuffed kittens, squirrels, puppies on pen-wipers and photo-frames, is in vogue among people who not only pretend to 'good taste,' but to formulate those canons of good taste which they themselves so sadly offend. Some windows we would find, too, where, as though to make up for the deficiency of bloom, great red, white, and yellow rosettes of paper were stuck over the evergreens! Such cases as these, however, were rare; while the conscientious attempts at importing some slight bit of floral wealth into their homes were made by people on every side, and many a window showed evidence of it in the sturdy growth of the plants which grew in it.

A wonderful unanimity reigns on the whole among East End window-gardeners as to what they shall grow. By a method of selection

ending in the survival of the fittest, we find the plants reduced, as far as variety is concerned, mainly to three subjects—geraniums, fuchsias, and euonymus, although other plants less amenable to room-cultivation are by no means unrepresented. Of ferns, for instance, we find a goodly sprinkling—notably a large pot of hartstongue fern, which we saw on looking down an Isle of Dogs area; while hydrangeas, calceolarias, veronicas (fairly popular), saxifrages, sedums, and many more, are represented here and there by single specimens. Asters, too, are very well favoured, on account of their bright blossoms. But it is fuchsias and geraniums—the good old favourite 'scarlets' greatly preponderate—that unquestionably hold the premier place in the consideration of the East End window-horticulturist. The evergreen and ubiquitous euonymus is, however, steadily growing in favour as a town-plant, for which position, indeed, no other evergreen seems so admirably suited; and we have often wondered that this shrub, handsome, hardy, and evergreen, has not been more freely used in planting some of our thoroughfares and squares. It is a plant that seems to flourish in all circumstances, whether it be along the sea-front on our south-eastern coast, exposed to 'the wind that's good for neither man nor beast;' whether it be in a cramped and dusty front garden at Bow, or in a window-garden at Millwall.

Throughout the districts named, we find in almost every window at which we glance evidence of an inextinguishable love of flowers. Even the meanest attempts at gardening here are not to be despised.

A SUMMER WOOING.

A SONG.

Up and away!—up, up, and away!
The hedgerows are foaming with blossom to-day;
Its bonfires the golden gorse lights on the hill,
And the wanton wind's wooing wherever it will.

Up and away!—up, up, and away!
The cuckoo's name rings through the woodlands to-day;
The warm blood of Summer runs rioting through
The veins of each leaflet—then why not of you?

Up and away!—up, up, and away!
There's Passion and Poetry stirring to-day.
Half blinded with rapture, the heavy bees dart
From the lily's white breast to the rose's red heart.

Up and away!—up, up, and away!
The old world's begun a fresh courting to-day.
I wooed you all winter, but found you as cold
As the snowdrift that gleamed like a ghost on the
wold.

Up and away!—up, up, and away!
Your eyes tell me 'Yes,' though your lips say me
'Nay.'

The tears so long frost-bound, are ready to flow,
And she melts in my arms, my proud maiden of Snow!

M. HEDDERWICK BROWNE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 382.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, APRIL 25, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE TROUT-FISHINGS OF LOCHLEVEN.

By R. BURNS BEGG.

LOCHLEVEN derives its widespread popularity as 'the happy hunting-ground' of Scottish anglers both from its local position and from its natural character. Situated within rapid and easy reach of our chief commercial centres, it affords a convenient means, for securing that brief occasional relaxation from business which, in these days of high pressure and activity, is becoming more and more one of the necessities of modern life. Viewed in this light, anglers could scarcely desire a more convenient or agreeable resort. Independent of sport, the scenery around, although neither bold nor striking in its aspect, is far from being devoid of beauty and interest, and it exhales the very atmosphere of rural repose. Few scenes could more effectually tend to diffuse the complex and varied feelings of human nature over a wider, smoother, or more placid surface. Afloat on the waters of the loch, the angler can in one sweeping glance survey the sunny slopes of the verdant Ochils, the rugged fronts of the Lomond Hill and Benarty, and the long fertile and well-wooded strath extending towards Stirling with the Cleish Hills in mid-distance. Nor are the more immediate surroundings lacking in interest and attraction. In the centre of the loch nestles the hoary and picturesque ruin within whose walls the unfortunate Mary Stuart upwards of three centuries ago passed the first year of her lengthened captivity; while on the flat low-lying island of St Serf's, situated near the eastern extremity of the loch, there are still to be seen the ruined walls of the once important Priory in which Andrew de Wyntoun, nearly two centuries previously, penned his well-known *Cronykil of Scotland*. Kinross House, too, with its luxuriant woods, and the old county town of Kinross hugging the very margin of the water, impart to the scene a variety which tends to link the realities of to-day with the dim and hazy reminiscences of the past.

It is, however, neither with the picturesque beauties of Lochleven nor with its historical associations that we have here to deal; we propose rather to regard its attractiveness from a purely piscatorial point of view, and to treat of its merits simply and solely as a Brobdingnagian fishpond. It would indeed be difficult to find within the limits of the United Kingdom a sheet of water of equally large extent possessing greater fish-producing capabilities or affording better facilities for the sport of angling. Throughout its whole superficial area of from six to seven square miles, its basin, with the exception of a very limited portion to the south of St Serf's Island where the soundings are stated at upwards of eighty feet, is remarkably flat and uniform in its formation, the depth seldom exceeding twelve or fifteen feet; while the greater part is only from six to ten feet in depth. The bottom consists partly of shingle and partly of alluvial deposit, coated over with 'rannoch,' which during the summer months throws up its long green tendrils to the very surface of the water. The gently varying depth of the water affords unlimited scope for the angler; and in suitable weather, the long, far-reaching stretches of from six to ten feet in depth, which extend all along the eastern portion of the loch, seldom fail to yield excellent sport. Another circumstance which materially tends to maintain the productiveness of the loch is the fact that it belongs exclusively to one proprietor, Sir Graham Montgomery, who likewise owns almost the whole of the land by which it is surrounded. By this means uniformity of management is secured, and a fostering policy is rendered practicable—desiderata of the very utmost importance in the treatment of all angling waters.

Lochleven is a purely fresh-water lake, and so far as available to trout, it possesses no means of communication with the sea. Its sole outlet is the river Leven, which, starting from the south-eastern extremity of the loch, winds through Fifeshire until it empties itself into the Forth at the town of Leven. This stream may at some

remote period have afforded a means by which the fish of Lochleven might pass to and from the sea; but if so, it has for centuries back been rendered impassable by the obstructions both natural and artificial which have in the course of time become established all along its course. The denizens of the loch consist of trout, pike, perch, and eels. Each of these widely varying species attains to abnormal size in its waters, owing to the varied, abundant, and nutritious food which these supply. Trout have been occasionally caught weighing ten pounds and upwards; while the average weight is generally about one pound for each trout. Pike have been caught upwards of forty pounds in weight, while others of from twenty-five to thirty pounds were not infrequent; but in recent years, owing to the exterminating policy which has been prudently adopted, the specimens which have been secured of this 'fell tyrant of the watery plain' have become both much fewer in number and less remarkable in size. The perch, too, have become both smaller and fewer than they were a quarter of a century ago. At that time it was not an unusual occurrence to secure a cart-load in the course of a day's fishing with the net; and on one occasion (1855) even two cart-loads were caught in one day. In 1872 and 1873 from 400 to 722 perch were caught from one boat by angling. Since then, the 'takes' of perch have gradually diminished, and the capture now rarely exceeds two or three dozen at a time. An attempt is at present being made to 'cultivate' the perch, as it is thought that its young fry forms suitable and nutritious food for the trout. Eels are also very abundant in the loch, and attain to a considerable size; indeed, it has been found that, owing to this very cause, their marketable quality is seriously and injuriously affected. The largest eel weighed not less than $8\frac{1}{4}$ pounds; while $1\frac{1}{2}$ pounds may be stated as a fair average weight for each fish. The eels are entirely caught in traps at the outlet from the loch; and on an average of eight years terminating with 1872, the annual 'take' was not less than 5600 pounds.

It is, however, in the trout of Lochleven that the interest of the angler entirely centres. These have long formed a prolific and inexhaustible subject for discussion both among scientific ichthyologists and less reasoning sportsmen. Not a few of the former have maintained, on apparently reliable physiological data, that the trout owe their well-known superiority over all other fresh-water trout to the fact that they form a distinct and unique species (*Fario Levenensis*), approaching in their peculiar organic formation more nearly to salmon than any other lake trout—the trout of the Lake of Geneva only excepted. It has also been maintained that there are several, or at least more than one distinct species of trout common to the loch; and undoubtedly few of its angling frequenters can have failed to be struck by the marked diversity in colour and shape which is often displayed by the trout forming an ordinary average basket. Both of these con-

tentions are open to question; and by not a few experienced scientific authorities the diversity both in organic formation and in outward appearance is regarded simply as the natural results of the rich, varied, and abundant character of the food on which the trout subsist. This forms an interesting problem for scientific anglers to solve. The superiority of the trout is, however, a fact which cannot be questioned. It is displayed in their exquisite symmetry of form as well as in their flavour and colour; and what is of greater importance to the angler, it is displayed still more in their pluck and never-failing determination to 'die game.' With a trout weighing a pound or a pound and a half on his hook, the angler has a highly exciting and engrossing piece of work in hand; and the heartfelt satisfaction with which he slackens his line and relaxes his mental tension the moment he sees his lively captive within the meshes of the landing-net, is a sensation which may well be gratefully remembered, but can never be verbally depicted.

The wonderfully prolific character of Lochleven may be demonstrated by a simple reference to the weight and number of trout annually taken from its waters. In a small work published in 1874, '*The Lochleven Angler*, by an ex-President of the Kinross-shire Fishing Club,' there is collected together, in a concise and thoroughly readable form, a mass of reliable information bearing upon this marvellous sheet of water; and among other details we find that, towards the beginning of the present century, when the trout were captured exclusively with the net, the annual take ranged from 26,474 pounds as a maximum in 1819 to 17,904 pounds as a minimum in 1821, the average weight from 1812 to 1821 being nearly 21,000 pounds annually. At this period the superficial area of the loch was about one-fourth greater than it is now, a considerable reduction in its depth, and consequently in its extent, having been effected in 1830 by the completion of an extensive drainage scheme, promoted for the purpose of improving the water-supply of the various public works dependent on the river Leven. An alteration of so sweeping a character could not fail to affect seriously the capabilities of the loch, and the annual 'takes' since 1830 fall considerably short of those already referred to. Thus, in the ten years from 1845 downwards, the annual 'take' by netting ranged from 15,273 pounds in 1847 to 5844 pounds in 1850; while the average over the whole period amounted to 11,000 pounds, or only 500 pounds more than one-half of the annual average during the pre-drainage period. At this time the net still continued to be the sole means of capture, and therefore the comparison between the average annual result of the two periods clearly shows that the reduction in the 'outcome' from the loch was disproportionately greater than the mere reduction in its superficial extent. Fortunately, the change led to no deterioration in the quality or size of the trout. On the contrary, they seem rather to have improved in both respects, for the flavour of the trout was never more generally recognised than it is at present, nor has their average weight ever ranged higher.

In 1855 a new era in the history of the loch

was suddenly inaugurated. In the summer of that year a notice of an exceptionally good basket of trout secured with the fly found its way into the public prints, and the result was an immediate rush of anglers from all quarters; and the success which as a general rule attended them dispelled the hitherto prevailing belief that the Lochleven trout would not rise to the fly. The loch became at once established as the first angling water in Scotland, and that character it has constantly maintained for the last thirty-five years, although the 'takes' during that period have been quite as fluctuating and varied as during the earlier period when netting prevailed. Taking the angling results of the last twenty years, we find that these range from a minimum of 3271 pounds in 1876 to a maximum of 21,073 pounds in 1888. The net is still used regularly during the earlier months of the fishing season, but only for the purpose of exterminating the pike; and the trout may now be said to be strictly and exclusively reserved for the angler's delectation.

The yearly fluctuation in the productiveness of Lochleven has always formed a puzzling and apparently insoluble problem, and legions of explanatory theories have from time to time been propounded by its most regular frequenters. At one time the falling-off is attributed to the 'open' character of the preceding winter; at another, to the drought during some previous spawning season; or to the winter floods having swept the unhatched ova from the 'redds' in the streams down to the stagnant water of the loch, where it was either devoured by its many enemies, or became a victim to 'un-ripening decay.' Now, it is the want of insect food on the surface of the water; and next year it may be the superabundance of 'bottom-feeding.' One angler is heard maintaining that the loch is over-fished, and that the trout is being exterminated; while another with equal force demonstrates that the water is over-stocked, and that the larger trout are simply gorged with the fry of their own species.

Whatever may be the real cause of the fluctuation, it certainly is of a very marked character; and—paradoxical as the statement may seem to be—it must be remarked that the most striking feature of the fluctuation is the wonderfully unvarying order of its variation. This is observable both in the netting and in the angling period, the takes in both instances fluctuating every four or five years with wonderful regularity from a minimum to a maximum, and *vice versa*. This seems to indicate that the fluctuation in the aquatic harvest is attributable to the regularly recurring effect of some well-established and unvarying natural law. Meteorological data tend to show that our seasons favourable and unfavourable run more or less in cycles; and it would appear that a somewhat similar order of sequence regulates trout-fishing as well.

The angling season for the past year, which terminated with the last day of August, was an exceptionally unfavourable one. The 'takes' during the earlier months, when the weather was propitious, were unusually favourable, as contrasted with the previous ten or twelve years, the takes for April and May having amounted to nearly 6000 trout, or fully double

the number caught during the same months in the year preceding. The falling-off, therefore, during the past season cannot be attributed to any reduction in the stock of trout, but seems rather to arise merely from subtle atmospheric influences. There are few lakes which are so susceptible of such influences as Lochleven. From its open and exposed situation, as well as from its extent and general uniformity in depth, it is extremely subject to atmospheric change. Each cloud that floats over its surface, and every breath that stirs its waters, varies its aspect; and in a summer so variable as that of last year, it can easily be understood by any one familiar with the habits and instincts of trout, how seriously their natural predilections may have been perverted. Sir Walter Scott, who was a frequent visitor to Lochleven, appears to have fully realised its peculiar variability; for in *The Abbot* we find Roland Græme, in the course of an angling excursion with George Douglas, giving petulant expression to his temporary pique against Catherine Seton, by likening her in the variableness of her humour to the waters on which they were then floating.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XIX.—A LITTLE CLOUD.

AT Petherton the autumn and winter passed slowly away, and Psyche's heart gradually accustomed itself to its great sorrow. She was brave, and she stifled down her grief bravely. Haviland Dumaresq, watching her close, with his keen gray eyes and his eager glance, flattered his own soul (poor purblind philosopher!) that Psyche had forgotten all about that obtrusive painter fellow. Oh, wilful foolishness of parents who think such things. Your children's hearts veil their wounds from your eyes with sedulous care, and you say with a smile: 'All's well! I can see no scars anywhere.'

But Psyche herself—ah, how different there! She had never forgotten him; she could never forget him. It wasn't merely that she had dismissed to his death the one man she had ever loved. It wasn't merely that he had left her abruptly, and gone where communications with him were practically impossible. It wasn't merely that his life was in danger, and that he might never perhaps return to see her. Worse than all those, though all those indeed were bad enough, was the horrible, hateful, haunting consciousness that she had been forced to show herself in a false light to Linnell, and that if Linnell died on that forlorn hope, he would die believing her unutterably mercenary, and cruel, and selfish. To show one's-self in false colours to those one loves is inexpressibly painful. Her soul loathed the picture Linnell must have formed of her. It was torture to her to think he must go on so long mistaking so utterly her character and her feelings.

For Psyche had learned, three days later, on what dangerous errand her lover had started. She read the announcement casually in the *Athenæum*: 'Mr C. A. Linnell, the rising young painter, whose oriental subjects have attracted so much attention in the Grosvenor this year, has

accepted the difficult and somewhat thankless task of special artist to the *Porte-Crayon* with Gordon at Khartoum. He set out for his perilous post on Saturday last, in company with Mr T. A. Considine, the well-known correspondent of the *Morning Telephone*. How bald and matter-of-fact the paragraph sounded, as it stood there among a dozen other indifferent scraps of gossip in the literary notes of the *Athenæum*: and yet, what a tragedy it meant for Psyche, who had driven him forth, perhaps to his death, and felt herself very little short of a murderess!

If only he could have known! If only he could have known! Her promise! Her promise! That fatal promise!

Restraining her tears with a deadly effort, she rushed up-stairs into her own room and locked herself in with all the impetuous sorrow of budding girlhood. Then she flung herself on her bed and gave free vent to her grief. She cried, and cried, and cried again, in a luxury of agony—till the hour for tea came, and she had to go down again.

But even so, she was Dumaresq's daughter. She rose, and bathed her face carefully. Her self-control was wonderful. It was with eyes scarcely red and with a cold proud air that she handed the paper across to her father with his cup of tea ten minutes later, and said in a voice hardly trembling with emotion: 'Mr Linnell's accepted a post in Africa now, you see, Papa.'

Haviland Dumaresq eyed her hard, and thought to himself with a smile of inward satisfaction: 'A mere light scratch! The first shallow love of childhood! Profound emotions preclude speech. Women, before their affections are fixed, are necessarily plastic. Unable to choose freely for themselves, like men, they can shift their emotions from object to object, or hold them in suspense, an affinity unsaturated, till the one man comes on whom to focus their regard permanently. She could never have felt the parting very much after all, or she couldn't talk as carelessly now as that about him.'

But in spite of philosophy, all through the autumn and winter months Psyche grieved silently, silently. Her sorrow was all turned in upon herself. She had no one to share it, no one to sympathise with her. Geraldine Maitland had gone with her parents for the season to Algiers: with Ida Mansel, that correct and cultivated Girtonian product, she had little in common; so she was left to brood over her great grief in solitude. Now, a sorrow turned inward is the most dangerous and insidious in its effects of any. The suspense and the isolation were wearing Psyche out. Only that unquenchable Dumaresquian spirit of hers enabled her to put so good a face upon it. But a Dumaresq suffers, and suffers in silence. Her father never knew how Psyche was suffering. With a brave heart she came down to breakfast each day as though she had not lain awake and cried all night: with a brave heart she took up the paper each morning to read afresh of new delays in the relief of Khartoum.

Everybody remembers that long-drawn period of horrible suspense, when a handful of brave Englishmen held out by themselves against tremendous odds in the doomed city. Everybody remembers the breathless interest of that

painful drama, and the slow lingering despair of hoping against hope for the gallant souls locked up in Khartoum.

But to Psyche the suspense was more terrible than to any one; the despair was most poignant; the hopelessness most appalling.

She had sent Linnell to his death, she felt sure. He would die without ever knowing how profoundly she loved him.

Yet even so, she bore up like a Dumaresq. Her father should never know how she felt. At all hazards she would keep that terrible secret from him.

So night after night, as she lay awake and cried, she learned to cry silently, imperceptibly almost. It was not merely a sort of crying that made no noise: it was a sort of crying that let the tears trickle slowly out, one after another, without even so much as reddening the eyes and eyelids. She practised crying in this quiet way, deliberately practised it, like a Dumaresq that she was: and to such a pitch of perfection did she bring it at last, that even the tears themselves ceased to flow. She cried, as it were, all mentally and internally.

But her eyes ached horribly none the less for that. Bright and clear and beautiful as usual, they ached worse every day with that unnatural effort.

One evening in January, as the days were lengthening again, and Psyche was looking forward to the time when Geraldine, dear Geraldine, might return from Algeria to comfort her soul, Haviland Dumaresq came home from the village with a London newspaper, and handed it to Psyche to read aloud to him. That was an ordeal she had often to endure now. The papers breathed full of Gordon and Khartoum—fears for the besieged, hopes for the relievers—and Psyche, all tremulous, was compelled to read aloud in a firm clear tone those conflicting rumours, and pretend it meant nothing more to her soul than the meetings of Public Companies or the Sporting Intelligence. For with all his philosophy the philosopher had never mastered the simple fact that he was slowly killing his only child by unintentional cruelty. He was sure she'd forgotten that little episode altogether now. Khartoum was no more to her than Jerusalem or Jericho.

'We have all along counselled the Government,' Psyche read aloud, 'to adopt a more vigorous and aggressive attitude towards the tribes that still block or harass the passage of our forces up the bank of the river. Unless something is done within three months to relieve the garrison which now holds out'—

'Well?' Haviland Dumaresq murmured, looking up inquiringly as Psyche broke off in sudden bewilderment. 'What next, my child? Go on, won't you?'

'I—I don't know what next,' Psyche cried, faltering, and laying the paper helplessly on her knees. 'I don't quite see. I think—there's a sort of blur somehow across the printing.'

Haviland Dumaresq took the paper incredulously from her hands. He glanced with his cold unflinching eyes at the leader she had been reading so quietly and calmly. Nothing could be clearer or more distinct than its type. A sudden thought flashed across his brain for a moment.

Could Linnell by any possibility be mentioned in the article? Psyche had almost forgotten that foolish little love-episode by this time, of course; but the sudden sight of the painter's name staring her unexpectedly in the face from a public print might no doubt arouse for a second the latent cloud. Emotion dies and revives so strangely. He glanced down the column. No, nothing of the sort could he see anywhere. In a neighbouring column perhaps, then: among the telegraphic items! The painter might have escaped, or might have been killed, or rescued. He scanned the telegrams with an eager glance. Nothing there that cast any light upon the subject. 'You must be bilious, my child,' he said, with a searching look, handing her back the paper. 'Accumulation of effete matter uneliminated in the blood often gives rise to yellow patches floating before the eyes. Best relieved by exercise and fresh air. Go on now, Psyche, and read a little further, if it doesn't hurt you.'

What a blank page the human heart often shows to those who think they stand nearest and dearest of all to it! Exercise and fresh air, indeed, for a broken spirit! How little Haviland Dumaresq, in his philosophic isolation, knew what inward grief was eating away his Psyche's soul and undermining his Psyche's eyesight!

The trembling girl, all calmness without, took the paper back from his hands without a single word, and went on reading for some minutes longer. Then the letters on the page disappeared once more, as if by magic, and a vague nothingness swam a second time in the air before her.

'I can't read, Papa,' she cried, laying the swimming paper down in despair. 'The words all seem to fade into a blank before my eyes. I can see nothing. It's a sort of wandering haze. I don't think I can be very well this morning.'

'A yellow patch floating before your face?' Haviland Dumaresq asked with suggestive quickness. 'A sort of central glow or spot of fire, fading off at the sides into normal vision?'

'Oh no,' Psyche said; 'nothing at all of the sort. I've had that too: I know what you mean; but not lately: this is something ever so much deeper and more serious than that. It's a sort of cloud that rises up, I think, in my eye itself; and whenever it rises, I see nothing at all for a few minutes: the whole world seems to become a kind of mist or haze floating vaguely in dim outline in front of me.'

Dumaresq rose from his chair with great deliberation and moved to the window. 'Come here, my child,' he said with that gentle tenderness in his tone which he always displayed in talking to Psyche—for oh! how he loved her! 'Eyes are far too precious to be neglected with impunity. The more complex an organ, the greater the difficulty in re-establishing equilibrium once upset. Let me look and see if there's anything the matter with them.'

Psyche walked forward with uncertain steps, half feeling her way between the chairs and tables, in a manner that brought the old philosopher's heart into his mouth like a child's. Could anything be wrong, then, with his darling's sight? He held her upturned face gently between his palms, and gazed down with profound searching into those deep blue eyes. A cataract forming? No, nothing like that. 'The

conjunctiva and cornea are perfectly normal,' he murmured with a sigh of distinct relief, for the bare suggestion of anything wrong with his Psyche's eyes had stirred him deeply. 'The lenses, too, seem absolutely right. If there's mischief anywhere, it must be deep down in the region of the retina itself. We'll test it carefully. But there's no hereditary predisposition to weakness of vision. Functional, functional; it *must* be functional. Your dear mother's eyes were as sharp as needles; and as for me, I can read the smallest print to this day, as you know, Psyche, at least as well as any man of twenty.'

He took down a book from the shelf at random and opened the title-page at three or four paces. 'Read as much as you can of that, my child,' he said, holding it up to her. Psyche read it without a moment's delay: 'Contributions to Molecular Physics in the Domain of Radiant Heat, by John Tyndall.' Her father's face lighted up with pleasure. 'Good!' he said, relieved, as his heart gave a bound. 'Try again, Psyche,' and he took down another. 'What's this?' he went on, walking a step or two across the room, and holding the title-page open once more before Psyche's eyes.

'The Fertilisation of Flowers, by Professor Hermann Müller,' Psyche read out slowly; 'then there's something I can't quite see; and after that I can make out plainly the two words "Charles Darwin."'

'With a preface by Charles Darwin,' her father said cheerfully.—'Come, come, Psyche, that's not so bad. There can't be much wrong with the retina, anyhow, if you can read like this at eight feet distance.'

Psyche sighed and held her peace. She knew the world had faded away suddenly before her eyes more than once of late, and she could hardly treat this discomposing consciousness as lightly as her father did. But if he was satisfied, all was well. For herself, she could bear it as she had borne what was so much harder and deadlier to bear than mere blindness.

Dumaresq gazed at her for a minute in silence. Then he said once more, 'Has this happened often?'

Psyche hesitated. She couldn't bear to grieve him. 'Once or twice, Papa,' she said after a brief pause. 'But it's nothing much; it'll go off soon—when the summer comes back to us.'

Dumaresq looked down at her with a satisfied air. 'No, it's nothing much,' he repeated. 'I know the human eye by this time pretty well. I made an exhaustive study of eyes, you know, when I was working up my second volume. If I saw the slightest cause for alarm in the case, I'd take you up at once to consult Critchett. But I don't see any. The cornea's normal; the retina's normal; and the power of vision is in no way defective. These occasional failures must be purely nervous. In girls of your age one must expect a certain amount of nervous abnormality. An incident of our civilisation; we expel Nature, as Horace says, with a fork, but Nature will always get the better of us somehow.'

Poor old man! With all his wisdom and all his power of generalisation, he never realised

the simple truth, that it was *he* who was trying to crush Psyche's nature, and that one way or other Psyche's nature would in the end prove irresistible.

(To be continued.)

THE MADEIRA OF THE PACIFIC.

THERE is an interesting speck of volcanic land rising from the waters of the ocean a few days' sail from Sydney, which has been aptly termed 'The Madeira of the Pacific;' and as it presents many features of interest, it may not be out of place to give a short description of it and of things pertaining to it.

Lord Howe Island, the official name of this 'gem of the sea,' distant and inaccessible as it may at first sight appear, is not really altogether out of the world, for it is but three or four hundred miles from Sydney, and of late has had regular communication with that city by means of the ketch *Mary Ogilvie*, which makes four voyages in the year between Sydney and Norfolk Island, calling at Lord Howe going and coming.

Lord Howe Island is situated about three hundred miles from Port Macquarrie. It is some five hundred west of Norfolk Island, and is the most southern of the islands on the east coast of Australia. Its length is between six and seven miles 'as the crow flies' (only there are no crows there), but is considerably longer if the curve of the land is followed; the average width is a mile, but is a great deal more in places.

The discovery of the island was made by Lieutenant Henry Ledgbird Ball on the 17th of February 1788, during his passage from Port Jackson (Sydney) to Norfolk Island. Mr Ball remained several days at the island; he gave it the title we know it by after the celebrated admiral, and also named the principal peaks, points, and ports around and upon it. He made a survey of the shore-line and of the adjacent islets and rocks, took soundings, and gave sailing directions for future guidance. Most of the names given by Lieutenant Ball have been retained—namely, Mounts Ledgbird and Gower, Points Phillip and King—after the first Governor and Lieutenant-governor of New South Wales—Prince William Henry Bay, &c.

The appearance of the island as it is approached is remarkable. Two round-looking knobs are first seen, at a distance of from forty to fifty miles, like separate isles rising from the water. As one gets nearer, these appear to be joined together, and to have a long flat stretch of ground attached to them, terminating in a lower mound. The general effect now is that of a camel crouching to receive its load. The two first-sighted prominences form the hind-quarters of the animal, and the small hill at the farther end of the island his head; whilst a line of low rocks stretching across the bay seems to be the cord or string attaching the head to the rump; a slight rise about the middle of the island seems to be the saddle ready for loading. A closer approach reveals a singularly beautiful outline. The two rises which were first seen turn out to be a couple of bold headlands at the south end, and are

known as Mounts Ledgbird and Gower, rising in great inaccessible cliffs nearly three thousand feet high sheer from the sea. The head of the camel turns out to be North Ridge, and the centre rise Mount Lookout. All these, with two subsidiary prominences known as North Hummock and Intermediate Hill, form the backbone, as it were, of the island. The general effect as one casts anchor at the moorings is exquisite. The deep red and gray volcanic rocks of Mounts Gower and Ledgbird are intersected here and there by great dykes of intrusive basalt running like twisting ladders from base to summit. The hills at the north end, although lower, are not less abrupt; but through them all, and indeed upon any point giving the least foothold, patches of bright green vegetation give variety and contrast to the darker stony mass. Between the hills, the undulating country is thickly wooded, breaking off into flats stretching to the sea, sometimes wooded to the water's edge, at others ending in lower cliffs; while here and there bright green swards terminate in sandy beaches, hardly ruffled by the gentle heave of the waves within the reef-bound lagoon.

The plan or form of the island is that of a crescent; 'boomerang-shaped,' Mr H. T. Wilkinson appropriately terms it; nearly two-thirds of it on the concave side is protected by a fringing coral reef extending from Phillip Point to the foot of Mount Ledgbird. The North Peak rises precipitously in a rugged promontory some six hundred feet high, and round to the westward is a semi-isolated hill known as Mount Eliza. 'It has all the appearance of a conical hill cut vertically in half,' says Mr Etheridge, while 'Linnaeus' says of it 'that it resembles a divided cone with a peaked top.' Along the sea-face are one or two water-washed caves.

A few ravines run from the higher lands to the sea; but the creeks are unimportant, as may be imagined from the small area of the island; fresh water, however, is abundant, and readily obtainable by shallow sinking.

There are some three thousand acres of land in the whole island, while two thousand of this would be capable of cultivation; but as a matter of fact, only a few hundred acres are in till. The principal crops are onions—the finest south of the line—bananas, sweet-potatoes, and maize. It is indeed from the export to Sydney of onions that the inhabitants of the island chiefly obtain their living; but there are abundant opportunities of increasing their means of subsistence, for there is hardly a fruit, vegetable, or flower grown throughout the temperate or semi-tropical regions of the world which would not flourish upon it.

The island was only occasionally visited from its discovery until 1834. Now and then, a party of whalers would land and refresh themselves with the easily-caught wild hens and indigenous fruits, or obtain from the lagoon boat-loads of the swarming fish; and sometimes would leave part of their crews there while they made short runs away. Some of these rambling visitors, indeed, performed acts which have left their marks on the island. They turned loose pigs and goats, and also, unfortunately, a lot of black domestic cats. All these animals thrive; but the cats became a source of great mischief, almost

extinguishing the pretty and useful but very stupid wood-hen, as well as a curious bird like the guinea-fowl, and an elegant and gentle ground pigeon. The goats took to the mountains, and now afford excellent sport; and the pigs becoming masters of the thickets, prospered wonderfully, and are often killed of great size. Domestic pigeons and poultry were also turned loose, and became absolutely wild.

In the year 1834 a party of three New Zealand colonists, tempted by the accounts the whalers had given of this happy isle, determined to settle upon it. These men were named Ashdown, Bishop, and Chapman. They had with them three Maori women and two Maori boys, and made the passage across in the whaling barque *Caroline*, of which Captain Blenkinsop was master. They cleared some of the ground near the beach, built themselves huts of palm-boughs, planted sweet-potatoes, and lived comfortably by shooting and fishing. Shortly after this, it occurred to a Sydney merchant and ironmonger named Dawson that he might do well on the island; and accordingly he made arrangements to proceed there with a view to settling. He was accompanied by a certain Captain Poole, said to have been a military man; and these two bought out the original settlers, giving them three hundred and fifty pounds in all, of which sum Bishop and Chapman divided two hundred pounds, and, as he had made more extensive improvements, Ashdown took one hundred and fifty pounds. Poole remained on the island to represent his firm, and was joined by a Dr Foulis, who had bought half his interest. Ashdown, Bishop, and Chapman and their families then left.

Things appear to have gone on smoothly enough, and there is but little recorded of the doings of the islanders until 1843. A little vessel owned by Dawson, named *The Rover's Bride*, traded between Sydney and the island; but matters did not progress, chiefly owing to the settlers' want of energy in clearing and planting good land; they preferred to use the light and open sandy patches near the shore, instead of taking to the richer volcanic land, covered with timber and loose stones, which yields at present such bountiful crops, but is expensive and troublesome to clear and render fit for the plough. However, in the year last named an incident occurred which gives a picture of the half-barbarous, half-patriarchal manner in which the settlers dwelt and were governed, if government it may be called. At that time, Poole, who seems to have had the chief command of the islanders, had chained up to a tree a man named Moss. This unfortunate had escaped from a whaler which had put in for shelter; but he seems to have been of little use either aboard ship or ashore, and refused to do any work for his living; and to punish his idleness, Poole chained him up. One night, however, when the watch was asleep, Master Moss got free, and took to the bush. He subsisted for some time by stealing what he could, and on roots and birds; at the same time he managed to intimate to the settlers that he was desperate, and would revenge himself by burning down their huts and the store on the first opportunity. His threats created

quite a panic, and caused a better watch to be kept over the premises than had been over the prisoner, for day and night some one was on the alert, and the buildings were surrounded with casks filled with water, to put out any fire which he might cause by throwing a lighted stick on to the roofs.

Some time afterwards, however, the fellow was captured; and this time a set of orthodox stocks was made and he placed in them; but such a method of confinement was too severe, and after some days of it, Poole, fearing the man would become a permanent cripple, adopted a different mode of captivity, one, indeed, which permitted of some change in position, but was hardly less terrible than the stocks. Poole got a large cask, and absolutely headed him in it, cutting a small and convenient! (so says the record) trap door in one end to admit a small vessel. Either Moss must have been a very small man, or the cask an exceptionally large one, for it is reported that he could either stand or lie down, having but these two positions to exist in. How he lived is a mystery; but after a time he and his cask—whether he was in it or not is not stated—were brought to Sydney, and Poole was also summoned thither. The latter was charged with 'the offence'—what offence the record does not reveal, but presumably an aggravated kind of assault, or false imprisonment—but, strange to say, the case was dismissed. Poole had, in fact, bought his enemy off, giving him ten pounds to stop the proceedings. This was not quite the end of it, for Moss made further demands on Poole; but was ultimately induced to leave the country upon receiving forty pounds more.

About the years 1846 and 1847, Dawson and his friends, finding the venture they had embarked upon not sufficiently remunerative, broke up their party. Most of the settlers returned to Sydney or New Zealand, and such as liked to remain worked on their own account independently. Subsequently, other arrivals, either by accident or design, augmented the population; but in 1869, at the time of an official visit of a police magistrate from Sydney, their numbers were but thirty-five, who were, with two exceptions, Europeans or Americans, the exceptions being South Sea Island women.

In 1882 a commission was appointed by the New South Wales Government to investigate certain alleged improper conduct of some persons on the island; and the Hon. Bowie-Wilson, the chief Commissioner, reported: 'With the inhabitants generally I have been most agreeably impressed, intelligent beyond their class, most exemplary in their conduct, and, considering their isolated position and few inducements for exertion, fairly industrious.' At present, the island has sixty-one inhabitants; but as no land can be purchased from the Crown, fresh settlers are not likely to arrive, and any increase in the number of these dwellers on the rocky isle must be from natural causes, and will—considering how few they are—be necessarily slow. The island is a portion of the territory of New South Wales, and has been proclaimed a strict reserve from sale or lease; but the titles of the people who had settled prior to 1882 to their holdings are respected. Hardly any govern-

ment, in the strict sense of the word, is required; but the visiting magistrate who goes to and fro settles disputes and makes inquiry into the well-being of the islanders. There is a very well conducted school under regulations of the New South Wales education department. The climate is exceptionally good. The thermometer never rises higher than eighty-two degrees Fahr. in summer, or falls below fifty-two in winter; but occasionally there are severe storms, which, however, do little damage, owing to the shelter the high hills give on the side opposed to the prevailing winds.

The vegetation is luxuriant and superb. It has been stated that 'there are probably few islands of similar size possessing so rich and varied a flora as Howe Island—handsome banyan and other trees, shrubs, palms, pandanus, and dwarf-ferns growing everywhere in great abundance and luxuriance.' The tree, indeed, of the island is the banyan. Mr Charles Moore, the Government botanist of New South Wales, says: 'The most remarkable plant, however, upon the island is a species of *Ficus*, and the only one of the genus found there. Along the whole extent of the flat and richest ground on the south-west side this noble tree grows in large numbers—very rarely in exposed situations—but marks distinctly an inner zone of vegetation, being protected on every side by belts of trees of various descriptions. It possesses to an extraordinary degree the branch-rooting characteristics of the famous banyan of India. From its high wide-spreading branches adventitious roots are produced, which descend to the ground; then rapidly enlarge, and become in the course of time huge stems, drawing nourishment from the earth for the support and increase of the parent branch, which, as it extends, produces similar root stems, the tree by this means covering a very large space of ground. In some instances the original stem had perished altogether, the branches becoming separate trees, each with numerous root-stems, and forming by the whole a beautiful amphitheatre of considerable dimensions.' There are four kinds of palms met with on the island.

It may be as well to mention here that the houses of the islanders are built of the stems of the palms, with two or three exceptions—where imported sawn timber and galvanised iron have been used—and are thatched on the roofs and walls with the leaves and fronds of the same plant. The thatching has a particularly neat and pleasing appearance.

Geologically, the island consists practically of two formations only, the volcanic rocks forming the general mass, and the stratified beds resting on them. The volcanic rocks occupy two-thirds of the island, comprising the great hills or mountains. 'The exposed sections as seen from the coast present a stratified appearance like rocks of sedimentary origin; but a close inspection shows them to be made up of different horizontal beds of volcanic rock.' These beds vary from fifteen to thirty feet in thickness. A variety of dykes and veins, a number of which are nearly vertical, run up the face of these magnificent cliffs. There are large masses of agglomerate rocks consisting of fragments of the volcanic series 'resting upon a vesicular and somewhat

scoriaceous rock full of crystals.' The basalt was said to contain tin; but an exhaustive assay of many typical samples made in the Geological Laboratory in Sydney proved that this was not the case.

The loam which forms the alluvium is of rich character, 'being of a dark, unctuous, loamy nature largely impregnated with humus.' It varies in character, and assumes the aspect of calcareous sandy soil as it nears the coast; but generally it is extremely rich, and supports a most luxuriant vegetation. Decayed vegetable matter enters largely into its composition, which, combined with the volcanic products washed down from the hills, gives it almost the character of a hot manure-bed, upon which almost any kind of plant useful to man or good for food can be grown.

As to the fauna, a species of bat is the only example of lower mammalia captured. Mice, said to have been introduced from Norfolk Island, are now moderately common. During gales, the Australian species of seal has visited the shores. There are no snakes; but lizards are sparsely represented by the *Lacertilia*. Turtles now only occasionally frequent the island, although in former times they abounded. The birds are numerous, and generally very tame, so much so, that naturalists have found it difficult to get far enough away from some kinds to shoot them without blowing them to pieces! The sea-fowl are numerous, and lay vast quantities of eggs in the islets about the lagoon.

Fish are to be caught with the line in numbers, and generally resemble those of the Australian coast. Some thirty-five genera and nearly forty species have been named. Of these, the rock cod is common, and grows to a large size. There are also garfish, a species of herring, and some mullet. It is interesting to notice the occurrence of the common Australian eel, individuals of which have been caught up to six or seven pounds in weight.

Enough has now been written to prove how interesting, from every point of view, is our little 'gem of the sea'; and to those who have the means and time to embrace the Australian colonies in their globe-trotting rambles, let nothing persuade them to leave these regions without first visiting 'The Madeira of the Pacific.'

MY AUNT CECILIA.

CHAPTER IV.

My aunt was standing before the fireplace, her arms crossed upon the chimney-piece, and her head reclining on them. I could see that she was trembling violently, and there was a kind of passionate grief in her attitude which affected me very strangely. Captain Dundas stood beside her, in the stiff pose of a man who has started back from a position in which he had rather not be found.

'Aunt Cecilia,' I said, going towards her, 'what is the meaning of all this?'

There was no answer; so I turned to Captain Dundas, who had moved back at my approach.

He shook his head, and answering my look, he said: 'I can give you no explanation at all, Mr Winter. It is for your aunt to do that, if she chooses.'

'I think that is hardly sufficient,' I said. 'It appears to me that when an invited guest in my house claims a private interview with my aunt, and agitates her to the extent which I perceive, that I have a right to ask for an explanation.'

'I admit no such right,' he replied with increasing hauteur. 'There are special circumstances which you do not understand in this case.'

'But I intend to know them, Captain Dundas' (I was restraining my anger with some effort now); 'and unless you make me acquainted with them, I shall hold you responsible for the annoyance I see you have inflicted on this lady.'

'No, no,' my aunt interposed. 'He is not in fault, Osmond.'

I waited for a moment; but she did not continue her speech; and in fact she seemed incapable of doing so.

'I am at a loss,' I said. 'I am bound to accept my aunt's assurance, sir. But I may at least point out that your presence is distressing to her.'

He shrugged his shoulders. 'I am sorry to place you under the necessity of hinting that I should go,' he said. 'It was a *bêtise*.—Miss Cecilia, will you say "Good-bye"?'

Aunt Cecilia collected herself, drew herself up to her full height and gave him her hand without a word. He stooped and kissed it. Then I followed him down-stairs.

'Miss Winter is unwell, Sinclair,' he said, when we reached the garden; 'it would be inconvenient for us to stay.'

Then, with a distant bow, he strode down the garden path. Sinclair waited behind him for an instant.

'I can tell you nothing,' I said. And in another instant he, too, was gone.

When I returned to the drawing-room it was vacant; but our servant came to me. 'Miss Winter has gone to her room, sir; she wishes you to have your dinner; and if you are not going out, she would be glad to see you in about an hour.'

I went down to the dining-room, where the table was still laid for the party, of whom I was the only one to partake of the meal. I felt like some unlawful guest at a banquet, and one by one the delicate dishes which my aunt had made ready with such care went untasted away.

It was late in the evening when my aunt sent for me. I found her lying on her couch beside the fire, and it struck me with a sudden shock that she had grown very fragile in appearance. There was an odour of sal-volatile in the room, and her favourite well-thumbed copy of *The Saints' Rest* lay open by her side.

'Bring over that low chair, Osmond,' she said, speaking in her strong clear voice again.—'Have you had any tea?'

'I don't want any.'

She smiled and shook her head. 'I thought as much. And no dinner, I daresay. Well, we will have some tea now.'

She rang and ordered it. She hardly touched it herself; but every now and then I found her looking at me with a solicitude which I could not account for.

'Aunt Cecilia,' I said at last, 'if you have something painful to tell me, wouldn't it be better to get it over?'

'It would,' she replied—'much better; but I am only a cowardly old woman.'

'Well, what is this very dreadful thing?' I asked, feigning a cheerfulness which I could not feel.

'Give me my dressing-case,' said she.

I laid it on the table beside her; and from a drawer in it she took out a small leather case, much worn, which she handed to me.

'It is a portrait,' she said. 'See whether you recognise it, child.'

It was the face of a very lovely woman, in the spring-time of her beauty, before any shadow of care had fallen on it. Clustering golden curls fell round a complexion of the richest rose colour; the mouth was half opened by a smile, and the blue eyes positively danced with glee. And yet as I looked upon it another far different face grew out of the portrait; the fresh young features fell into lines, the smile faded, the golden hair was drawn back closely round the head; I seemed to hear a tearful voice cry passionately: 'Cecilia, Cecilia, he will forget me quite.'

'It is my godmother,' I said; 'but how changed!'

'Changed, indeed!' said my aunt sadly, taking the portrait from my hand; 'but not your godmother, Osmond. It is your mother's face—my dear, dear sister.'

'Aunt Cecilia!' I exclaimed, startled out of myself, 'you told me yourself my mother died before I could remember her.'

'I did, Osmond; but it was not true. You have no cause to be angry, child. I did it from a good motive; and I would have kept the story from you altogether if I could. But you would have suspected something after what you heard to-day. And after all, you will be a man soon, and in going about the world might hear the truth from other lips which would not tell it kindly.'

'For Heaven's sake, aunt, say what you have to say in as few words as you can.'

'Be patient with me, Osmond. The story is not long. Your grandfather, my father and your mother's, was the rector of —, in the Isle of Wight. Your grandmother died when we were quite young. I was fifteen, Fanny (your mother) was a year younger. We had many friends, especially in Southsea, and very frequently one or both of us paid visits there. The house to which we went most often was that of the Whytes; you saw Henry Whyte this afternoon—he took the name of Dundas only a few years ago. If I had known that, I should have asked you to avoid him.'

'What has the man done?' I asked.

She shook her head. 'In the winter before I was nineteen your grandfather had a long illness; his chest was affected; and when the spring came he was ordered to the south of France to escape the cold winds. I accompanied him; but as our purses were slender, we left Fanny at home, and she was to stay with the Whytes

during our absence. During that time she became acquainted with James Winter.'

'My father?'

She nodded slightly. 'When I returned to England I saw there was a strong attachment. I did not like it. Your father held a good position in the Dockyard, and there was no apparent reason why they should not marry. The Whytes spoke well of him; my father liked him. I felt ashamed of my prejudice, but I could not conquer it. I used all my influence to delay the marriage; I implored your mother not to pledge herself until she knew more of him. It was no use: the marriage took place. For four or five years all went well. You were born, and Fanny was profoundly happy. Then my father died: that was the first gap in the circle. Fanny was angry with me because I would not live with them; but my old aversion was not dead, and I went to stay with the Whytes until I could form some plan for the future. Not long afterwards it began to leak out that there were large quantities of stores missing unaccountably from the Dockyard. Henry Whyte was at home: his ship had been paid off. He was in high favour with the Port-admiral, and made himself very active in the matter. He and your father met frequently at the Dockyard and had long consultations.' She stopped suddenly, her mouth twitching spasmodically.

'Osmond, Osmond!' she cried, 'can't you guess what I am trying to say?'

I knew; but I could not answer her.

'It was your unhappy father, child, who committed the frauds; and it was Henry Whyte who found him out.'

She lay still, not looking at me, after she said this, and only nodded when I asked if it was proved.

After a little while she reached out and took my hand in hers. 'Be a man, Osmond,' she said. 'What I have borne alone for twenty years you and I can bear together now. It is an old story, quite forgotten. No one will ever tax you with it.'

'You have not told me everything,' I said.

'After the trial,' she continued, pressing my hand when she saw how I winced at the word, 'it was necessary to decide what we were to do with Fanny and with you. Fanny loved your father more than ever; and she took a lodging near the prison, that she might be with him on the days when it was permitted. Then it came into my mind that if she would part with you, it would be possible to bring you up without this cloud upon your youth; that if I took charge of you it might even be kept from you altogether; while if you remained with your mother your father's crime must overshadow your whole life. I prevailed at length with your mother; but all our friends opposed my plan bitterly, and Henry Whyte quarrelled with me absolutely.'

'What right had he to dispute what you chose to do?' I asked hotly.

'Every right, Osmond; for I had promised to be his wife.—Don't speak of him any more, child; I would rather not.'

She lay quite silent for a long time. At last she turned and looked at me. 'You know

now why you might not go into the navy,' she said.

'Leave me now, Osmond,' said Aunt Cecilia. 'I feel very tired. Be a man, and look your trouble in the face. Trust me there is no sorrow which is too heavy to be borne. I am an old woman, and I speak of what I know.'

I went into my own room, and sat down beside the window, flinging it wide open, for there was something in my throat which stifled me. It was a cloudless night, full of stars. The air was occupied with the vague murmuring sounds of spring-time, while from the sea came a little restless wind, whispering I know not what in my ear, and cooling my forehead with its breath. At first I was like a man stunned with a sudden blow; but by degrees the serene stillness of the night restored me, and I began to think.

It was true what Aunt Cecilia had said—the story was so old that hardly any one could remember it. It was now for the first time that we had been confronted with any person who knew it—the only person in all likelihood who did. No one else, at all events, had such reason to recollect it. 'That might be,' something within me answered to this thought; 'but the humiliation comes from being brought into touch with crime. How can you forget that your father was a felon, tried and convicted?'

The cup was deep, and I drained it that night to the dregs. But at last the conviction stole upon me that the knowledge of this need not blight my life. I had still my future in my hands, to do with it as I would, to make my happiness, or to mar it, according as I was brave or weak. 'Look your sorrow in the face,' my aunt said. I did, and it receded from me. In its place came the thought of her great-heartedness. How many years she had endured this trouble in secret! From what source could she have gained the strength to give up home and love—everything she valued—for the sake of her sister and for me? At that moment I could have worshipped her as something almost more than human.

Day broke, and I had not slept. I went quietly down-stairs and let myself out of the house. There was a fresh wind blowing, and the sun was bright and joyous. The keen salt air braced my mind together with my body. I fell into a quick swinging walk, gaining strength at every stride. I must have travelled three miles before I stopped and sat down upon a rock from which the tide had receded.

Then a strange desire came into my mind to see Sinclair again; to know what he had to say to this—for he must know it; to hear his hearty voice assuring me that friendship stood high above all calamities of the world, like a beacon light which the winds and waves cannot reach. The grasp of a friend's hand would reassure me, his sympathy would cheer me. I rose and turned again towards the town, saying to myself that a friend whom I could trust was a gift direct from God. In my excited state I forgot that I had no cause to trust him.

The hotel was already open when I reached it, for by that time it was after eight o'clock. Several hostlers stood beneath the gateway, and I remember that a little Italian boy was there exhibiting a cage with white mice in it, and

talking to the hostlers in his half-intelligible broken English. They were laughing at him as I passed. I wondered at the time how the child had come to this little town, so far from the regular beat of strollers. He put himself in my way, and lifted up the corner of his box with a roguish smile, showing his white teeth. I gave him some small coin and passed by.

'Mr Sinclair,' said the waitress in the bar, in answer to my inquiry, 'left last night, sir, with Captain Dundas by the coach.'

I made some answer, I suppose, but I have forgotten. From that time I have neither seen nor heard of Sinclair.

I have lost my Aunt Cecilia now; and I stand confronting my future life like a man cast out of an iron door, who hears the bars shot behind him, and sees the shadows falling deep and dark upon the heath in front. But the remembrance of my aunt's great love is with me like a lantern which will always guide my steps, and which no calamity can extinguish, nor can time ever dim its lustre.

THE STORY OF THE ENGLISH BIBLE.

THERE is no book in the world so widely read as the Bible; but how we came to have it in its present form is not so well known as it might be. Without going into the intricate history of the early texts, we will assume that the reader is acquainted with the fact that the Septuagint was the version of the Old Testament translated into Greek in the second century before Christ; that the New Testament books were written in Hellenistic Greek; and that both texts were subsequently translated into Latin. The Latin version, as revised by Jerome, is called the Vulgate, and was the authorised version of the Christian churches for more than twelve centuries.

The first complete translation of the Bible into the English tongue was effected by John Wyclif about 1380. This was the Lollards' Bible, and a large number of manuscript copies must have been written and circulated, for one hundred and seventy copies are still in existence. There were also many transcripts of certain books, as well as of the whole Bible. Wyclif could not go to the original texts, so he translated from the Vulgate, or accepted Latin version. It was not a perfect performance; but the Reformer was prevented by death from revising it, as he doubtless intended to do. The revision, therefore, was undertaken by John Purvey, and completed in 1388. It is curious that the whole of Wyclif's Bible was not printed as one book until 1850, when it was published under the editorial care of the Rev. Josiah Forshall and Sir Frederic Madden.

The language into which this, the first English Bible, was put was not the oldest form of our tongue, but what is known as Middle English. The grammatical structure is peculiar, and many strange combinations are used. Thus *en* is a common plural form—as *been* for bees, *kien* for cows, *izen* for eyes, *lumben* for lambs. *En* was

also the common termination of verbs following a plural nominative, as *diden*, *seiden*, *founden*, *fledden*, *wenten*, *blameden*, *believeden*. Here is a fair specimen, taken from Matthew's account of the entry into Jerusalem: 'The disciplis *zeden* and *diden* as Jesus commanded hem and thei *brouzten* an asse and the fole, and *leiden* her clothis on hem, and *maden* hym sitte aboue, and ful myche puple *streweden* her clothis in the way, other *kittiden* braunchis of trees and *strewen* in the way, and the puple that *wenten* before and that *sueden*, *crieden*, and *seiden*, Osanna to the sone of Dauith.' 'Their' is always spelt 'her,' and 'them,' 'hem;,' while for 'themselves' we find 'hem silf;,' and for 'ourselves,' 'us silf.' The Wyclif Bible, indeed, is full of archaisms and of obsolete words. The two women at the mill appear thus: 'Twein wymmen schulen hem gryndynge in a querne, oon schal be taken and the tother left.' And this is how St John is made to finish his Gospel: 'There ben also many other things that Ihesus dide, whiche if thei ben writun bi eche bi hym silf, I deme that the world hym silf schal not take tho bokis that ben to be writun.' Leaven is called 'sourdough;,' as, 'the kyndom of heuene is like to sourdough which a womman took and hid in three mesuris of mele til it were al sourid.' The Scotch word 'shog' appears in, 'Whanne the euenynge was come, he was there [on the hill] alone, and the boot in the myddil of the sea was *schoggid* with wawis.'

Wyclif's Bible, published in 1380, and Purvey's revised version of it, published in 1388, served until the dawn of the sixteenth century, when the Reformers began to think it time to take advantage of the newly-invented printing-press. But the language of Wyclif's translation had already become antiquated, and, moreover, copies of the Hebrew and Greek texts were now in the hands of English scholars. It occurred, therefore, to William Tyndale to prepare and print a new translation from the original texts. Tyndale was a scholar of both Oxford and Cambridge, and he was officiating as chaplain in the family of Sir John Walsh at Little Sodbury when he first formed the intention. He removed to London for the purpose of carrying it out, but found little encouragement there. At that time the Bible was an interdicted book in England; no scholar was allowed to publish and no person was allowed to peruse a translation, under pains and penalties, until the translation had been approved by the 'Council provincial.' Early in 1524, therefore, Tyndale went to Hamburg with ten pounds in his pocket; and a year later he sent the New Testament to press. It was being printed at Cologne, when it was interdicted. Tyndale hurried off with the papers and prints to Worms, where the work was continued and finished. The quarto edition of Tyndale's Testament, with 'glosses' or marginal notes, was published in 1526; and an octavo edition without notes was issued at the same time. Both editions were smuggled in large quantities into England, and quickly put into circulation. Tyndale's name did not appear on the title-page of either, and it was not then known who was the translator. He went on, between 1526 and 1533, translating and publishing the Pentateuch and the Book of

Jonah. In 1535 he was kidnapped at Antwerp, and carried off to Vilvorde, where he was tried and burned for heresy.

In working at his Testament, Tyndale had before him the Greek text, Luther's German translation, and the Latin Vulgate. He was well qualified for the task; and it has been said that his Testament is 'a noble translation, the basis of every subsequent English version, and on several accounts better than all subsequent versions.'

Eight editions altogether were published in Tyndale's lifetime, but some of these were without his supervision. One, especially, was edited by George Joye, who made several 'amendments' in the text, which Tyndale greatly resented. Another was published in what was intended to represent the Gloucestershire dialect, but which was really only a Welshman's notions of the dialect. Of the 1526 first edition, only three copies are now in existence as far as known—a quarto and two octavos. There is a wide difference between the language and rendering of Tyndale's Testament and Wyclif's Bible; but we have not space for the comparison. It may be mentioned, however, that such phrases as 'God forbid,' 'Would to God,' 'Bid him God-speed,' &c., which abound in the English Bible, are all of Tyndale's coining, although the literal renderings of the Greek text would give 'Be it not so,' 'I wish,' 'Say to him, hail,' &c. Such inversions of verb and nominative as in 'That which we have seen and heard declare we unto you,' are also Tyndale's; and it is noteworthy that many of Tyndale's renderings and homely phrases, rejected in the 'authorised version' of King James, have been restored in the 'revised version' of 1881. In fact, Tyndale's New Testament has never been superseded, only revised and amended, and is in substance that which is now in use.

The first complete Bible printed in English was issued in 1535 without any publisher's name. It was the work of Miles Coverdale, who incorporated, with revisions, Tyndale's books of the New Testament, of the Pentateuch, and of Jonah, and, for the rest, translated from German and Latin versions. It was thus only partly original, and in that part just a translation of a translation. No perfect copy of this Bible is known to exist. A copy sold a few years ago in London for one hundred and twenty pounds had the title, the first few leaves, and a map, in fac-simile.

Coverdale's Bible is called both 'the Treacle Bible' and 'the Bug Bible,' from two curious renderings. The passage in Jeremiah which we now read, 'Is there no balm in Gilead?' is rendered, 'Is there no more triacle at Galahad?' And in the Psalms, 'Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night,' reads, 'Thou shalt not nede to be afrayed for any bugges by night.' In the ninth Psalm, 'Put them in fear, O Lord,' is rendered by Coverdale as, 'Set a schoolmaster over them.'

Another version of the Bible, which appeared in 1537, is also sometimes called 'the Treacle Bible.' This was translated by 'Thomas Matthew,' a pseudonym of John Rogers, who was Tyndale's literary executor. It was not a new translation, but a revision of Tyndale's and Coverdale's versions. Meanwhile, one Richard Taverner, an excellent Greek scholar, was also engaged with an edition which was published in 1539. It is a

scholarly work, but had little influence on subsequent versions.

Coverdale's second Bible, called 'the Great Bible' because of its portentous size, was issued about the same time as Taverner's. It was designed to supersede all previous editions; and as a second issue, in 1540, contains a long prologue by Cranmer, it has sometimes been called 'Cranmer's Bible.' The Great Bible was a revised version of Coverdale's former translation from the German and Latin, collated with the other translations that had been published in the meantime. A royal order was issued that this Bible should be set up in some convenient place in every church for free and public reading.

It will thus be seen that between 1535 and 1539 there were four separate versions of the Bible put before English readers—Coverdale's, Matthew's, Taverner's, and the Great Bible. Then there were reprints of these versions—such as Becke's and Carmarden's—which have sometimes erroneously been described as if they were new translations, when they were really unauthorised editions.

After the publication of the Great Bible there was a blank of twenty years, with the exception of a fragment of the New Testament translated by Sir John Cheke into 'Doric' English. Under Queen Mary, from 1553 to 1558, the reading of the Bible was prohibited by proclamation, and many of the Reformers fled abroad. Numbers of them gathered at Geneva, and it was there that 'the Puritan's Bible,' or 'Geneva Bible,' was prepared. The first instalment, a revised translation of the New Testament, was prepared by William Whittingham, and with a prefatory epistle by his brother-in-law, Calvin, was published at Geneva in 1557. For the first time in the English Bible the books were broken up into chapters and verses. This had been done before in Stephens' Greek Testament, and in some editions in German, but not till now in English versions. A second version of the Geneva Testament was issued in 1560, and a third in 1576. Meanwhile, Whittingham was engaged in a revision of the whole Bible, and is said to have been assisted both by Miles Coverdale and John Knox, both of whom resided at Geneva for a time. Doubtless he had other learned assistance as well; but not the less is the chief credit of the Geneva Bible due to Whittingham. It was published complete in 1560, well furnished with marginal notes, and in a cheap and handy form. It soon became a favourite, and was the version specially made use of by the English Puritans and the Scottish Covenanters. It remained in use in many places, especially in Scotland, long after 'the authorised version' was prepared by command of 'the most high and mighty Prince, James.'

The first Bible printed in Scotland—by Thomas Bassandyne in 1579, and known as the Bassandyne Bible—was the Geneva version. It was supposed to be taken from an authentic copy; but some curious misprints were discovered in the Geneva book, such as, 'Blessed are the place-makers' for 'peace-makers'; and some others.

The Geneva Bible is even now tolerably well known by the name of the 'Breeches Bible,' because of the rendering of Genesis iii. 7: 'They sewed figge tree leaves together, and made them-

selves breeches.' It is worth noting, however, that the word 'brechis' is also to be found in Wyclif's and Purvey's Bible; and that in one edition of the Geneva Bible, published by Lewis of London in 1577, 'breeches' is changed into 'apron.' There were three versions of the Geneva New Testament; but there was only one of the Old Testament, that in the Geneva Bible of 1560.

In 1564, the Anglican bishops resolved to prepare a version for themselves. The work was superintended by Archbishop Parker of Canterbury, who distributed portions among qualified divines for examination and revision. In four years the work was completed; and in 1568 the new translation, still known as 'the Bishops' Bible,' was completed. It was handsomely got up, with wood-engravings, a map of Palestine, an elaborate series of genealogical tables, and copperplate portraits of the Queen, Leicester, and Burleigh. It was never specially authorised by Queen or parliament, and the orders of Convocation for its use were only partially obeyed. A second edition was issued in 1569; and a third, with considerable amendments, in 1572. But it was never a great success, as it did not command the respect of scholars, and its size and price put it beyond the reach of the people. It is described as a work of unequal merit, but was really only a revision of the Great Bible.

The clergy of the Roman Catholic Church having set to work to prepare a version, they brought out in 1582 at Rheims an English translation of the New Testament; and in 1610, at Douai, an English version of the Old Testament, now known as 'the Douai Bible.' Like Wyclif's, these were translations of a translation, taken from the Latin Vulgate. The Douai Bible abounds in curious hybrid words which one never meets with anywhere else; but quite a large number of the readings and renderings of the Douai Bible were adopted by the revisers in 1881. They did not, however, adopt the variation of the 'treacle' rendering which the Douai revisers took, 'Is there no *rosen* in Galaad?' The Catholic version of the Bible now most commonly used in this country is one made by Dr Challoner in 1749 and 1750 of the Rheims New Testament and the Douai Old Testament. A revision of both was also made in 1783 by the Rev. Bernard MacMahon, with the approbation of Archbishop Troy of Dublin, and is known as 'Troy's Bible.'

These, then, were the various versions of the English Bible in use, or in existence, down to the close of the sixteenth century. With the beginning of the seventeenth century there arose a demand for a better translation than any yet in circulation, and when James VI. of Scotland succeeded to the English throne, he was supplicated to order a new translation. This was done, and is what we now call the Authorised Version. It is superior to the Great Bible, the Geneva Bible, and the Bishops' Bible—in spite of the respective merits of each of these. The King's Bible, or the National Bible, as the authorised version is sometimes called, was revised by forty-seven translators, divided into six companies, and the work occupied about three years. The new version was issued in 1611, and a second edition was required before the year was out.

The new Bible was translated from the original

texts, and the diction of the Bishops' Bible was generally followed. Within thirty years after its production, a proposal was made, and repeated in Parliament, for its revision; and but for the sudden dissolution of the Long Parliament, it is not improbable that something would have been done in 1653.

Nothing was done, however, although demands continued to be made at intervals, and several private persons tried their hands at translations of portions of the Scripture, until the work was seriously taken in hand by the Convocation of Canterbury in 1870. Calling to their aid distinguished scholars from the different Churches of the United Kingdom and America, and apportioning the work, the New Testament was published in 1881, and the Old Testament in 1885—the one occupying ten and a half, and the other fourteen years. This, the 'revised version,' as we now call it, is based on the authorised version of 1611. The demand for the revised version of the New Testament in 1881 exceeded that for any other book that has ever been published before or since.

THE MONTH: SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE rapid progress which has lately been made in all manufactures which are connected with electric lighting was well seen in a small but most interesting Exhibition recently opened by the St Pancras Vestry, London. This vestry have resolved to retain in their own hands the supply of the electric current to the ratepayers under their jurisdiction, and the Exhibition was devised as a ready means of showing householders what could be done, and also as a medium of introduction between buyers and sellers of electrical fittings of all kinds. Electricity was exhibited here not only as a light-giver but also as a means of putting in motion rotary fans—which will probably in hot climates take the place of punkahs—sewing-machines, washers and wringers, boot-cleaning machines, and other labour-savers. We were somewhat interested in a new form of arc light shown here which has been devised for search-light purposes. The carbon pencils in this arrangement have between them a block of fireclay, which becomes incandescent when the current is applied. This addition not only secures steadiness of light, but causes the carbon pencils to consume at a much slower rate than is usual. The lamp is exhibited by Messrs Woodhouse & Rawson.

Although every one knows that electricity will give the most intense form of artificial illumination, it is not generally realised to what an extent this brightness can be carried. In the Exhibition above mentioned are shown some fluted carbon rods about two inches in diameter, which have been in use at St Catherine's lighthouse, on the coast of the Isle of Wight. These are lent for exhibition by the chief engineer to the Trinity House. They have been furnishing a light which is equal to that given by fifty thousand standard

candles. But the power of the lenses through which the light beam is cast over the sea condenses the actual light afforded into a ray equal in power to six and a half million candles.

We learn from a contemporary that another electrical triumph has been accomplished in London. When Mr Edison visited that city he inspected the great works of the London Electric Supply Corporation at Deptford, and expressed serious doubts about the success of Mr Ferranti's plan of conveying a current of ten thousand volts pressure into the heart of London. Mr Edison is an advocate of the low-tension system. High tension, however, has been demonstrated to be not only possible under such conditions, but to be a great success. At a recent general meeting of the company, Mr J. S. Forbes, the chairman, referred with excusable pride to the triumph the company had achieved. He pointed out that the prophets, or the majority of them, had predicted failure. The great concentric mains were conveying the current with the utmost ease, and none of the terrible evils that were predicted had shown themselves. The company are at present working up to a capacity of thirty thousand lights; and the great dynamos, capable of supplying other sixty thousand, are at present being adjusted before being set to work, so that in a short time this company will be supplying ninety thousand lights from a base seven or eight miles distant. One very remarkable fact was mentioned by the chairman—namely, that 'between the dynamo at Deptford and the transformer in the West End the loss of current is practically nil.' The question of the transmission of electricity over long distances for power and light is thus satisfactorily solved.

A new form of cart has been patented by Mr W. Hollingworth, of Eckington, its principal object being to render the work of haulage easier to the animal between its shafts. Its novel feature is a lever which is actuated by the horse in such a way that the weight of the load is shifted forward when going up-hill, or backward when descending any steep gradient. There is also an automatic brake attached to the vehicle.

Mr G. J. Symons, F.R.S., in referring to the extreme dryness of last February, writes that his meteorological observations have been continuous for more than thirty years, and that during that time the month of February has never been so free from rain as that of 1891. The amount recorded for that month, so far as it could be measured, is one-hundredth of an inch. There was a slight sprinkle of rain in London in the forenoon of the 7th of February, immediately after one of those intense darknesses which are becoming so frequent in the metropolis, and Mr Symons placed some sheets of note-paper in his garden so that the raindrops might make their own records. This they did in the form of inky markings upon the paper, which afford 'one more proof of the need for drastic measures if London is to be clean enough to live in.' It may be mentioned that from only one place in England did this observer receive a return which indicated more than 0.10 inch of rainfall, and that was from the hills above Ullswater.

Some Reports upon the use of oil at sea have lately been published in America, and from them it would seem that the masters of ships are keenly

alive to the advantage of carrying oil in case of emergency, so convinced are they of its efficacy in making rough water smooth on the surface. Fish-oil is said to be the best to employ; but a combination of kerosene and linseed in one case gave valuable results. Quoting from these Reports, we find one from the chief officer of the brig *Marena*, who says that during a gale in January last the vessel was hove-to, and a hemp-canvas bag partly filled with oakum and saturated with oil was just allowed to dip into the sea from the lee quarter, the oil being replenished every two hours. 'As the vessel lay quite easy and shipped no heavy seas, it proved a great success.' The captain of the *Miranda*, a British steamship, speaks of oil having been used with most excellent effect in a gale which was encountered in December between St Johns and Halifax. 'Waves,' he writes, 'would come bearing down in the direction of the steamer as though to crush her; but they no sooner reached the oil than they rolled harmlessly past. To its use we owe our lives and the safety of the ship.'

The great severity of the cold last winter has raised the question whether fish suffer injury from being enclosed for long periods in solid ice. A correspondent of *Nature* quotes a case in which an icebag for application to an invalid's head had been filled in July from an icehouse which had been stored with ice the previous December. The ice was thus six months old, and yet, when the bag was emptied after use, a little fish was found swimming merrily about in the water which came from it. The ice had been originally gathered from a pond in the neighbourhood. Another correspondent of the same periodical, dating from a London suburb, writes that in a pond there several small carp and innumerable sticklebacks were embedded in the ice last December, and that when pieces of the ice were broken up and the fish placed in water they showed no sign of life. Seeing that these results are so at variance with one another, it would be interesting to institute experiments to settle the point. If fish can really be kept alive at a temperature below the freezing-point, a new industry might arise in the importation of Canadian salmon as palatable as that which is taken from our own rivers.

It is well known that a vast quantity of silver, gold, and platinum is used up yearly in photographic processes, and as only a small percentage of the salts of those metals assist in actually building up the pictures, the larger quantity is generally washed away and wasted. In large laboratories the residues are of course saved, and represent a very respectable sum of money annually; but it does not pay the small worker to be so saving of his wastes. Silver is still more largely employed than the other metals; but there is now an indication that photographers may presently be able to look to a far cheaper metal for their sensitive compounds. Mr F. H. Varley has discovered a means of associating salts of iron with suitable sensitisers, and of producing from them films quite as sensitive as those formed from gelatine emulsions which are used for instantaneous work. This cheapening of photographic processes will doubtless mark a new era in many of the numerous applications of the art to our manufacturing processes.

An interesting paper was lately read before the Society of Arts, London, on the subject of 'Electricity in Relation to the Human Body, its Dangers and its Uses.' The authors of this valuable paper pointed out that electrical engineers were apt to draw unfair inferences from the slight results which have often followed accidental electrical contact, and showed that a current which might be harmless to A might have very serious results for B. These different results would be probably owing to the greater moisture of the skin in the one case than in the other; and a table is given showing to what an extent skin-moisture must be taken into account. This table showed that with a continuous current the resistance of the skin when moist is reduced to about one-third of what it is when dry, and when the skin is actually wet the resistance is reduced to one-fourth. In the same paper allusion was made to a recent American invention, the object of which is to render painless the operation of tooth-extraction, and the authors stated that their experiments showed that it does fully accomplish the elimination of pain. Unfortunately, they did not farther describe it, but it is called the 'Dental Vibrator.'

The completion of the telephone line between London and Paris may certainly be regarded as a great scientific triumph. The first proposal for this new means of communication between the two countries came from the French government; but the plans and specifications were made out by the chief electrician to the British Post-office, Mr W. P. Preece, F.R.S. The line works so perfectly that there is no need to speak directly against the transmitter, and in all respects the sounds are far clearer and freer from extraneous noises than are the local lines to which most business men are accustomed. As a proof of this freedom from induction noises, it may be stated that a watch at Dover can be distinctly heard ticking in London. The public are allowed to use the new telephone line for three minutes' conversation on payment of ten francs (8s. 4d.). A clockwork arrangement records the time during conversation, and shuts off all communication at the end of the allotted three minutes. Payment of another fee will secure another three minutes' talk; but no person will be allowed to enjoy more than six minutes' conversation on any one occasion.

The mania for Protection seems to be pushed to a ridiculous extreme just now in the United States, if we may believe the report that a telephone cable passing through the tunnel under the St Clair River from Canada has been made to pay duty. It is also said on good authority that the steel cylinder used in constructing this tunnel was subjected to a similar payment.

An American lady-naturalist contradicts the general opinion that moles are entirely carnivorous, are exceedingly rapacious, and will die if left longer than eight or ten hours without food. She shut a mole up in a well-ventilated box, and offered it vegetable food, which it at first refused; but after sixteen hours' fasting, it was induced to eat bread and milk. Coarse oatmeal soaked well in milk, but uncooked, it ate ravenously. When released, the animal tore at the carpet and upholstery of the room in the hope of finding something into which it could burrow, eventually taking possession of a woollen mitten which was

thrown to it, and into the thumb of which it thrust its head. It lived in this way for three days, coming out of the mitten occasionally to feed on its oatmeal.

A new trade, which promises to reach extensive proportions, has sprung up lately in the importation of butter from distant New Zealand. The butter is found to keep perfectly sweet if packed in quantities of fifty-six pounds and upwards, and kept at a temperature not greater than forty-five degrees. Many factories are concerned in the production of this butter from grass-fed milk with the most improved appliances, and under scientific supervision, the result being that the product fetches the high wholesale price of one shilling per pound. When we are suffering under the rigours of winter, it is summer-time at New Zealand, and the new butter can therefore be shipped so as to arrive here at a time of comparative scarcity. The colonial authorities are said to be doing their best to develop an industry which will doubtless prove to be of much benefit to producers and consumers alike.

The *New York Tribune* lately described the methods of night-signalling which are adopted in the American navy, and which differ somewhat from the means employed in this country. In one method three sixteen-candle electric lights are used, one being white, one green, and the other red. These three lamps are hung in the rigging several feet apart, but in a vertical line, and are governed by keys, which shut off the light from each at the will of the operator. The green light indicates a dash, and the red one answers to a dot, so that words may be readily spelt out by means of the Morse alphabet. The use of the white light is not indicated; but probably it is employed as an answering signal to show that similar communications from another ship or from the shore are understood. Another method employed is to use the search-light for flashing long or short gleams of light upon the clouds overhead. This latter plan would be available for far greater distances than the coloured-lamp system, which, indeed, is limited to an area of about three miles.

A year or two back, much interest was aroused by the introduction of smokeless powder for military purposes as a rival to that compound of 'villainous saltpetre' which had been up to that time universally employed. The art of manufacturing these new powders has developed to such an extent that they are now applied to various purposes other than warfare. Sportsmen speak highly of their advantages in reducing recoil to a minimum, with an almost total absence of fouling the barrel of the gun, and giving greater penetration than black gunpowder. Riflemen also testify to the good scores which they can make with the new ammunition. For blasting purposes, a special powder is made, which, in addition to absence of smoke, has the further advantage of giving off no poisonous fumes during explosion. This latter quality of the new compound is also felt as a great advantage in confined rifle galleries where practice with a Morris tube is carried on. The Smokeless Powder Company of London are now manufacturing ammunition to suit either sporting guns or rifles. In outward appearance the new

powders bear very little resemblance to the explosive agent which in a great measure they seem destined to supplant.

In a recent paper dealing with that most lasting form of decoration known as mosaic-work, and which has to some extent been revived of late years, Mr T. R. Spence explained one method by which the designs are worked out, and the tiny pieces of glass, marble, or stone fixed in their places. From a small design in colour, a full-sized cartoon is made, and from this last, cardboard sections of the design of a convenient size are obtained by means of tracing. With his eye on the original design, the operator now glues the *tesserae*, previously cut to proper sizes, on one of these cardboards, until the whole of its surface, perhaps twenty inches square, is filled up. When each part of the design has been thus treated, these cardboard pieces of patchwork are laid on the floor or wall on a layer of wet cement, face downwards, and pressed well into position. When the cement has had time to set, the cardboard temporary support is washed off, the spaces between the *tesserae* are filled up with cement, and finally the whole is rubbed level and smoothed.

Serpollet's steam-carriage and its trials in the streets of Paris have lately formed the subject of comments in the French press, and one journal, *La Nature*, gives an illustration (taken from a photograph) of its outward appearance. It resembles a phaeton without shafts, the motor being almost entirely hidden in the body of the vehicle. The chief feature in this new form of steam-carriage is the boiler, which consists of a small metallic tube maintained at such a heat that when a small quantity of water is injected into it, steam is immediately generated in sufficient quantity to start the engine. Thus, there is no reserve of steam—it is made as required, and explosion is impossible. The trials of this novel carriage have been so successful that the police have authorised its use in the Paris thoroughfares, provided that the speed is kept below ten miles an hour. It may be noted that the peculiar construction of the boiler allows for extra pressure to be exerted, so as to overcome obstacles or to ascend hills. This is provided for by a hand-pump by which an extra injection of water may be made when required, and which seems equivalent to harnessing an extra horse to an ordinary vehicle in a like emergency.

A writer in *Nature Notes*, the Selborne Society's Magazine, calls renewed attention to the diminished number of our wild-birds since the senseless practice of using them for purposes of personal adornment became common in civilised England. The beautiful kingfisher is now almost extinct in what used to be his favourite haunts, justifying the prophecy of the late Frank Buckland, who, twelve years ago, said to the writer of the paper referred to, 'The ladies have taken to the kingfishers, and they'll have to go.' It is the same with the goldfinches and many other birds who are unfortunate enough to wear bright plumage. Even the swallows are not exempt from slaughter, so that their bodies may be stuck in bonnets and hats. Many appeals have been made through the press to stop this war against our birds, and we believe a Ladies' Society was actually formed to protest against it.

But the evil is as rampant as ever. If all fathers would insist on their daughters renouncing a badge which to thoughtful men is so uncomplimentary to the wearer, something would be done to stop the iniquitous traffic in dead birds.

To facilitate the lowering of ships' boats in case of accident, a 'combined chock and gripe arrangement' has been patented by Mr W. Bell, manager, Camperdown Shipyard, Dundee. Mr Bell's arrangement enables a boat to be more securely fastened down into the chocks, and it can be instantaneously released ready for lowering by one man, who has merely to move a small lever, without touching the 'tackles,' 'gripes,' or 'chocks.' To further increase the rapidity in lowering the boats, patent lowering and disengaging gear has also been designed and patented by the same gentleman. By it a boat can be safely lowered into the water by one man. All possibility of one end of the boat being lowered before the other is averted by both ropes being wound on the same barrel. The windlass is situated at a convenient point between the davits, and by means of a powerful brake one man can let down or haul up the lifeboat with ease and safety. Experiments have recently been made with the 'chock and gripe' arrangement in presence of an officer of the Board of Trade with very satisfactory results.

PLENTY OF TIME.

PLENTY of Time—Plenty of Time!

O what a foolish and treacherous chime!

With so much to see, and so much to be taught,
And the battle with evil each day to be fought;
With wonders above us, beneath, and around,
Which sages are seeking to mark and expound;
With work to be done in our fast passing prime,
Can ever there be for us 'plenty of time'?

Our schooling at most lasts a few score of years,
Spent in sunshine and shadow, in smiles or in tears;
While none are quite equal, howe'er they be classed,
And judgments too often are faultily passed.
'Twixt Eternity past and its future to stand
Like a child sea-surrounded on one speck of land,
There to work out the duties that make life sublime,
Oh, surely there cannot be 'plenty of time'!

CAMILLA CROSLAND.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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- 2d. For its return in case of ineligibility, postage-stamps should accompany every manuscript.
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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 383.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 2, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

A CHAPTER ON CHAIRMEN.

OF all the social duties imposed upon mankind, presupposed to require no special training, the duties of Chairmanship stand out perhaps pre-eminent for the perfunctory manner in which they are performed. To the fulfilment of these duties all sorts and conditions of men are called under all varieties of time, place, and circumstance. In Halls, Council-chambers, Exchanges, and what not, men are summoned to preside over their gregarious fellow-men, and it is small wonder if they prove at times as ill fitted to cope with their audience, as that audience occasionally proves itself unable to appreciate its Chairman. Forgetful that the office is honorary, that the unfortunate Chairman has perchance had his greatness thrust upon him, that he feels it an honour unto which he was not born, and which he would fain have evaded, those under him rebel openly and without mercy; just as certain occupiers of the Chair, being dressed in a little brief authority, know, or at least show, no mercy to their audience. One of this sort will keep his auditory, if not listening, yet in the act to listen, to his own most sweet voice, purling out his platitudes beyond the limits of human endurance.

Take, for instance, the Solemn Chairman: it is the humour of his character to be utterly without the sense of humour; he takes the chair as he takes life—as a tough beefsteak, to be got through at some expense to the jaws, costing his digestion somewhat and testing his temper, but filling a vacuum, and not altogether distasteful by reason of a due accompaniment of condiments, the buttered parsnips of flattery, or the stimulating Universal Relish of applause. The Solemn Chairman is essentially an elderly man; he dresses carefully for the occasion, and makes notes, which, when the time comes, are a pain and sorrow to him to decipher. Then is he a living illustration of the proverb, that to err is human, for he errs at every other word. Of preternatural gravity—and no mute

ever exhibited more decent dejection of demeanour—he is oblivious of all byplay amongst his co-mates and brothers of the platform; oblivious also, as becomes so much sagacity, of the lapse of so small a thing as time. Generous as Dogberry himself, he would bestow all his tediousness upon us and all at once. Not seldom he requires a little extraneous aid, a certain amount of wire-pulling, to induce him to execute that important part of speech which consists in the cessation of it. A cough, a sigh, a change of attitude on the part of some one near him, who feels perhaps his own prospective eloquence in danger of being curtailed by the length of the good man's harangue, rouses him to consider his peroration, and a conclusion is thus sometimes arrived at. Sometimes, but not always, a check will now and then act like the cutting of a worm in two; that which was the tail—the end, is by the very force of the disruption endowed with new life, and becomes another and perhaps longer length of crawling sinuousness.

A speech of the nature above hinted at, we once heard brought to a conclusion, however, by a seasonable interruption which happened in this wise. A clerical grandee had been invited to give éclat to a local prize distribution at the Grammar School by taking the chair and distributing the certificates and awards. On a warm July afternoon, the boys, duly arrayed in clean collars and shining faces, with eyes drawn irresistibly to the imposing array of volumes placed on a table on the platform, had listened first cheerfully, then patiently, then despairingly, to the outpouring of the oratory with which their reverend tormentor was surcharged. The head-master and his coadjutors sat with heads decently declined on their hands, meditating perhaps their own forthcoming orations, or putting as much sagacity and ease into their appearance as they found convenient. Gradually the drenching from the powerful spray of the chairman's interminable rhetoric was reducing all to a dead level of misery. Still he bore on full sail: illustrations, admonitions, exhortations, streaming

like pennons from his mast-head. Delighted with the ripple and surge of his own silvery declamation, want of breath at last induced an instant's interval. He drew in a deep inspiration: another moment and the sails, now idly flapping, would have refilled, and again he would have been gliding over our heads, drawing deep furrows on our backs, when in the very nick of time a youngster in the front row of boys gave artless vent to a yawn so loud, so long, so opportune, that smiles broke out irresistibly among the audience; the heads on the platform, decently dipped before, dived yet a little lower; a subtle electric current charged with the rebellion latent in the lines of chairs made itself somehow felt even by the remorseless rhetorician himself. He swayed to and fro uneasily, yawning as it were, then fell off before the wind, and murmuring a few hasty closing sentences, sat down to the music of ringing applause.

Some of our older readers may remember that in Albert Smith's lecture on Mont Blanc his St Bernard dog used to do him good service by yawning aloud, and thus giving the brilliant lecturer an opportunity of making a point by remarking that no wonder the poor animal was tired of it—he had heard the story so often. Even so our little lad had as unconsciously enabled the audience to score, by breaking off our Solemn Chairman's oration with a similar pandiculation.

In quite another light does he who may be denominated the Comic Chairman regard *his* duties. The whole affair is a joke; the brisker the speeches, the greater the laughter, no matter how raised, the greater his satisfaction. If he be the prize-giver, he will begin by assuring his young friends that he can see they don't want any advice from *him*—what *they* want is their prizes; he can see the hungry glances they are casting at the bountiful supply of provisions on the table before him, and he is not the man to debar them one five minutes from their well-earned meal. When he, their Chairman, wants his dinner and his dinner is ready, he likes to have it, and without any palaver. He would not thank any one, not even Mr Blank—here a bow to that gentleman on the platform, for whose eloquence the Comic Chairman has the greatest secret antipathy—he would not even thank Mr Blank to come and talk to him and keep him waiting for his repast without rhyme or reason. This possibly raises a laugh, and in the enjoyment of it the Chairman will not improbably fall into the very error he has been deprecating, and indulge in a more lengthy and less rather than more humorous speech.

When the actual distribution at last arrives, the Comic Chairman is quite in his element. He takes care to possess himself of the list of the prize-takers, and while the head-master is pounding through his report, and the more or less complimentary—generally less rather than more—observations of the Board of Examiners—while this is taking place, the Comic Chair-

man, apparently profoundly attentive, is in reality conning impromptus to be bestowed with the prize on each recipient. Woe to any unfortunately shy lad possessing a name capable of being punned upon, for, rely on it, the Comic Chairman will strike the shrinking sufferer and spare not!

Of another genus is the Learned Chairman, a man who talks quite over the heads of his audience, and who is very much applauded for that reason, the canine race not being alone in their love of listening to what they cannot quite comprehend. This learned pundit will close his eyes, and soothed by the *susurrus* of the reporters' pencils, and flattered by the submissive applause of his listeners, he will deliver his soul of much far-fetched, painfully-carried, and slowly-delivered erudition. His puzzled hearers try in vain to take hold of the thread of his discourse; but it is a mass of threads, one only serving to remind the speaker of another. The web is learning, the warp is learning, it is dyed in grain with learning; and the applause at the close of the Learned Chairman's lecture is indeed appreciative—of its termination.

In marked contrast to this gentleman's Chairmanship is that of the man whose education has been outstripped by the march of time, so to speak. This same march of time and the power of accumulated wealth have together elevated this 'merchant' into what he never fails to describe as the proud position of Chief Magistrate of this ancient and loyal borough of Speechy-cum-Spluttering. Never but once has he been heard to speak disrespectfully of so discriminating a constituency as that which elected him to do him and itself honour. On that occasion, his parliamentary candidate having been unseated for bribery, he was heard publicly to characterise his native Speechy-cum-Spluttering as the most 'corrupt and immaculate' borough in the country.

It was our privilege once to listen to him when, filling the office of Chairman at the annual meeting of a local School of Art, he deemed it necessary to address his audience on Art. Carefully arrayed for the occasion with white waistcoat, diamond ring, orchid button-hole, and a bandana that he waved continually in front of him like a punkah, he commenced his oration, oracularly, as follows: 'Ladies and gentlemen—The 'and is accessory to the eye; without the 'and, the eye would be powerless to perdoose the numbrous imperishless performances he saw 'ung around him pulpably on these walls.' As one of Shakespeare's clowns relies on 'O lord, sir!' as an effectual help to answer any query, so did this learned speaker rely on one word to do him yeoman's service; it was—'elsewhere,' pronounced 'el-swear.' It figured continually in his speech along with Cobbett's French Grammar, which last, like the fly in the amber, still puzzles us to account for its whereabouts. For some half-hour or so the pupils had been reminded of the advantages available here and not available 'el-swear'; the head-master had been congratulated on the training which, 'el-swear' gained, had enabled him to draw out native talent here—he, himself occupying the proud position of Chief Magistrate of that ancient and loyal borough, felt that here,

and not 'el-swear,' lay the scene of his duties ; and so on. And here occurred a little interlude which helped to graft the occasion firmer in our minds.

A coadjutor on the platform having arrested his Worship's attention by touching his elbow and whispering to him, the orator paused—with suspended bandana—his eye roving wildly over his auditory. Presently that eye became fixed ; the bandana was now waved gracefully, and in an encouraging manner he began again to lift up his voice. We should mention that there happened that evening to be in the assembly a local antiquary and F.R.S., a man painfully shy and retiring, almost a recluse, but who had been tempted thither to witness the bestowal of some distinction on the nephew of a friend for some architectural drawing in which he, the F.R.S., had taken a friendly interest. Imagine, therefore, Mr Blankeney's feelings when the following sentence fell upon his ears : 'I am told,' said his Worship with gracious condescension, 'that there is in this room—and not where he ought to be on this platform, but el-swear in this room, a gentleman as knows all about art—p'raps he'll be kind enough to tell us a little about it.—Mr Blankeney, sir, come forward, come forward !' Here the beckoning of the bandana was renewed effusively.

Finding himself thus cruelly signalled out from his fellow-listeners, with every eye in the room fixed on him in the death-like silence that succeeded that commanding invitation to 'come forward !' Mr Blankeney rose to his feet, turning first scarlet, then purple, and shaking in every limb, muttered a few inaudible words of protest and denial ; and the door being luckily near at hand, he beat so rapid a retreat from the scene of his discomfiture as to sacrifice his baggage even—his greatcoat, hat, and umbrella, which *impedimenta* a waiter recovered for him some ten minutes later, by which time it may be presumed the owner had finished shaking the dust off his feet in testimony against the inhospitable breach, committed in his person, on the modesty of private life.

Then we have had in our day the painfully Humble Chairman, whose whole speech is composed of egotistical proclamations of his own incapacity to fulfil in any degree his exalted idea of the duties of chairmanship. He is on the whole more exasperating even than the Imitative Chairman, who has taken Mr Oscar Wilde as his pattern, and who drawls and twaddles with an air of mingled patronage and offensive superiority highly edifying to listen to.

The best of all Chairmen that we have been called upon, in a tolerably long experience, to 'suffer and be still' under (or to appreciate and be grateful to), the best by far is the cool-headed business man who knows his work and does it, and keeps the platform-palaverer within decent bounds ; who smiles at flattery, and indulges in no 'soft-sawder' himself ; who can hear opposite views to his own expounded with patience, and forbear even a *sotto voce* 'Hear, hear' when his own ideas are expressed. Speaking of 'soft-sawder' reminds us how large an amount of 'butter' is expended in platform oratory : sometimes we have thought that each man there must secretly regard the others as enemies, whose

mouths—as in the Indian tale—must be closed by a little pat of dexterously-aimed 'ghee' or fresh butter, to prevent their following them to their disadvantage.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

BY GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XX.—AT BAY.

AWAY over in Africa, the outlook was still gloomier. The 25th of January had come at Khartoum. That long, long siege drew slowly to its close. The end was not far off now. On the 13th, the fort of Omdurman, beyond the river, had fallen bodily into the enemy's hands. Starvation and disease were working their way ruthlessly among the remaining defenders. The Mahdi's troops were pressing like jackals about the fated city. It was whispered among the faithful in the town that Faragh Pasha, who kept the Messalamieh Gate, had been holding communications with the besieger's emissaries. The air was thick, as in all beleaguered cities, with vague flying rumours of suspected treachery. Everywhere doubt, panic, uncertainty : everywhere the manifold form of indefinite suspicion. And behind it all, the solemn reality of a certain fate staring them in the face. Unless relief came in six days more, the garrison must surrender out of pure hunger.

But still there was hope, for Wolseley was advancing. The army of rescue was well on its way. Stewart had reached the Abu Klea wells. The Mahdi's forces had been defeated at Gubat. Brave English hearts were eager to release them. By strange unknown sources, by the tales of deserters, by the curious buzzing gossip of the bazaar, news of what was happening in the outer world leaked in, bit by bit, from time to time through the wall of besiegers to the famished garrison. It was known that if the defenders could hold out for one week longer, reinforcements would arrive in river steamers before the quays of Khartoum. So they hoped and hoped, and despaired, and waited.

On that eventful Sunday, the 25th of January, while the notables of the town, pressed hard by hunger, were on their way to the Palace to urge Gordon once more to surrender at discretion, three Europeans sat talking together in eager colloquy by the Bourré Gate on the south front of the city. One of them was a soldier in semi-English uniform ; the other two belied their nationality by their complete acceptance of the Arab costume.

'Had any breakfast this morning, Linnell ?' Sir Austen asked with good-humoured stoicism, the frank cheery stoicism which the English aristocrat makes it almost a point of honour to display in difficult circumstances. 'By George, what one would give for a British beefsteak now ! Tender, juicy, with potato chips ! The first thing I shall do when I get back to England is to order a steak, grilled over the fire, and a dish of potatoes. Taste good, won't it, with a pint of Bass, after so many months of nothing better than roast donkey !'

'When ye get back, is it ?' Considine murmured half to himself, with irrepressible Celtic

spirit. 'If ye get back, you mean surely, Sir Austen; for as things go at present, I'm glad for me own part I didn't waste me precious money on taking a return ticket. Me poor old mother'll be the richer for that same when she comes into me property after the Mahdi's eaten us up. Linnell and I had a prime breakfast, though—for Khartoum. A ration of gum and some pounded palm fibre, and half a rat each, as well as a piece of Indian-meal bread.'

'You're in luck!' Sir Austen echoed, smacking his lips at the rat. 'I haven't tasted a morsel to eat myself this morning yet. There's breakfast waiting for me up at the Palace, but the fire was so heavy on the gate till just now that I've had no time to turn and rest till this minute.'

'And what do you think of things generally now?' Linnell asked quietly. 'Shall we be able to hold out till Stewart's party arrives, or shall we have to surrender under the very nose of the expeditionary force at the last moment?'

Sir Austen shook his head gravely. 'Neither one nor the other,' he answered, like a soldier as he was, with the solemn note of supreme conviction. 'Don't suppose for a minute we're going to escape. The Mahdi's playing with us like a cat with a mouse. It increases his prestige to keep us dawdling. He knows Stewart's force has reached Metannah. He knows we can't hold out till the relief arrives. Mark my words; he'll assault us to-morrow as sure as fate; and in our present feeble and hungry condition, we can't pretend to resist his numbers.'

'True for you!' the Irishman put in with reckless bravery. 'Our niggers are too empty and too tired to fight any more. When Wolseley comes, he'll come to find us all beautiful specimens for the College of Surgeons. I can see meself stuck up in a glass case: "Skeleton of the late Mr T. A. Considine; typical example of the Black Celts of Ireland!"'

'And if an assault's made, what shall you do?' Linnell asked with scarcely trembling lips.

His cousin looked back at him like an English soldier. 'Die fighting to the last by Gordon's side,' he answered unhesitatingly.

'Hear, hear!' the Irishman echoed with martial enthusiasm. 'The blood of our ancestors spurs us on to action. We'll be worthy of the fighting Considines of County Cavan.'

Linnell looked them full in the face for one minute in doubt. Then he made up his mind to speak his thought freely. 'Austen,' he said, turning round to his kinsman with a frankly cordial air, 'we're cousins after all. Till we came to Khartoum, we never really knew one another. This siege has brought us face to face at last. Here, we've learned to be brothers at heart, as we ought to be. There were faults on both sides, no doubt—misapprehensions, misconceptions, groundless fears; but we've forgotten them all, and corrected our impressions.'

Sir Austen seized his cousin's hand warmly. 'Charlie,' he said—'let me call you Charlie—you're a good fellow, and I know it now. There's nothing like a siege to make men friends. If ever we two get back to England alive, we'll stand on very different terms with one another henceforth from any we stood on before we came here.'

'Very well,' Linnell went on gravely, returning

his grasp. 'We'll fight to the last, if you will, with Gordon. But we needn't make up our minds to die, unless the Mahdi's people insist upon killing us. For my own part, I've reasons for wishing to return. There are other mistakes I feel I should clear up. I'm not a soldier, like you, Austen; but if we must be attacked, I'll stop at the gate here and fight it out like a man by your side. Still, I want to say one thing to you; and to you, too, Considine, for it's always well to be prepared against all emergencies. I speak Arabic, and I know the ways and manners of Islam as well as I know the streets of London or Paris. If the worst comes to the worst, as come it will, stick by me both of you. If we're all killed, well and good; somebody in England will be all the richer for it. But if by any stroke of luck we should manage to survive, remember, you stand no chance alone; you're both too obviously and unmistakably Christian to run the gantlet of the Mahdi's forces. But by my side, and with my knowledge of Arabic and of Mussulman ways, you may get away safely in spite of everything.'

Sir Austen laid his hand gently on his new friend's shoulder. 'My dear fellow,' he said in a tone of unwonted kindness and cordiality, 'for Heaven's sake, don't deceive yourself about this. Don't lay that flattering unction to your soul. Make up your mind at once for the worst. Escape or safety is not on the cards. Unless I greatly mistake my man, the Mahdi means to attack us before to-morrow morning. And if he does, before to-morrow night, as sure as fate, we shall be all dead men. In our present condition, resistance is useless. We may sell our lives hard, but that's all. I can understand that you may want to get away. There may be somebody in England for whose sake you might wish to escape the massacre. That's natural, quite. But a massacre there'll be, as certain as death, and not a living soul in Khartoum, of the Christians at least, will ever escape from it to tell the story. We may die hard, but die we must, in any case; so the best thing for us all to do is to make our minds up to it well beforehand.'

Linnell answered without the faintest display of emotion: 'Very well. I'm prepared. Gin I mun doy, I mun doy, and there's no help for it. I'll stay by your side here and fight it out.—But Austen, one or other of us may happen to escape. If it's you, take this address I give you: you'll see whose it is: write to her that I never forgot her to the last: tell her I began to fear I might somehow have been mistaken: ask her to forgive me for having ever distrusted her.'

Sir Austen took the scrap of paper in the sacred silence with which men receive such things in a great crisis. He folded it up reverently in his pocket-book without looking at it. Then he wrote a few lines in pencil himself on a page torn out from the note-book at the end and handed them over to Linnell in return. 'Charlie,' he said in a very regretful voice, 'you're more likely by far to get away safe through this rabble of insane fanatics than I am. Your Arabic and your local colour may pull you through. I've written a word or two there to my wife. I've told her how much I mistook your character and conduct till we learned to

know one another here. I've asked her to look upon you—if I should fall—as the head of the house: you know my meaning. I've told her how much your companionship's been worth to me. If ever you get away clear from this detestable hole—by Jove, how they're fusillading away at the gate now—tell her I loved her with my last breath, and that my last thoughts were of her only.'

'Boys,' Considine said, holding his pistol hard, 'I'm sorry to be behind ye both in this matter of sentiment. I've got no wife, and I've got no sweetheart. But it's not me intention to let meself be killed here for nothing, I tell ye. I shall bowl over as many of these niggers as I can: but when the fun's all over and done, I mean to walk across Africa on me own legs, till I come out at Cape Town, if need be, before ever I'll let a nigger put daylight through me. So if ye two have any commands for home, regard me as the post—I'm the man to take them. It's me firrum intention to be buried at peace in the family vault of all the Considines in me father's own place in dear old County Cavan.'

As they spoke, Sir Austen took out his notebook once more. 'Charlie,' he said, scribbling down a few words on a blank page, 'take that up for me to the Palace to Gordon. The attack, I'm sure, will come from this side. I've been watching these fellows, and I see they're massing their men for the Bourré Gate. We must concentrate all our forces here: and I wish I felt sure of that fellow Faragh.'

Linnell took the note and turned on his heel with the quiet gliding movement of the true oriental. Considine gazed after him with an approving glance. 'He's a good fellow that,' he said, turning to Sir Austen; 'and it's very generous of him to propose to stand by you if we have to make our way out through all these blackguards.'

'And by you too,' Sir Austen added quietly.

'By me! Ah, yes; there's no reason there. But to help you out of Khartoum, I call really self-sacrificing.'

'Why so?' Sir Austen asked, with a faint tinge of distrust in the tone of his voice.

'Why, because, me dear sir,' the Irishman answered with true Irish bluntness, 'if you were to be killed, and he were to get away, he'd be a bar'net of the United Kingdom, for he's next in succession to the Linnell title.'

Sir Austen glanced up at him from his seat on a step with a sudden glance of suspicious doubt. 'And if he were to be killed,' he muttered, 'and I were to get away, I'd be next in succession to a far finer property than ever the Linnells of Thorpe Manor could lay claim to.'

'Ye mean the pills?' Considine suggested with a cautious smile.

'Ah, you know all about it, then,' Sir Austen answered, not without some slight symptoms of embarrassment. 'Yes, I mean the pills, and whatever thereby hangs. Charles Linnell's a rich man; and his money'd take the mortgages off the Manor without feeling it. But I'll stand by him still, in spite of that, if he'll stand by me; for after all he's a rare good fellow. Not that we need either of us trouble ourselves about titles or estates as things go now; for before to-morrow evening, Considine, I tell you the truth,

we'll be all dead men in a heap together. The Mahdi'll be in possession of Khartoum by that time, and he'll treat every man-jack of us as he treated Hicks Pasha's army before us: not a soul will get back alive to England. Don't buoy yourself up with any false hopes of escape or terms. Khartoum's doomed, and every European life within it.'

THE FAUNA AND FLORA OF THE GREEK COINAGE.

THE coinage of the ancient world is a priceless treasury of illustrations of contemporary history. For nearly seven hundred years before the Christian era the chief cities of the Mediterranean issued a continuous stream of engraved coins, which reflected the artistic excellence of the work of the sculptor and the architect. Hence a numismatic cabinet is a handy gallery of early art, and in many instances we are acquainted with the form of public buildings and sculptures, now lost, solely through the representations of them which appear on the money of the time. In his description of the city of Potidæa, for example, Herodotus refers to an image of Poseidon which stood by the municipal gate; while of Metapontum he says that the marketplace was adorned with a statue of Apollo surrounded by laurel trees. Although both these statues have perished, we know what was the form of one of them from a silver tetradrachm of the period; and of the other, from a stater issued at the very time that the great traveller was writing his fascinating journals. The Colossus which Chares cast at Rhodes has long since disappeared; but the coins of the island still enable us to behold the countenance of the famous Helios, which Lucian claimed to be one of the sights of antiquity.

Historians have made full use of the portraits of emperors and queens, the personations of local deities, and other sources of information which are afforded by the work of early mints. But the extensive series of coin-types drawn from the animal and vegetable world has hitherto been in the main neglected by naturalists. Nearly one hundred and fifty species are represented in this way; and in some instances the only direct knowledge we have of the presence of particular animals in particular regions in pre-Christian times is derived from some local coin. As a general rule, antiquaries who make a specialism of coin-study have had little biological training, and it often happens that their descriptions of organic forms are inexact. Thus, to take one example only—coins of Agrigentum and Catana, Tarentum and Himera, bear a fine type of a prawn, which is erroneously described in many catalogues as a crayfish.

It goes without saying that organic species were as numerous in the classic world as now; and the presence on Mount Parnassus to-day of plants like the woody honeysuckle and the red helleborine is *a priori* proof that they have always grown there within the human period, even though ignored by pre-Christian art and letters. But it is impossible to compile a good fauna and flora of the early ages by direct evidence of art. There are many species mentioned in literature whose attribution is uncertain,

because coin, vase, and frieze afford no pictorial evidence in the matter. The 'ellops'—said by Lynceus of Lemnos and Varro to have been a delicacy prized by the gourmands of Rhodes—cannot with certainty be identified with the sword-fish, because that fish, striking as its form may be, was ignored by Rhodian artists.

In the second century of this era—long after the epoch of the Greek coinage was ended—a Greek physician, Dioscorides, recorded five hundred and forty-nine plants known to him, which have been tentatively identified by Sibthorp, an English physician of this century, who himself collected four times as many species as his great predecessor. But when the fact is considered that only thirty-three of these plants are drawn by contemporary mint artists, it will not be surprising to find that even Sibthorp, who knew the botany of the Mediterranean area better than Dioscorides, was doubtful as to many of his attributions. While archaic coins are instructive to the biologist in indicating the localities of particular species at definite periods, and so lightening the task of tracing the migration of living things, there are several circumstances which seriously impair the value of coin-evidence in this matter. It was very usual for colonists, such as those who migrated from Corinth, to adopt for the devices of their coinage those to which they were accustomed in the money of the mother city, and it was a common practice to utilise the field of a coin for representing some local divinity. The labours of Hercules were a favourite theme; and cities which adopted a coin-type like the Stymphalian birds—as did Perinthus, which Hercules is fabled to have founded—offer no information as to the geographical distribution of that half-mythical species. Similarly, the mouse and the snake, the raven and the hawk, the wolf and the grasshopper, the laurel and the olive, all of which were sacred to Apollo, often appeared on coins, not because they were specially abundant in the neighbourhood of the cities from which the money issued, but because those cities worshipped Apollo under one of his many forms.

For it must not be supposed that archaic mintmasters were observers of Nature for her own sake. At first, the mints were a monopoly of the priestly orders, to whom eagles and tortoises—though the number of feathers in the wing or of plates in the shell was accurately drawn—were nothing but myth types. For this reason there are many living things which must have attracted the attention of the ancients, and which yet do not happen to appear in the art records they have handed down. Bats were known in Western Asia as far back as the time of Homer, although they do not appear on any coin; and apes were imported into Babylon, Carthage, and Syria centuries before it occurred to some Egyptian moneyer of the beginning of this era to represent them on his issues.

One would expect to find the commoner quadrupeds appear in profusion on the mint issues of the ancient world; yet the weasel and jackal, which, besides the bat, are mentioned by Homer, are ignored altogether by numismatic art; and the brown bear appears once only, on a solitary fifth-century coin of Mantinea, in the mountainous region of Arcady. The boar was used by

a dozen mints, mostly Italian; and the stag was as common a type as the boar. The antelope appears at Croton, in the Bay of Tarentum; and the ibex in Syria and Lycia. The characteristics of the Cretan wild-goat are faithfully exhibited on a coin of Elyrus. The distinction between the common mouse and the field-mouse is well shown in issues of Leucas and Metapontum.

There is an important group of about forty coins containing outlines of dogs, which deserve careful study. The interest of some of them is mainly mythical, as with Lælaps, the hound of Actæon, presented to Cephalos by Procris; or with the dog of Segeste, which symbolised the river Crimissus. But there are enough to show how extensive were the operations of the dog-fancier in early times. The coins afford no evidence of the development of a spaniel, there being no example of a pendulous ear, or of a mastiff, though bulldogs were undoubtedly known in the arenas of Imperial Rome. But they prove conclusively—what is shown, indeed, by the less artistic products of Egyptian pictography—that the ancients had four kinds of dogs—the wolf-dog, the hound, the greyhound, and the terrier. The Umbrians had their wolf-hounds, the Apulians of Asculum their greyhounds, the more rugged hunters of the Tuscan forests their fox-dogs. The favourite dog of Artemis Laphria, as on coins of Patræ and Sparta, was a greyhound; while Actæon's dogs must have been half-bred deerhounds. Rhegium, if the coins may be trusted, had its sheep-dogs; the Macedonian city of Mende its terriers; and Cumæ, just above the Bay of Naples, to which all the luxuries of the ancient world were brought, its poodles. Further pursuit of this line of inquiry would probably throw some useful light upon the direction of canine domestication.

It is interesting to find on a coin of Central Italy a very good representation of a couple of fighting cocks, which, if Martial be any guide, may have come either from Rhodes or Tanagra; though the cockpits of Dardanus, on the Hellespont, to which an electrum coin of the time of the Tarquins bears witness, must have been supplied by local breeders. Coin outlines of birds are a fruitful source of confusion. At least four species—the lammergeier, the golden eagle, the osprey, and the Arabian vulture, of which all but the last occur in Homer—are known amongst numismatists under the general term eagle. No attempt is made to distinguish the owls. The ostrich appears only on the later Byzantine coinage. The best drawn bird-type of all is the swan, notably on the magnificent issues of Camarina, Terina, and Clazomenæ.

The Bay of Pestum, on the west coast of Italy, and Thurium, in the Tarentine Gulf, were the headquarters of the tunny fishery, as a fine series of coins of those cities serves to show. The skate-fish must have been frequently hawked in the market-place of Cranium by Ionian fishermen, for a fine Augustan coin-type of that species bears traces of close study of a well-grown specimen. A well-drawn species appears upon the money of the town of Gela, on the southern coast of Sicily. This is generally called a fresh-water fish, as Gela was named after the river of that name; but it is as likely

to be the coryphene, a marine species, which gave rise to the fable of the many-tinted skin of the dying dolphin. The true dolphin still infests the Adriatic and the Ægean, as it has done since history began; and the cities of the Corinthian Gulf and of the Bay of Argolis, not to speak of Syracuse, frequently used this species for their types. The similar form found on the coins of the Cephalonian town of Palé might perhaps more accurately be described as a porpoise. It is curious to find the money of Kertch bearing the device of the sturgeon, which is still met with in the rivers of South Russia.

The frequency with which the invertebrate animals are drawn by coin-artists shows the careful methods of external study then in use. The mussel which appears on the Campanian didrachms of Cumæ was cultivated in Lake Avernus. The Venusian 'cockles' of the British Museum catalogue are a species of pecten. Sepia was found all over the Mediterranean, and was used by mint-masters as far apart as Eubœa and Sicily, Etruria and Tarentum. Star-fish and crabs were common types on the coins of South Italy; locusts and grasshoppers, cicads and scorpions, on those of Sicily. Bees and wasps, some of them drawn with all the care of a Bewick, appear on the money of a score of cities, and a butterfly on a solitary Rhodian issue. The most curious type of any of this kind is one adopted by the island of Cimolos, one of the Cyclades. This island abounds in fossiliferous chalk; and its coins bear representations of echini, perhaps the only instance in classic art in which fossil remains have attracted the eye of the artist.

The illustrations of plant-life which appear on Greek coins prove that the die-sinkers of old did not aim at the production of a mere coin-picture. The loveliest flowers which graced the slopes of Athos or the Apennines were powerless to woo the heart of the moneyer. Greek art was supreme in its animalism, its sensuousness of line and contour; it had but an indifferent eye for the naturalism of floral beauty. One has but to compare the obverse with the reverse of that gold coin of Rhodes which is one of the triumphs of Hellenic art, to perceive the strength of this distinction. The head of Helios is incomparably superb; but the rose is a poor conventional flower, which, but for its history, could scarcely claim to be a rose at all.

Of the thirty-three plant species which occur, scarcely one is interesting for itself. It may be doubted whether a fifth-century coin of Phœre does indeed represent the hellebore, as is declared by the British Museum catalogue. That species has not been met with in the Peloponnese in modern times; and its striking flowers should make a much finer show than they do on the coin in question. The poppy which frequently appears must be the opium plant. The rose was claimed by sixteen cities at least; though the best types, as one would expect, are furnished by the island of that name (Rhodes). Europe did not then know the double rose, which is the flower of English heraldry. The parsley of Argos and Caulonia was probably our English parsley; that of Selinus is said by one writer to be the wild celery. The honeysuckle, of which the finest specimens, as of many other organic forms, appear on the Metapontine coins,

is always conventionalised. The olive, laurel, ivy, and vine make quite a show on the money of all cities, thanks to the popularity of Bacchus. The myrtle, if an obscure issue from Argolis of the time of Septimius Severus be excepted, is notably absent. The fig of Sicily and Asia Minor, the common *F. carica* is less frequently met with than would be expected. The oak and willow, fir and poplar, palm and cypress, are found scantily. Some of the most famous plants of classic literature, as the hemlock and the asphodel, are not represented at all.

But while flowers and leaves fell outside the special scope of the artistic genius of Greece, such attempts as were made by its mint artists to represent them did not in the main offend against the rigid canon of naturalism. It is instructive to compare the sordid conventionalism of later coinages, or even that of contemporary Rome, with the fidelity to truth which is the lesson of all Greek art. The rude devices on the native issues of pre-Roman Britain are the more contemptible because they are degraded imitations of the Macedonian staters of the second Philip, whose well-drawn horses became on the British mint dies a mere jumble of lines and dots.

The closest imitation in recent times of the ancient manner is to be found on the traders' tokens of two centuries ago. But the cocks and bulls and doves of these curious moneys are mere effigies by the side of the work of the Hellenic die-sinker; for the coins of Greece were in many instances the product of her greatest artists; and not the least of their triumphs is to be found in that large series of miniature high-reliefs which with transcendent skill portray some of the animals and plants which peopled the ancient world.

A BURMESE CENONE.

BY E. D. CUMING.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'At last!' With this exclamation of gratitude, Mr George Farnwood, Assistant-superintendent of Police at Shwaydouggee, laid down the brief official note which the weekly mail-launch had just brought him.

For five years he had been stationed in this tiny village on the banks of the Salween River; and for the last two he had besieged the police authorities with applications for a 'transfer' to some less solitary post. There was not another European living within fifty miles; and for months together Mr Farnwood never had a chance of speaking his mother-tongue. No wonder the curt direction to 'hold yourself in readiness to come down to Maulmain as soon as Assistant-superintendent Anderson shall arrive to take over charge of your station,' gave him profound satisfaction. When would Mr Anderson come? That was the only question now. It would not be long before he put in an appearance, George Farnwood told himself confidently; the Inspector-general of Police was not in the habit of giving his subordinates extravagantly liberal notice when he required them to move.

'It's a singular thing that they should give me a transfer just now,' mused the young man as he

threw himself into a long-armed chair and picked up a bundle of newspapers. 'I haven't sent off a report for weeks that has not contained reference to this confounded dacoit gang that's hovering about the district. If I'm good for nothing else, I know every inch of the country round, and ruffians like Boh Tsine are afraid to come near me. It is a little strange.'

'Boh,' or 'Chief' Tsine had excellent reasons for avoiding Mr Farnwood, in spite of that gentleman's modesty. Every *budmash* or bad character in the great Tenasserim division of Burma knew him well as the officer who had walked alone up to the hut where the desperado Boh Than lay concealed, and having called upon him to surrender, had shot him dead in the act of raising his gun. It was somewhat unusual for the Government to remove such an officer from a disturbed district at a critical moment; but when Mr Farnwood opened a copy of the *Rangoon Gazette* he found in his budget of papers, he discovered an item of news which threw some light upon the matter.

For some time past a storm had been brewing between King Theebaw and his British neighbours. Certain high-handed measures which the agents of the Burmese monarch had adopted towards English traders in his dominions had called forth remonstrance from the local government. Reparation had been demanded, and refused. Warning had been sent to the court of Mandalay, and received with insulting scorn. And at last the patience of Britain was exhausted, and an ultimatum had been despatched.

'That means war,' was Mr Farnwood's comment as he read the news; 'and war means annexation of the Upper Province.—Hooray! I will bet any money they mean to send me up there. They promised me promotion after the Boh Than affair.'

He threw down the paper and rubbed his hands gleefully. To escape from Shwaydoungee was delightful; but the prospect of spending a few months amid the gaities of Maulmain, or possibly Rangoon, prior to being sent on a mission which would offer splendid opportunities for gaining distinction, filled him with uncontrollable joy. He stood up in the veranda of the bare bungalow and fairly danced with exultation.

'Thekin!' said a sweet voice from the bottom of the stairs, 'may I come up?'

'Hallo, Mah Mee!' replied Mr Farnwood, pausing in his *pas de joie*. 'Come up, come up. How are you this evening?'

There was a clatter of sandals thrown off, and a moment later a young Burmese girl stood in the veranda—a pretty girl, according to the Burmese standard of beauty. Mah Mee's complexion was a uniform pale copper; her face was quite round; her eyes were black and almond shaped; and her figure, set off, rather than concealed, by the *tamein* or skirt which enveloped it from breast to knee, showed perfectly rounded outlines.

'Your honour is very happy,' remarked Mah Mee with the unconventional candour of her race. 'Why are you happy?'

'I am going to Maulmain,' replied Mr Farnwood in Burmese. 'I am ordered to leave Shwaydoungee very soon.'

Mah Mee's face, which had reflected the bright-

ness of his, suddenly became serious. 'When will your honour return?' she asked in tones of anxiety.

'Never, I hope—never any more!' He almost sang the words in his happiness.

'A-a-a-h!' exclaimed the girl, sinking upon her heels against the veranda balustrade. Her face grew a paler yellow, but Mr Farnwood did not observe the change.

'You will be sorry?' he inquired carelessly.

But Mah Mee could not answer. Ever since Mr Farnwood had taken up his quarters in the village he had been her friend; from the twelfth year of her age, when she first made his acquaintance, she had enjoyed the 'run of the house.' Never an afternoon, when he was in Shwaydoungee, but Mah Mee might be found in the veranda of the bungalow, squatting at his feet and talking to him, or hearing stories about English people and their country beyond the sea. She missed him sorely when duty called him away into the jungle; and now he was to leave Shwaydoungee for ever. Sorry! and she loved him with all her simple, half-savage heart.

The gong hanging in the police *thannah* or station close by rang out six o'clock as Mah Mee sat staring at him in silence; and Mr Farnwood put on his coat to go and perform his last routine duty for the day.

'You wait here,' he said to her as he ran down the stairs. 'The little fireship brought me some ice, and you shall have some when I come back.'

Mah Mee loved ice as an English girl does chocolate; but the prospect of getting a bit did not appeal to her just now; and as soon as Mr Farnwood disappeared into the *thannah* she rose from her place and glided rapidly out of the house, to seek her mother's mat hut at the far end of the village, where she could weep unseen.

'Now, Mounge Louk,' said George Farnwood to the sturdy Burman police sergeant who received him with a profound *shikoh*, 'you keep your eyes wide open to-night. We have much money here, and every one in the district knows it. If Boh Tsine and his gang are anywhere about, they may take it into their heads to pay us a visit.'

Mounge Louk smiled. That was very unlikely to happen, he said. Poh Tsine would be much afraid to come near Tharnwoo Thekin after the way he had killed Boh Than.

'Don't be too sure,' replied his superior. 'Beat the gong every half-hour, to show you are awake.'

Mounge Louk promised obedience; and Mr Farnwood, having received the keys of the iron chest which did duty as the local treasury, inspected the row of Snider rifles in the arm-rack against the wall and went back to the bungalow to his dinner.

'Mah Mee!' he called, as he glanced round the veranda—'Mah Mee!' But, much to his astonishment, there was no reply. 'What has come over her?' he wondered, as he sat down to the meal his Burmese 'boy' set before him. 'I never knew Mah Mee run away like that before, particularly when I had ice for her.' He did not give the young lady's sudden disappearance much thought, however; the mail

had brought him long letters from home and a large bundle of newspapers; and these supplied him with ample occupation until bedtime at ten o'clock.

Nor had he leisure to weigh the matter when he rose next morning at sunrise. Alarming news had been brought in about the dacoit gang, and Shwaydoungee was in a state of timid excitement. A man had arrived from Kyaiksan, thirty miles away, bringing intelligence that Boh Tsine had attacked and burned that village on the previous day. There was no room to doubt the truth of his story; his own back corroborated it. He had been caught by the dacoits and flogged with a split bamboo for refusing to surrender money he did not possess. Where Boh Tsine might be at this moment, the unfortunate fellow was unable to say. As soon as that ruffian released him, he went and hid in the jungle till the dacoits had gone; and when it got dark, he set off, and ran all the way to Shwaydoungee.

George Farnwood did not waste time in cross-examining the refugee: he left him to the care of the sympathetic villagers, and ordered a light canoe to be got ready at once; and half an hour after the man had appeared, two of the strongest paddlers in the village were skimming down the river, bearing a letter to the police authorities at Thatone, fifty miles away. Having sped them on their journey, Mr Farnwood took his next step. He selected the four constables in whom he thought he could place most reliance, and having supplied them with ten rounds of ball cartridge apiece, sent them to patrol the jungle-path which led to Kyaiksan. He had only twelve men altogether; and even had he been able to trust them, could not venture to send a detachment to seek the dacoits. He could only take precautions and act on the defensive until the reinforcements for which he had sent, arrived.

The patrol went out, unwillingly enough, and the anxious superintendent went in to snatch a hasty meal. The October sun was high in the sky; but not a man had ventured out of the village to follow his daily work in the rice-fields. The 'paddy' land belonging to Shwaydoungee lay a few hundred yards off, through the jungle and out of sight; and no one dared show himself in the open while dacoits were known to be so near. All remained at home to squat about the rough brick-paved street, where they smoked, chewed betel, and recounted blood-curdling tales of dacoit ferocity, of which it is fair to say there were only too many well authenticated in currency.

The day wore on; but no fresh intelligence arrived to relax or increase the tension. George Farnwood, having relieved the first patrol with other constables, went to his room and threw himself on his bed to obtain a little sleep, for he knew that he must be on the alert during the ensuing night. Moungh Louk might be trusted during the day; but when dark closed in, any little courage he possessed would ooze out of the tips of his fingers at the first sign of alarm. He slept longer than he intended; and when he awoke and went into the veranda, the sun had already sunk out of sight behind the lofty pagoda-crowned cliffs on the other side of the

river. As he looked out over the village, he became aware that unusual stillness reigned there; and realising at once there was something amiss, snatched up his revolver belt and buckled it round him as he ran down-stairs. He found the place deserted. In every house, smoky oil lamps blazed, while mats and pillows were spread on every floor as if in readiness for guests. Only two aged women remained in the village; they were busily engaged cooking huge pots of rice, and stubbornly refused to answer questions. George Farnwood turned from them and strode back to the *thannah*; he understood what this peculiar state of affairs implied.

'Moungh Wah,' he said, addressing a young policeman who wore a red 'good-conduct stripe' on the sleeve of his blue serge uniform coat, 'when did the news of Boh Tsine come?'

'Your honour,' replied the man, crouching on his heels, 'two hours ago, Moungh Hpay, son of Moungh Gye, came in from seeking the buffalo he lost yesterday. He met in the jungle a stranger, who said to him: "To-night, Boh Tsine and his men will eat their rice at Shwaydoungee." Then Moungh Hpay came quickly home and told the people.'

'And every one ran away?'

'Your honour, all but Mah Tsan, Mah Way, and the policemen.'

Mah Tsan and Mah Way were the two old cronies who had been left behind to get dinner ready for the dacoits.

'Where is Moungh Louk?' inquired Mr Farnwood with forced calm.

'Here he is now returning; he went to relieve the patrol.'

Another trial for the unlucky superintendent. As the sergeant and his following came within the radius of the lantern in the *thannah*, each man was seen to be carrying two rifles. The patrol had relieved itself.

Moungh Louk explained how they had found the arms 'piled' on the path with bayonets and cartouche boxes near, to deaf ears. Mr Farnwood's rage held him dumb; he could not trust himself to speak for long after the man had finished his story; but when he did, his voice was even and steady. 'Go up to my room,' he said to the sergeant, 'and bring down my gun and the cartridge bag; bring also a long chair from the veranda.'

Moungh Louk soon returned with the articles, and Mr Farnwood settled down in the *thannah* for the night. He dared not let these craven cowards out of his sight for a moment now; and brave though he was, he shrank from the thought of sustaining the onslaught of thirty or forty dacoits with only eight trembling constables to back him. There was no alternative, however; he had his chair placed across the entrance to the *thannah*, that no one might leave without permission, and having told the men they might go to sleep if they pleased, sat down to wait and watch.

The crescent moon rose in the purple night-sky, and shone down through the softly-curving palm boughs upon the desolate village. The two old women had disappeared, no doubt into some hiding-place whither their friends had already gone; not even a pariah dog skulked among the mat huts. The earth-oil lamps burned low and

dim from the open houses ; but not a sound save the scream of the crickets and the screech of an owl disturbed the stillness. An hour passed. The constables within were sleeping soundly despite their fears. Two hours ; and George Farnwood, straining his ears to catch some warning sound, heard the distant crackling of twigs in the jungle. He sat upright and held his breath to listen ; his heart beat more rapidly, for now he felt rather than heard the long-drawn howl whose portent he knew so well. The dacoits had come.

The men sprang to their feet and seized their arms. Mr Farnwood caught up the fowling-piece beside him and thrust in a couple of buckshot cartridges. Then turning out the light, he gave his orders in a low distinct voice, and led the way out to the raised roadway, across which he formed the men, that their fire might raze the village street.

'Kneel!' he commanded, as a second yell came from the thickets at the far end of the village. 'Be steady, men!' For, as he spoke, a horde of dark-skinned figures broke from the jungle and rushed forward, redoubling their cries.

'Fire!' A ragged volley belched forth, and shrieks of pain told that more than one shot had gone home. The smoke from his men's rifles rose, and showed Mr Farnwood the dacoits ranging themselves in a rude species of formation. Their advance had been checked, and he saw his opportunity. 'Come!' he cried, springing forward to lead the charge. 'Follow me!—Ah!'

He might well exclaim. Scarcely had he taken three steps, when he trod upon a loose brick in the treacherous path, and fell heavily forward on his face. At the same instant half a dozen shots were fired by the dacoits.

'Killed!' shrieked a constable, as their leader fell. There was a ringing clatter of firearms falling, and a wild scurrying of bare feet. When George Farnwood recovered the breath his fall had knocked out of him and sat up, he found himself alone. He glanced over his shoulder. The lamps, still shining dimly from the huts, showed the dacoits drawn up, shaking their weapons and howling defiance. Looking from comparative light into darkness, they had not seen the flight of the police, and were evidently expecting their onset.

He half rose to his feet, but fell again with a suppressed cry of dismay : he had sprained his ankle so severely that he could not put his foot to the ground. He paused a moment before moving again, and great drops of perspiration stood out upon his brow as he realised how desperate was his case. He took his resolve more by instinct than thought. Groping about on hands and knees till he recovered his gun, he contrived to hobble over the short distance which separated him from the bungalow. At the foot of the stairs he stopped to rest and look back at the dacoits. They were still awaiting their foes ; but their yells were less turbulent, and they seemed nonplussed by the inaction of the police.

'They'll soon understand it,' muttered Mr Farnwood to himself as he began to climb the stairs. 'Eh!' A movement in the veranda above made him stop, and sent his hand to his pistol

holster. 'Mah Mee!' he ejaculated, as he recognised the figure which approached the stairs. 'What are you doing here? Run away at once and hide in the jungle. Go out the back way ; there is plenty of time.'

'I will go if your honour comes with me,' replied Mah Mee.

'I can't run away. Besides, I have hurt my foot, and can't walk.'

Mah Mee did not stop to ask questions ; she ran into the dining-room and brought out a chair, which she set down by him.

'Now, see here,' he began, trying to speak sternly ; 'you must be off at once. The dacoits will kill you if you stay.'

But Mah Mee sank upon her heels beside him, and begged him to let her remain. She could load his guns for him ; she could fight beside him ; she could not leave him alone.

'I am much afraid of the jungle at night,' she concluded in a quavering voice. 'Your honour, let me stay with you.'

Renewed howls from the dacoits attracted Mr Farnwood's attention at this moment. They had broken their ranks and were advancing cautiously from house to house, peering into each, and probing the mat walls with spears and *dahs* in search of hidden villagers.

Encouraged by the immunity with which they were allowed to loot the village, the dacoits took heart, and presently a tall man bearing a gun, and followed by half a dozen of the gang, came forward and halted just outside the village. They were evidently unwilling to approach too near the *thannah*, whose shades might conceal the police. Recognising that the 'ball' was about to commence, Mr Farnwood sent Mah Mee into his room to bring out the two *dahs* which hung there ; when once the fight began there would be no time to collect weapons.

'Bring a torch!' was the order he heard given by the chief. A man ran into the nearest hut, and emerged with a roll of mat he had kindled, and which he swung to and fro to coax into a blaze. The light silhouetting the dusky forms, gave Mr Farnwood a chance ; and before the torch-bearer could obey his chief's orders to throw the brand forward, two shots rang out from the bungalow veranda and two dacoits went down.

With a roar of rage, the whole gang left the agreeable pastime of looting and made a dash towards the house. They knew those two shots meant that only the Englishman was left in the village ; they could make short work of him by himself.

'Stand behind me!' said Mr Farnwood, wheeling round his chair to command the stairway. 'Load my gun when I give it you, and don't be frightened.'

The narrow staircase was now thronged with dacoits who strove to press their way upward. Boh Tsine came first hurling shouts of defiance at the loudest pitch of his voice. 'Fire at me!' he yelled, beating his breast. 'Fire at me! I am gun-proof! Fire'— He broke off with a gurgling sob, and fell back on the heads of his men, shot through the chest.

A number of the dacoits had taken their position below, to fire up into the veranda ; but, thanks to the deep eaves which secured it almost

total darkness, their shots flew wide, and left Mr Farnwood to deal with those who were struggling on the stairs. His gun discharged, he passed it to Mah Mee to reload; and throwing up his revolver, emptied its contents upon the tightly-wedged crowd with terrible effect. Dead and living were heaped together in ever-increasing confusion. As the foremost fell, others forced their way past them, and met their fate in turn. The dacoit marksmen without were dismayed at the failure of their guns to kill this white man. And by-and-bye the mob retired, leaving their chief and seven men dead or dying on the stairs.

The first attack had failed. Mr Farnwood sat down in his chair and set to work to reload his revolver. The dacoits drew off to the river-bank, and squatted in a circle to hold a council of war. Presently two men left their companions and walked along the bank past the hamlet; and a few minutes later, a column of smoke rose from a distant hut, and a fierce burst of flame broke out. The dacoits had fired the village in hopes of smoking or burning out the occupants of the bungalow.

Mr Farnwood smiled scornfully. 'Like their carelessness,' he said to himself; 'the wind sets the wrong way.'

But the brilliant light of the burning huts illuminated every corner of the house, and placed him at a new and serious disadvantage. Had the dacoits not been convinced that he had some potent talisman against death by gunshot, they might have resumed their fire from the shelter of the jungle, and killed him with perfect safety to themselves. Fortunately, ammunition was a scarce commodity among them, and they were disinclined to waste it on a man who might be readily killed with cold steel. They were in no hurry to renew the assault, however, and the village was in a blaze, which lit up the country for miles round before they again began operations. They had no idea of making a direct attack this time; for, with a sinking heart, Mr Farnwood saw them separate into two parties, one of which started to walk down the river-bank while the other remained stationary.

'It is all over with us,' he thought; 'the blackguards mean to rush the house in front and rear.'

But a long time elapsed before the dacoits mustered up courage to carry out their new plan; and the first faint signs of dawn were visible in the sky, when the splintering crash of a door broken in warned Mr Farnwood to unsheath his *dah*, and gave the signal to the party in front. A few moments more and the veranda was crowded with yelling dacoits, who hacked and thrust savagely at their victim as he stood with his back against the balustrade, Mah Mee fighting like a wild-cat at his side.

A fight against such odds could have but one ending, and that followed close on George Farnwood's last discharge of his revolver. Stepping forward to ward a blow directed at the girl, his foot slipped in a pool of blood and he fell; and instantly Mah Mee flung herself upon him shrieking for his life.

A dozen *dahs* and spears were upraised in readiness to finish their ghastly work, when suddenly the shrill scream of a steam-whistle

cut the morning air, calling a thousand echoes from the cliffs. One dacoit stopped to level a final vicious cut at the prostrate Englishman's neck; then took to his heels and bolted after his friends at the top of his speed. The steam-launch had brought reinforcements from Thatone in the nick of time.

MUSSELS AND THEIR CULTURE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the danger attending the consumption of mussels owing to their poisonous nature under certain conditions, to which attention was drawn in the science notes of a recent number (September 1890) of this *Journal*, the demand for them as an article of food, especially among the poorer classes in England, is so great that nearly two thousand tons are annually imported from Holland, where facilities for their cultivation are greater than in this country. The Dutch beds are stocked with brood-mussels, obtained from the open sea off the coasts of Essex and Kent, where the supply is apparently inexhaustible, thousands of tons being taken merely for manure. It should be understood that mussels as taken from the deep sea are rarely in condition for food, or even bait, and it is necessary to shift them to suitable beds on which to grow and fatten, a process which takes some years.

In England, the cultivation of mussels for food is carried on to some extent in the Thames estuary and the river Medway; but the main supply comes from the rivers Exe and Teign, in Devonshire; the latter river also furnishing Plymouth, Torquay, and Brixham with mussel-bait for line-fishing. Whitstable, Boston, and King's Lynn have also prolific mussel-beds, the produce of the first named going principally to Scotland for bait; and of the others, part to Manchester, Birmingham, and other large towns for food; and the remainder to the north for bait.

For general fishing there is no bait more favourably regarded by fishermen than mussels, although care is necessary in putting them on the hooks to ensure their remaining there. In this respect the whelk is superior, owing to its toughness and consequent tenacity to the hook. Both are saved by their shells from being preyed upon by cod and other voracious fish, and this may account for the attraction they present when divested of their armour.

The most extensive mussel-bed in Scotland is that in the Clyde estuary, covering, it is said, over four thousand acres, and treated as free to the public, although the corporation of Greenock claim part by virtue of a Crown charter. There are others in the Dornoch, Cromarty, Beaully, and Inverness Firths; and between the last named and the Firth of Tay are the Findhorn, Ythan, and Montrose fisheries. The Montrose, where great natural difficulties have been overcome, has been described as 'the one available model for all

desirous of cultivating mussels on the bed system.' There are also the Tay, Eden, and Forth beds; and some small fisheries at Dunbar and Holy Island. In Scotland, where mussels do not seem to be in much request as an article of food, it is impossible to exaggerate their value as bait; and their growing scarcity, with a corresponding increase in price, has had a marked effect on the line-fishing industry. For the small lines used for haddock, whiting, and cod, the mussel stands alone as bait; and some idea of the quantity used may be gained by the fact that about eighty millions per annum are estimated to be used in the haddock-fishery at Eyemouth alone. With such figures, the term 'scarcity' as applied to the supply is, of course, relative only to the demand of a rapidly increasing fishing population. The scarcity is attributed to the practice of using immature bait—that is, taking mussels too small; the ignorant and reckless dredging of beds, with the consequent destruction of seed; and the carrying away of young mussels with the old. The fishery has undoubtedly been carried on in an improvident manner, with no thought for the future, and little or no method of cultivation. Even the great beds in the Clyde, from which, during the last fifty years, over one hundred thousand tons have been taken, are now so exhausted and unproductive, that the fishing has been practically abandoned. Mussels have also to contend with their inveterate enemies, the dog or 'borer' whelk, which pierces the shell and sucks out the contents; and the starfish, which destroys the young mussel by suction. The beds themselves are frequently swept away by heavy surf and gales, or destroyed by the deposit on them of large masses of sand or alluvial matter.

It may not be uninteresting to glance at the conditions and methods under which mussel-culture can be most favourably carried on, and the suggestions that have been made for remedying the mussel famine, which affects more particularly the fifty thousand fishermen of Scotland, who certainly during some part of the year use mussels as bait, and who are compelled to procure them not only from the English beds but from the north of Ireland—in which country there seems to be no great local demand for them either as food or bait—and from Hamburg, at prices rendered almost prohibitive by the cost of carriage.

Briefly, the conditions favourable, indeed necessary to a productive mussel-bed are: sheltered situation, and, for choice, a shingly bottom; a certain admixture of salt and fresh water; the mussel breeding best in salt, and fattening best in brackish water; absence of shifting sand or alluvium; a supply of suitable food. Given these conditions, the mussel is sure to be found in large or small quantities; and so prolific is it, that with only reasonable care on the part of the fishers, its reproduction in unlimited quantities is certain. The spat—as the spawn of shellfish is called—should be transplanted to those parts of the bed upon which the mussel is found to thrive best; and accumulations of mud and sand should be removed by a careful scouring of the beds whenever necessary. These precautions can only, of course, be observed on beds exposed at

low water, or those only covered by a depth of water rendering inspection and systematic working possible. In deep-water beds, artificial cultivation is necessarily difficult. Transplanting to increase the area, and the return of immatures-dredged mussels to the water to prevent exhausting the supply, are practically the only precautions capable of observance.

On the French coast, mussel-fishing is successfully pursued by means of the *bouchot* or wicker system, which, though easier of management than beds, is attended with considerable initial expense, and interferes with inshore navigation. This method consists of wooden palisadings in the form of posts, with branches woven backwards and forwards, like basket-work, between the posts, which stand about six feet above the surface of the ground, and are sunk in soft mud—which, with a strong current, is a necessary condition of this system—and a foot left between the bottom of the wattling and the ground for the passage of the tide and the prevention of mud-silting. Two palisadings are desirable—one at low-water mark, the other higher up. The stocking is done by fastening on the lower *bouchot* young mussels tied in bunches in pieces of net, which rapidly attach themselves to the wattling. Animalcules rising from the muddy bottom furnish the mussels with food; and when a certain size is attained, they are transferred to the higher *bouchot*, which is more out of water between tides. The mussel thus exposed becomes acclimatised to the open air, and better fitted for transport. Under this method, mussels not only mature more rapidly than in beds, but are said to be of a better quality. It is evident that the system must be a valuable adjunct to bed-cultivation, being suitable for localities where the natural features are unfavourable to the formation of beds. Experimental *bouchots* have been attempted on the Scotch coast, but unattended by success, and it seems doubtful whether the places selected were well adapted for the purpose.

It has been shown that we are greatly dependent on importation for mussels both as food and bait; and having regard to the large extent of suitable shore all over the kingdom, it seems desirable to encourage their cultivation, particularly in or near localities where the greatest demand exists, the saving of carriage being an important consideration. So far as existing fisheries are concerned, the taking of mussels below a certain size might be prohibited, and perhaps also the dredging and sale of them for manure; while over-fished beds should be allowed some years of rest for the purpose of recovery. The formation of new ones is necessarily a somewhat speculative undertaking, entailing expenditure with no immediate profit. The foreshore of the United Kingdom belongs to the Crown or its grantees; and at any rate that in the hands of the Crown, where suitable, and so far as is consistent with the interests of navigation, should be available for mussel-cultivation on reasonable, indeed almost nominal terms. In France, where the foreshore belongs wholly to the State, there is no difficulty in acquiring a vacant stretch for the purposes of fish-culture. It is only necessary to satisfy the authorities that the applicant's means are sufficient to enable him to cultivate, and he obtains the shore for a term of years at a

fair rent. In Holland, too, there is a system of hiring mussel 'lays' from the government at a nominal rental.

In Scotland, all mussel-beds (or scalps) on the shore, or within the territorial waters, belong to the Crown as part of its patrimonial property, and no one has a right to them except under grant from the Crown. In this respect oysters and mussels differ from other kinds of shellfish. The origin of their exception from the common-law right of public fishing is no doubt the fact of their special value, the one for food, and the other for bait, and the liability of both to destruction by indiscriminate use.

The popular idea is that it is not the mussel which poisons people, but the beard, and that being removed, the fish is perfectly wholesome. A theory has been gravely advanced on the Continent that the poisonous action of mussels on the human system is the result of imagination. To the presence of a parasite crab (*Pinnotheres pisum*) has also been attributed the unwholesome condition; but this is contradicted by the fact that this particular crab is sought after as a food in the United States. The spawn of starfish, and copper absorbed from ships' bottoms, have also been suggested, but disproved, as explanatory of the poison. The conclusion on the subject arrived at by a Consultative Committee for sea-fisheries in France, and set forth in the Report addressed in 1889 to the French Minister of Marine, may be accepted as reliable, and we cannot do better than quote it. The poison is due to the presence in the mussel—especially in the liver—of 'a volatile organic alkaloid, developed under the influence of a particular microbe, which is only found in mussels growing in stagnant and polluted waters.' In running-water, clean sewage—that is, sewage fairly free from the pollution of manufactories—is actually beneficial to the cultivation of mussels. As an instance of this may be cited the Forth mussel-bed to the west of Leith Pier, the yield from which is said to have greatly increased since the Edinburgh sewage discharged into the sea close by.

In conclusion, we may observe that it is authoritatively stated that mussels lose their poisonous property if cooked for ten minutes with carbonate of soda.

WAR EAGLE AND HIS RIDER.

'COMANCHES,' said Ad Anderson—'Comanches, as I'm a living sinner;' and he pulled his horse up sharp. 'There's a peltin' big crowd of 'em too,' he added, after a moment. 'We're in for it this time, sure.'

There were six of us together on the prairies about twenty miles from the Nueces, in Western Texas. There were my chum Tom Jones and myself; and Ad Anderson and his nephew Billy, a youngster of fourteen; and the two Arend brothers. These last two we hardly knew, for they were strangers to the rest of us, being Pennsylvania Dutch, I fancy, or something of that sort, who had come out to Texas to look for a place to settle. Ad Anderson and the rest of us were working as cowboys on the Santa Cruz ranch, and had come out across the Nueces to

gather cattle. The Arends had happened along at the ranch the night before, and had joined us in the morning, saying they were going our way. They had each of them a good new Warner carbine and a belt full of cartridges; but the way they handled them and the way they sat on their horses hadn't given us Texans much confidence. Now, when a swarm of mounted men appeared suddenly over a rise six hundred yards away, and they heard Ad Anderson say 'Comanches,' they didn't stand, or ask what to do, or say a thing, but they just turned their horses' heads and put for the Nueces for all that was out. And that wasn't the worst of it, for the moment they started, Billy the boy, who was riding War Eagle, the racehorse of the ranch, turned him for home too, gave him his head, and commenced to throw the whip to him, as if he was finishing a race on the track.

But Ad Anderson knew what he was about every time. The minute Billy wheeled and ran, Ad Anderson struck the spurs into his pony—and it was no slouch of a pony he was riding either—and he was up and alongside of Billy before War Eagle was fairly into his stride. 'Chuck that whip, Billy,' he shouted, raising his right hand with the quirt in it as if to hit him—'chuck it, or I'll knock you off that horse.'

Billy turned his white face to Ad: he was sitting back in the saddle and slashing War Eagle down the shoulders with a stinging raw hide; but he obeyed Ad; and at the word, he loosed the loop off his wrist and flung the raw hide clean away.

'Now pull that horse down to a lope,' said Ad. 'You mind me, d'ye hear? Steady him! Steady there, steady.'

Ad was a man that almost everybody minded when he spoke in earnest. He had been a captain in a regiment in Hood's brigade during the war, and I reckon he hadn't been the worst captain they had. It was no easy task for Billy to get War Eagle steadied, for he was running on twenty-one feet and picking it up; but both he and the horse minded Ad's voice, and he got him down to a strong lope presently.

Meantime, Tom Jones and I were loping along behind them at a very tidy clatter. We reached down as soon as we started, and pulled our carbines out of the leather cases in which we carried them slung between the off stirrup leather and the horse's side. Tom had a Spencer cavalry carbine, a seven-shooter, and a right good one too. I had only an old Wesson rifle. We had beautiful ground to run on just here, for we were on a wagon trail from the Nueces to the Rio Grande, which crossed a high wide upland, bare of timber. As we looked back over our shoulders, we could see the Indians spread out like a pack of hounds on both sides of the trail and coming after us on the keen jump. There must have been above thirty of them, and we could hear the hi-hi-hi-yas of their yells ringing shrill down the breeze. The Arends were away ahead of us

already. Ad holloed to them to hold up and keep cool as soon as he had got Billy to drop his whip and check his horse; but they never took any notice of what he said.

'You'll kill your horses,' we could hear him shout to them, 'running like that! There's twenty miles to go, and you've got to save 'em. Take it easy, I tell you. Pull 'em in.'

I said most men naturally did what Ad told them. There was a ring in his voice and a cool confident manner about him that made it seem a matter of course to do what he said. But those two poor fools didn't feel it so. I suppose they were just crazy with fear, and the harder they ran the more crazy they made themselves. At anyrate they took no heed of him, but went on whipping their horses and galloping as fast as they could lay leg to the ground. In five minutes they were clear out of sight over a rise. Tom and I now laid close up behind Ad and Billy, our horses all going strong; the leading Indians were some three hundred yards behind.

'Shall I try a belt at them without stopping?' said Tom to Ad. 'I could maybe give one of 'em a scare.'

'No; not yet,' answered Ad; 'it'll only make War Eagle fight for his head worse to hear you shoot; and we can't afford to waste no cartridges neither. There's a steep bank to go down about two miles ahead. If they don't crowd us too hard till then, we'll stop a minute there to blow our horses and give 'em a rattle.'

But the leading Indians flogged their war-ponies to a racing speed and closed on us fast. Two or three of them began to shoot, and we heard the ping of their bullets flying past us. Luckily, Indians are for the most part poor shots with a rifle on horseback, and we were none of us touched.

'Give 'em a turn, Tom,' said Ad. 'Aim low.' And at the word Tom Jones dropped his rein on his horse's neck and twisting his body round in the saddle, fired straight behind him. Bang!

'Rick off the ground,' he announced triumphantly; 'one of them ponies is mighty sick. I aimed low, as you told me, Cap.'

His bullet had struck the ground well in front of the Indians, and rising from the graze, had hit one of their ponies, which instantly fell to the rear. As he fired, each one of the leading Indians had dropped over the right-hand side of his horse and wheeled slightly to the right, thus covering his body completely from the shot. The effect was like the scattering of a covey of partridges when a hawk makes a swoop on them, and we gained a little distance by this manoeuvre. But now a lot of them began to edge off more to the right, trying to draw up parallel to us on that side, which would enable them to use their rifles with more effect and be equally inconvenient for us. Before they could succeed in doing so, however, the wished-for bank was near. It was a place where the whole width of the high prairie broke away steeply for about two hundred yards down to a lower level. Ad turned in his saddle and took a look at the Indians. 'Billy,' said he, 'the moment we're over the edge, you slip off and hold War Eagle and my horse, and I'll hold the other two. Mind you don't let 'em slip, now. Hang on to 'em like grim death.'

Then he added to Tom and me: 'Jump off, you boys, as soon as you're over the edge, and chuck me your reins. I'll hold your horses, and you give 'em what for.'

Almost as he ended we were at the edge of the slope and over it, and we all leaped off together. Throwing our reins to Ad, Tom and I knelt just under cover of the brow of the hill and opened fire. The Indians were within a hundred yards; but at the first shots they ducked behind their horses and turned away to right and left, streaming off in both directions, instead of charging right down on us. Indians hardly ever do charge straight in on men standing at bay. I loaded and fired my single-shooter as fast as I could finger the cartridges; but I heard Tom's repeater go bang, bang, bang, bang! and I heard Ad's warning voice saying, 'Steady, Tom, steady: you're shooting behind 'em. Take that white horse now, and aim a good length in front. That's one of their chiefs, I reckon.'

Ad was standing behind us a foot or two lower down the hill with the horses behind him again, so that they were quite covered by the hill from a chance bullet; but he himself standing upright was able to see over our heads where we were firing. I looked round for an instant to Tom's side of the fight while my fingers were stuffing a fresh cartridge into the gun and closing the breech. Bang went the Spencer again, and down came the white horse like a shot rabbit and rolled over his rider. Instantly two other Indians dashed up to the fallen man, and leaning down from their saddles without dismounting, they swung him up between them, and so across the withers of the horse of one of them, and bore him out of the fray.

'Mind your side, Dick!' shouted Ad to me—'mind that chap. Stop him if you can;—and looking to my own side, I saw that the leading Indian was urging his horse to go down over the brow some two hundred yards away, with the view of getting behind us in the broken ground on that part of the slope. I brought my rifle instantly to the shoulder and was taking aim, when Ad called out: 'Raise your sight, Dick, or draw a very full bead: you've got the hundred yards sight up.'

I drew a full bead, and missed.

'Too low, much,' said Ad; 'you want to allow more than that.—Now come on, boys,' he added; 'let's scoot before they can bushwhack us among this broken ground.'

We sprang on to our horses again and hurried to the foot of the hill. We had an advantage over the Indians in having the wagon trail to follow. It led down the easiest grade, and was comparatively smooth. Some of their bullets whistled past us as we ran; however, none of our horses seemed to flinch, and no rider was hit. We got away from that hill quite four hundred yards ahead of our foes.

'Choked 'em off that time,' said Ad. 'That touching up did 'em good: they won't crowd on us in the open, I reckon, quite so quick. It's that belt of timber along Jack Creek, though, that I'm thinking of now. If they was to get into that before us, it's all U P.'

Our horses were much refreshed by the short breathing spell we had given them, and we dashed ahead at three-quarter speed. The

Indians came on behind us at a steady untiring gait. They seemed much less eager, though, to close on us now. Our spirits rose.

'How're ye, Billy?' said Ad. 'How d'ye like being shot at, eh? Are you sure you didn't bob your head when you heard the bullets whizzing over?'

'Nary bob,' said Billy with a grin. His colour had come back, and he looked himself again. 'I was too busy hanging on to War Eagle,' he continued; 'but I stayed right with him, as ye told me.'

Ere long we came in sight of two objects ahead of us in the road.

'Boys,' said Ad, turning to us, 'here's them two Dutchmen on in front, and you can lay that their horses is plumb give out. I'm sorry, but I don't know what we can do for 'em.'

We gained on them rapidly, and soon we could see the rise and fall of their arms as they mechanically flogged their exhausted animals. Presently we drew up alongside of them, but they took no notice of us. Their horses' heads hung down, and they were reduced to a walk. The faces of the riders were set: they looked straight before them, and seemed to see nothing. It was the Shadow of Death they were looking at.

'Hullo! rouse up, you fellers,' said Tom to them, springing off his horse. 'You'd better jump off and make play with them new carbines, if you don't want the Comanches to get your hair.'

They did not appear to hear him, but pressed on and left us. I was holding Tom's horse while he knelt down and opened a rapid fire once more on the advancing redskins. I gave Ad my rifle and belt, and he tossed his reins to me and joining Tom, fired a couple of careful shots, and dropped an Indian. The Indians fell back again to a distance of about a quarter of a mile, and seemed to deliberate a minute. Then they dashed forward again hot-foot, trying to pass us on the right as before, though keeping at a respectful distance.

'They've spotted the timber on Jack Creek, and they're making for it,' cried Ad, leaping on his horse and returning me my rifle. 'Boys, we must ride for it now. If they head us there, there won't one of us get home;' and he dashed forward at a tremendous speed. In a moment we were up to the Arends again; they were flogging still, with set faces pressing on to the goal they were never to reach.

'Jump off your horses and lie down and shoot,' shouted Tom as we passed them; 'that's your only chance.' But his words went by them like the idle wind. Fear had paralysed them. Half a minute later the Indians were upon them; they were struck to the ground unresisting, and the horrid yells of the savages rang their death-knell. A dozen of the fiends were hacking and mutilating the bodies of their victims beyond recognition. Tom swung himself round in his saddle and fired a long shot at them as they were bunched together.

'No use,' said Ad; 'nothing can help those chaps now. Ride, boys, ride, if ever you did in your lives.'

Our gallant horses answered gamely to the spur. Fully half the band of Indians were now

quite abreast of us to our right, too far to shoot, indeed, with any effect, but racing us for the line of timber, that showed up hardly a mile away. If they could reach it before us and beset our road through it, we must certainly perish. White men are no match for Indians in brush, especially when out-numbered five to one. Ad's horse and Tom's and mine were doing their very best, and could do no more; but War Eagle, thanks to his racehorse blood and his light rider, was going well within himself, and was quite equal to a dash. Three of the best-mounted Indians had drawn considerably ahead of the others, and were now working in to get to the place where the trail we were following entered the timber in front of us. If they reached it and delayed us there one minute, we were done for.

Ad drew out his pistol and handed it to his nephew. 'Billy,' said he, 'we've got to head them Indians away from the trail through the timber, or they'll check us there, and we'll have the whole bilin' on us before you can say "Knife." War Eagle's still fresh, but our horses can't do more than they're doing. You take this pistol and run War Eagle up level with them and fire at them, so as to make them keep wide. Stick to the trail; don't follow 'em; just fend 'em off. Shoot for the leading horse every time, and shoot well ahead of him. Now show your nerve. Remember we're behind you. If they come at you, pull up short, and we'll be alongside of you before they can get at you.'

Billy's face went a bit whiter again; but he was game. He shut his lips tight, and took the pistol and dug his heels into War Eagle, and left us three as if we had been standing still. In just no time he was a hundred yards ahead of us and abreast of those three Indians, and we saw him raise his right hand and pop went the pistol. We saw the dust fly up where the bullet struck the prairie; but the Indians still held on their course. They did not shoot back at him, for the knowledge that we were so near, I fancy, made them afraid to empty their guns at the boy. We looked for him to shoot again; but the spring of Ad's pistol was too strong for Billy to cock it with one hand, and we saw him lower it to his left hand to get a purchase. Then up it came again, popped again, and again the puff of dust showed where the ball harmlessly struck the ground.

'I had ought to have taught him better than that,' observed Ad; 'and if I have him with me long, I will, sure.—But he's got grit, anyhow,' he added as Billy, undismayed by his failures, raised the pistol the third time and missed again. After all, the Indians were eighty or a hundred yards away from him, a tremendous range for a pistol, and shooting off a horse on the run isn't so easy as it looks in a circus.

Once more Billy raised his weapon and popped, and then we all shouted for joy. The leading Indian pony stumbled, and blundering almost on to his nose, came to a halt. His rider lit on the ground on his feet, and instantly levelling his piece, fired at Billy. The boy gave a cry and dropped the pistol; but he didn't fall off War Eagle, who kept right on to the timber. In five seconds more we were up to the spot where he had dropped it. Ad reached down from his saddle, and snatching it off the ground, held on after Billy. Tom jerked his horse to a dead stop

and leaped off. The dismounted Indian ran behind his horse, which was standing still, for shelter; but his legs showed underneath, and Tom hit him fair in the knees and doubled him up like a jack-knife. It was a neat shot. Then he fired three more shots at the two others, missing them, for all we could see, but it turned them off our line. Tom sprang on again, and we loped after Ad and the boy. We caught them up just inside the timber, Billy looking rather white and shaky with the pain, but he smiled at us.

'Come on!' said Ad—'come on, boys; we must get out of this. Billy'll do. The arm ain't broken—only an ugly flesh-wound, and he bears it like a little john-man.—Don't you be scared, Billy. If you get sick, I'll ride War Eagle and tote you. He can carry double.'

We followed the pair as fast as we could go. We could hear the yells of the Indians to our right in the timber, though we could no longer see them; but we had the advantage of the wagon trail to travel on, and went considerably faster than they could travel through the brush. Presently we came to Jack Creek and crossed it; there was no water in its bed. We continued to gallop through the timber on the other side of it, and came out again on the prairie beyond, and had gone quite four hundred yards in the open before our enemies emerged behind us.

'Jump off, boys,' said Ad, 'and send 'em word we're here.—Billy, you stay on your horse.'

We three leaped to the ground, and Tom and I opened fire again; but the Indians kept dodging in and out of the edge of the timber, and we couldn't see if we did any damage. They fired back at us; but the range was too far for the rifles they carried—at least they didn't hit us.

'Now, come on again,' said Ad; 'just jog, so as to show them we ain't afraid. They've got a sickener, I reckon. I wish we could meet a good party of the boys from the ranch, and we'd whoop 'em back again to where we found 'em.'

We were only seven or eight miles away from home now, and there was a chance of such a thing happening, though it didn't come off; but, as Ad reckoned, the Indians had had about enough of it. It is wonderful how a firm stand discourages them. Perhaps they had lost their chief. Anyhow, they retired, doubtless to gloat over the corpses of the two poor men they had murdered, and left us to make our way to the ranch unmolested. Billy didn't faint on the road; but he was most uncommonly glad to get in and rest his arm and have it dressed. He was a healthy youngster, and it healed up in three weeks.

The day after the fight, a good crowd of us well armed went out and buried the bodies of the two Arends. We found three dead warponies that had been killed or crippled by our bullets. Of course the Indians had carried off their dead, if there were any, of which we had no proof, though we knew some of them were hard hit. Their giving up the chase so soon looked as if they had lost some warriors. They don't care to fight so much unless they can get you at a disadvantage. Billy didn't go with us to the burying, as he had to stay at home and nurse his arm. Also, he was young, and Ad didn't want him to see the hideous work Indians

make of the bodies of white men they kill. But for all that, Billy heard some of the men telling about it when they came back, and we saw his eyes glisten.

'Billy,' said Ad, 'if you'd stampeded with them poor fellers as you started to do, you'd have run War Eagle to a stand-still in five miles, and you'd be lying out there now carved up like them. But you obeyed orders and kept your nerve; and from this out we'll have to reckon you as a man in an Indian fight.'

Billy was pleased.

TREES OF OLD LONDON.

OLD City Trees, dear City Trees!

Whence comes your placid spell,
You that scarce taste of sun or breeze,
Yet breathe of both so well?

The summer sun on city walls,
It hath a mournful air;
But where the old Tree's shadow falls,
The peace of home is there.

It is as if with ours and us
They had for ever grown,
And watched, as a familiar does,
All changes we have known;

As if, amid the great unrest,
Discouraged, faint, and sore,
We would creep home to Nature's breast,
And found her at the door;

As if a mother's sleepless love,
That comes not twice in life,
Hung wistful in those boughs above
To lull us from the strife.

Is it the souls of times gone by
That stir those twinkling leaves,
And make the sun kiss lovingly
Their legendary sheaves?

A Tree! It is a note from God,
Wherever it has birth;
A spirit nurtured by the clod;
A glory to the earth.

The great majestic Forest reigns,
Aloof, in might and age;
He cannot share our puny pains,
Although he may assuage.

But you, poor pent-up Trees, whose face
So kindly, freshly, bends,
You have no comrades of your race,
You are our home-born friends.

Dear City Trees! still may you grow
In nooks amidst the mart!
When innovation lays you low,
The household gods depart.

X. C.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 384.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 9, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA.

THE continent of Australia may be likened to one immense plain, with a fringe of highlands dividing the interior from the encircling sea. On the west this fringe extends about two hundred miles inwards, and merges in the great plain at an elevation of some two thousand feet. Thus, while possessing a bold outline of rocky ranges as its boundary on the seaward side, the vast territory of Western Australia finds its eastern limit fading into an arid azure of blue-gum trees, sandy wastes, and salt marshes. It is the vastness and the aridity of this great central plain which influence the whole character of the island-continent of Australia, and which affect its peoples more even than the oceans which surround it.

Australia is to us now one continent, but in the youth of the world its eastern and western portions were separate islands. They only became united at what geologists call a 'comparatively recent' epoch. The western island was the more ancient as well as the larger of the two. At some remote period it was united with the Asiatic continent, from which it received the ancestral forms of what are now regarded as the peculiar Australian flora and fauna. The Western Australia we now know is the remnant of the vast primeval island which at some far-back period was severed from the Asiatic continent.

It was in 1527 that the island-continent was made known to travellers from the northern hemisphere. Menezes, the Portuguese, in that year discovered what he called Terra Australis Incognita; and soon after him came the Dutch, who examined, and bestowed many names on, parts of the western coast. There came one Dutchman, Houtmann, who gave his name to a small group of islands; another, Doore, who gave his name to an island in Shark's Bay; another, Edel, who gave his name to the district around the Bay; another, who named Cape Leeuwin after his own ship; another, who gave the name of Nuytsland to the coast east of Cape Leeuwin. And so on, until, in 1665, the Dutch

government complacently named the whole continent 'New Holland.' Soon after this came Dampier to examine the north and west coasts, and to bestow a few more names; and in 1697, Vlaming to discover and name the Swan River. Then for a period of about eighty years Australia, or New Holland, was neglected by navigators, and only came into notice again when Captain Cook took possession of Botany Bay in 1770.

The Swan River Settlement was the germ of the colony now called Western Australia. In 1826 the then governor of New South Wales, with a desire for lateral expansion, sent a detachment of troops to occupy King George's Sound, which had been discovered and named some thirty years previously by the famous Vancouver. Following up this movement, Captain Stirling went in H.M.S. *Success* to spy out the land with a view to forming a Settlement. He anchored off the Swan River, and he and his officers went in boats as far up the river as they could get. Captain Stirling reported so favourably of the land on his return to Sydney, that the governor recommended the Home Government to form a Settlement there.

Thus it came to pass that, in 1829, Captain Stirling returned to the Swan River as Lieutenant-Governor, commissioned to form and control a new colony. Within a year, some forty vessels followed him, bringing a thousand settlers, with personal effects and cash estimated at nearly one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. This we may regard as the capital with which the colony was started. Its progress was slow, and marked by many mistakes. The first was the over-liberality of the Home Government in offering large tracts of land to settlers with small means, the result of which was that immense areas of the best land near the coast fell into the hands of persons who were both unable to manage it and unfit for the hardships of pioneer life. Some of these early settlers soon got disgusted, and left, but retained their titles to the land so foolishly ceded to them. The new settlers who followed were unable to obtain land in favourable localities, and thus had either to

travel far afield, or betake themselves to one of the other colonies. In this way fresh immigration was discouraged, and the population which did settle became scattered over such a wide area as to leave the colony for long without any cohesion.

For many years the colony made little progress. Capital was scanty, and labour scarce and very dear. Moreover, there was a difficulty in finding markets for their products, and the Swan River settlers altogether felt that their lines had not fallen in pleasant places. Then came the rush to the gold-fields of Victoria, which still further depreciated the chances of the western colony. Finally, the colonists petitioned to be made, what the other colonies were rebelling against—a *dépôt* for convicts. The Home Government very promptly and gladly agreed to make Western Australia a penal settlement; and for twenty years, ship after ship discharged the scum and rascality of Great Britain in the Swan River. When, in 1868, transportation was suspended, West Australia had absorbed about ten thousand convicts of various shades of criminality, which is just about one-fourth of the present population.

The original Swan River Settlement was only the south-west corner of the present colony. Western Australia now includes a good deal more than a third of the entire area of the Australian continent. Its coast-line is some three thousand five hundred miles in length; and its acreage is estimated at six hundred and seventy-eight million four hundred thousand acres, or one million and sixty thousand square miles. This colony is eleven times as big as Great Britain, and it has only a population of forty-two thousand—the population of a third-rate British town.

Will it ever be fit for more? That is the great question of the moment, and there is not much difficulty in answering it in the affirmative. It has taken the colony sixty years to attain its present extremely modest importance, while its neighbours to the east have been adding to their population by the hundred thousand, and to their wealth by the million. But West Australia has had an unhappy childhood and an unfortunate youth. There is no reason why she should not have a bright maturity in spite of the errors of her creators and the dubious antecedents of her pioneers.

In this great dominion of one million square miles there are several ranges of hills of considerable size and beauty; there are several rivers which irrigate, for at least a portion of the year, great stretches of fine country; there are vast forests of magnificent timber; there are mineral treasures that are only beginning to be revealed to the eager searchers; there are large tracts of land suitable for agriculture; there is an abundant supply of both temperate and tropical fruits; and there is, in the southern portion of the colony at anyrate, a climate which is said to be the best in the world, and which is certainly not surpassed anywhere for salubrity.

The handful of forty-two thousand people—a population equal to only about one-hundredth part of what the next census will show the Australian continent to hold—have not done the utmost with their heritage; but they have done a great deal. They have constructed some four hundred and fifty miles of railway to connect

their chief towns, and to bring down the forest-products to the ports; they have erected some three thousand miles of telegraph; they contribute an annual public revenue of nearly four hundred thousand pounds; and they have built up an important export trade which amounts to nearly a million and a half sterling per annum. Not many years ago, Perth, the capital, was like a small sleepy English country town; now it is a 'city' of ten thousand inhabitants, with numerous fine buildings, half a dozen banks, two cathedrals, several churches, clubs, societies, and all the resources and luxuries of civilisation.

Near Perth there is a little community which is unique in colonial history. A short distance to the north of the capital, some Spanish monks of the order of St Benedict founded the settlement of New Norcia. There for many years they have devoted themselves to the reclamation of the aboriginal tribes, and under Bishop Salgado there is now a considerable company of natives, trained to useful and industrious occupations. These blacks have been taught by the Benedictines to till the soil, grow the vine, and reclaim the waste lands. The monks have educated them, made musicians of many of them, and have at the same time not stifled them by confinement, but have given them in place of their nomadic habits a taste for all outdoor athletic sports and exercises. This vigorous little community is a standing reproach, for it shows what might have been done for the Australian aborigines if they had been properly dealt with elsewhere. West Australia has a larger proportion of aboriginal natives than any other section of the continent, and it is good to know that the West Australians give considerable employment to these natives about the sheep-runs and farms. There are in this country many tribes which have never even been seen by white men; so it is impossible to tell what are now the numbers of this dusky race.

Of this enormous colony—enormous as to territory, although insignificant as to population—upon which the Imperial Parliament is about to confer the privilege of responsible government, very little is known by English people at home, and, indeed, not a great deal of information has been published. Perhaps the latest facts are those which have been communicated by the late Attorney-General of the colony, Mr A. P. Hensman, to the Colonial Institute.

Among the chief industries, perhaps we might say the chief industries, of the colony at present are sheep and cattle farming. These farms are found along the banks of most of the rivers in the southern portion of the country. There is some difference of opinion as to its agricultural capabilities; but Mr Hensman says that, although there are many parts where, owing to the sandy nature of the soil and the absence of water, farming cannot be carried on, yet there are numerous tracts well suited for wheat-growing. There does not, however, appear to be good reason for thinking that West Australia will ever rival her neighbour, South Australia, in the production of corn for export. At all events, some machinery will first have to be devised for the storage and distribution of water, if wheat-growing is to become a considerable industry. Even the most arid tracts have been made fertile by irrigation.

For the growth of fruits of all kinds the capacity of West Australia is remarkable. In the south, the vine, the orange, the fig, and the olive grow in perfection; and the grapes are said to be only equalled by those of English hot-houses. Any fruit of the temperate zone will attain perfection there. The distance is too great, probably, for any hope of market for these fruits in Europe; but there is one possible industry in the preserving of them. There is another in the making of wine, and the day is, perhaps, not far distant when West Australian vintages will be familiar in England. Wine, in fact, is now, and has been for some years, made in the colony, although none of it has yet found its way 'home.' On the Darling Hills, near Perth, there are many flourishing vineyards; and there are several other districts as well adapted for vine-growing.

One great source of the wealth of the colony so far has been its forests. These are so enormous and continuous, that the southern portion of West Australia has sometimes been described as one vast forest. At one time the chief export from these forests was sandal-wood, in the shipping of which fragrant material to China considerable fortunes were made. This trade, however, is not nearly so important and so lucrative as it once was. For one thing, the sandal-wood tree requires careful replanting, and the colonists were only bent on securing that which they saw before them, without providing for the future, so that they have now to go farther and farther afield for it. This of course adds to the expense, and reduces the profit; while, also, the prices obtainable in China have been steadily receding. The export now averages in value only about thirty thousand pounds a year. It is an industry which may be revived by cultivation.

At present, the most valuable forest-product is the Jarrah—a species of eucalyptus—which rises straight from the ground to a height of a hundred feet without a branch, and which has a girth of from twenty to thirty feet at the base. The durability of the timber of this tree is said to surpass that of any other known wood. When carefully selected and cut while the sap is least active, the timber is absolutely impervious to the borings of insects, and it has remarkable resistance to the action of water. It is thus eminently adapted, and is being largely used, for jetties, piles, railway-sleepers, and the frames and planking of ships. Although very hard, it is used also in the colony for the flooring and rafters of houses, and for furniture. One thing in its favour for building purposes is that it is one of the least inflammable of known woods.

As this valuable tree is known to abound in West Australia over an area equal to the whole of Great Britain, it will be seen that the forest wealth is very great, and it is of special importance that it exists in localities within moderate distance of the coast and harbours.

Another valuable tree is the Karri, also a species of eucalyptus. This tree grows in the humid country near the rivers and towards the coast, and is the largest but one of the eucalyptus tribe of the Australian continent. Specimens have been found over four hundred feet in height, and stems have been measured three hundred feet clean up to the first limb. The stems are

slender where the trees grow close together, and one of two hundred feet high may have a stem not above a foot in diameter. But where growing apart, they attain enormous girth; and one has been measured with a circumference of sixty feet at the base.

From well-grown specimens of the Karri, timber as much as twelve feet wide can be obtained. The wood is elastic and durable, although not very easily worked, and is splendid for shafting and planking. Baron Mueller has introduced this tree both into Victoria and into Europe, because of its easy culture, its quick growth, and its valuable timber. West Australia has millions of acres of it.

Next to its forests, the colony has heretofore relied most on its pearl-fisheries. These are conducted on the north and west coasts, and employ large fleets of boats. The pearls are well known in England, and the value of pearls and pearl-shells exported has steadily increased until it is now about one hundred thousand pounds a year.

For some years West Australians have been envious of the gold-mines of their colonial neighbours; but now they have found gold for themselves. In the northern part of the colony, gold has been discovered in the district called Kimberley. It is a long way from ports and civilisation, and there is also a deficiency of water for crushing and other purposes. But already a railway is projected, and the government are industriously boring for water. Gold-mining is now actively carried on at Kimberley and in other places; and although many of those who went with the first rush when the discovery was reported, returned in disgust because of the hardships of the life and the inconveniences of the situation, there is no doubt that West Australia is now to be added to the list of regular gold-producers. There have been native traditions of gold-mines for ages, and it is possible that the deposits are very much greater than is yet even surmised. Anything seems possible in such an enormous, and as yet practically unexplored territory.

Of even more importance is the recent discovery of coal on the upper part of the Irwin River. The reports as yet are meagre, and there is also a belief that coal exists in the Kimberley district. If the expectations are realised, then West Australia may well indulge in dreams of prosperity, for, apart from her own proper needs—and there is native copper, lead, and iron to be smelted—her shores are the first that are touched, or sighted, by outward-going steamers from Europe, and the last to be left on the homeward voyage. The ports of this colony are from one to two weeks nearer to us than those of any other of the Australian colonies.

Such are a few of the characteristics and resources of what some people are inclined to regard as the coming colony. For the rest, the climate is such that Albany may one day become a favourite and fashionable health-resort for British and Anglo-Indian invalids.

Albany stands at the head of the inner harbour of King George's Sound—a vast natural harbour, which is destined to be of Imperial importance. It is just round the south-west corner of Australia, in the very line of the great trade of

the world with the colonies. It is a spacious and safe anchorage-ground, naturally and geographically adapted as a harbour of refuge, a coaling-station, and a rendezvous for the navies which are being created for Australian defences.

But it is plain that West Australia cannot go on and prosper without more people. She has plenty of room, but she has not all the attractions for ordinary colonists that other parts of Australia have. Those who go must not expect to find a land flowing with milk and honey, or to fill their pockets in a morning with gold nuggets. But those who can rough it, who have patience and perseverance, and who have the enterprise to beat out new tracks, and who have a small capital to start with, may do well. It is certainly a land of great natural wealth, waiting for development, and those who aid in the development will share in the reward. It is not, however, a land for indiscriminate emigration.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXI.—AN ANXIOUS MOMENT.

A FEW hours later, on that terrible Sunday—the last before the final disaster at Khartoum—Sir Austen found himself in the great square of the town, in front of the Governor's house, where a starving crowd of natives was already gathered, eager to hear the last news of the deliberation going on inside the Palace. Sir Austen had been relieved for the time from his dangerous and difficult post at the Bourré Gate, and had strolled inward into the city to learn for himself what hopes the Governor still had as to their chances of holding out till the army of rescue arrived to reinforce them.

It's wonderful how callous people get at last to the dangers of a siege, when once they're in the midst of it. The constant rain of bullets from every side passes absolutely unnoticed. Men cross open spaces under fire without seeming to observe it. Even a shell exploding causes far less commotion than the fall of an omnibus-horse would cause in Regent Street. So Sir Austen strolled on carelessly, undeterred by the distant thud of firing, through those covered streets, overhung with matting to keep off the heat of the mid-day sun, and past the hungry blacks who peered now and again from darkling doorways in the wall, greeting the English officer as he strode by with a military salute in true Soudanese fashion. Sir Austen saluted in return, and stepped on briskly. But the square, when he reached it, was alive with an eager throng of superior natives, both soldiers and civilians, in every possible stage of weariness and misery. A long siege had left its mark on all. Famine stared visibly from every face. The gaunt Egyptians looked gaunter than ever: the stalwart negroes were worn to shadows. Among them the officer's quick eye was not long in picking out once more the still burly figure of his Irish friend Considine.

'What's up?' Sir Austen asked with considerable curiosity, forcing his way not without some difficulty through the buzzing throng. 'A deputation to Gordon?'

'Ye've hit it,' Considine answered lightly, with his accustomed easy devil-may-care expression. 'The precise game. A dozen of the chief niggers are in conference with the Governor, and they want him to surrender at discretion this very morning. But they don't know Gordon. And from what I can guess of these fellows' lingo, I fancy Gordon don't see it in the same light as they do. They seem to me to be grumbling in their own tongue—which is a grand one for the purpose—and I can certainly answer for it that we've all of us got a right to, for we're confounded hungry.'

As he spoke, an Arab a step or two in front of them turned round to them with an intelligent air and smiled. Considine was the first to recognise who it was among the confused crowd of similar white oriental dresses. 'Why, man, hanged if it isn't your cousin again,' he cried, with a sudden look at Sir Austen. 'Ah, but he's a splendid Arab! The devil himself wouldn't know him from a born Mussulman.—Linnell, ye rascal, come here and tell us what the bother's all about. Ye can understand these niggers' unconscionable lingo. Tell us what the dickens the black fellows are haggling over.'

'Hush,' Linnell answered, coming over to them with an almost reverential air. 'Hush! He's going to speak. Let's hear what he says. I'll translate it all for you as well as I can afterwards.'

Something in the tone of his voice compelled attention. Considine and Sir Austen looked up at once, and saw standing on the steps of that whitewashed Palace the well-known figure of a tall and commanding-looking man, in white European uniform and dark red fez, that showed off to the utmost advantage the chastened strength and majesty of his sunburnt face and grizzled gray moustaches. A buzz ran wave-like through the assembled crowd—a whispered buzz of 'Gordon! Gordon!' The Governor raised his right hand for a moment, palm outward, as if to bespeak silence; and all at once a sudden stillness fell like magic even upon that motley crowd of noisy chattering orientals. One second they surged like a summer sea; then they looked up eagerly. Every man held his face upturned to hear, as Kashim Elmoos, Gordon's most trusted native officer, called out loudly in Arabic: 'The Governor will address you.' But for some minutes the Governor himself only glanced round impressively with his deep blue eyes: his silence and his look, all pity and resolution, seemed well-nigh as eloquent in their way as his soldierly language.

The crowd waited patiently, hanging upon his lips. Then Gordon, steadying himself with his hand on Kashim Elmoos's shoulder—for he was ill that day, and had been up all night making the round of the ramparts—gazed about him compassionately on that silent sea of eager black faces, and began to speak in rapid and fluent but very clear and distinct Arabic. Neither Sir Austen nor Considine could understand one word he said; but his winning smile, his cheery voice, his resolute manner, his quick cadences of emotion as he passed in turn from chiding to exhortation, made them almost able to follow in rough outline the general sense of what he was driving at. As for the straining

mob of terrified orientals, they hung upon his words in breathless silence, and stroked their chins, muttering now and then in concert, 'Allah is great. Gordon says well. He has faith to shame us. With Allah's help, we shall hold out yet till hope comes of deliverance.'

But the Governor's face belied his confidence. As he went on with his speech, even in that dire extremity, some electric spark from the great man's heart seemed to run now and again through the entire assembly, so wonderfully did he inspire them all with the sense of personal devotion. They thrilled responsive. At one point, the Governor's voice sank low and musical. 'What's he saying to them now?' Considine asked in an almost inaudible whisper of Linnell, unable any longer to repress his curiosity.

'He's telling them he feels it all, not for himself—not for his reputation—not even for England—but for his people's sake—these poor sheep of Soudanese, whom he has tried so hard to save and to benefit. If all is lost, it is for them that he grieves over it. Four long days and nights he has never slept nor closed his eye; he has gone round the posts incessantly, and personally encouraged his starved and wearied soldiers to stand firm till help arrives from Wolseley. The question of food, he says, has worn him to a shadow. He is hungry for his people. But all will yet go well. If they will but hold out for three days longer, Stewart's troops will be here: and for his part, come what may, he will never, never, never consent to surrender. They may give up the town if they like; that is *their* lookout; but he and we and Kashim Elmoos will die fighting to the last for God and duty.'

'Hooray!' Considine cried out enthusiastically at the top of his voice. 'And so say all of us, too, General. We won't give way. We're with you! we're with you.'

Gordon looked down with a placid childlike smile in the direction of the suddenly interrupting voice, and added in English, loud and clear: 'My determination is unshaken. I will hold out to the end. England will never allow us to perish. But even if she does, we must do our duty.'

Sir Austen pressed his way up through the surging crowd, now loosed in speech once more, and eagerly discussing this last deliverance of their Governor's. 'I have news for him,' he murmured to Linnell, as they pressed forward together through the wearied throng. 'I believe help is nearer even than he supposes. We took a man prisoner this morning near the Bourré Gate, trying to make his way as close as he could, as a spy. From what Abdul Ahmed, who examined him, tells me, I think he can be relied upon for giving truthful information.'

They reached the steps, and moved slowly up to where Gordon himself had now taken his seat in a wicker chair on the platform of the Palace. Occasional bullets still whizzed past them with a whir; but the Governor nevertheless received them with that genial smile which never forsook him even in the last extremity. 'What goes at the gate, Linnell?' he asked, grasping Sir Austen's hand hard, and looking down into his very soul with those clear blue eyes of his. 'All well towards Bourré?'

'All well, as yet, I trust,' Sir Austen answered, trying his best to imitate his great leader's cheeriness. 'But we expect a determined assault to be made before long. We took a dervish prisoner this morning in the outer ditch, attempting, as I believe, to scale the rampart and communicate with Faragh'—

Gordon's eyes gleamed steely at the treacherous Pasha's name. 'Very likely!' he answered, with a quietly contemptuous air. 'Faragh can't be trusted. I made that man, and I know now, if he dared, he would willingly betray me. He has a cur's nature, I fear. But I'm not afraid of him. If we die, at least we have done our duty. Though even now, two hundred men would be enough to save us. Two hundred Englishmen, of Probyn or Burnaby's sort. With their help, we could hold out for another twelvemonth.—Well: how about your prisoner?'

Sir Austen smiled back at that calm heroic face of a great man struggling with a sea of adversity. 'My prisoner tells us,' he went on, in a very quiet voice, 'that the Mahdi has news of a severe defeat of his northern detachment on Saturday week by Stewart's troops at Abu Klea. He understands that Stewart himself is wounded or dead, but that his column has succeeded in reaching Metamneh. The dervish tells us that the army of relief made a reconnaissance in force at Metamneh on Wednesday, aided by our four steamers, which he seems to think have effected a junction with them. And he says that in the Mahdi's camp every one is of opinion an assault must be made not later than Tuesday on all available points, for fear the army of relief should arrive by Wednesday or Thursday.'

The Governor listened to this exciting news with profound interest. 'My own information looks the same way,' he murmured with that imperturbable calm of a brave spirit. 'Depend upon it, we are only three or four days off now from our deliverance. I have wrestled with this trouble in prayer, and it is passing away. It is passing away, I feel certain.—But which way it will pass away, we can't tell yet. My grief is all for my poor starved people. I believe our steamers must really have met Stewart's detachment. But that makes our danger all the greater for the moment. Everything depends upon the next four days. The Mahdi's too good a strategist, you may be sure, not to know his one chance of success lies in preventing a junction. The nearer help comes to us, the more eager the enemy will be to hasten his assault. He'll attack us to-night, I believe. He'll attack before morning.—I must see your prisoner, Sir Austen. Where have you left him?'

'At the Bourré Gate,' Sir Austen answered respectfully, 'in charge of Ali Ismail.'

At the words, the General, like a wounded man, sprang from his seat, astounded. 'In charge of Ali Ismail,' he cried with an incredulous air. 'Why, Colonel, you surprise me! The man's a spy, of course, who came near on purpose, hoping to be taken, that he might communicate with Faragh! And you've left him in charge of one of Faragh's own most intimate officers! Why, what could you have been thinking about? In a man less experienced and less trustworthy than yourself, I should be inclined to call this culpable negligence! Depend upon it, the fellow

has a message from the Mahdi. By this time, he's arranged things comfortably with Faragh, no doubt. And the worst of it is, we don't know whom to trust. We must go down at once and try to prevent any further mischief.'

Sir Austen clapped his hand to his head in horror. 'Great heavens,' he cried with a sudden burst of enlightenment, 'I must be mad! I never even thought of it!'

The General, never chiding him, moved down the steps with a resolute air. 'This is bad news,' he said quietly. 'Very bad news indeed. I've heard none worse through all this day of trial. I distrust Faragh; and I don't know how many of his subordinates may be implicated with him. If we had only the enemy to deal with, we might hold out for weeks; but with traitors in the camp—starvation and treachery to cope with at once—God alone knows now what may happen next to us. And when we fall, they will treat my poor people as these wretches treated the defenceless souls in Berber.'

MODERN NAVAL ENGAGEMENTS.

IRONCLAD FIGHTS.

SINCE the naval operations during the American Civil War opened the eyes of Europe to the necessity for ironclad or armoured war-ships, and the consequent need for heavy guns, there have been few opportunities of testing these modern monsters by the ordeal of real warfare; yet naval actions between armoured vessels, or actions in which armoured vessels were engaged, have been more numerous than is generally supposed. The famous fight between the 'Merrimac' and the 'Monitor' was the death-blow to the old order of things.

The 'Monitor,' built by Captain Ericsson, was a turret ship, with a single turret, carrying two guns, throwing one-hundred-and-eighty-pound shot. The armour of the turret was eight inches in thickness; while the side-armour was five inches thick; she had, however, a freeboard of about a foot only. The 'Merrimac' might be described as an impromptu ironclad. Among the vessels burnt or sunk by the Federals on their evacuation of Norfolk was the wooden steam frigate 'Merrimac.' It was raised by the Confederates and cut down to the water-line; both ends were decked over, and on the centre portion was built a casemate, something like the roof of a house. The walls of the casemate were of oak, two feet thick, faced by two layers of iron plating, four inches thick. She was armed with ten guns of various calibres. Both vessels steamed about five knots, and were utterly unseaworthy.

On the 8th of March 1862, the 'Virginia,' as the 'Merrimac' had been rechristened, made her appearance among the enemy's fleet, and immediately began to give them a taste of her quality. The 'Cumberland,' a thirty-gun frigate, was rammed and sunk with startling rapidity; the 'Congress,' a fifty-gun frigate, was driven ashore and burned; and another frigate was also driven ashore. By this time night had fallen, and the 'Virginia' rested on her laurels, expecting to finish her work on the morrow. Beyond having her loose hamper shot away, she was not damaged;

but she had left her ram, which had been insecurely fastened on, in the side of the 'Cumberland.'

But the next morning an antagonist appeared on the scene in the shape of the little 'Monitor.' The 'Virginia' had met her match. Both vessels immediately prepared for action, and the first fight between ironclads took place. The result was indecisive. The combat, a fierce artillery duel, continued for four hours. The distance between the combatants ranged from half a mile to close range, yet the armour of neither was pierced; and although both were badly battered, they did not sustain any vital injury. At last, as if by mutual consent, they separated, their crews being utterly worn out. It is related that during the fight the crew manning one of the guns of the 'Virginia' were found standing at ease. On the officer in command being asked why he was not firing, he replied that 'gunpowder was precious, and he could do her [the "Monitor"] as much damage by snapping his fingers at her every two and a half minutes!' Although a drawn battle between the actual antagonists, yet the 'Monitor' succeeded in its object, the saving of the remainder of the Federal fleet. This was the only fight of any consequence either the 'Virginia' or the 'Monitor' was engaged in.

Next to the action between the 'Virginia' and the 'Monitor,' that between the 'Alabama' and the 'Kearsarge' has the most interest for us; if, indeed, taking place as it did at our own doors, it does not take precedence. It illustrated in a graphic manner the value of defensive armour. The 'Alabama' was a barque-rigged wooden propeller, carrying eight guns, one of which was a rifled hundred-pounder. After two years of depredation, in which she inflicted incalculable injury upon the shipping of the United States, she repaired to Cherbourg in the beginning of June 1864 to refit. A few days afterwards, the 'Kearsarge,' which had been in pursuit of the 'Alabama' for some time, also arrived off the port. Captain Semmes of the 'Alabama,' partly from a feeling of chivalry, and partly, no doubt, from a feeling of superiority in his armaments, determined to go out and fight his antagonist. The 'Kearsarge,' like the 'Alabama,' was a wooden propeller, but carried only seven guns. Unknown to Captain Semmes, however, she had been strengthened in a remarkable manner. Like the knights of old, she was encased in a suit of chain-mail. Amidships, on both sides, she was protected by a chain cable placed up and down from the rail to the water's edge, the whole being covered over with a thin planking, which completely concealed the armour beneath. About ten o'clock on Sunday forenoon, 19th June 1864, the 'Alabama' left Cherbourg harbour, and came up with the 'Kearsarge' about seven miles from land. When the latter was about a mile distant on her starboard, the 'Alabama' opened fire. Firing now proceeded rapidly on both sides. The 'Alabama' had pivoted her guns to starboard, and in order to keep their respective broadsides bearing, they fought in a circle, both vessels steaming round a common centre with a distance varying from a quarter to half a mile. In about half an hour the firing became very hot, and the 'Alabama' began to suffer. She was hulled several times,

and a number of her men killed, while her shell in return did the 'Kearsarge' little damage. After the lapse of about an hour, the 'Alabama' was in a sinking condition, the enemy's shell having exploded in her sides and between decks, making large apertures, through which the water rushed with great rapidity. At last she hoisted sail to get away; but the 'Kearsarge' was laid across her bows, threatening to rake her; the 'Alabama' thereupon surrendered, but sank a few minutes afterwards. A few of her crew were rescued by the boats of the 'Kearsarge,' but most of them by tugs and pleasure-vessels, which had gathered round to witness the combat. The 'Kearsarge' was little the worse of the encounter owing to the protection her armour afforded. It is possible that if Captain Semmes had known the 'Kearsarge' was partially armoured, he would not have been in such a hurry to come out and fight, or he might at least have taken the same precautionary measures.

Two years afterwards, the war between Italy and Austria gave the world an opportunity of witnessing for the first time a general naval engagement in which ironclads were engaged on both sides. Owing to the conflicting accounts of the contending parties, it is almost impossible to give a perfectly accurate account of the battle; but the following narrative, compiled from the various reports of it which appeared in the *Times*, will give a tolerably clear idea of the main facts. On the 20th of July 1866 the Italian fleet was attacked by the Austrians off the island of Lissa, which the Italians had endeavoured to capture the day previous. The Italian squadron, which was under the command of Admiral Persano, consisted of eleven ironclads, six screw frigates, two paddle-wheel corvettes, three small gunboats, and several small steamers. Among the ironclads were the 'Re d'Italia,' a fine ironclad frigate; and the 'Affondatore,' a powerful ram of the newest construction, carrying the admiral's flag. The Austrian fleet consisted of seven ironclad frigates, the 'Kaiser,' a wooden three-decker of ninety guns, several frigates and small vessels—altogether about twenty-three. The Austrian admiral, Tegenhoffer, had hoisted his flag on the 'Ferdinand Max.' On the morning of the day mentioned both fleets formed themselves into order of battle, in two lines, with the most powerful vessels in front; and the Austrians advanced to the attack. When about two hundred and fifty yards distant, fire was opened on the Italians both from sea and land. They immediately replied, and the firing soon became appalling. Several of the Italian ironclads closed with the 'Kaiser,' evidently mistaking her for the Austrian flagship. The 'Re de Portugal' tried to ram her, and struck into her with such force as to carry away her bowsprit, foremast, and a large part of the prow, the figure-head falling on board the Italian vessel. The 'Kaiser,' disabled, on fire, with her chimney fallen across her deck, managed eventually to escape with great difficulty. Meanwhile, the Austrian admiral, seeing the danger in which the 'Kaiser' was placed, came to the rescue, and made a fierce attack on the 'Re d'Italia.' He directed his own vessel, the 'Ferdinand Max,' full speed on the Italian ironclad, which, with its rudder disabled and already damaged at the water-line, was stove completely in, and was engulfed almost

immediately. It is said that as the ship was going down, half a battalion of marines stationed in the tops sent a parting volley on the deck of the Austrian flagship, killing and wounding eighty men. While this tragedy was proceeding, the Italian ironclad gunboat 'Palestro' caught fire, and presently blew up; her crew refusing to surrender, were blown up with their vessel. The combat raged for two hours, during which the fleets forced their way through one another and changed places, when they turned round and prepared to renew the battle. The Italian squadron was still holding its ground, and the Austrians were waiting to renew the attack. Meanwhile, the distance between the fleets widened; the Austrians fell back; and the Italians, after waiting on the spot until nightfall, made for Ancona. Although the Italians claimed the victory because they remained in possession of the field of battle; yet, losing two of their best ironclads, and being foiled in their object—the capture of Lissa—the victory must be given to the Austrians. The fact also that the Italian admiral, Persano, was in the following year expelled the service, gives a certain indication in favour of this decision.

A period of eleven years now elapses ere the next naval engagement takes place. On the 29th May 1877 was fought the engagement between the British cruisers 'Shah' and 'Amethyst' and the Peruvian ironclad 'Huascar.' In one of the periodical revolutions of Peru the 'Huascar' had been seized by the rebels, and had put to sea on a roving expedition. This was all very well, if she had not interfered with British mail-steamers and forcibly taken coal from an English barque. Vice-admiral De Horsey determined to put a summary stop to these piratical proceedings, and set sail after her with the 'Shah' and 'Amethyst,' and came up with the 'Huascar' off the town of Ilo. The 'Shah' and the 'Amethyst' were unarmoured cruisers, the one of twenty-six guns, and the other of fourteen guns of various calibres. The 'Huascar,' built at Birkenhead, was a turret ram, with turret armour five and a half inches in thickness, and a belt of four and a half inches. She was armed with two ten-inch three-hundred-pounders in the turret, and two forty-pounders on her maindeck. The officers of the 'Huascar' were surprised at the appearance of the English vessels; but they were more surprised at what followed. The 'Shah' fired a gun for the 'Huascar' to lay-to, and sent a boat on board with the message that Admiral De Horsey gave the 'Huascar' just two minutes to surrender in the name of the Queen. This was resented by the rebel government, which was on board, as an unwarrantable interference in a purely family quarrel; and they prepared for the fray. The English opened fire at six hundred yards, the 'Huascar' immediately replying with her three-hundred-pounders. The 'Amethyst' tried to rake the ram, but failed. The 'Shah' now fired her broadsides, which were discharged by electricity, and in a few minutes the 'Huascar's' deck was cleared of everything but masts, turret, and smoke-stack. The 'Huascar' continued to fire at regular intervals; but the gunnery was bad. After an hour and a half the 'Amethyst' was set on fire amidships, and steamed out of action. The 'Huascar' now attempted to ram the 'Shah';

but this was prevented by good handling. The Peruvian was hit several times by three-hundred-pound shot, but only one completely pierced her armour. She now adopted new tactics, first advancing on the 'Shah' and then on the 'Amethyst,' but ramming was again prevented by good management and superior speed. After the battle had lasted for three hours, the 'Huascar' slowly retired, a shell from the 'Amethyst' having destroyed the primers of the turret guns. She headed towards land, but the enemy did not attempt to follow. She escaped in the darkness, and it was well for her she did, for about 10 P.M. a steam-launch from the 'Shah' was sent into the port of Ilo with a torpedo to blow her up; and it was by the merest chance a peaceful trader escaped destruction, being mistaken for the 'Huascar.' This encounter was considered a drawn battle. It is remarkable as being the only one in which British war-ships have been engaged since the introduction of ironclads.

In 1879 the 'Huascar' again came on the scene. In that year war broke out between Chili and Peru. On the 21st of May the 'Huascar' and the 'Independencia,' a broadside ironclad of twenty-two guns, fell in with the Chilian wooden corvette 'Esmeralda' of twelve guns and the gunboat 'Covadonga' off the port of Iquique. Firing immediately commenced between the 'Huascar' and the 'Esmeralda,' and was kept up for two hours; but as it was at long range, neither sustained much damage. Captain Grau of the 'Huascar' at length determined to bring the engagement to an issue by ramming the 'Esmeralda.' She was struck on the port side, but received little damage. Grau rammed again on the starboard bow, this time with more success; a hole was made, through which the water poured and flooded the engine-room, putting out the fires. The powder-magazine was also flooded, and the men there drowned. These two failures to sink the 'Esmeralda' were owing to the engines of the 'Huascar' being reversed too soon before striking, thus diminishing the force of the blow. Although the Chilian now lay at the mercy of her opponent, she would not surrender. The 'Huascar' now charged a third time, hitting her in the starboard side, at the same time firing into her; and the 'Esmeralda' foundered almost immediately. The fight had lasted altogether four hours. The 'Huascar' was little injured, the 'Esmeralda's' shot failing to pierce her armour, although her bows were somewhat damaged by the third charge. Meanwhile affairs had not been progressing so favourably with her consort. She had given chase to the 'Covadonga,' which, being of lighter draught, escaped into shallow water, and the 'Independencia' heedlessly following, ran aground. The gunboat then took up a position where the guns of the ironclad could not bear, and pounded her at short range, until the 'Huascar,' having finished with the 'Esmeralda,' came to the rescue, when the gunboat made off and escaped.

On the 8th of October 1879 was fought the engagement in which the 'Huascar' changed hands. The Chilians had bent all their energies on capturing the waspish little ironclad, which had kept their coasts in a continual state of terror, and had done them a good deal of injury since

the commencement of the war. On the morning of the day mentioned, after a chase of some days, the 'Huascar' found herself cornered by six of the enemy's vessels—in fact, nearly the whole of the Chilian fleet, the most powerful of them being the sister-ships 'Cochrane' and 'Blanco,' two of the most powerful ironclads of the day, each carrying six twelve-ton guns. Grau, the commander of the 'Huascar,' finding himself caught, determined to try to make a dash through the enemy's line, trusting to his superior speed to get away. The first shots were fired by the 'Huascar' at the 'Cochrane' at a distance of two miles; the first three fell short; but the fourth pierced the 'Cochrane's' armour. The Chilian ironclad now opened fire, and its first shot deranged the revolving apparatus of the 'Huascar's' turret. The antagonists having now closed considerably, the 'Huascar' made several attempts to ram the 'Cochrane,' but failed, owing to the agility of the latter. The two vessels now being close together, an incessant fire of small-arms and machine guns was kept up on both sides. Presently a shell from the 'Cochrane' struck the conning tower of the 'Huascar,' destroying it and killing Admiral Grau, who was inside. Four officers were killed or wounded in rapid succession immediately on taking command. The 'Blanco' now coming up and joining in the fray, the Peruvian was soon almost disabled; one of her guns also being disabled by a shell entering the turret. Unsuccessful attempts were now made on both sides to end the fight by ramming. The 'Huascar's' Gatling had by this time been silenced by the Nordenfelts of the Chilian ironclads. At last, after an hour and a half's fighting, the 'Huascar' surrendered. She was then in a sinking condition, hulled in all directions, steering apparatus gone, and swept of everything but her turret and smoke-stack. The 'Cochrane,' owing to the thickness of her armour, (six inches) was not much injured, most of the 'Huascar's' shot failing to penetrate. When the immense odds against the 'Huascar' are considered, it must be granted that this was one of the most desperate and plucky actions ever fought.

Although engaged in desultory skirmishes under her new flag with her old companions during the remainder of the war, this was the last serious action in which the 'Huascar' was engaged. She has survived to the present day, and took part in the recent Chilian revolution. Her checkered career, in spite of her insignificance, has gained for her a world-wide notoriety.

The history of ironclad warfare is nearly told. The last occasion anything of the kind happened was in the Russo-Turkish war of 1877. The Turkish fleet was so powerful as to overawe the Russian fleet, and no engagements took place, although there were one or two torpedo attacks on Turkish monitors in the Danube. One of these was a night attack by six Russian torpedo boats on three Turkish monitors at Sulina; but the Turks, having been galvanised into life by Hobart Pasha, were on the alert, and the torpedo boats were beaten off with a loss of two of their number.

The newest type of ironclad, as the 'Trafalgar' and the 'Nile,' or even the 'Thunderer' and 'Devastation,' have been wholly untried in war-

fare, and how they would behave is a matter of conjecture; but enough has been related to dispel a somewhat popular belief that one well-directed shot would send an ironclad, like an old kettle with a hole in it, direct to the bottom.

With the introduction of ironclads, however, there has been developed an entirely new mode of attack—the use of the ram. Where ramming has taken place, it has almost always been successful; and to the cases we have narrated might be added two of unintentional ramming. The first was the ramming of the 'Vanguard' by the 'Iron Duke.' The 'Vanguard' was struck on the starboard quarter between the main and mizzen masts four feet below the water-line, and sank in an hour. The second case was a much more serious one, inasmuch as two hundred and eighty-four men lost their lives. This was the sinking of the 'Grosser Kurfürst' by the 'Konig Wilhelm' in the German naval manœuvres in 1878. The 'Grosser Kurfürst' was struck nearly amidships, and part of her side ripped completely off; she sank almost immediately. Although ramming is fatal, it can easily be avoided when the intended victim is under control; but this is not always the case. It undoubtedly makes modern naval engagements more 'dangerous,' if such an expression may be used.

A BURMESE CENONE.

CHAPTER II.

'THEN, Farnwood, to put the matter in a nutshell, you owe your life to the girl?'

'I owe her my life,' replied Mr Farnwood with grave emphasis.

It was literally true. When, at the last moment, that dacoit stopped to make his final cut, Mah Mee had thrust out her arm and intercepted the blow, which, had it reached its mark, must have ended George Farnwood's earthly career. As it was, the girl's arm was as nearly as possible severed below the elbow; and she was still, three weeks after the fight, in so weak a condition that her recovery was far from certain.

Mr Farnwood himself had received several deep flesh-wounds, and was under orders to come to Rangoon on 'sick-leave' as soon as he could travel. Mr Anderson, the officer who was to relieve him, had brought up the force of police sent in reply to his message asking for help, and this gentleman had been at Shwaydoungyee ever since.

The two were sitting in the veranda, whose floor bore dark suggestive stains no scrubbing could remove. Mr Anderson never forgot the sight it presented on that morning when he arrived so opportunely; to quote the expression he used in his official report, the place 'looked and stank like a shambles.' And he could not look upon one corner without seeing a vision of George Farnwood sitting blood-drenched and faint against the wall, with the head of the unconscious Burmese girl resting in his lap.

'You will have to do something handsome for her,' remarked Mr Anderson, 'poor little body. She is a pretty girl, as Burmese beauties go.'

'I shall marry her,' answered Mr Farnwood briefly.

His friend screwed up his mouth and shook his head dubiously. 'A fellow can't well over-pay the woman who has saved his life at such cost to herself,' he said. 'But to marry her! Think what it means, my dear man. You condemn yourself to life in this awful country for ever, and to social ostracism besides. Moreover, you would put an effectual stop to your advancement in the police. I'd think very carefully before I took such a step as that, Farnwood. The life Miss Mah Mee has saved wouldn't be worth living, if you repaid your debt by making her your wife.'

George Farnwood had thought the matter over very carefully; indeed, during these last three weeks, which he had spent on his bed, it had seldom been absent from his mind for an hour. He had learned from Mah Mee's own lips how she had come to be in the bungalow that night when every one else had fled to the jungle. She confessed that she lingered behind when the others were hurrying away, and had at last returned and concealed herself in the bushes behind the *thannah*. She heard the dacoits' cry, and watched Mr Farnwood go out with the policemen. When she saw him fall, she could not move for a minute; but as soon as he got up, she knew he would go to the bungalow, and went in by the back way to meet him there. It was needless to ask what motive had inspired the girl; and a thousand times, George Farnwood bitterly reproached himself for having permitted her to stay. By doing so he had laid himself under an obligation he could meet in one way only; and he made up his mind to repay Mah Mee's devoted love by making her his wife. He must do it, though every fibre revolted against the idea. The subtle instinct of race, unconquerable in himself, wholly wanting in the girl, forbade his feeling for her more than an indulgent liking such as he might have entertained for an intelligent dog; and even that was now strangled by the debt she had forced him to incur. Mr Anderson had expressed in the plainest language the terrible bonds such a marriage would rivet upon him; but it was too late to harp upon its drawbacks now. He had given his word, and would not recall it; for as soon as he could walk so far, he had gone to the hut where Mah Mee lay and had promised to marry her.

'I am going away in a few days,' he had told her; 'but when you are well again, I shall send for you to come to me. I am going to make you my wife.'

And Mah Mee had acknowledged the words which it had been the dream of her life to hear, with a simple: 'Yes, my lord!'

Shwaydoungyee had risen phoenix-like from its ashes, and save that the huts were cleaner, it presented much the same appearance as it had done before Boh Tsine's memorable visit. The runaway policemen had not felt themselves equal to resuming their duty in the Imperial service, and had deputed Moung Louk to return and convey their 'resignation' to Mr Farnwood. The sergeant, trusting that his fifteen years' good service would save him from punishment, had undertaken the task; and was promptly

placed under arrest until the pleasure of the authorities should be made known. Mr Farnwood had spoken his mind very freely to Mung Louk, and had promised that no effort on his part should be wanting to obtain smart punishment for his cowardice.

In view of the pending war with Upper Burma, the young officer was keenly anxious to report himself as fit for duty again; and the first step in that direction was to obtain proper medical attendance. Mr Anderson's rough-and-ready surgery had patched him up sufficiently to face the journey; and a day or two after his visit to Mah Mee, he was on his way down the river, bound for Maulmain, where he would find means of crossing to Rangoon. He had intended to proceed direct to the hospital on his arrival at the latter station; but, much to his surprise and gratification, he was received at the wharf by the chief of his department, Colonel Grane, who refused to hear of any such arrangement.

'My wife has got a room ready for you,' he insisted. 'The doctor is waiting at my house to take you in hand, and there is the *dhooly* to convey you up to cantonments.—Come along; Mrs Grane and my daughter are going to nurse you.'

An Indian hospital is not an exhilarating place of residence for a convalescent, and Mr Farnwood felt that for every reason it would be well to accept the Colonel's warmly pressed invitation. Accordingly, he allowed himself to be placed in the canvas-covered stretcher or *dhooly*, and was carried up to his chief's house in cantonments without more ado.

Once fairly installed there, he could not but congratulate himself on his good fortune in finding such a haven. Mrs Grane's kindness and care would alone have made it a pleasure to be her patient-guest; but when he was allowed to exchange his bed for a sofa in the veranda, and Miss Mabel Grane took over charge of him, he looked forward almost with regret to the day when he should no longer be able to pose as an invalid.

But that day, if the doctor was to be believed, was a long way distant yet. His strength had been sapped by loss of blood, and the slightest exertion was strictly prohibited. Indeed, had not Colonel Grane supported him in his petition to be allowed to remain in Burma, Dr Ritchie would have summoned a 'Medical Board' and packed him off to England on six months' sick-leave by the first homeward-bound steamer.

'The man will fret himself into fever if you insist, doctor,' said Colonel Grane. 'He doesn't want to leave the country just now, and very rightly. He is marked for promotion; and it would be folly for him to go away home while there's every chance of the Upper Province being annexed; besides the Government wants all its best men on the spot.'

'It goes against my conscience,' answered the doctor doubtfully. 'However, there's a great deal in what you say. And after all, the cold weather is coming on. Farnwood has a sound constitution, and he is in the best possible hands. We won't say any more about sending him home for the present.'

So the question was dropped, much to the satisfaction of all concerned—save Mrs Grane.

That lady had warmly seconded her husband's suggestion that they should take Mr Farnwood in; but had done so under the impression that the patient would jump at the doctor's recommendation, and go home as soon as he could be moved. And with no little anxiety she saw her daughter take her place as nurse-in-ordinary. She liked the young man herself; but Mabel was her only daughter, and was a girl regarding whose future any mother might be pardoned for being ambitious. The young lady had only been in Burma a few weeks, having come out from England for the first time shortly before Mr Farnwood's arrival. She had a beauty of her own, and that, with the fresh complexion the climate had not had time to drive from her cheeks, had already won Miss Grane admirers among the most eligible men in the station. A junior police officer, however promising, was scarcely the man an ambitious mother could regard with an eye of favour; and Mabel had betrayed such eagerness to take her share of the nursing duty that Mrs Grane allowed her to do so with considerable misgiving.

It was indeed the casting together of fire and tow. George Farnwood, fresh from the long exile which had made him a stranger to the society of women of his own race, was peculiarly susceptible to their influence. Mabel Grane, but lately released from the schoolroom, brought ready-made admiration and sympathy to bear on one fully entitled to both. She had listened with breathless interest to the story of his fight with the dacoits, as given by her father and mother, while Mr Farnwood was confined to his room; and every day whetted her anxiety to see him and hear the history again from his own mouth.

He had gratified her wish on the first evening they met; and Miss Grane was a little puzzled to find that the chief actor's account differed in one essential particular from those she had already heard. No mention had been made by her parents of the fact that a young Burmese girl had taken a prominent part in the affair, much less that this girl had saved the life of her European friend at fearful cost to herself. The story, as Mr Farnwood told it, possessed a romantic element which multiplied its interest tenfold; and she was at a loss to understand why such a feature should have been ignored. The young man's manner of referring to this girl, moreover, gave the impression that there was still something to learn; but as he did not appear willing to speak of her, Miss Grane's natural delicacy curbed her curiosity.

Mr Farnwood could not share with her a secret he felt bound to withhold from her father, of all men. His marriage with Mah Mee would, he knew, put an end to all promotion in the police; and he felt justified in maintaining silence regarding his matrimonial intentions until the step in rank, he had been unofficially informed was in store for him, was gazetted. The local government of Burma holds that by espousing a daughter of the soil an officer creates a link between himself and those over whom he is placed which is prejudicial to the free exercise of authority. The theory may or may not be correct, but with that we have nothing to do: it exists. George Farnwood knew it, and meant

to take the last step he could hope to get without imperilling it by making premature disclosures. Mabel's omission to inquire into his relations with Mah Mee relieved him greatly, and inspired him with a certain grateful respect. The feeling which had prompted the Burmese girl's self-sacrifice was, he knew, abundantly obvious, and could not fail to rouse the sympathetic interest of any woman. When, therefore, Miss Grane carefully avoided all reference to her in their daily conversations, George Farnwood strove to atone for his reticence on this point by doing his best to entertain and amuse her.

He succeeded only too well; and ere he had been a fortnight under Colonel Grane's hospitable roof, his eyes were opened to the fact that he found in Mabel's society a charm which grew sweeter and stronger every day. They were of necessity thrown much together. The so-called 'cold season' in Burma is only comparative, and during the day the heat precludes outdoor amusement almost as completely as in the recognised hot weather. Mabel had little to occupy her in the house beyond self-imposed tasks; and the guest had nothing to do. Hence, while the Colonel was kept from morning till night in his office, where work just now was unusually heavy, and Mrs Grane was absorbed in household cares, it was in the natural order of things that the two young people should pass their time together. And if the truth must be told, George Farnwood resigned himself to his dangerously pleasant fate with little thought of the entanglement to which intimacy with Mabel might give rise.

But Mrs Grane, passing to and fro on her many duties about the house, would often note with a troubled wrinkling of the brow how close the two heads were to each other, or with what rapt attention her daughter appeared to be listening to Mr Farnwood. It was very plain that the understanding between them was growing, from her point of view, unsatisfactorily good; and at length she felt constrained to speak to her husband on the subject. Colonel Grane, however, did not share her apprehensions as she could have wished.

'You think Farnwood and Mab are falling in love with each other,' he laughed. 'Pon my word, Helen, you give them credit for losing no time. I can't imagine you are right. But, what if they are?'

'Hugh!' exclaimed Mrs Grane incredulously.

'Well, my dear?'

'You surely don't mean that you would approve of such a thing? A police officer on three hundred rupees a month! When Mr Watsdene, and Captain Albroke, and Mr Herringdon—all of them men in a good position—with means—devoted to Mabel,' said Mrs Grane disjunctively.

The Colonel stroked his moustache thoughtfully. 'I don't know anything about the gentlemen you mention so far as their regard for Mab is concerned, except that she doesn't seem to care two straws for any one of them,' he answered with gravity. 'And if I must speak plainly, Helen, I shouldn't in the least object if Farnwood did win Mab's affections.—Now, don't distress yourself,' he continued, laying his hand upon his wife's. 'Farnwood is bound to get on in his profession, and he is as fine a fellow as we

are ever likely to meet. We will just let things slide.'

'It would be a deep disappointment to me,' sighed Mrs Grane. 'But of course'—

A glance from her husband silenced her. 'What was I when we married, Helen?' he asked gently.

Colonel Grane was a penniless subaltern in Her Majesty's service when he committed matrimony; life had been a struggle for many years; but the loud lamentations raised by friends of both parties had never found an echo in the thoughts of either Hugh or Helen Grane.

'Is it quite the same?' asked Mrs Grane slowly.

'Quite; save that Farnwood's prospects are better than mine.—Come, Helen! We can't cast a stone at people who marry for love.'

'Of course we are not sure that they do want to marry yet,' said the lady, seeking comfort in the uncertainty she had a few minutes before tried to convince herself did not exist.

'No, we aren't,' answered the Colonel, smiling. 'We will therefore postpone all conjecture till there's better ground for it.'

But ambition is too strong to be easily routed by argument, however subtle or persuasive; and Mrs Grane was by no means gratified to learn, a few days later, that Mr Farnwood had kindly consented to remain in the house for another fortnight or three weeks during the Colonel's absence.

'He was very reluctant to stay,' said his host. 'He has got some foolish idea that he ought not to trespass on our hospitality, as he puts it, any longer. In fact, I had to be candidly selfish, and tell him I only wanted him here as *chaukidar*, which was partly true. The bazaars are full of bad characters just now, you know, wife, and I shall be much easier in my mind if Farnwood is acting watchman while I'm away.'

'Surely there's no fear of dacoity in Rangoon,' said Mrs Grane, rather coldly.

'Not dacoity, in the legal sense of the term—"Five persons or more,"' quoted the Colonel; 'but there is grave danger of incendiarism and burglary; and the presence in the house of a dacoit-slayer like Farnwood is the best possible protection you could have.'

'I can't say I am a nervous woman,' remarked Mrs Grane, holding up her needlework and inspecting it with a critical eye.

'There is not a pluckier woman in the East than yourself, dear,' replied her husband with warm sincerity; 'but you must make allowance for my fears on your account and Mab's.'

The condition of the bazaars gave ample reason for Colonel Grane's wish to provide a protector for his house and its inmates whilst he was away; and he had explained to George Farnwood that the indications of uneasiness in the city urged him to request the continuance of his stay. There had been numerous fires, whose origin could not be traced, and were more than suspected to have been the handiwork of incendiaries. Burglaries of a peculiarly audacious character had been perpetrated in the suburbs, and it was unusually difficult to obtain the evidence of the sufferers. This state of affairs had grown up since the surrender of Mandalay; and the steady increase of violent crime all over

the Lower Province was traceable to the numbers of bad characters who had come from native territory to ply their nefarious trade.

If Mrs Grane did not regard Mr Farnwood's prospective stay with any favour, Mabel's satisfaction made amends for it; and she told the young man frankly that she fully approved her father's action.

'We were not looking forward to being left alone,' she said; 'and it will be much nicer for you to stay with us than to go and live by yourself in that horrid little bungalow near the railway.'

'Are you very nervous people?' inquired Mr Farnwood.

'I am—awfully,' replied Mabel; 'but mother is not; nothing frightens her. She laughs at the idea of dacoity in Rangoon; but then she lived in dreadful places in the jungle when she first married, and measures safety here by the dangers she used to encounter.'

'Did she ever make the acquaintance of dacoits?' asked Mr Farnwood.

'Indeed, she did,' replied Mabel, by no means unwilling to recount adventures such as have befallen few ladies in India since the Mutiny. 'Once she was left alone for a night in camp at some place down in the Mergui district. While she was asleep, a Malay crept into the tent, and stood over her with a kriss, threatening to kill her if she did not give up the money papa had with him. Mother put her hand under the pillow, as if to give him the keys, and shot him dead through the sheet.'

'Very few ladies, or men either, for that matter, would have had the presence of mind to do that,' was Mr Farnwood's comment. 'Mrs Grane can use her revolver, evidently.'

'Yes; she contracted a habit of keeping one loaded by the bedside when she was with papa in the Arracan Hill Tracts, and she has never broken herself off it; she says it gives her a sense of security when she is alone.'

'I don't wonder at it if she makes such practice with the pistol.'

Colonel Grane took his departure next day on one of his periodical tours of inspection, and Mr Farnwood entered upon his office of *chaukidar*, which merely required that he should occasionally satisfy himself that the native watchmen did not pass the night in sleep. He could not fail to notice that Mrs Grane's bearing towards him lacked something of its old cordiality; and while he could not have explained exactly how he gathered the impression, he felt that, in spite of Colonel Grane's earnestly reiterated assurances, he was wearing out his welcome with his hostess. That Mrs Grane's change of demeanour was owing to his rapidly advancing intimacy with her daughter did not at first occur to him; but as the days went by and their repeated tête-à-têtes grew more and more confidential, he began to recognise the truth. As a matter of fact, the mother's prognostications had been well founded. George Farnwood suddenly discovered, as one awakens from sleep, that Mabel was far more to him than she had any right to be to a man who was pledged to marry another woman; and while he told himself that he must seize the first opportunity of explaining his position, and

save her the pain he must suffer by breaking off intercourse with her, he continually caught himself wondering whether Mah Mee could not be satisfied with a large pecuniary recompense in place of fulfilment of his promise. And as Mabel grew daily dearer to him, he braced himself to face the question more boldly. Was he bound to ruin his whole career and sacrifice the happiness of his life to requite a debt which had been thrust upon him? Would any one blame him if he set aside a promise which had been wrung from him by an overstrained sense of duty? Then involuntarily his memory flew back to the scenes enacted that night in the Shwaydoungyee bungalow. He saw Mah Mee lingering alone in the dark forest, to be near him; he heard her pleading to be allowed to stay and share his danger—or his death. Dared he offer money in return for such love as this? He could not. But the thought of marrying her was now ten thousand times more repulsive to him than it had been two months ago, before he knew Mabel Grane.

And while the difficulties of his position grew hourly greater, while he wavered between faith and falsity with every thought, the knot was cut for him by Mabel herself. They were strolling in the compound one evening, and their talk had taken a deeper turn than it had ever done before; though Mabel had never mentioned Mah Mee's name, she could not forget the girl's heroism, and the nature of her talk with Mr Farnwood to-night seemed to indicate that she might safely touch upon the subject.

'Forgive me for asking you the question,' she said hesitatingly, 'but I have always wanted to know more about the girl who was wounded with you in the dacoit fight. Have you heard lately how she is going on?'

'Not a word, Miss Grane. You see, she can't read or write, nor can her mother; so I am unable to communicate with them.'

Mabel looked up in surprise. 'Do you mean that you have never even tried to find out how she is, Mr Farnwood? That you have allowed two months to pass without even knowing whether she is alive or dead?'

No answer from Mr Farnwood.

'Surely you don't mean that you are utterly indifferent to the fate of the girl to whom you owe your life?' she continued almost pleadingly, 'Mr Farnwood, I can't believe this of you.'

There was a long silence. Mabel would have spoken again; but a glance at her companion's face bade her be silent, and she waited for him to answer.

'You are not to think I have forgotten her,' he said presently, 'or that I do not mean to repay her as fully as I can.—Before I left Shwaydoungyee,' he continued, 'I told Mah Mee I intended to marry her, and I am only waiting till my promotion is gazetted to send for her.' He caught Mabel's eye as he spoke, and instantly averted his gaze. 'I did not tell you this before,' he continued, 'because, were the authorities to hear of my intention, they might cancel the promotion they have promised me. My marriage will put a final stop to my professional advancement, and I may as well take what I can now.'

'But is it necessary to do this, Mr Farnwood?'

burst out Mabel. 'Is it fair to yourself, I mean? It cannot be right to ruin yourself thus.'

'What else can I do, Miss Grane?'

Even had Mabel known what to reply, she could not have spoken at once. She forgot to reproach herself for having for a moment imagined that this man was untrue to the character with which she had invested him: he was worthy of it; of the best she could have attributed to her ideal hero. When she did answer her tone was hard and formal. 'Of course, if you have promised to marry her, you must keep your word,' she said. 'Let us go in; I am growing cold.'

SPORT IN BRITISH HONDURAS.

A FEW months ago a gentleman in British Honduras received from an English correspondent an inquiry as to the sport to be had in that colony. He answered that there was very little to be had, and further dissuaded the inquirer from coming thither to search for game. In this he was probably right, for, unless a man is prepared to rough it to a very considerable extent, and can with safety defy the dangers arising from the malaria of the tropical marshes, tinned food, and often unwholesome water, and has a skin impervious to the attacks of sandflies, mosquitoes, and ticks, with which the bush is infested, he had better not attempt to explore the forests in search of sport.

The statement, however, that there is very little to be had we do not consider correct; and a man who is prepared to face these dangers, or who is indifferent to them, will find in British Honduras such opportunities for gratifying his love of adventure as may well recompense him for his journey to this little-known and only partly-explored colony.

Jaguar and puma are fairly numerous in the southern and western districts; while one species at least of ocelot is common; the quash and the night-walker, probably the quasje and the kinkajou of science, as well as the opossum and the little ant-eater, are plentiful; an animal locally known as the 'Bush Dog,' which we think is the *tayra*, is found. Otters, with beautiful fur, haunt the rivers, and the howling monkeys are also common in the southern portion of the colony.

Turning to those that would afford the traveller a welcome change from his diet of salt pork and army rations, there are the peccary, as well as the white-lipped variety, the warree, an animal which, when in droves, is so fierce and so formidable with its long sharp tusks that even the jaguar will not venture to attack it. The tapir or mountain cow, more dreaded by the native than even the jaguar, is also eaten, as are the gibbonet, the Indian rabbit, and the armadillo.

Deer are fairly plentiful in the colony, and there are probably several species, amongst which the Mexican deer finds a place. Stalking is very little resorted to, the deer being mostly come upon accidentally in the pine-ridges; occasionally, however, the small plantations are cautiously

approached up wind in the early morning; and at other times the pine-ridge is fired in a few places, and the hunter returns when the young shoots are just beginning to sprout.

The iguana is very common, and the traveller will always be in a position to procure this delicacy, which, though repulsive-looking in life, affords a dish very like chicken, and by no means to be despised even by an epicure.

Turning now to the birds, he will find a considerable number of species. Among game-birds will be seen the crested curassow; the guan, locally called the quam; and the delicious tinamou partridge. On the western frontier he may meet with the beautiful Honduras turkey, now becoming rare, a bird which alone is worth all the journey to Central America and the hardships of travel. Wild-fowl are numerous during the winter months, making their appearance simultaneously with the advent of strong north winds, which commence about October every year.

The commonest of the duck family, at least about Belize, is the teal, which is to be seen in small wisps flying about the marshes at the back of the town. In the marsh-belt, which extends some fifteen miles inland, are found innumerable egrets, boat-bill herons, night-herons, cranes, and a species of ibis about the size of a fowl, locally called the clucking-hen. Pelicans are very numerous, and are generally to be seen in flocks of six or seven around the 'cays' and the shoal water of the coast. It is considerably smaller than the African species, and is of a light gray colour, with the exception of the quill feathers, which are black, and the neck, which is of a rich maroon colour.

The American osprey and a smaller kind of fish-hawk may at any time be seen hovering over the coast; and numerous birds of prey are to be found; one we remember seeing being little larger than a wood-pigeon, with light-blue wing coverts, each feather of which was spotted with black; and another, a kind of buzzard, with tremendous claws and beak, in whose crop, however, we could find only whelks.

The graceful frigate-bird is one of the commonest sights to the inhabitants of Belize, and can be said, indeed, to be always visible. We have often watched these birds sailing along, now rising and now descending without any apparent motion of the wings, though we have fancied we detected a slight movement of the long forked tail.

Parrots are very numerous in the colony, of which two species are frequently tamed and make fair talkers, though inferior to the gray African bird. Toucans are represented by two or three species, and are commonly seen around Belize in the autumn months when the tamarinds and wild grapes are ripe. There is excellent pigeon-shooting to be had at the 'cays' in November and December; the species generally shot is called locally the bald pate, from the white patch of feathers on its head.

To the ornithologist, an excursion in this colony could not fail to be of the greatest interest, as the number of the different species of birds cannot fall far short of, if it does not exceed two hundred. Around Belize alone we have been able to identify upwards of twenty; while there are at least a dozen more that we know well, but

cannot determine the exact classification, and we have neither taken into account any members of the finch or linnet tribes, nor the humming-birds, of which there are several species.

Fish are to be found in great variety both in the sea and in the rivers; but their capture, especially in the latter, is very seldom attempted, and the art of fishing is very little understood. The home market is fairly well supplied with fish, principally by the inhabitants of the 'cays,' who effect their capture by means of casting-nets and seines, both home-made, as well as by lobster-pots, drop-fishing, and trolling.

Sharks infest the sea, and are found in great numbers in the harbour, making bathing impossible except in 'crawls' constructed for the purpose, a precaution which the large number of deaths from the jaws of these monsters fully justifies.

In order to give the intending visitor some idea of the game likely to be encountered, we will give a brief account of two morning excursions in search of game, one in the marshes on the outskirts of the town, and the other in the heart of the bush.

In the winter of 1888 we occupied quarters at the old military barracks, which are situated on the shore, about half a mile to the north of the town. The parade ground lies between the buildings and the sea; and, as it is for the most part below sea-level, it is very swampy, and affords a capital hunting-ground for plover and crane. When the strong north winds, accompanied as they frequently are with heavy drenching showers, blow, the swamps and marshes around are frequented by duck and teal, and in the early morning one stands a chance of having some good sport. On one such morning early in December we set out to try our luck, nor were we disappointed; for suddenly with a shrill whistle a bird rose from the shore, and with a snap-shot we managed to secure it, a species of whimbrel, locally known as the Turkey plover. The report of the gun seemingly roused to life the shore; flocks of sandpiper, interspersed with dotterel, wheeled around once or twice before settling, while with a loud cry of alarm a 'Georgie Bull' winged its way to the marsh. This curious bird is very common about Belize, and appears to have similar habits to the moorhen. Pursuing our way along the shore we heard, presently, a harsh grating cry, which we recognised as the call of a toucan, coming from the direction of a tamarind tree. Cautiously approaching, we were successful in securing it. This bird, about the size of an English jackdaw, is, of course, chiefly remarkable for its beak, which is shaped like an inverted keel, being four inches long by two inches broad, and was light green in colour, with a band of light purple running all along the upper mandible. The throat and cheeks were orange, and the back of the head was black with a crimson gloss; the back, breast, and wings were of a black-blue colour; the upper tail coverts were pure white, and the under deep vermillion.

At the report of the gun a loud rattling alarm came from a cocoa-nut palm, and away dashed a belted kingfisher. We felt tempted to send the contents of our second barrel after it, for many a time has that shrill warning cry at a critical

moment robbed us of our game. The next moment we were glad we refrained, for flying over the rifle-range we spotted two blue-winged teal, which we marked down in a small pond the other side of the marsh; and aided by the long coarse grass and the high banks of the pool, we made a successful stalk, but, alas! an unsuccessful shot; and the two teal winged their rapid flight inland.

As we returned home we secured a magnificent osprey, which we intended to preserve. We had heard great things of our local taxidermist, and had seen some fairly creditable work of his, so we sent him the bird together with a couple of buzzards and a tyrant fly-catcher, and asked him to skin them. Three months passed away in silence, and then a parcel arrived. We opened it, and there lay a confused mass of feathers, in which with some difficulty we recognised the buzzards, or rather the remnants, but no osprey or fly-catcher. In their stead was a letter from the artist, expressing great regret for his failure, and for which he did us the favour of not charging; but he excused himself on the plea that the 'fish-hawk is too tender to be skinned, and the woodpecker was too badly wounded.'

Towards the end of March we left Belize with a friend in a sailing-vessel for Jonathan Point, a place some sixty miles distant to the south, where there was a cocoa-nut walk and banana plantation belonging to a Captain M——, at whose house we were going to put up. We started about nine on a beautiful moonlight night, with a fair wind. Arriving at our destination, we were cordially welcomed by our host; and after a refreshing dip in the sea and a substantial breakfast, we sat down to discuss the programme for our visit. It was decided that we should make a start at daybreak next morning, under the guidance of an experienced Carib bushman. In the meantime our host offered to show us his plantation. Accordingly, we started along the beach and through a fine cocoa-nut grove; then turning inland, we struck a narrow bridle-path nowhere wider than a riding, and in most places no bigger than the rack of the Midland counties. After a walk of about a mile and a half we reached the plantation, which was situated along the bank of the South Stann Creek River, at that time at very low water. This river, which rises in the Cockscomb Mountains, and which was made the basis of operations whereby to explore that range just one year later than the date of which we are writing, reminded us very forcibly, with its alternate shallows and deep pools, of a trout stream. During our walk we saw only a few small birds; and though we took our guns with us, we only got a shot at one bird, called by the natives 'peam-peam,' a mangy-looking gray crow.

For the benefit of those intending to try bush-shooting in this colony, we must warn any one against attempting it in the rig-out as we did. We simply wore the ordinary English shooting-suit, with a cartridge belt instead of a bag; but long before we had gone a couple of miles, we were envying our guide, who, with a loose linen smock and trousers, was pounding along with bare feet, as if he was on a smooth hard road. B——, who had been bush-shooting before, was

better off, as he had his suit of lighter material, and wore moccasins, while we had shooting-boots.

The thing which struck me most was the almost entire absence of underwood, as we should understand it in England; its place was taken by a bewildering network of creepers, well named tie-ties, which ran along the ground and leapt from tree to tree in wild array. The ground was covered with dead leaves, often completely hiding the tie-ties and interlacing roots of the trees, making it extremely difficult to avoid stumbling, and still harder to prevent scaring any game that might be in the neighbourhood. We only noticed one flower, a kind of convolvulus, the blossoms of which were very similar in colour to primroses.

The trees were of all sizes, from the 'poke-no-boys,' the size of broom handles, and armed with long stout thorns, up to the magnificent silk-cotton tree, whose wedge-shaped buttresses rose at least twenty-five feet from the ground. We went in single file, our guide first, armed with a heavy machete or cutlass, with which he cleared a path; and a muzzle-loader charged with about two ounces of SSG shot. I came next, armed with one of Lancaster's Colindians, with BB in the right barrel, and an ounce and three-quarters' bullet in the left; and last of all came B—— with one of Greener's guns, loaded with buckshot in both barrels.

Soon after entering the bush, I had a rare fright, for a tie-tie caught under the hammer of my gun and exploded the charge. Luckily, I always carry my gun pointing well to the side, so I only cut up the ground for a few yards to the left of the party; but our guide jumped as if he had really been shot, and seemed very unwilling to believe that he was not wounded; while I was rather scared, and thought that I had minimised our chances of success by the untimely discharge.

After another half-hour's walk, however, the Carib turned round and whispered excitedly that he 'smelt warree;' and with rising hopes, we crept cautiously through the bush, and in a few minutes came upon the creek, now a dry bed, with here and there a pool of stagnant water or patch of soft mud. Down this water-course we stole, still in Indian file, for a few hundred yards; when the acuteness of our guide's olfactory organs was fully verified, for we came upon a soft patch churned with the marks of innumerable feet, and even I smelt a strong and unmistakable odour of pig. With, if possible, more caution, we crept on, until suddenly the Carib pointed towards the right bank, and I saw, a few yards away in the bush, a 'warree.' We all three fired simultaneously; and the Carib followed up his shot with a dash among the trees, and almost immediately we heard him shoot again; and following, as best we could, we found him standing over an expiring warree, which had a large ugly wound on its back. To this the guide jubilantly pointed, and claimed the pig as his prize, asserting that we had all missed our first shots; and having dragged the game a few yards, he went off to look for some dry wood for singeing it, preparatory to taking it home.

As soon as he had left, being rather sceptical

as to the ability of any man, however expert, to overtake an unwounded and startled warree in the bush, and having noticed the great trouble the Carib had taken to keep one side of the pig uppermost, I quietly turned it over, and there, sure enough, to our great delight was a large wound behind its left shoulder, which was certainly not made by the Carib's slugs. We mutually congratulated one another, for, though we should certainly have lost the pig had it not been for our guide's wonderful quickness and second shot, yet we were confident that he could never have come up to it if it had not been disabled at our first discharge.

When he returned, I silently pointed out to him the wound behind the shoulder, and he at once affirmed that it was also the effect of his second barrel; but how one charge was capable of making two wounds at right angles to one another he was unable to explain, and he appeared rather discomfited.

He now cleaned the warree, and carefully cut out the musk glands over its tail, and then, hanging it up to a poke-no-boy, he piled dry leaves and branches round it until it was almost entirely concealed and then fired the pile. In about five minutes the pig was well singed; and then, having tied its legs together with a tie-tie, he hung the eighty pounds of pork round his neck and led the way home at a fast walk.

On our return journey, beyond losing our way for a few minutes and flushing a tinamou, which rose some distance in front of us, nothing particular occurred, and we were soon enjoying the luxury of a bath, preparatory to sitting down to a luxurious dinner, at which stewed iguana and warree steak formed the principal dishes.

If this paper should succeed in awakening the interest of scientific men for this little-known colony, and so be the humble means of opening out to science new and strange forms of life, which we are sure exist within its limits, or at least of enabling more extended information to be gained regarding the habits of little-known animals, we shall be amply repaid for our labour on a subject which, indeed, is to us ever fraught with interest and pleasure.

VIRTUES ASCRIBED TO PRECIOUS STONES.

It is not merely on account of their beauty and great rarity that precious stones have from remote ages been held in the highest favour, although, no doubt, these alone are the reasons that have weight with us at the present day. Imitation gems are almost as pleasing to many people as the genuine ones; and when they are worn simply for personal adornment, their comparative cheapness is certainly an advantage to those of slender means. Moreover, precious stones are often so cleverly imitated that it is very difficult for any one but an expert to distinguish a spurious gem from a real one.

There was a time, however, when these stones were often prized and worn for other reasons than their beauty; and therefore, even the most perfect imitations would in such cases have been regarded as utterly valueless. Of

course it must not be inferred that our ancestors always wore valuable gems, for even in those days the poorer classes had to content themselves with cheap ornaments when they indulged in finery. But precious stones were formerly supposed to possess peculiar virtues, which, apart from any other considerations, rendered them more or less valuable. The reputed virtues of some were of a most miraculous nature, and happy indeed the fortunate possessors of these gems ought to have been.

Although popularly supposed to be itself a deadly poison, the diamond has from remote ages been credited with the power of protecting the wearer from the evil effects of other poisons, a reputation which it retained until comparatively recent times. According to Pliny, it also keeps off insanity. Amber, too, was supposed to possess the latter virtue. Besides the diamond, several other stones were supposed to possess medicinal virtues. The ruby was considered good for derangements of the liver as well as for bad eyes. The sapphire and emerald were also credited with properties which rendered them capable of influencing ophthalmic disorders, and there is a superstitious belief that serpents are blinded by looking at the latter stone.

The turquoise, although not credited with either remedial or protective properties so far as disease was concerned, was nevertheless regarded as a kind of sympathetic indicator, the intensity of its colour being supposed to fluctuate with the health of the wearer. The latter, moreover, by virtue of the stone which he carried, could, it was said, fall from any height with impunity. The Marquis of Villena's fool, however, was somewhat nearer the truth when he reversed the popular superstition in his assertion that the wearer of a turquoise might fall from the top of a high tower and be dashed to pieces without breaking the stone.

The opal was looked upon as a thunder-stone, and although many women now appear to have a strong superstitious prejudice against wearing one, it was in bygone days held in the highest estimation, for it was supposed to combine the virtues of several other gems. On the other hand, the onyx—so named on account of its resemblance to the colour of the finger-nails—could scarcely have been a nice stone to wear, for, according to medieval superstition, it rendered one particularly susceptible to annoyance from nightmares and demons.

Temperance advocates, if they have any regard for the beliefs of the Greeks and Romans, might seriously consider the advisability of distributing amethysts among drunkards, for it was supposed that these stones prevented intoxication. Coral was made use of by the Romans as a protection against the evil eye; and popular superstition has credited the topaz with the power of depriving boiling water of its heat.

Perhaps the most wonderful properties, however, were ascribed to the chimerical stones which many creatures were supposed to carry in their heads. Most of our readers have no doubt heard of the precious jewel which the toad carries in his brain-box; and so-called toad-stones, which were in reality the teeth of fossil fish, were formerly worn in finger rings as a protection against poisons, at the presence of which they were

supposed to change colour. It was thought that the best stones were those voluntarily ejected by the living toads; but as the latter were not addicted to freely giving up their treasures in that way, it was necessary to procure the coveted articles by other means, and the recognised method was to decapitate the hapless batrachian at the instant he swallowed his breath. The feat naturally demanded considerable celerity, such as could only have been acquired by constant practice; and it is not unreasonable, therefore, to assume that although the endeavours to gain possession of the jewel were perhaps numerous, they must invariably have been unsatisfactory, especially to the toads. The eagle stone was considered an excellent thing to wear during pregnancy, and the swallow carried in its stomach stones of great medicinal value.

The brain of the tortoise was supposed to contain a wonderful stone, which was efficacious in extinguishing fire, and when placed under the tongue, would produce prophetic inspiration. Another stone possessing the latter property was to be found in the eye of the hyena. The head of the cat, however, was thought to contain what would undoubtedly have been the most wonderful and most desirable treasure of all, could it have only had a real instead of an imaginary existence, for that man who was so fortunate as to possess this precious stone would have all his wishes granted.

VOICES.

DECEMBER'S wind was keen and shrill;
The streets were desert, bleak, and bare;
I could but inly feel the thrill
Of wintry sky and leaden air,
Made but more leaden in the glare
Of lamp and gas, as on the ear
There fell a voice whose faded trill
Gave little sign of merrie cheer;
For Fortune's hardest shafts are hurled
On hearts that hunger through the world.

The face was thin and wan; the frock
So tattered, scanty, old, and thin,
Was feeble screen to meet the shock
Of cold without and cold within;
Yet ever clear above the din
There rose: 'The thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day:' to mock
It did but seem her misery,
And Fortune's hardest shafts but hurled
On hearts that hunger through the world.

'I will not leave thee nor forsake,'
Is yet the only voice that cheers
The aching heart of man to slake
His weary lot of hopes and fears—
Frail pendulum 'twixt smiles and tears!—
To find a haven safe at last,
And anchorage therein to take,
From the keen wind and biting blast
Of Fortune's shafts, no longer hurled
On hearts that hungered through the world.

W. K. LEASK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 385.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 16, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

OUR ROUND CHURCHES.

WE still have four ancient Round Churches, and the ruins of a fifth. We have word of more in old writings. The medieval historians tell us Wilfred's Church in Hexham was round; and that Wearmouth Church was also of a circular plan. The four round churches we possess are in different parts of the kingdom—London, Cambridge, Northampton, and Little Maplestead in Essex. All the four are dedicated to the Holy Sepulchre; and consist of a circular building, from which a rectangular chancel departs eastwards. They are supposed to reproduce the distinctive outlines of the church built over the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. There is also an impression in some minds that the first round churches were survivals of expression of the same ideas that prompted the placing of huge stones in circles for temples in the ancient times spoken of as Druidical.

All these four round churches have passed through the crucial process of restoration in our time. They have been scraped, polished, and shorn; and are supposed to be now restored to as much likeness to their original features as could be compassed. During the centuries that have passed since their erection, various alterations and additions were made; and they had, doubtless, all arrived at a dilapidated condition, which those in charge of them considered would be improved by the processes in question. Dr Johnson tells us our cathedrals were mouldering, in consequence of unregarded dilapidations, in his day, and remarks that it seemed to him to be part of the despicable philosophy of the times to despise our monuments of sacred magnificence; and we may take it for granted that the circumstances of our round churches were equally unhappy. Consequently, perhaps, we should not look too closely for mistakes; though it would not be quite fair to leave unmentioned the fact that there are many archaeologists who have expressed their discontent that every Elizabethan, Jacobean, and Queen Anne touch and tone, and

every evidence that the House of Hanover ever reigned, were displaced in the course of some of the renovations.

The finest of the four round churches is that in the metropolis, known as the Temple Church, formerly owned by the Templars, and the Knights-Hospitallers of St John, successively; and now enjoyed by the learned legal Societies of the Inner and Middle Temple. We enter the vast and superb 'round' of it through a wide low Norman doorway at the west end, the very same that the old martial Templars passed in and out at seven centuries ago, very richly sculptured, weather-blackened, and hoary; and now approached by a descent of several steps, rendered necessary by the accumulations that have heightened the surrounding ground. As the heavy doors slowly close, the visitor finds himself in a large lofty circular building, lighted by two tiers of narrow semicircular-headed windows, in the centre of which is a circular arcade, or peristyle, of six lofty clustered polished Purbeck marble columns, carrying pointed arches, which arcade leaves an ambulatory between the columns and the outer wall, and at the same time supports the upper part of the fabric, sometimes called the drum. On the tessellated floor, in the silence and solitude, lie the stone effigies of several knights. Above the ambulatory mentioned is a triforium, pierced at intervals with openings that command the interior of the rotunda. This is enriched with a ring of interlaced arches with semicircular headings, over the pointed arches of the stupendous colonnade, which marks the transitional period of the erection, a period when pointed architecture had not quite vanquished the old Norman manner of building. We may be sure the 'round' was built before the rectangular part of the edifice, because in the latter only the pointed arch is to be seen. Less, perhaps, than fifty years may have elapsed between the commencement of the rotunda and the completion of the eastern portion of the edifice; but in that time the new style had completely established itself.

There is a winding stair leading up to the triforium; and as though to help us to realise the rigour of the rules of the proud Templars, there is a small cell passed on the way up in the thickness of the north wall, too small for a man to stretch out his limbs in, and lighted only by two slits opening into the church, in which tradition says offenders were imprisoned, and performed penance. No reference to this cell can be made without mention of an unfortunate Grand Preceptor of Ireland who was placed in irons in it and left there to starve to death. In the wide and light triforium, or gallery, are now placed the interesting Elizabethan and Jacobean monuments removed from the walls in the restoration. Among them is one to the memory of James Howell, 'the worst of poets,' author of the *Epistole Howellianæ*, or Familiar Letters.

Next in interest to the Temple is the Cambridge round church. This stands in an open space on the east side of Bridge Street, in a part of the town once called the Jewry. It was built in the reign preceding that which saw the masons gradually raising up the Temple, in London; and is, consequently, of a more massive character. It is forty-one feet in diameter, and the circular colonnade within it has eight cylindrical pillars and semicircular-headed arches enriched with chevron ornament. The upper part of the tower supported by this circular range of columns is, like the chancel, the work of a later century. It was raised to a greater height than the Norman masons contemplated; but has now been reduced from its Plantagenet pretensions and covered with a conical roof.

The Northampton example has likewise seen vicissitudes. Both rotunda and chancel were originally of Norman workmanship; but all the Norman chancel was taken down in a succeeding century and rebuilt in the manner then in vogue; and all the upper part of the rotunda at a later period. Though this, too, was replaced, many other alterations and additions were made which affected the original plan, including the erection of a steeple west of the rotunda, and an apse eastwards of the chancel. Seeing that the wall that once surrounded the town and the castle that once protected it have both disappeared, and that a great fire (1675) destroyed a large portion of the town, it is a matter of congratulation that any portion of this nationally interesting fabric is still left to us.

The Essex example is smaller than either. It is built of flint with stone dressings. A porch has been added west of the rotunda; and, as at Northampton, an apse has been thrown out from the east end of the chancel. There are but six pillars in the ring to sustain the tower, and form the arcaded ambulatory round the building. The windows throughout are of a later date than the original Norman structure; and the roof over the ambulatory is broken at intervals by dormers. In each face of the low central tower, which is

hexagonal, is a small window opening; and its pyramidal roof is surmounted by a vane.

The ruins of the fifth round church are at Temple Bruerne, in Lincolnshire.

Curiously, Norman masons gave expression to the same continuity of idea by forming circular east ends to some of their other churches. These semicircles were in some instances as massive and solemn and austere as the round churches; and they had the same heavy solid cylindrical columns that seem so little removed from the huge monoliths of Druidical times, only arranged in a semicircle at the east end, instead of in a circle at the west end; and they admitted of an ambulatory, only it was round the east end instead of the west. The venerable church of St Bartholomew, in Smithfield, built by the minstrel of King Henry I., Rahere, is an example. The nave and transepts have been destroyed, and only the choir is standing; but this, in its vastness, solidity, and simplicity of aspect, and antique grace, is a most interesting relic; and at the east end of it is a set of cylindrical pillars looking as much like monoliths as the Norman masons could make them. In less stupendous buildings the semicircular east end became an apse only, without the rounded columns that give the grander fabrics so much majesty. The Priory Church on Holy Island had, originally, an apse to the choir, and others at the east ends of both the north and south aisles of it. As time went by, a large number of Norman buildings were enlarged by setting back the east ends, and thus elongating the chancels; hence it comes to pass that, as in this case, they have been removed to make room for these extensions, and only practised eyes can detect they ever existed. Occasionally, a semicircular apse may yet be seen in small ancient edifices that have not been altered. A striking example may be found at the foot of the Bewick Hills in North Northumberland in a small chapel there, that is very appealing in its reverential simplicity, in which the window-openings are but a finger-length in breadth.

Another phase of the use of the circle in our ecclesiastical fabrics is to be noted in the round towers of the churches in the eastern counties. There are about a hundred and seventy-five examples of them, and, with the exception of ten or a dozen, they all occur in Norfolk and Suffolk. Three of these exceptions may be seen in Cambridgeshire, two in Berkshire, two in Sussex, two in Essex, one in Northamptonshire, and one in Surrey. They have all every evidence of extreme antiquity, thick walls and very small window-openings, like loopholes, which, however, in some cases have been considerably enlarged in Plantagenet and Tudor times. The walls are generally four feet thick, and the only entrance is from the interior of the nave, an arrangement that must have made them veritably towers of strength. We can but remember that from the earliest times the buildings required for a community have always been associated with towers. From the days of the building of Babel to those of the last Parisian Exhibition, it has always been, 'Let us build cities and make towers.' Perhaps it is a matter of curiosity that so few of them have been circular; for not only early columns, but early arches, door-heads, and window-heads, were of a semicircular form. Be

that as it may, we learn as a fact that as centuries rolled by, the erection of ecclesiastical buildings in circles was discontinued throughout the land.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXII.—THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

EARLY next morning, about three o'clock, as Linnell was dozing uneasily in his bed, on the second floor of an old Arab house not far from the Bourré Gate, a strange sound and tumult in the city awoke him suddenly. It wasn't the mere ordinary fusillade or boom of the batteries; he could sleep through that quite carelessly now. It was something out of the common. He rose, and opened the latticed window to explore the mystery. Looking out across the flat roofs, a fierce red glare met his eyes to eastward. Something up, undoubtedly! Heavy firing was going on along the Blue Nile line, in the dead of night, in the direction of Bourré.

At the very same moment, even as he looked and wondered, an answering red glare burst up like flame towards the sky on the west, along the White Nile front, in the direction of Messalamieh. Heavy firing was going on in that quarter too. A horrible din seemed to grow upon his ears as he stood and listened. It was plain the enemy had assaulted in force—and from two sides at once. The end had come at last! The Mahdi must be making his final attempt on Khartoum!

With a tremor of awe, Linnell rose hastily and put on his Arab dress as usual. Then he took his field-glass in his hand, and stepped out upon the flat white roof of the tumble-down villa. His quarters were in one of the highest houses in the whole town, from whose top terrace he could command the entire Messalamieh district. Gazing in that direction, he saw at once by the red glare of the fire and the white light of dawn, a number of swarthy clambering objects that swarmed and clustered over the rampart by the Messalamieh Gate. They looked like black ants, at such a dim distance, seen through the field-glass against the pale white wall of the fortifications; but Linnell knew in a second they were really naked black Soudanese soldiers, creeping one by one into the doomed city. They had filled up the ditch below with bundles of straw and palm-branch brushwood, and were escalading the wall prone on their bellies now, like so many cats or crawling insects!

At one glance he took it all in, that awful truth, in its full horror and ghastly significance. Those crouching black barbarians had almost carried the gate by this time, and in half an hour more the town would be glutted and given over to indiscriminate slaughter and rapine. Only those who have seen the black man at his worst can tell what nameless horrors that phrase encloses.

But before Linnell had time to make up his mind which way to go, or where duty most called him, another wild shout surged up simultaneously from the Bourré Gate, and another red glare burst fiercer and wilder than ever towards the pale expanse of tropical heaven.

The startled European turned his glass in the

direction of the new noise, but saw no naked black bodies scaling the walls over in that quarter. The cry and din towards Bourré came all, it seemed, from well *within* the gate. The mad red glare that burst up anew to the sky was in the city itself. Then Linnell knew at once what had happened on that side. Faragh Pasha had betrayed them! The game was up! His creatures had basely opened the eastern gate! The Mahdi's wild gang was already within the beleaguered city!

In that awful hour, every European heart in Khartoum was stirred by but one thought. To the Palace! To the Palace! To die defending Gordon!

With a throbbing bosom the painter hurried down the stairs of that crazy old native house and rushed out into the deserted streets of the city. The gray light of dawn and the red reflected glare of burning houses illuminated together the narrow tangled alleys. The minarets of the crumbling old mosque across the way stood out in pale pink against the lurid red background. But not a soul was to be seen in the deserted lane. Though the din and tumult rose fiercer and ever fiercer from the two main assaulted points, the silence in the empty houses on either side was almost death-like. For most of the Mussulman inhabitants had quitted the town three weeks earlier, by the Mahdi's permission, leaving few non-combatants within that doomed precinct; and the handful that remained were now cowering in their own gloomy little sunless bedchambers, waiting for the successful tide of negro savagery to burst in and massacre them like sheep in a slaughter-house.

Linnell girded up his burnous forthwith, and ran at all speed through the empty streets in the direction of the Palace. As he neared that central point of the entire city, crowds of natives, Egyptian officials, black Soudanese soldiers, and terrified Arabs, were all hurrying for safety towards the Governor's headquarters. It was a general *sauve qui peut*; all thought of their own skins, and few of organised resistance. Still, at the very moment when Linnell turned into the great square, a small body of Nubian troops was being drawn up in line, to make for the Bourré Gate, where the enemy was thickest. Sir Austen stood at their head and recognised his cousin. 'Well, it has come at last, Charlie,' he said, with a solemn nod. 'The black brutes are upon us in real earnest. This means massacre now, for my poor fellows are far too hungry, and too exhausted as well, to make anything like a decent resistance. We shall all be killed. Save yourself while you can. In that dress, nobody'd ever take you for a moment for a European. Slink back into the crowd, and when the Mahdi's people break upon you, give in your submission, and accept the prophet.'

'Never!' Linnell cried, placing himself in line by his cousin's side and pulling out his revolver. 'If we must sell our lives, we'll sell them dearly at anyrate, in defence of Gordon.' And without another word, they made for the Bourré Gate in awful silence.

As they reached the actual scene of the fighting, or rather of the slaughter—for the worn-out defenders were too weary by far to strike a blow even for dear life—a horrible sight met the

Englishmen's eyes. No words could describe that ghastly field of carnage. It was an orgy of death, a wild savage carnagole of blood and murder. A perfect sea of naked black-skinned African fanatics had poured through the open gate into the battered town, and was rushing resistlessly now through all its tortuous lanes and alleys. With hideous cries and bloodstained hands they burst shrieking upon their defenceless enemies, who fled before them like sheep, or stood to be shot or sabred with oriental meekness. Every form of weapon was there, from savage club to civilised rifle, and all were wielded alike with deadly but reckless exultation of barbarism. Linnell had never in his life seen so awful a picture of slaughter and desolation. The fanatics as they swept forward, headed by their naked dervishes with blood-begrimed locks, shouted aloud in Arabic or in their own guttural Central African dialects, fierce prayers to Allah for aid, and savage imprecations of divine wrath on the accursed heads of the Mahdi's enemies. Neither man, woman, nor child was spared in that first fiery onslaught: whomever they met at close quarters they ran through with their bayonets or their long native spears: whomever they saw flying at a distance, they fired at with their rifles in wild confusion.

One fierce band of dervishes in red loin-cloths made straight along the street towards Sir Austen's little party. 'Kill, kill, kill!' the black fanatic at their head shouted aloud to his followers in his deep Arabic tones, stretching his bare arms heavenwards: 'Jehad! Jehad! The Prophet promises Paradise to all who die to-day in the cause of Islam. Slay, in the name of Allah and the Prophet; slay, in the name of the Mahdi, his servant!'

As he spoke, a bullet from Sir Austen's revolver whizzed hissing across the intervening space, and passed like lightning clean through his naked body. The red blood spurted out in a gush from the open wound; but the man pressed on regardless of the shot for all that. By some strange chance, the bullet had missed any vital part; and the dervish, clapping his open hand to the spot for a moment, and then holding up his palm, dripping red with his own blood, before his frenzied followers, cried out once more, in still wilder accents: 'Kill, kill, kill! and inherit heaven. See, the blood of the faithful is your standard to-day. My children, Allah has given us Khartoum for our own. Who live, shall divide the women of the infidels. Who die, shall sup to-night with the hours in Paradise!'

With one fierce shout of 'Jehad! Jehad!' the black wave, thus encouraged, swept resistlessly onward, each man tumbling over his neighbour in his eager haste to inherit the blessing. Their red eyes gleamed bright in the glare of the fires: their long matted curls of woolly hair blew loose about their thick bull necks in wild and horrible confusion. A mingled gleam of spears, and short swords, and firearms, and naked black thighs, seemed to dance all at once before Linnell's vision. Huge African hands, begrimed with smoke, and spattered over with stains of blood and powder, wielded Remingtons and bayonets and savage native weapons in incongruous juxtaposition. It was all hell let loose, with incarnate devils rushing fiercely on, drunk with slaughter

and mad with excitement. Sir Austen himself stood firm, like a practised soldier. 'Fix bayonets!' he cried, as they broke against his line. But his little band of weary and siege-worn Nubians faltered visibly before the shock of that terrible onslaught. 'We must fall back,' he whispered half under his breath to his cousin, forgetful that his men couldn't have understood even if they heard his English; 'but at least we can fall back in good order on the Palace, with our faces to the enemy, and die with Gordon!'

At the word, Linnell waved his right hand wildly above his head, and turning to the little band of trained Nubian allies, cried out in Arabic: 'Stand your ground, men, and retreat like soldiers. We go to die with Gordon Pasha!'

The Nubians answered with a feeble cry of assent, and fell back a pace or two.

Then their assailants burst in upon them with a frantic yell of triumph. 'Infidels, sink down to hell,' the dervish shouted at their head in a voice of thunder; and leaping into the air, fell himself as he spoke, riddled through the body by a second bullet from Sir Austen's six-shooter. His followers paused for some seconds as they saw their captain's blood spatter the ground: then another naked warrior, one-armed and one-eyed, with a rifle of the newest Woolwich pattern brandished madly in his hand, and a bundle of strange charms, for all clothing, hung loose round his neck, sprang forward with a bound and took the fallen leader's place in quick succession. Waving the broken stump of his left arm excitedly round his head, he cheered on his horde, drunk with haschisch and fanaticism, to attack the infidels and inherit Paradise!

Step by step and corner by corner, Sir Austen and his little body of faithful adherents fought their way back, retreating all the time, but with faces to the foe, through the narrow alleys and covered bazaar, in the direction of the Palace. As they went, their number grew ever smaller and smaller: one weary Nubian after another fell dying on the ground, and the Mahdi's men rushed fiercely with bare feet over his prostrate body. Now and again, a stray shot was fired at the assailants by an unseen friend on some neighbouring house-top: but, on the other hand, as the defenders retreated slowly and in good order before the overwhelming force of the foe, their enemy grew each moment more numerous and more audacious. Black warriors swarmed down the narrow lanes from every side like ants from an ant-hill. Religious frenzy and the thirst for blood had driven the dervishes mad with frantic excitement. Their thick lips showed blue with congested blood; their eyes started from their sockets; great drops of sweat poured down their naked breasts and limbs; even those that dropped, stabbed through with bayonet thrusts, and those that flung themselves in their frenzy on the serried line of the retreating defenders, cried aloud to Allah with foaming mouths as they fell to revenge his Prophet, and the Mahdi, his servant, on the cursed dogs of infidels who had sent them to Paradise before their time.

It was hot work. Linnell's brain reeled with it. Their faces ever to the foe, and their bayonets fixed, the little band fell back, a step at a time, disputing every inch of that narrow pathway.

At last they reached the great square of the town, where already other hordes of the frenzied fanatics were engaged in a ghastly and indiscriminate slaughter of all whom they came across. In the far corner, by the wall, a little band of terrified Greek women, the wives of merchants who had refused to flee before communications were cut off, crouched all huddled together near the *État Major* buildings, where some faithful black troops were endeavouring in vain to guard and protect them. Even as Linnell looked, the Madhi's men burst in upon the poor creatures with a headlong rush, and swept away the soldiers with their deadly onslaught. One unhappy girl they actually hacked to pieces before his very eyes, tossing her head in derision as soon as they had finished on to the flat roof of a neighbouring whitewashed building. The rest, they drove before them with their spears into the further corner, where a fierce band of dervishes with grinning white teeth was already beginning to collect a living booty of women; while a second horde of marauders, turning fresh upon Sir Austen's own tiny company of worn and wearied negroes, rushed fiercely upon them with a loud cry of 'Mashallah; death to the infidel!'

Sir Austen gave the word to his men, in his scanty Arabic: 'To the Palace. To the Palace. Quick march. Keep order.—There's nothing to fight for now,' he added in English to his cousin, 'but to save Gordon from unnecessary torture.'

THE OTTER.

THE Otter, once so common throughout the United Kingdom, has, like the badger, marten, and wild-cat, gradually become rarer, though fairly numerous in Devonshire, Cornwall, and also in other of our more western English counties; and even more so in many parts of Scotland, Wales, and Ireland. The animal still inhabits certain reaches of the Thames and its tributaries, and where preserved for hunting purposes, may be said almost to hold its own.

The habits and natural history of the otter have been so often fully written upon, and discussed at length by well-known authorities, that one would imagine the character of the animal, good, bad, or indifferent, to be thoroughly established and set at rest for ever; and yet, strange to say, great difference of opinion prevails among sportsmen and naturalists as to how the otter hunts his prey? what his manner of seizing fish? what his power of dealing with fish of large size? and last, though certainly not least, whether the otter is a thoroughly mischievous animal in a salmon river, as alleged by many, or if the contrary is the case? There are many who maintain that so long as the creature can obtain food in the shape of eels and other small fry, he will only occasionally kill a salmon. The same writers also assert that the otter does little harm to the salmon-fisher by disturbing the pools inhabited by the king of fishes; some even deny that the otter has the strength to cope with and slay a lusty salmon. However,

it may be safely said that the majority of well-experienced sportsmen, accustomed all their lives to frequent the banks of salmon rivers, and then, by careful observations, to draw right conclusions, hold the exact contrary opinions to the above. This ancient controversy on the otter *versus* the salmon has recently been again revived, and many new and interesting points in the natural history of the otter have been brought to light. The writer's sole object in relating his own personal experiences with this highly interesting animal is the hope that something new may be found among his observations on the subject.

For many years I resided on the banks of a salmon river in the south-west of Ireland. My lodge stood in a wild, out-of-the-way spot; and within a few hundred yards of my door lived a family of otters. I constantly met with them at all times and seasons, and had every opportunity of observing their habits, their particular food, and manner of obtaining it. The chief stronghold of these otters lay near the brink of a waterfall, though they often frequented a wooded island immediately opposite to my house; but the side of this waterfall was their chief resort, and here, or in other resorts of the kind not far away, they remained throughout the greater part of the year. In the height of summer and towards autumn, when the grass and undergrowth became very thick, the otters appeared to migrate up stream, and I believe that about this time they also followed the large lake trout ascending the small streams for spawning. But at anyrate the animals always reappeared in their old haunts later on, and in increasing numbers, for they generally brought back their young ones. I should mention that the river alluded to is of comparatively small size, rising in an upland loch, and flowing through a mountainous country for some eight or ten miles till it falls into a large lake, again to reappear lower down, and eventually find an estuary in a branch of the sea. Once upon a time this particular river was famed for its early salmon-fishing; but what with poaching and over-netting it has, like so many others, fallen off in this respect. The banks of this stream were in many parts thickly wooded and rocky, so much so as to be often impassable to human beings, the roots of trees—chiefly fir, holly, and stunted oak—projecting into the stream. The deep clefts and hollows under the overhanging bank, worn away by the torrent, and here and there choked up with tangled creepers, rank undergrowth, and driftwood, formed many a snug retreat for the otter, and from which the best hounds in the world could not oust him. Though I seldom met with the otters during the daytime, they sallied out from their hiding-places after nightfall, and we often heard their soft whistling cries in the still evenings.

When my fishing commenced on the 1st February I very soon learned that I was not alone in search of sport. Not once or twice, but continually, I came across the remains of fish lying on rocks or dragged out high and dry near the water's edge. Many a time we carried home

what the otter had left, for our own dinners, but this was not soothing to the angler's feelings.

So long as the river continued in flood and the salmon were able to push up the river, our sport was fairly good; the harm then done to the pools by the otters was perhaps immaterial; but when the water fell, and the river settled down into fishing order, I found the animals to be most annoying and destructive. They not only killed the finest fish in the pools, but so harried the water when hunting their prey at night that it was useless my attempting to fish the following morning. The sand and mud on the margin of the stream was often covered with the fresh webbed footprints of the otter; there were regular runs through the rushes and grass where the animals had been passing to and fro to the water, and not unfrequently the scales of a newly-killed fish glistened on the strand. The terrified salmon, driven from their natural resting-places, where my fly would have met them, were hidden away down in the deepest part of the pools, where it was useless attempting to take them, and where they would remain for days after.

I noticed a remarkable fact about this period of the year in connection with the character of the otter, which goes to prove that he is undoubtedly a dainty feeder. During the early spring months—February and part of March—the river was full of kelts or spawned salmon on their return journey down stream to the sea. These ravenous foul fish are a perfect nuisance to the angler, affording no sport when hooked, and trying his patience and temper to the utmost. At this particular season of the year these kelts greatly outnumbered their lusty brethren the spring salmon, fresh from the sea and bound up stream; and, moreover, they offered a far easier prey to the otter, had he been inclined to catch them. But not so; the cunning animal preferred the new run salmon for his edible qualities, rather than the soft, tasteless spawned fish. Many a time we found the remains of fine clean fish, but hardly ever a kelt.

Again, as to the otter being a wasteful feeder: of this I had clear and constant proof. We generally found a fish killed by an otter to be minus the head and shoulders. Often, however, a small portion was eaten away from the neck only. The tail and lower part of the body were always left to waste on the river bank. There could be no possible mistake as to how these fish had come to their end. There, in the firm hard flesh, were the clean-cut teeth-marks of the destroyer, with sometimes evidence of the otter's claws on the silvery side. The otter seldom if ever devoured the whole fish; and further—unlike many wild animals, who return to their prey for a second meal—I never knew an instance of this occurring with the otter. When once he quitted a fish, he did so never to return, no matter how small a portion had been devoured in the first instance.

I will mention one case in point out of many I could instance, tending to show that this is one of the characteristics of the otter. I happened to be staying at an hotel on the river I have described, in company with several other anglers. In the month of March we particularly noticed a salmon of unusual size. He had come up the

river in a recent flood and taken up his position in a well-known cast. We all had a try for him. Flies by the dozen, of every size and hue, were temptingly put in front of him, but in vain; he would not be taken in by any one of our lures. At length the river became so low that fishing was out of the question; but we repeatedly saw the 'old lodger' leaping in the same spot where we had marked him down. There he was left in peace for several weeks; but his most deadly enemy, the otter, discovered his retreat and killed him.

One day, when out walking, we chanced to pass by the spot, and there, lying full length high and dry on the grass, lay the old salmon. To all appearance he had been dead only a few hours. There was no mistaking our old friend. The same copper-coloured sides—showing that he had been many weeks, if not months, in fresh water—a large almost ugly head, with the deep hooked lower jaw of the male salmon. The otter had evidently clutched the fish below the body, and from behind, and having dragged him to land, had eaten a small portion of the very best part—across the neck and shoulder—and left the remainder. The fish, though by no means beautiful in appearance, was a clean salmon, perfectly good for the table; but his general appearance was not in his favour, so we left him where he lay. I visited the spot several times afterwards; but the otter never returned. Now, here was an instance of a fine healthy fish, weighing probably sixteen or seventeen pounds, sufficient, one would suppose, to feed a whole family of otters for a considerable time, being utterly thrown away, and thus clearly confirming my former assertion, that the otter is a dainty, wasteful feeder, making one meal, and *one meal only*, off each capture he makes.

I believe that in hunting salmon, as also with other fish, two otters generally take part together in the pursuit, each alternately taking up the running till the salmon becomes exhausted and at length falls an easy prey. I have watched two otters thus at work, but in this instance their efforts proved unsuccessful.

It was one still evening in early summer, just before darkness set in, I happened to be out for a walk, and suddenly came upon two otters busily engaged hunting a salmon in a long stretch of dead water, but a very favourite resting-place for heavy fish. I watched the animals for several minutes. First one and then the other appeared. The salmon kept deep down. I never once saw him near the surface. Eventually the otters lost their intended prey among a number of rocks, roots, and sunken trees at the far end of the pool; but they took their departure so suddenly that I remember thinking at the time the creatures had discovered me.

It is the habit of the otter to have a particular station on the bank of every pool, generally the highest point whence the creature can survey every part of the water. An observer can always discover these spots by the unmistakable signs left by the animals.

It would appear that the otter invariably seizes his prey from below. On carefully examining dead fish killed by the otter, I often discovered the exact spot where the fish, to all appearance, had been first seized. I have also at different

times killed with the fly seven or eight salmon, some of them severely bitten by seals or otters. Every one of these was injured below or on the side, none of them on the back. In two instances when the river was low, and it was impossible for fish to travel up from the sea, the salmon killed by my rod had been undoubtedly wounded by otters; the tears in the flesh were quite fresh, almost bleeding. It seems strange that a salmon should take a fly or any other lure under such circumstances, but so it was; and I may mention that a very experienced Irish fisherman, who constantly accompanied me in my rambles, assured me that one of these mauled salmon would rise at a fly more readily than any one of his comrades in the pool.

The otter, though constantly residing close to the water, yet carefully chooses a dry spot for his home. Often, though not always, the entrance to his den is beneath the surface. Like most wild animals where left undisturbed, the creature will sometimes come out from its retreat to bask in the sun. A friend once walking along a river-bank in Ireland accompanied by an Irish setter-dog, observed the latter come to a dead set near to a bush growing on the margin of the water; and on walking up to see what the dog's attention was taken up with, a large otter plunged into the water and made off. The animal had been lying, probably asleep, in a hollow of the bank, enjoying the warmth of the mid-day sun. When suddenly alarmed, as in this instance, the otter makes a heavy splash and often dives out of sight instantaneously; but at other times, when engaged fishing, the creature glides into the water almost noiselessly.

The eyesight of the otter is specially adapted for nightwork, and in the dusk of the evening the animal is extremely vigilant, immediately detecting a moving object. But in the full glare of the sun the exact contrary is the case. I have stood within a few yards of an otter under such circumstances without being perceived. On one occasion, when fishing, with the river in high flood, an otter glided out of the water on to a rock close in front of me, and until I moved, was quite unaware of my presence. This particular animal was not, so I believe, bent on fishing, but the rising water had probably forced him to quit his retreat under the river bank.

The sense of hearing in the otter is strongly developed, the slightest sound attracting its attention; and the power of smell is still more marked. The otter is an extremely wary creature, ever on the alert against danger. The best of trappers often fail in their endeavours to take him. Unless the trap be very carefully and skilfully set beneath the surface of the water, the animal will at once detect the snare laid in its path.

Finally, I am of opinion that the statement so often made as to the otter in salmon rivers, or where large trout abound, contenting himself with eels and other small fish, and not interfering with the more valuable quarry, does not hold good, but that the very contrary is the case. I believe that the otter, from pure love of good feeding, will endeavour to catch the best fish in the pool.

It is unfortunate that truth has compelled me to pronounce against the otter in almost every

point of his character that I have touched upon; nevertheless, I should be the last to advocate the extirpation of this highly interesting animal.

J. H. B.

A BURMESE GENONE.

CHAPTER III.

'If you have promised to marry her, you ought to keep your word.' That was Mabel Grane's opinion; and in his present frame of mind, a far less definite pronouncement would have determined George Farnwood's course. The sentence rang in his ears unceasingly; he harped upon it until the words almost lost their meaning; but what it implied struck deeper and deeper every hour. He might fulfil his promise to Mah Mee without inflicting pain on any one but himself, since his affection for Mabel had called no responsive love into being; and he dismissed all thought of attempting to buy back or set aside his pledge.

As though the Fates were resolved to give him no excuse for further delay, the *Gazette* issued next day contained the long-expected paragraph announcing his promotion; and George Farnwood hardened his heart, and began to cast about him for a messenger to whom he might entrust the task of bringing Mah Mee and her mother to Rangoon. Chance placed in his hands the man he required in the person of Moung Louk, his old sergeant. That officer had reaped the reward of cowardice in degradation to the status of constable, and in that capacity had for some weeks carried a truncheon in the streets of the capital. Strict attention to duty and good behaviour might in time have regained for him the position he had lost; but between small pay and great temptation Moung Louk came to grief. He accepted a trifling consideration for closing his eyes to the illegal doings of certain Chinese gamblers on his 'beat'; was found out, compelled to disgorge, and promptly dismissed the force. Mr Farnwood's intercession had saved him from severer punishment, but of this the man was not aware. He was in great straits for money when that gentleman sent for him, and was only too glad to undertake anything that would put a little coin in his pocket.

Oh yes! he would certainly go up to Shway-doungyee and bring the women down to Rangoon: all the honorific appellations in the Burmese tongue could not express his reverence for Tharnwoo' Thekin and eagerness to serve him. So, with fifty rupees against expenses, he was sent forth on his errand.

For a day or two after she had been taken into Mr Farnwood's confidence, Mabel made a half-hearted attempt to hold herself at a greater distance from him. He was engaged to another girl, and so had no right to cultivate the intimacy that had arisen between them to the extent he had done; he had deceived her, and had brought about misunderstandings between her mother and herself. And Mabel tried to believe that this man was nothing to her, even as he never could be more than a friend at most. But this forced reaction could not last very long; she soon found herself seeking excuses for his

conduct, and discovering sound reasons to extenuate it. He had been in no way bound to reveal his engagement to Mah Mee; as he had himself explained, his own interests compelled silence. Further, it was quite clear that he had no affection for this Burmese girl, and was only going to marry her from a high sense of duty. Mabel Grane had not been a woman if, in her bitterest moments—and they were not very bitter after all—she had condemned him for loving herself; and increased respect for his unselfishness, coupled with sincere sympathy for his unfortunate position, not only dissolved the resentment she had attempted to nurse into life, but drew her nearer to him than before.

When, therefore, he informed her that he had resolved to abide by his promise to Mah Mee, and had actually despatched a man who knew the girl to escort her to Rangoon, Mabel did not attempt to conceal the sympathy she felt. She had, too, a vague suspicion that the unthinking speech with which she had cut short their last conversation might have influenced him in his decision; and though she could not recall the words without betraying her regard for him, she was quite unable to let the matter rest where they left it; the ice had been broken, and she intuitively knew the young man would not be disinclined to discuss his fiancée.

'Mr Farnwood,' she began, 'you will believe that it is not altogether curiosity, but may I ask you about Mah Mee? I can't help feeling a certain interest in her.' She coloured hotly as she spoke, and George Farnwood's pulse beat faster as he saw it.

'What can I tell you about her, Miss Grane? She is just such a girl as you may find any day in a jungle village.'

'Is she educated at all? Can she speak English?'

'She has as little general information as a child of three years old,' answered Mr Farnwood. 'She does not know a word of English, and has no more refinement or manner than a coolie. It is not nice to say so, but you may as well know the truth.'

'It won't be very pleasant for you to live with her in a large station,' remarked Mabel after a pause.

'It won't be very pleasant anywhere.'

If words could undo words, Mabel Grane's assertion that he ought to keep his promise would have been wiped out for ever.

'Does Mah Mee know what you lose by marrying her?' she asked abruptly.

'Oh no! These are matters quite beyond the scope of her understanding.'

'I should think she would be miserable when she does understand it.'

'We must not apply our standard of love to the affection a half-civilised Burmese girl is capable of entertaining,' said George Farnwood slowly. 'Although Mah Mee risked her life, and would have laid it down eagerly to save me from physical injury, it would never occur to her to refuse to marry me because the marriage would be prejudicial to my future: that is a kind of self-denial absolutely foreign to her and her class; it is beyond their comprehension.'

'It is the love of an animal,' said Mabel. 'But surely she must know that she has nothing in

common with you; that you don't care for her. Don't you think you prepare disappointment for her, besides horrible bondage for yourself in marrying her?'

'I don't know, Miss Grane,' answered Mr Farnwood despairingly. 'I don't believe the poor creature will ask more of me than that I will tolerate her dog-like devotion. I hope not, for her own sake.'

Mabel said no more: she felt that if she spoke again, her own love must overflow, and bid him shake himself free of this hideous entanglement.

Mr Farnwood had calculated that it would take Moung Louk at least two weeks to accomplish his mission if he made good speed: he had to cross the Gulf of Martaban by steamer to Maulmain, where he would take passage by launch as far as Thatone; thence it would be necessary to proceed by boat or canoe, as the small weekly mail-launches which maintained communication with 'up-river' stations would not give accommodation to natives travelling on other than Government business. He had not felt called upon to say anything to Moung Louk relative to his intention regarding Mah Mee; indeed, explanations would have been superfluous, for he was quite aware that his offer of marriage to the girl was public property in Shwaydounyee twenty minutes after he had made it.

He utilised the period of grace granted by his messenger's absence to make arrangements for the reception of the girl and her mother. A tiny house on the outskirts of cantonments was offered him at a small rent by a trader in the bazaar, and he furnished it with the few trifles necessary for their temporary residence. That done, he sought out the chaplain, and ascertained the forms to be executed when he should call upon that gentleman to perform the ceremony prescribed for such unions by the Indian legislature. These matters took some little time, and he awoke one morning with a feeling of miserable surprise to recollect that this was the day when Moung Louk might be expected to return with Mah Mee.

How the day passed he never knew; he could not compose himself to sit down and read for ten minutes together; and even the hours Mabel spent with him seemed to drag by on leaden feet. He was almost glad when the signal denoting the approach of the Maulmain steamer was hoisted on the flagstaff; and he prepared to go down and meet the vessel in nervous haste. He must be on the wharf to receive the party, or Moung Louk might bring the women up to Colonel Grane's house—a contingency against which, for several reasons, it was advisable to provide.

He reached the pontoon in good time, and took his stand under the iron roofing to await the vessel, which was now creeping alongside. He watched the throng of native passengers as they crowded down the gangways until the ex-sergeant's well-known face appeared. He strained his eyes to see who was with the man; women there were, and girls in plenty, but none he had ever seen before. He forced his way through the crush, and waited at the bottom of the gangway in breathless eagerness until Moung Louk reached him.

'Where are Mah Lay and Mah Mee?' he asked hurriedly.

Moung Louk dropped the rush-basket *pah* which comprised his luggage and crouched at his feet. 'My lord,' he answered, 'the news is bad—Mah Mee is dead.'

Dead! George Farnwood asked no further questions, nor did he cast another look upon Moung Louk's stolid face. He turned, fought his way out of the crowd, and hailed a *gharry*; and two minutes after he had received his release, he was driving back to cantonments as fast as the driver could urge his pony. He was free! If Heaven's forgiveness be needful for one who rejoices in the death of a fellow-creature, George Farnwood stood in need of it that day.

'You must wait until your father's return, Mabel,' said Mrs Grane, when that evening her daughter told her she had promised to marry George Farnwood. 'I can't say anything about it. I—I have no doubt it will be all right, since your father thinks so highly of him; but I'd rather you did not ask my opinion at all.'

So Mabel, having received this very suggestive hint as to the nature of her mother's opinion, forbore to press for franker expression of it, devoutly hoping that when she recovered her disappointment, she would adopt a more kindly attitude towards George and herself. The date of Colonel Grane's return was uncertain, as also were his movements, and as neither letter nor telegram could be trusted to reach his hand while he was 'in the district,' the two young people sought comfort and encouragement in each other's society.

The situation, nevertheless, was not an agreeable one, for Mrs Grane shrouded herself in forbidding silence, and never addressed a remark to Mr Farnwood beyond those imperatively demanded by the barest courtesy. Allowances must be made for the mother's feelings; as she told her husband when first she observed the growing attachment, Mabel had received attentions from the most eligible men in the station; and she had been keenly anxious for the worldly success which it seemed within her daughter's power to grasp.

Moung Louk made his appearance next day to render an account of his mission and claim the reward he had been promised. Mr Farnwood and Mabel were alone in the house when he came, and the former interpreted the man's circumstantial report as he offered it. Moung Louk's story was a long one, and its interest was not enhanced by the remarkable exactitude with which he detailed the various sums he had disbursed. Suffice it to say that on his arrival at Shwaydoungyee, Mah Lay had greeted him with the news that Mah Mee had succumbed to fever three weeks previously. She had suffered much with her arm, and the pain brought on continual attacks of high fever, which she was too weak to combat. And as Moung Louk ended his recital, George Farnwood felt himself choking with remorse for his joy of yesterday: the poor girl had, after all, paid with her life for her devotion.

He glanced carelessly over the dirty 'account' Moung Louk submitted for payment and dis-

charged it without a word. His mind was too much occupied with graver thoughts to examine it closely, and he scarcely noticed even to himself that the total was extravagantly large. Nor did he remark that the man left the house with his money omitting to repeat the request he had previously put forward, that his old officer would exert his influence to procure him some humble appointment he coveted.

Mrs Grane having heard from the servants that a Burman had paid a long visit to Mr Farnwood and Mabel, unsuspectingly asked the latter what had brought him to the house; and the young lady, glad of another opportunity to speak of her engagement to her parent, explained at length.

'So he says the girl is dead,' remarked Mrs Grane dryly. 'Does Mr Farnwood believe it?'

'Why, yes, mother!' answered Mabel in astonishment. 'The man has been up to Shwaydoungyee himself—there can't be any doubt about it.'

'I wouldn't be too sure of that, if I were you,' rejoined Mrs Grane. 'Natives have a wonderful talent for inventing stories "to please master."'

'But Moung Louk could have had no motive for telling an untruth, mother; he knew that George meant to marry that poor girl.'

'I daresay Moung Louk had a very tolerable idea of the answer Mr Farnwood wished him to bring,' said Mrs Grane.—'We won't say any more about it now, Mabel; but don't blame me if you find yourself involved in some horrible scandal. If I were Mr Farnwood, I should want some better evidence than the bare word of a native in such an important affair; but I can quite understand he is not difficult to convince.'

There was something of a sneer in her last words, which seemed to imply that she suspected George Farnwood's honesty; and Mabel's indignation deprived her of speech. As a matter of fact, Mrs Grane had no doubts regarding the young man's veracity or that of his messenger; she had no more definite object in view than to disparage him generally; but had she deliberately sought means to estrange her daughter, she could not have discovered any more effectual. From that day Mabel never touched upon the subject; and the relations between mother on the one side and the affianced pair on the other became so painfully strained that Mr Farnwood felt he could no longer remain in the house.

'I'll just move my things over to Roger's bungalow,' he told Mabel. 'It is quite impossible for me to stay here. I would have left long since, had it not been for the Colonel's wish that there should be a man in the house at night; and even now I'm by no means sure I am doing right in going.'

'Of course I am prejudiced,' said Mabel with a slight smile; 'but I think you ought not to leave. I know how excessively unpleasant it must be for you here, and am not a bit surprised at your wanting to go. But, George, if there ever was good reason for your being here, it exists now. Mother admitted only two days ago that she was thankful papa had asked you to stay with us.'

George Farnwood frowned in perplexity. His position was undoubtedly a very awkward one,

and he was at a loss to decide what course to take. Mabel was right in saying that if there ever had been good reason for his presence it existed at this time. Colonel Grane's anticipations had been abundantly realised by perpetually recurring burglaries of the most daring description both in town and cantonments; there was positive danger in leaving two ladies alone with no protection but that of natives. Colonel Grane's house, by reason of the owner's official position as Inspector-general of Police, was just the one bad characters flushed with success would select for a nocturnal visit if they thought possible to make it with a fair chance of escape. An act of such seeming bravado as to plunder the residence of the head of the police department would have great attractions; and George Farnwood felt that it was his duty to remain at the post his chief had assigned to him.

He was confirmed in his decision by a letter Mabel received from her father, which announced that his return might be looked for in the course of the ensuing week; and as that event would permit Mr Farnwood to leave without risking any unpleasantness with Mrs Grane, he resolutely blinded himself to the petty slights which caused him to feel more than an intruder, and remained where he was.

Both he and Mabel looked forward with double eagerness to the Colonel's arrival: it lay with him to sanction or veto their engagement; and though Mabel was exceedingly sanguine, the gentleman's modesty precluded his imagining he would be effusively accepted as a son-in-law.

Any apprehensions he might have had were quickly dispelled when he approached Colonel Grane with his request.

'As far as the man himself is concerned,' said the father, laying his hands on George Farnwood's shoulders, 'I am more than satisfied with Mabel's choice. But we must not talk about marrying yet a while; you must wait until matters are more settled in Upper Burma; the service may require that you be sent there, and it's no place to take a lady at present.'

To which Mr Farnwood was obliged to assent. He had no idea of asking Mabel to share such a life as it had been his lot to lead at Shwaydoun-gee, with a larger element of danger thrown in. But he had been in hopes of obtaining an appointment to some more civilised place, and said so straightforwardly.

'You may be sure I will do my best for you,' answered the Colonel kindly. 'You have done your full share of jungle-work, and we shan't forget that you rid the country of two such pests as Boh Than and Boh Tsine. The Government fully recognises your claim upon it, and if any plums are going, you won't be passed over.'

His cordiality urged George Farnwood to make a clean breast of his intended relations with Mah Mee, and he did so as briefly as he could.

'I am sure you will believe me when I tell you the poor girl had no claim upon me whatever except that she established by her behaviour in the Boh Tsine affair,' he concluded earnestly.

'I take your word for it, Farnwood,' replied Colonel Grane. 'You were in no way bound to reveal your purpose to me before; and as things have turned out, I'm sincerely glad you did not. I should have made Ritchie send you off home

for twelve months, had I known it: you were going to ruin your career.'

If George Farnwood had been amenable to persuasion, he would have stayed on with the Granes until his name had been removed from the sick-list; but now the Colonel had come back, his services as *chaukidar* were no longer necessary, and he adhered to his resolve to move. In short, the day after his engagement had been sanctioned, he packed up his traps and joined a bachelor friend in a little bungalow about five minutes' walk from the Granes' dwelling. The cool mornings and evenings, which grew more bracing and delightful as January drew on, he spent riding or driving with Mabel; but the intervening hours hung heavily upon his hands, for his chum, who belonged to the Public Works Department, was much away in the district, and, as he often complained, paid rent for a bungalow he slept in twice a month. The European population of India is essentially a busy one, and go where he would, to club, library, or mess, George Farnwood rarely found a fellow-idler with whom to while away the time. The doctor, to whom he now made almost weekly applications for a certificate of restored health, urged him to try to expedite his recovery by a trip to Northern India; but as that implied a total separation from Mabel, he was not inclined to act upon the suggestion. It was of course well known in the station that he was engaged to Miss Grane, and he was indebted to the hospitality of his fiancée's friends for frequent opportunities of spending a day with her. Mrs Grane's antagonism had become no milder, and except when the Colonel was at home, he seldom went to the house.

Two months passed away, and the cold season had faded into stifling heat; the Saturday cricket matches were over; punkahs were no longer voted unnecessary at breakfast and dinner; and the most seasoned resident was glad to seek shelter from the sun at half-past eight. George Farnwood had made good progress towards recovery, and had extorted a promise from Dr Ritchie that he should be allowed to 'rejoin' in a fortnight. He was very eager to get back into harness. Colonel Grane had been as good as his word, and had procured him the pleasantest berth the Police Department offered for a junior officer. He was to be 'Personal Assistant' to the Inspector-general, and in that capacity would accompany his chief wherever duty might take him. No more banishment in the jungle! Rangoon for headquarters, with occasional journeys about the province. He could not have asked anything better. When absent from Mabel, he need never lose touch with her, as he might have done in a solitary station where 'mails' were few and far between; and there was no chance of the authorities losing sight of him.

The vice-regal proclamation announcing that Upper Burma had been annexed to the British Crown had been issued, and the seat of the local government was temporarily taken up at Mandalay. There were gathered together the Chief Commissioner of the province and the heads of departments mapping out the first scheme of administration of the new territory. Colonel Grane, as a matter of course, was among the number, and although the condition of affairs in the Rangoon bazaars had not improved for the

better, Mrs Grane and Mabel were alone. The Colonel had been made painfully aware of the attitude his wife adopted toward their daughter's future husband, and had refrained from asking the young man to reinstate himself in the house.

The pair had been out for a ride one morning as usual, and were cantering easily down the road towards the bungalow where George Farnwood was wont to leave Mabel. As they pulled up to enter the compound, a Burmese girl, who had been sitting in the shade opposite the gate, rose and looked so fixedly at them that Mabel drew her companion's attention to the fact.

'That girl seems to know you,' she said. 'Do you'— She stopped short; George Farnwood was staring at the girl with a face as white as his coat.

'My God!' he exclaimed with ashy lips, 'it is Mah Mee!'

RAILWAY STATION-INDICATORS.

EVERY railway traveller knows the discomfort and annoyance which are caused by a hurried attempt to discover the name of a stopping-place. On a cold windy night, as the train draws into a station, one may have to lower the window, shout frantically to a porter, and perhaps learn, when once more in motion, that this very station is one's destination after all. Or one may be crossing England from the north with an elderly nervous lady, who will ask at intervals from the Border downwards, 'How many more stations is it to London, please?'

In the early days of the railroad, before station-names were overshadowed, as they now are, by the staring advertisements of traders, this feature of railway travel attracted the attention of inventors. Thirty years ago, two Frenchmen patented in this country a device—for which they secured provisional protection only—for 'placing in each compartment an apparatus operated upon by the guard or other official in such manner as to bring the name of each station in succession into view before the train arrives.' Since that time, scores of ingenious attempts have been made to solve the problem of a station-indicator, and at least three dozen of them have been accepted by the Patent Office as novel combinations. Inventiveness in this direction has not been confined to engineering experts; many a man—a 'florist' or a 'photographer,' a 'wool-stapler' or a 'game-dealer'—instead of grumbling in the *Times*, has set his wits to work to overcome the evil. Although automatic arrangements of this sort are to be met with here and there in the States, British railway-men have not hitherto shown much eagerness for this needful reform. For this reason, it may be of service to summarise the result of thirty years of inventive work, that the travelling public may perceive whether the acknowledged terrors of station-finding must perforce be endured for lack of remedy.

Observing at the outset that a device is not of necessity practicable because protected by letters-patent, it may be well to point out some limitations of the problem. To commend itself to a railway-man, an indicator must be capable

of instantaneous adjustment and readjustment—must not be influenced by speed-vibration or the concussion of engine-shunting—must be durable, interchangeable, easy to operate, and of reasonable expense. Many indicators fulfil more or less perfectly all these conditions, except perhaps—from the point of view of a railway directorate—that of cost.

Two classes of inventions may at once be dismissed. One comprises those arrangements which are actuated by a cord dependent from each carriage. Two insuperable objections lie in the way of their adoption: the loss of time involved in the march of a cord-puller from one end of the train to the other; and the ease wherewith unauthorised cord-pullers might throw the apparatus out of gear. In one system the names of the stopping-places are printed on cards bound bookwise; in another, on tablets secured to an endless chain; in a third, on curtains whose upper edges are fastened upon a revolving rod. Any one of these is, however, readily adaptable to a tramcar or omnibus—this description of vehicle having, in fact, its own army of eager inventors at its heels. It is curious to find that this least efficient of all principles is the only one at present in use in this country. On the new South London Railway, at the suggestion of one of the men, a simple slide arrangement has been introduced experimentally on one or two carriages. It is operated directly by the hand of the guard, and although of much utility, does not seem to be regarded by the authorities with favour.

The other inadmissible principle is that utilised in the construction of the pedometer. A good example of this system is one devised by a Scottish mechanic fourteen years ago. A dial-pointer is geared to the carriage axle by means of a pitch-chain, so that the number of miles traversed by the train is indicated to the traveller at the proper intervals, station-names being marked on the dial radially. Apart from the inconvenience of a closely-printed dial-face, demanding close study, the time-principle is objectionable, because it requires a train to start invariably from the same spot of the same terminal, and does not take into account the fact that wheel-revolution is disturbed by the variable and irregular action of the brake. Still less practicable is a 'Frisco' idea patented a couple of years ago, which consists of a cylinder geared to the car axle, and timed to make a given number of revolutions between any two stations, however distant.

A first analysis of indicator-systems groups them into two great classes: those which are operated by the guard or the engine-driver; and those which are operated by obstructions in the path of the train. Each principle has advantages of its own; and while the latter is the more favoured by mechanics, the former is to be preferred for express services. The first difficulty to be surmounted is that of inter-carriage communication, most guard-operated arrangements involving extra couplings, and so increasing the labour of shunting. This difficulty is set aside by the principle of actuating the indicators in each carriage from mechanism placed in the permanent-way. But this introduces a new source of danger, for no such obstruction could

possibly withstand the impact of an express train.

The difficulty referred to of inter-carriage communication is reflected in the inventions which involve guard-action. There are a dozen in all, of which two rely on mechanical means, two on pneumatic action operated by the guard, one on vacuum-brake action operated from the engine, and seven on electro-motive force. From the fact that only one of the first five specifications was ever completed, it may be inferred that the inventors themselves doubted the worth of their systems. The very first Englishman who turned his attention to the subject thought to twist a notched disc—whereon station-names were to be painted radially—by setting the guard to pull a wire extending over the carriage roofs, and so rotate a cog-wheel engaging with the notched edge of the disc. Another introduced a complex notion which the free habits of British travellers would never tolerate. He would have the guard pull a cord on entering the station, releasing a door-bolt in each carriage, and so permitting ingress and egress. When the train started again, another twitch of the cord would bolt the doors and also twist a notched disc, thereby presenting to view the name of the next station.

Some years ago a Pennsylvanian gentleman invented a system of collapsible vacuum-pipes, or rigid pistoned cylinders, to extend beneath the carriages, and to be connected on the engine with a steam siphon operated from the boiler. It would have the objection of giving extra work to the engine-driver—of itself fatal—to say nothing of the ever-present peril of collapse or leakage. Two pneumatic systems have been worked out at different times by metropolitan inventors, the power to be derived from the brake apparatus, or from a reservoir charged by a pump located in the guard's van and actuated by the carriage axle. The uncertainties of such an arrangement would be quite forbidding. An American patent deriving its motive-power from a system of collapsing cylinders would probably be found on examination to have failed mainly on account of the wayward ingenuity of its arrangement of the station-names on loose piles of cards.

Of twenty inventions worked automatically from the permanent-way, five overlap with the class just discussed by providing an alternative method operated by the guard. Of the other fifteen, one only involves the use of electro-motive force. It may therefore be said, in general terms, that the recognised motor for indicators worked from the guard's van is electricity. Where this is rejected on the score of expense, the recognised motor for indicators worked from the permanent-way is the mechanical. Quite half the inventions which embody the latter principle have never been completely specified. But it may be instructive to pass them all under review, that, from the varied attempts which have been made to surmount them, the difficulties of the problem may be discerned.

Two inventions stand by themselves. One of them, the production of an ingenious 'florist,' fixes an S-shaped bar horizontally on the carriage roof by means of a vertical axle which carries bevil-gearing. The bar projects slightly beyond the width of the carriage, and engages with a

rigid rod located by the side of the rails just outside the station. Curiously enough, another amateur—professionally a 'photographer'—utilised the same principle two years ago by arranging rotatable rods transversely on the carriage roofs, with cog-wheels and radial arms, to be actuated by a rigid horizontal bar suspended over the roof-level. Such a device would be permissible, if at all, only on lines where the trains invariably stop at all stations and move slowly out of them. Any unusual speed would infallibly cause the derangement of the S bars or of the suspended catches, not to speak of the disturbance caused by the passage of heavily-piled goods-trucks.

A less exceptionable method is that of a contrivance riveted to the sleepers, or otherwise fixed in the train-path, at a convenient distance outside each station. The first completed specification introduced this principle thirty years ago. Dwarf-posts were to be erected in the permanent-way, and these were to lift a pendent rod geared to the carriage floor, and so rock a lever connected with an endless chain bearing the station-names. The following year a 'photographer' dabbled with the subject, thinking to actuate some simple sub-stage mechanism by a cog-wheel or prism made fast to the permanent-way. A twelve-month later a 'woollen manufacturer' tried his hand, and covered provisionally an arrangement differing in its actuating movement from the above by opposing a pendent rotatable shaft with radial arms to a roller fixed in its path. A still later idea was to weld a horizontal pin to the side of a rail outside each station, which was designed to strike a series of levers suspended under the passing train, and so to actuate indicator-drums by well-known mechanical means. The levers being knee-jointed and duplicated, the system would be effective in either direction. A variation of the same system carried the cord connecting the sub-stage contact-lever with the indicator-box right round the outside of the carriage—a device quite clumsy and impossible. In 1879 another invention was completed, contact with the fixed obstruction being secured by means of a running wheel, pendent from a vertical axle. A beautifully-ingenuous but impractical idea was thought out by a Londoner three or four years later. A pointer was to be caused to rotate in front of a dial to angular distances increasing with every station. A so-called contact-surface would be arranged outside the first station on the outward journey, at a definite distance inside the 'near' rail. Outside the second station the distance would be doubled, so that, whereas the pointer in the first instance would indicate '1,' in the second it would reach '2.' The contact-surface was to be three times the length of a station platform, to give travellers ample time to observe the movement of the pointer. The inventor admitted that, to provide for sixty stations, the increment of distance of the contact-surface from the rail would be only two-thirds of an inch per station, a difference too minute to be of practical service. Branch lines would also throw the station-series entirely out, and the system was therefore never actually placed on the market. The same fate befell an invention which consisted of a pendulum hung beneath the carriage, to swing lengthwise to the train, and to strike an inclined plane erected in the permanent-

way. The swinging of the pendulum actuated an air-pump, and so provided intermittently the power which worked the indicator.

During the last two or three years the number of patented inventions of this particular class has been comparatively large. Their details would be wearisome to the general reader. One of them places the indicator in the carriage-window, and so permits passengers to see from within the name of the station, while it presumably permits intending passengers to see from the outside the name of the next stopping-place. Three other inventions, all of Californian origin, while retaining the tripping mechanism in some form, discard the idea of the disc or the drum. One of them fixes the station-names on cards slotted in the notches of a wheel. Another binds the cards into a book, and by making them increase in size in regular sequence, enables them to fall into position one after another in their turn. The third pivots the name-cards radially on a drum. One of the latest ideas is to simplify the tripping mechanism very much, there being little more than a vertical rod running on a caster, which comes into contact with a permanent incline, and so actuates the name-roller.

The attempts which have been made to combine in one system the self-acting and the guard-acting principle have met with little practical success. A comparatively old idea is to actuate the indicator mechanically, either from the permanent-way or from the guard's van, rotatable rods being fixed lengthwise on each carriage roof, connected one with another by self-adjusting couplings.

Turning finally, then, to electric indicators, it may once more be observed that this motor seems, in the opinion of inventors, to be most suitably operated from the guard's van. A Scottish 'game-dealer,' it is true, has a plan for placing a series of magnets in the carriages, make-and-break contacts being effected from the permanent-way. But apart from this the system has an objection, arising out of the fact that the stations are to be pointed out on a dial bearing numbers, which have to be translated into station-names by study of a chart—a plan which ignores the elderly nervous lady. A dozen years ago an idea was partially worked out for sending a current from the guard's van through a wire connected with an indicator in each compartment, and an ingenious device was added whereby a passenger could set an alarm to go off when a particular station was approached. Such a plan would never be workable, for no long-distance passenger by a night-train would place himself at the mercy of a succession of short fares, setting the alarm at frequent intervals.

A 'watchmaker' who applied himself to the solution of the problem transmuted electric into mechanical power by means of a spring barrel, which would have to be wound up clockwise at periodical intervals. To be adopted at all, the period for winding would have to be long; a one-day movement, for instance, would never be accepted by railway-men.

It may be predicted that, if a station-indicator be ever adopted universally in this country, it will have to eliminate the demerits which attach to most if not all of the systems already proposed. Whether the station-names be displayed on a drum, a roller, or a dial, is a point which will

have to be settled by each railway line for itself. But the tendency seems to be in favour of the adoption, if at all, of some plan deriving its motive-power from electricity, and the general introduction of the electric light as a carriage-illuminant would immensely increase the chances of a station-indicator. The self-adjustment of the indicator from the permanent-way is a principle not to be despised, and will probably be introduced as an alternative. Indicators will be worked in this way in trains which habitually stop at every station; while in the case of express services they will be worked from the guard's van.

SOME METHODS OF MODERN JOURNALISM.

RETROSPECTS of the past fifty years bring out many interesting facts concerning the growth of almost every department of our social, scientific, and industrial life. Among the many remarkable things associated with the later half of the century, the historian will certainly have to chronicle as a feature of the times the wonderful development in enterprise and influence of the newspaper press of the country. Journalism has shown a marvellous power of assimilating the fruits of scientific invention and new mechanical appliances. Improvements in machinery for the printing of newspapers have been eagerly taken advantage of, and there is now a widespread distribution of the 'Walter' Press, the 'Victory,' and other notable machines capable of printing and folding from twelve to fifteen thousand newspapers per hour. Such a fast-running machine, however, would not have been possible unless, in the first place, an immense step forward had been taken in paper-making. But paper-makers were equal to the occasion; and webs of paper two miles in length for use on fast-printing machines are now turned out at many mills. Any one visiting a newspaper office of to-day with its magnificent machinery under the care of skilled engineers, engines and machines duplicated and triplicated in case of accidents, cannot fail to be impressed with the immense strides which have taken place in recent years in the mechanical appliances for the production of the modern-journal.

The great advances made in telegraphy and telephony have also been widely utilised by newspaper proprietors. If Puck's girdle of wires and cables has been put round the globe, the general community see the result in the budget of news, served up every morning at the breakfast table, from every country under the sun where anything of a noticeable character has transpired during the previous twenty-four hours. While this is true of the morning paper, it is in some respects doubly so of the well-conducted evening paper, of which as many as six and seven editions are published in the course of the day, presenting the news of the world with a freshness and fullness which really leaves little to be desired.

The great demand for the latest news has necessarily led to large additions being made to the staffs of the leading dailies. The Reporting

Department has been most augmented. In the good old days of weekly newspapers a reporter might have been included among the leisured classes. Now, there is no busier man. He must necessarily be active and energetic and of a nimble turn of mind, ready with his pencil, and with all his wits about him so as to seize upon the salient features of whatever event he has on hand, for presentation in a readable and attractive shape to the public.

One of the great problems the evening newspaper man has to solve is how to get his news transmitted in the quickest possible manner to the office with which he is connected. To save time with telegrams, for instance, the *Scotsman* proprietors at great expense put their offices in Cockburn Street, Edinburgh, into connection with the General Post-office there by means of a pneumatic tube. Formerly, a telegraph boy took five or six minutes to deliver a message. Now, it is blown through the tube in twenty seconds; and as there are hundreds of telegrams every day and night, the saving of time effected is great indeed. Attached to every evening paper office there is a corps of boy messengers, whose services the reporters can always command. The Edinburgh evening papers have also a trained service of carrier-pigeons for use at race-meetings, football or cricket matches, shooting competitions; and in out-of-the-way districts where there is no telegraph or telephone within easy reach, they are often very useful. In connection with the *Edinburgh Evening Dispatch* (with which the writer is most familiar), the pigeons are important adjuncts to the reporting staff. They are housed in quarters specially erected for them on the flat roof of the office, the dovecot including an ingenious trap arrangement and electric bell. Many people have a very hazy idea as to what a carrier-pigeon can and cannot do. They seem to imagine that it is possible to send the bird out as well as in, and that with a little training it can even be induced to go to the nearest restaurant for the reporter's lunch. Of course that is all nonsense. What a reporter expects a pigeon to do is that it shall fly straight home from the place where it is liberated.

A few words as to how it is done. When a reporter desires to use the pigeons, he leaves word the night before with the person in charge of them. This is very necessary. When they are to fly far or on any particular business, it is better that they should only be lightly fed in the morning. The pigeons—two or four, as may be required—are caught in the morning, and placed in a comfortable wicker or tin basket—like a small luncheon basket—with compartments. The reporter when he leaves the office carries the basket with him. He also provides himself with a book of fine tissue paper, 'flimsy,' and a sheet of carbonised paper, 'a black.' He writes his report very legibly and compactly, so as to put as much on a page of 'flimsy' as it will possibly hold. Then he rolls the 'flimsy' neatly up and attaches it to the leg of the bird by means of an elastic band. Or he may send two pages of 'flimsy,' one on each leg. The pigeon being released, makes straight for home. In the carrier-pigeon the home instinct is strongly implanted; and if the bird has been taken off its nest, it has an additional reason for wishing to get back as soon as

possible. It also knows that there is a good feed of peas and maize awaiting it at the end of its journey.

Arrived at the newspaper office, it alights on the ledge of the dovecot. To get through the usual circular-headed opening it pushes before it a couple of light wires, and these falling after it close the aperture. The bird is, however, not yet into the cot. It has only got the length of the trap. This trap, two feet square or so, has a flooring set upon an electric spring. The weight of the bird pressing down the spring, releases an electric current, which rings a bell in the sub-editor's room. The bird thus heralds its own arrival. A boy-assistant proceeds up-stairs, takes the pigeon from the trap, removes the message from its legs, and opening a sliding-door, allows it to enter the cot, where it is welcomed by its sorrowing mate.

Some of the pigeons fly straight and fast. Others are not so reliable. Few loiter on the way; but they frequently are in no great hurry, if the weather be fine, to enter the trap. They prefer to sun themselves on the ridge of a neighbouring house. The feelings of a sub-editor waiting for the end of a meeting or the result of a football match under such circumstances may be better imagined than described. At the Altcar coursing meeting the pigeon that brought the result of the final in the Waterloo Cup was shot as it neared its cot, so as to prevent the possibility of any such delay. But the Edinburgh carriers have not yet had such hard lines meted out to them. For press purposes, carrier-pigeons are seldom flown farther than twenty miles from home. But they are constantly in use within a ten-mile radius of the city, and often do good work. It was a carrier-pigeon that brought to Edinburgh the intelligence that the first train with Royalty in it had passed over the Forth Bridge. The bird was liberated from a carriage window of the royal train exactly in the centre of the bridge, and went home in about eight minutes. Other pigeons took messages from both sides of the Forth recording the progress of the ceremonials.

During the visit in October last of Mr Gladstone to Midlothian, the reporters of the evening papers in Edinburgh were put upon their mettle; and some feats in reporting and prompt newspaper printing were accomplished which it would be difficult to match in the history of the newspaper press of the country. Whether he is in office or in the cold shades of opposition, Mr Gladstone's speeches never fail to awaken an extraordinary amount of interest in the country. On each occasion he has visited Scotland Mr Gladstone has been reported with an accuracy and fullness which the right honourable gentleman has very heartily acknowledged. In October last the country was on the *qui vive* to hear what the ex-premier had to say on Home Rule and Disestablishment; and the 'special edition' with a verbatim report of the speeches was looked for by the public. How the evening papers reported Mr Gladstone verbatim, set up the types, printed the paper, and had the newsboys in the streets of Edinburgh selling the 'special' before the meeting at which the speech was delivered had separated, will no doubt

interest those who are not initiated in the secrets of a newspaper office.

Mr Gladstone addressed four meetings—two in Edinburgh, in the Corn Exchange and Music Hall; one at West Calder; and one at Dalkeith. The arrangements for reporting these meetings were of an elaborate nature. Every detail was carefully studied beforehand. Nothing was left to chance, and no effort was spared to make the work complete. In the Corn Exchange, the Committee which organised the meeting provided ample accommodation for the army of reporters who were present not only from all parts of Scotland but from England and Ireland.

The corps of the *Dispatch* consisted of nine reporters, a gentleman to keep time, and another to collect the 'copy'—that is, the written-out portions of the speech. The chief reporter, who had made the arrangements, took a check-note. That is to say, he took a note right through the speech, in case any words might accidentally be dropped between the turns of the other reporters. The moment the meeting began the nine reporters commenced their work. Each reporter took a minute turn. That means that he took a short-hand note of the speech for a minute, and then proceeded to write it out in long hand for the printers, his next neighbour meantime taking a note of the speaker also for a minute. This minute turn is quite an innovation in reporting. The turn used to be of five minutes. Three minutes were accounted a very short turn. But with men who can keep their heads, and put themselves unreservedly for the occasion at the disposal of the time-keeper, a minute turn gives fast results. The time-keeper is an important functionary in such a scheme. With watch in hand he passes the turns round, rigidly adhering to a minute in each case. A good reporter can write out a minute turn in about five minutes. At the Corn Exchange meeting each reporter had thus three or four minutes to breathe and to read over his copy before his turn came round again. The 'takes,' numbered with the letters of the alphabet, 'A, B, C,' &c., as they were finished were handed to the person appointed to collect the copy, who noted the turn on a slip before him, put the manuscript into a numbered envelope, and handed it to a messenger whose duty it was to take it to the side-door of the Exchange. From this door to the *Dispatch* office in Cockburn Street, one-third of a mile distant, there was a chain of messengers, each with a 'beat' of about one hundred yards to cover. The lad 'No. 2,' who received it at the door ran with it to 'No. 3,' who passed it on to 'No. 4,' and so it went from hand to hand until it reached the printing office. Immediately the letter was out of his hand, the messenger returned to his original starting-point to await the next batch of copy. This plan answered admirably; the reporters in the hall worked with precision, and the messengers outside loyally seconded their efforts.

In the printing office there was in attendance a large staff of compositors, who dealt with the copy as it was handed in; and so the work of reporting, transcribing, transmitting copy to the office, and setting up the types went on while the speaker was electrifying the great audience with

his oratory. As Mr Gladstone neared the close of his speech, which lasted an hour and twenty-five minutes, the time-keeper, according to instructions, began to reduce the turns in such a way that the reporter who took the last of the address had only a few sentences to write; and it is nothing more than bare fact to say that the cheering which greeted the close of the oration had hardly subsided when the messenger with the end of the completed report was hurrying out at the door. It was in the office five minutes later; and such is the power of organisation well directed, that in ten minutes more the compositors had done their work, and the types were ready to be stereotyped.

The delay that at present takes place in stereotyping is heart-breaking to the manager pushing forward a 'special edition.' It is one of the things which has yet to be overcome. As many people know, an impression is taken off the types by pressing upon them, in a hot press, a layer of what may be popularly described as *papier-mâché*. About a quarter of an hour is required for the setting or stiffening of this matrix from which the metal plate is cast. On this particular evening the whole process was forced through in about twelve minutes. The plate was in the machine-room a minute or so afterwards; and the machines were running within half an hour of the time Mr Gladstone ended his speech. As there were resolutions to be moved after the great orator had sat down, the newsboys were able to sell for a halfpenny to the people as they left the Corn Exchange a paper with a verbatim report in it of the speech to which they had been listening. As the speech was over four columns in length, this was a feat of which the paper had every reason to be proud.

For West Calder, which is sixteen miles from Edinburgh, arrangements of a different nature had to be made. The Post-office authorities having refused to provide telegraphic facilities for transmitting Mr Gladstone's speech to Edinburgh, an arrangement had to be made with the Caledonian Railway Company to convey the reporters to Edinburgh by a special train immediately after the meeting. The hour of the meeting was 3.30 P.M., and, judging from his Corn Exchange speech, it was guessed that Mr Gladstone would speak at West Calder for an hour and twenty-five minutes. The time for the departure of the 'special' was therefore fixed for five o'clock. As a matter of fact, the ex-premier sat down at 4.53, so that little time was lost. The speech was all written up in the meeting save the last two turns, and these were finished in the railway carriage. Advantage was also taken of the short time—twenty minutes spent in the journey—to prepare the copy for the compositors. When the special train drew up at the West Princes Street station, one of the party jumped into a hansom and took the whole of the copy to the office. There a largely augmented staff of compositors was in waiting. The speech, also over four columns in length, was set up in an incredibly short space of time; and at 6.30 P.M.—an hour and a half after Mr Gladstone had finished his speech at a place sixteen miles off—the paper, with a verbatim report of the speech, was selling on the streets.

For the Dalkeith meeting, which took place

on a Saturday, quite a novel method of transmitting the copy to Edinburgh was organised. This was by means of a special corps of bicyclists, who willingly gave their services for the occasion, and though the afternoon was wet and the roads bad, entered very heartily into the whole matter. This is perhaps the first time bicyclists have so systematically performed such work. A bicyclist was despatched from Dalkeith every ten minutes, and the five or six miles between that burgh and the capital were covered in splendid time. These arrangements, carefully planned in all their details, worked in the smoothest possible way, so that in about an hour and forty minutes after the Dalkeith meeting was over, a long verbatim report of Mr Gladstone's speech was in circulation in Edinburgh.

Many people look upon a newspaper office as a very mysterious place. How the work is done they never inquire. This article may help them to an understanding of the problem, and at the same time give the public an idea what newspaper people have to strive after in order to place before their readers the latest and fullest news of the day and night.

A NOVA-SCOTIA SUGAR-CAMP.

THERE is a sugary, sap-like odour in the air. The gentle spring breeze fans it through the maple trees, up the winding path to the old homestead. The crackling of wood-fires, a bubbling of some boiling liquid, a sound of chopping—all these are the burden of the same breeze. Many voices ring out—a snatch, perhaps, of a French ballad, or a lusty young voice trollying out 'The Maple-leaf for Ever.' The homestead is deserted, and we follow after the truant family. We find them at last in the maple grove; and a gay party they and their neighbours, who have come to assist at the sugar-making, are. They are not idle, for all realise that no time is to be lost, for the work must be got through in the coming six weeks of March and April, ere the sun shines too warmly.

The tall rock-maples, Spartan-like, hold their heads haughtily erect, as if to conceal their injuries, for the blood of these forest beauties is being slowly drained away. A triangular notch is made in each trunk, and in this a chip is placed so as to form a spout; or a hole is bored and a wooden 'leader' inserted. A bucket below catches the reluctant drops; but if the preceding night has been cold and the day mild, a goodly outpouring may be expected.

Next comes the straining process, and then one realises why the Canadians have so decided a preference for 'white sugar' (the adjective applies not, as would be supposed, to the sugar, but to the complexion of its maker), or sugar not made by Indians. In an Indian camp, cleanliness is not consulted, a blanket that has been in use for a season or so being considered an excellent strainer. Here order prevails, and proper woollen cloths are at hand.

Bonfires are gradually melting away the snow, for 'Winter still lingers in the lap of Spring.' The heat draws tears from the crystal icicles yet on the bare branches of the trees. Over the fires swing great iron pots, in which the sap is being 'boiled down' till the proper consistency

is attained. The time of boiling varies with the quality of the sap, and is at best a painstaking process, for the heat is intense, and the 'woody' odour arising with the vapour is overpowering. Maple honey is the first manufacture. As soon as the sap ceases to be watery, the bottles are filled with this Canadian delicacy, and the remaining liquid is watched patiently; careful stirring is needed here, for a pot of scorched syrup is a heavy loss.

The sap rises above the mouth of the pot in great golden-brown bubbles, and then falls again under the hand of the patient stirrer. Children congregate around these centres of sweetness. It is necessary near the end to try the syrup every few minutes by dropping a little on a ball of snow, when, if done, it speedily hardens; and many are the applicants for this post of honour and emolument.

A number of rude baskets and small canoes of brick bark are at hand. After the thickened sap has been chilled, it is packed in these, ready for the market, where it will be known as 'maple wax' or maple candy. The maple sugar is yet in a solvent state, and keeping the great spoon in constant motion through the heavy liquid mass is no light work. At last the molasses becomes 'sandy' or 'grains.' The great work is accomplished—the sugar is made. Moulds, which the young people have been greasing, are now forthcoming. They are of many designs—cubes, hearts, bricks, houses. These are filled and set away to harden. Their appearance in the shop windows will gladden the hearts of the young and old sweet-toothed generation. A considerable quantity is reserved for home use, for the farmer prefers it to ordinary sugar for sweetening tea, coffee, or apple sauce; and happy is that man who partakes of the genuine Nova-Scotia buckwheat cake spread with translucent maple-honey.

A TWILIGHT SONG.

The thrush has piped his last clear note
To herald twilight's hour,
And fragrant breezes gently float
Around your silent bower.
Now drops the dusky robe of Night,
And, clasping it above,
One jewelled star shines clear and bright—
It is the Star of Love!
Yet cold and cheerless seems its ray,
Sweetheart! while you are far away.

The fountain, like a fairy lute,
In tinkling cadence falls;
And through the wood, with fitful hoot,
His mate the owl calls.
The crescent moon behind the hill
Creeps up, with silvery light;
Yet round your bower I linger still,
While evening grows to night,
And count each weary hour a day,
Sweetheart! while you are far away.

JAMES WALTER BROWN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 386.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 23, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

BOLTS FROM THE BLUE.

BY MRS LYNN LINTON.

'CALL no man happy till the day of his death,' says the wise old Eastern aphorism. And yet we live as if the transient were the eternal, and esteem ourselves safe for all time because for the moment we are undisturbed and unthreatened. The skies are serene; no clouds are on the horizon; happiness, prosperity, peace—all are ours; and we drink as if the fount were inexhaustible. And then suddenly, without warning, the Bolt falls from the Blue, and the whole fair fabric of delight is destroyed. The lordly pleasure-house built for the soul wherein to dwell for ever, is a heap of ruins, out of which not even the most modest little shieling where happiness may hide, can ever be reconstructed. The children's voices are hushed and their pattering little feet are still. Caused no one knows why, and coming no one knows whence, that cruel demon we call diphtheria has seized on them as a wolf might seize on a couple of lambs playing by the side of the mother, strong to love and powerless to protect. Before we can well realise their danger they are sleeping in the cradle which is their coffin, that last long sleep of death which knows no waking; and our eyes will behold them no more. And with them has gone out the very light of our life—the very joy of the day and the peace of the night.

More suddenly still that bolt comes out of the blue when the husband and father, who set forth in the full possession of health and strength, glad of the 'southerly wind and the cloudy sky' which 'proclaimed it a hunting morning,' is brought home in the mournful way proper to the huntsman who has missed the big jump and broken his neck in the fall. When the shattered body is that of the sweet young wife whose beauty has been trampled out for ever under the hoofs of her stumbling horse—or haply if the silver cord has been loosened and the golden bowl broken on the heap of stones by the wayside, when the fiery chestnuts forgot their training

and the coachman lost both head and hand—that, too, was a bolt out of the blue for which no warning prepared the sorrowing survivors—the wreck of all happiness both in the present and the future—the ruin of the soul's pleasure-house and the enduring eclipse of the sun-god. These lives so suddenly destroyed by the unexpected death of those they love, are like to those 'ships which have gone down at sea When heaven was all tranquillity.' If only they had had time to prepare! they say; if some portent had presaged that annihilating bolt, it could be more easily borne! But the suddenness seems to paralyse the faculty of resignation, and the stricken heart can do nothing but lament. For which of us can say with Marcus Aurelius that we 'willingly give ourselves up to Clotho, allowing her to spin our thread into whatever things she pleases?' To spin these sudden sorrows tries us all; and Divinity itself will be merciful to Despair.

All your affairs are in perfect order and your securities are apparently as safe as the Bank of England. All your affairs are in the hands of your family solicitor; and your family solicitor is a man for whom Argus might shut his eyes, and whom Thersites himself would be hard put to it to revile. The whole edifice of your fortunes seems to be as solid as those great pyramids which earthquakes themselves have not destroyed. And then, pouf! the whole vanishes like smoke. The bolt comes out of the blue; and here again you stand among the ruins of what was once so noble a pleasure-house. Your family solicitor proves himself one of those luckless rogues of whom we have had more than one example. He has tampered with his clients' securities, yours among the rest—speculated—lost—and now has had to flee to those convenient sanctuaries still maintained in Spain, where fraudulent bankrupts and dishonest trustees find safe shelter from the pursuer, and snap their fingers at that outraged Justice vainly flourishing her blunted sword across the barriers. Thousands of miserable beings have been ruined in this manner—from affluence suddenly reduced to poverty—the

destructive bolt falling from a cloudless sky without prefatory warning or so much as the shadow of a passing little curl-cloud heralding the evil to come.

The local bank that has stood four-square for over a century, one day suddenly collapsed like a forest tree eaten to the heart by white ants—the fine old mansion with its priceless heirlooms licked into nothingness by the fierce flames which nothing could subdue—the sudden arrest of the favourite son whose fair outside was believed in as implicitly as veneer is sometimes taken for solid material, or enamelled slate is prized as marble—the sudden elopement of the favourite daughter whose base intrigue had been kept as secret as the grave—all these are bolts out of the blue which overcome and destroy; and when they have fallen, the roof-tree of the goodly pleasure-house has fallen too, and there is no more dwelling to be found therein. Then we have nothing for it but to cover our face decently in our mantle and sink at the foot of the statue of resignation, bearing with such dignity of patience as we can command the evil which no energy can cure.

Bolts of a minor sort come tumbling out of the blue, to fall on our heads when least expected. There is that friend in whose love for us we have believed as implicitly as we have believed in our own for him. Suddenly, we do not know why, the scene changes and the whole thing dissolves into nothingness. Offence has been taken at some microscopic oversight—an oversight so small that we ourselves were not conscious of it; but to our friend it was large enough to swallow up all the sweets of that happy past of mutual trust, mutual love, and to destroy at least for the time the fair garden of our souls. And though perhaps this destruction may be remedied, and fresh flowers may grow and bloom where those others once grew and bloomed and then lay dead, still, for all that, the renovated is never the same as the original, and 'old things are best' in more senses than one. And also, when once this kind of bolt has come out of the blue, one never knows if another may not follow after. All that sense of security which made part of the play has gone, and can never be restored. That which has been may be again; and where one of the supports of a two-legged stool has broken, the chances are it will break again.

A bolt of the same kind is in the sudden treachery of a trusted friend—one loved, believed in, confided in. Without the overcasting warning of a coolness—the muttering thunder of a quarrel—you hear of all sorts of ill-natured things which your friend, your Abra and fidus Achates, has said of you. Things told in confidence have been whispered abroad, with embroideries and tags and jags superadded. Or, if the circumstances themselves have not been told, they have been made as it were the pedestals for an image as little like your real self as a negro from Central Africa is like a Greek god. When you opened your heart and poured into the hands of your friend the treasures of your confidence, not a word of remonstrance, of rebuke, of another principle broke the harmony that was between you. You did not know that your confidant took this view of the matter and blamed you and not your antagonist. You find it out only from that

invariable third person, to whom your friend has made a present of that which you confided to him; and you find also that the whole appearance of sympathy has been a sham. The bolt has fallen out of the blue with a vengeance; and between surprise and pain you scarce know which is greater. For indeed no greater shock of its own kind can come to any one than this sudden misinterpretation of actions, words, and motives, made by one from whom no criss-cross enmity has hitherto been suspected. Selfish, are you?—insincere?—artificial?—affected?—a mere pumpkin at your best?—mean? if you are prudent—shamefully reckless? if generous. Yes, all this and more form those bolts which come out of the blue with a sounding rap on your poor unsuspecting pate—sure as the boomerang launched by the well-practised black-fellow, and swift as the arrow let fly from the bow. Such a cloudless blue as it was overhead, and such a stunning blow that came when the bolt tumbled from sky to earth!

Friends indeed have a mighty pretty knack of manufacturing their bolts when least expected. Where love has one peril, friendship has twenty; and far more wary walking is needed for the latter than for the former. Love forgives more easily; and friendship sulks more pertinaciously. The fervour of the one consumes dissatisfaction as fire destroys dry grass and heather; but friendship, which is less warm, is less forgiving, and dissatisfaction remains in full vigour, as it might be grass and heather wet with dew, and a lighted match dropped among the branches. Friends demand so much. You must go and come and fetch and carry and be always ready and always willing, else are there huffs and tears and pouts and slights and the whole battery of offence-taking fired point-blank unto your face. You have to give valid reasons why, and go into minute particulars how, and show that a very big force indeed—a force of circumstances quite elephantine—has prevented your doing this and that, as your friend desired, else will you not be forgiven—and then look out for bolts! Friendship asks tremendous interest on its capital, and if the one friend is of stronger character than the other, that interest has but one name and that is Slavery. In the event of two strong characters coming together, and the one 'trying it on,' while the other refuses, then those bolts we know of fall fast and heavy, and the whole concern comes to the Irishman's immortal smithereens.

You have made a very pleasant acquaintance, perhaps rather rashly, and without voucher or godfather. Still, you suspect no evil and see no trace of any; and your new friend is really very charming. You give yourself away like the impulsive and morally credulous fool you are, and after you have committed yourself to public companionship and patronage, the bolt comes out of the blue and you are hard hit as it falls. Your new friend is a man of more than doubtful antecedents—of character no more 'sweet' than so much thunder-turned milk! And after all his 'nice talk,' too, and fine high-sounding professions of a noble faith and a superior morality—that fly-blown past the real thing, and this unspotted appearance the mere mask and sham! Well for you, whoever you may be, if you have not given yourself away irrevocably—if, as a man, you have not gravely

pledged your credit—if, as a woman, you have not bestowed hand and heart and funds and future on one absolutely unworthy of any trust whatsoever. If you have, and then the truth becomes known, the biggest bolt that ever fell out of the blue anywhere will not equal that with which you will be overthrown—beaten to the ground, and left there unable ever to rise from it again.

A little pain—a small uneasiness makes itself manifest here or there in the complicated mechanism of your body. A prudent decision to go to the doctor and hear what is amiss is the result. A consultation follows; then a grave glance into your face to see how much stuff you have, how much power of bearing—and then is pronounced your doom—‘Internal cancer, and your tether of life not longer than four months!’ Here is a bolt out of the blue in good truth! You had no kind of suspicion of any seriousness in the character of your disease; disease indeed you did not think it—only a temporary trumpety little disorder. You thought it wiser and more prudent to take advice than to go blundering on in the dark; and here you are—doomed to death and in the stage of hopelessness, where you believed you were only in that of discomfort! A bolt out of the blue!—your death-warrant flung into your face where you had looked for a cheering assurance of ‘soon being put to rights.’ Here, too, you have nothing for it but to cover your face decently and give yourself up to the still dignity of resignation. The bolt has fallen from the blue. Your hour has come; your day is over. Good-night—farewell—and God’s will be done!

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXIII.—THE FALL OF KHARTOUM.

It was no longer possible to keep up any semblance, even, of a regular line. The scanty body of famished and wearied survivors fell back in a hasty and broken rout towards the steps of the Palace. The Mahdi’s men, following them up at a run, like a troop of hungry wolves upon a defenceless sheepfold, shouted louder than ever, and fell in murderous little groups, with discordant cries of triumph, on every man who stumbled or lagged behind in the scurry.

The confusion was horrible. Linnell’s brain whirled with it. Fresh swarms seemed now to break in upon the square by every lane and street and alley, like kites that swoop down from all sides upon some wounded jackal. One seething, surging mass of black savage humanity occupied the square with shrieks and imprecations. Some hung like bees on the flat roofs of the houses around, and kept up a desultory fire from their rifles on the stragglers below; others pressed on with Mohammedan ardour towards the Palace itself, where a small band of famished defenders still held out at bay round the sacred person of their revered Governor.

As Linnell and his cousin reached the steps, a little line of faithful blacks formed an alley down the terrace, and a tall, spare figure clad

in white European uniform stood forth, to grasp Sir Austen’s hand in solemn silence.

For a moment nobody spoke a word. All speech was useless. Then the Governor looked around him with a pathetic look of infinite pity. ‘My poor, poor children,’ he cried, gazing sadly on that wild orgy of fire and slaughter. ‘I came to save them from the stick, the lash, and the prison. I did my best to protect them. But it was ordained otherwise. I have lived whole years in this last long fortnight. Not for ourselves, Sir Austen; not for ourselves, indeed, but for them, I feel it.’ Then after a short pause he added slowly: ‘And what a disappointment, too—when they come up—for Stewart and Wolseley!’

Even in that final moment of defeat and death, the hero’s first thought was for the feelings of others.

Linnell stepped forward and grasped the Governor’s hand in turn. ‘We will all die with you,’ he cried with profound emotion. It was easy enough, indeed, for him. He had nothing left on earth to live for.

And yet—and yet, now that death stood staring him in the face, he would have given worlds that moment for one last word with Psyche.

‘We’ll meet them here, Pasha, I suppose?’ Sir Austen said, trying to rally his few remaining men on the steps. ‘You will die at your post, as a soldier ought to do.’

‘No, not here,’ the Governor answered, with his quiet smile. ‘My duty lies elsewhere. I had thought once, if Khartoum fell in God’s good time, of blowing the Palace up, with all that was in it. But I see more wisely now. I elect rather, with God’s help, to die standing. Besides, we must make an effort at least to save Hansel. He has sent to me for help. He holds out in the consulate. I must go and meet him.’

Hansel was the Austrian consul, whose house lay not far off down one of the neighbouring narrow alleys. To attempt to reach it was certain death; but still the attempt must be made for all that. Some twenty black Egyptian soldiers, with Kashim Elmoos at their head, still rallied feebly round the adored Governor. They started on their last march, that little forlorn-hope, fighting their way boldly across the open square, now one wild scene of havoc, and keeping together in a compact mass, with Gordon at their head, leading the party bravely. Only once the Governor paused on the way to speak to Sir Austen. ‘Better a ball in the brain, after all,’ he said quietly, ‘than to flicker out at home in bed unheeded.’

Near the corner, a fresh body of dervishes rushed upon them down a side street. The Governor halted at once and drew his sword. Sir Austen endeavoured to fling himself in front of him. ‘For Heaven’s sake, sir,’ he cried, in an eager voice, ‘fall back among the men! These wretches recognise you! Unless you fall back,

you're a dead man, and our one last hope is gone for ever.'

For even then, he could hardly believe that Gordon would be unsuccessful.

But the Governor waved him back with that authoritative hand that no man on earth ever dared to disobey. 'March on!' he said in a military voice unshaken by fear. 'I know my duty. We must go to Hansel's.'

Before the words were well out of his mouth, a volley of musketry rang loud in their ears. A rain of bullets rang against the wall behind. Linnell was aware of a strange dull feeling in his left arm. Something seemed to daze him. For a moment he shut his eyes involuntarily. When he opened them again, and steadied himself with an effort, he saw a hideous sight in the square beside him. Gordon's body was lying, pierced by three bullets, bleeding profusely on the dusty ground. And half the Egyptians lay huddled dead around him.

What followed next, Linnell hardly knew. He was dimly conscious of a terrible swoop, a cry of wild triumph, a loud tumultuous yell of diabolical vengeance. The naked black warriors fell upon the body of their famous enemy like ants upon the carcase of a wounded insect. A great wave of assailants carried Linnell himself resistlessly before them. He felt himself whirled through the midst of the square once more, and carried by the press up the steps of the Palace. His cousin was still by his side, he knew; but that was all. They two alone remained of the defenders of Khartoum. No trace of resistance was left anywhere. The whole town was given over now to indiscriminate massacre.

All round, the smoke and heat of a great conflagration went up to heaven in blinking mist from the ruins of charred and blackened houses. Men and women were running and crying for their lives; black ruffians were seizing young girls in their brawny arms, and carrying them off, struggling, to places of temporary safety. All the horrors of a sack by victorious barbarians were being enacted visibly before his very eyes. The scene was too confused to yield any definite sensation, and great red drops were oozing copiously from Linnell's wounded arm, which he had bound round now with a fragment of his burnous. He almost fainted with pain and loss of blood. Just at that moment, a naked black fanatic with a blunted sabre lifted high in the air seized him violently by the shoulder. 'Are you for Allah and the Mahdi, or for the infidel?' he cried in broken African Arabic.

'I am for Gordon and the English!' Linnell answered with spirit, flinging the man away from him in the wild energy of despair, and drawing his knife, for he had no cartridges left. 'Lay your hand on me again, and I'll send your wicked black soul to judgment!'

Sir Austen by his side tried to draw his sword feebly. Then for the first time Linnell observed

in his flurry that his cousin, too, was seriously wounded.

The sight of an infidel in European uniform who dared to offer resistance, and of a man in Arab dress who drew a knife to defend him, brought whole squads of marauders to the spot in a moment. Another horrible rush took place in their direction. Once more there was a loud noise as of a volley of musketry. Once more, smoke and fire flashed suddenly before Linnell's eyes. The unhappy man saw Sir Austen fling up his hands aloft in the air and give a loud wild cry. Then he knew himself that blood was trickling again from his own right breast.—The rest was dim, very dim indeed.—Big savages pressed on up the steps of the Palace.—Sir Austen was lying like a log by his side. Naked black feet trampled him down irresistibly. A fellow with a bayonet seemed to thrust him through a third time. Linnell knew he was weltering in a great pool of blood. The din grew dimmer and still dimmer all round. Light faded. The consciousness of the outer world melted slowly away. All was over. Khartoum was taken. Gordon was dead. Sir Austen lay stark and stiff by his side. He himself was dying—dying—dying. Numb coldness spread over him. And then, a great silence!

But that morning at Khartoum, for six long hours, the city was given over to massacre and rapine. The men were slaughtered and stripped of everything they possessed, the women were haled off and divided as booty. Four thousand of the townspeople lay rotting in the streets under a tropical sun. At least as many Egyptian and Soudanese soldiers were bayoneted by the fanatics in cold blood. And Gordon's headless body cried out to heaven for mercy on his murderers from a corner of the square by the gate of the Palace.

So much, we all learned long after in England.

OUR SONS AS ARCHITECTS.

How often indeed is the question asked by one fond parent of the other, 'What shall we do with our sons?' and how much anxious thought goes to the answering of the question! It is only natural that parents desire their children to do well in the world in a material sense; and many children, too, dream often enough of future wealth and of the lifelong happiness which, as they think, comes in its train. Few, certainly, care to look forward to a life's work without hope of some comfort during its progress, and of some provision against that day when work shall have become a burden. It is no wonder, then, if parents and children try to select a trade or profession which holds out some hope of success. Does architecture hold out such a hope? Possibly it does.

Like all other professions, and trades too, for that matter, the architectural profession is crowded. The art would be none the worse if there were fewer dependent on it for bread and cheese, and doubtless the bread and cheese would be none the worse either. But it is true enough that in most cases a youth, moderately endowed with brains and good taste and capable of taking pains,

can earn a decent living as an architect; he must not, however, expect to amass a fortune; only two or three in a generation can do that. At the end of his term of pupilage he may be expected to be a competent 'junior assistant,' the wages of such are usually about thirty shillings a week for the first year, with annual increments of five shillings a week for three or four years. He ought then to be able to obtain a situation as 'managing assistant' at a salary of three or four guineas a week. The next step is the commencement of practice on his own account. If he have taken good advantage of his opportunities, his friends ought to have no fear of trusting him with their work when he has had ten or twelve years' experience—that is to say, when he is twenty-six or twenty-eight years old. From this time forward his success depends largely on his own care and skill, and to a considerable extent on the number and wealth of his friends. By merit (and good fortune) he may gain work in competitions. In middle age he may be able to reckon his income only by hundreds, or may be successful enough to pocket thousands.

But although the mere monetary view may be enough to take of many trades and of some professions, it is not enough to take before selecting architecture as a profession. The architect is something more than a man of business; to be worthy of the name he must have the spirit of an artist, and be able to give to his productions a touch of that beauty or grandeur which will lift them from the commonplace and make them works of art—giving pleasure to cultured beholders. It is just this artistic faculty which differentiates the architect from the engineer and the builder: the works of the last two are works of utility; the works of the architect ought to combine utility and beauty.

It is not intended to detract in the least from the great merits of modern engineers; possibly our children of the tenth generation may judge of the spirit of this age by its engineering triumphs and may pass by our buildings as of little value; but such a thought ought not to deter architects from attempting to imbue their works with grace, refinement, and proportion, and thus to continue, if such a thing may be, the glorious traditions of the profession. If a lad have no artistic spirit, he may make a good engineer, but he will never make a good architect. But it does not follow that because a lad is clever with his pencil, he is born to be a worthy successor of Ictinus and William of Wykeham and Wren and Waterhouse; he may possibly make a better painter or etcher than architect. The gift of artistic design must be linked with the power of acquiring and utilising a mass of quite practical knowledge and with a considerable business-capacity; for, though architecture is the great mother of all the arts, she is near akin to all the sciences. In imagination an architect should be a painter, able to mass his buildings finely, to colour them harmoniously, in short to build a picture; in mind he must be clear and exact almost as a mathematician, and learned in much of the hard wisdom of geologists, foresters, metallurgists, chemists, electricians, doctors, and so forth.

The youth destined to become an architect should receive a good education, the more liberal

the better, and should most certainly in his school-days become tolerably proficient in algebra, geometry (both theoretical and practical), free-hand drawing, and the French or German language; some knowledge of chemistry and physics is also desirable. These will enable him to take advantage at once of the opportunities of improvement afforded by office-work.

It is sometimes recommended that a course of instruction such as that given in the architectural classes of the University of London be followed for one or two years after leaving school, and there can be no doubt of the value of such instruction. Some, again, take their degree at one of our universities before entering an office. But neither of these courses does away with the necessity of apprenticeship, which is really the only British way of becoming an architect. There are of course now, as ever, others who have received no real training for the work, who pass themselves off as architects, and frequently the credit of the whole profession suffers for the misdoings of such *soi-disant* architects as these. It remains true, however, that apprenticeship is in our country the only legitimate mode of entering the profession, and it is in the main the best. The French system of education by schools of art and ateliers has no counterpart in Great Britain, nor is it likely ever to take root among us, although it has its advocates. The system represses individuality, which is so characteristic a feature of modern British architecture (possibly too characteristic), and does not give the student that practical experience in every detail of building which is the great merit of apprenticeship.

The youth must be articulated to some one of good reputation, and with at anyrate a moderate practice. A premium will have to be paid, varying, perhaps, from thirty or forty pounds—if the master be a young or needy practitioner—to two hundred or more if he be a very successful London one. The amount is a matter for settlement by the parents and the architect. The length of service also varies. In most provincial offices a term of five years is usual, and is indeed necessary for youths who have received no previous technical training. But for those who have attended special courses of instruction at some college, a three years' service is sufficient, and this is the general term in large offices. It is doubtful if it be really the best policy to place a youth in a large office. He will certainly there see better work and be engaged on the drawings for more important buildings; but it is more than probable that at the end of his pupilage he will be merely a good draughtsman, clever with his pencil, pen, and brush, but sadly deficient in power of planning and in practical knowledge.

Perhaps the best course is to article him for three years to an architect in moderate practice in a provincial town; and at the end of that term, or soon after, to send him as an improver to a really good and successful architect. He would of course receive little or no salary; but a year spent in the large office after the preliminary provincial training would be far more beneficial than three years spent there as a pupil. Again, in small towns an architect has frequently a great variety of work, being called upon to design and carry out buildings of almost every description;

whereas in London and the large towns and cities architects are more or less specialists, some confining themselves chiefly to ecclesiastical work; others to domestic; others, again, to shops and warehouses; and so on.

It is not certain that London, with all its great advantages to architectural students, is really the best place in which to serve an apprenticeship; it possesses the best architectural library, and has the best professors and the best classes, and perhaps the best buildings in progress; but to set against all these are the great and numerous distractions which render study so difficult, and the many temptations to neglect the hard labour of good husbandry for the some time pleasurable sowing of wild-oats. The country youth had better be articulated in some neighbouring town, rather than sent friendless into the heart of London.

Frequently, the student's career is made or marred during his pupilage; the channel into which his life is turned in those days leads, often unalterably, to success or mediocrity or ruin. He should be encouraged in his studies, assisted by the wise advice of a good master, and placed in competition with other students for the mutual sharpening of wits. Most towns of any importance possess architectural societies, in connection with which classes are held and prizes offered to students; he should be early enrolled a member of a society of this kind. Home-study is quite indispensable; and for this purpose the best elementary books on materials, sanitary science, construction, and the history and details of architectural styles, must be purchased by the pupil's parents. Part at least of every summer holiday ought to be devoted to sketching and measuring ancient buildings, castles and houses, cathedrals and village churches. Parents and sisters will do well to remember that a good architectural sketch is not necessarily a pretty picture, and that a very pretty sketch of a building may be utter rubbish in an architect's eyes and quite useless for purposes of study. Do not praise the lad's attempts at picture-making, and do not scorn his unintelligible measured drawings.

It may happen that the only return which a youth gets for his premium and for his three or five years of unremunerated service is the privilege of 'having the run of the office;' he is at liberty to keep his eyes and ears open, and to pick up what scraps of learning he can. Now and then, when work is slack, the master may suddenly bethink himself of neglected duties, and set his pupil to copy 'the five orders,' or to design a more or less grandiose building in a certain style. But these instructions are short and far between; and the student is thrown in the main on his own resources, or left to the tender mercies of the managing assistant. It is possible, too, that he may be kept for a long time at one kind of work—perhaps mere drudgery, such as printing or tracing or even copying specifications—and may gain little experience in design and in the higher branches of an architect's labour. It requires no little application and perseverance for a pupil to make much progress amid such discouraging surroundings.

One is fain to believe that such a haphazard mode of education—if education it can be called—is rapidly becoming a thing of the past. Cer-

tainly it is felt by all who have the best interests of the profession at heart that a more definite course of instruction is necessary. The education of architects is just now the theme of many speakers, and the London Architectural Association is engaged in discussing a scheme which may ultimately result in the formation of a College of Architecture.

Professor Roger Smith, in his opening lecture, delivered in October last to the architectural classes of the University of London, treated fully of the subject. A week or two afterwards Mr Leonard Stokes devoted his presidential address at the Architectural Association to the consideration of the same question. And at the recent Birmingham Congress of the National Association for the Advancement of Art, another excellent address was delivered by Mr T. G. Jackson, the President of the Architectural section of the Congress. These three papers were fully reported in *The Builder* during the months of October and November, and are well worthy of careful perusal by those whose sons are or are about to become students of architecture. Nor do these exhaust the list of recent utterances on the subject; but enough has been said to show that architects are beginning to see that, if architecture shall regain her ancient honours, some better method of training students must be educed than the utterly unsystematic one of 'having the run of an office.' Office-training is indispensable, but systematic study is likewise indispensable.

In order to encourage this systematic study, the Royal Institute of British Architects, which is the representative society of the profession, has established a course of progressive examinations—the Preliminary, the Intermediate, and the Final. The first—we quote from the Calendar of the Institute—'is to test the general knowledge of aspirants entering or who have just entered the profession.' Candidates who have passed certain examinations such as the matriculation and the junior or senior local examinations of any British university, and further, who can show due proficiency in geometrical and freehand drawing, are exempt from this examination. The Intermediate 'is intended to enable the candidate to show that he has been diligent in his studies, and has acquired a certain proficiency as a draughtsman;' and also 'to test his knowledge of the elementary principles of architecture both as an art and a science.' A student ought to pass it in the second year of his pupilage. Before he can sit for the final examination he must have attained the age of twenty-one years. For this last examination a considerable number of drawings of both artistic and constructional subjects are required, together with a knowledge of the history and details of the principal styles of architecture, the nature, application, and strength of building materials, constructive details, sanitary science (drainage, water-supply, ventilation, lighting and heating, acoustics), specifications and contracts, measurement and valuation of buildings, legislative enactments relating to building, and other things. In fact, this Final examination is, with some slight additions, the same as the one which all persons desiring to become Associates of the Institute have been required to pass since the year 1882.

The first preliminary examination was held

in November 1889; the second intermediate in March this year; and the first final will probably be held at the end of 1891 or in 1892. When the threefold system has been in full operation for some time, qualification by the present single examination will doubtless cease. To show that the examinations of the Institute are not mere matters of form, we may say that out of about one hundred candidates who sat for the examination for Associateship in 1890, only one-half satisfied the examiners, and were therefore eligible for election as Associates. An Associate is entitled to the affix A.R.I.B.A.; in due course he may become a Fellow of the Institute (F.R.I.B.A.); and these two are the only affixes which show that the person using them may have passed an examination in architecture. The great majority of the present *Fellows*, however, were admitted without passing the ordeal of examination; but it is highly probable that the admission of *Fellows* without examination will shortly cease; for the honour of the Institute, it is certainly desirable.

The system of progressive examinations is on its trial; but the number of pupils who have already presented themselves is so great that the success of the scheme seems assured. It offers far and away the best course of study hitherto propounded, and bids fair to become eventually the standard whereby the capabilities of the young architect are measured. Parents will do well to make it a condition in the indentures of apprenticeship that their son be allowed all reasonable facilities for study, so that he may in due course present himself for the several examinations, and if possible become an Associate of the Institute. The effect of the examinations on British architecture cannot but be for good; they will not of course ensure noble architecture, for good architects are born, not made—either by examination or by anything else—but they will at any rate keep those persons who have studied sufficiently to pass them from designing such ugly incongruous buildings as everywhere nowadays deface our streets and lanes.

A BURMESE GENONE.

CHAPTER IV.—CONCLUSION.

GEORGE FARNWOOD sat in a low chair, his head resting on his hand, while Mah Mee, crouching at his feet, told him how she had come to Rangoon. After he had left Shwaydoungyee, she said, her arm became very bad indeed, and she got fever. For more than a month she lay ill, and every one thought she was going to die; but when the cold season came round she got better, and began to watch for the messenger her lord had promised to send. She used to go and sit on the river bank where she could see the boats coming up, and the people knew she was expecting Tharnwoo' Thekin to send for her. At first they said nothing; but when one moon after another waned and no one came, the women began to laugh, and point their fingers at her when she passed, asking where was her English husband. She was very miserable, for her mother wished her to marry Moungh Pho, the cultivator, and was always saying Tharnwoo' Thekin had forgotten her. When she reminded

her mother that her lord had promised to marry her, Mah Lay said perhaps the gentleman was dead. Other people also admitted that Tharnwoo' Thekin always kept his word; and she grew anxious lest her mother should be right. So she determined to come to Rangoon herself to seek him.

It was not easy to get away from Shwaydoungyee, for Mah Lay would never have allowed her to leave had she known her purpose. But when the feast of the Full Moon of Taboung drew near, it brought the opportunity for which she was waiting. Moungh Wike and his wife were going to Maulmain to worship at the pagoda, and offered to take her with them in their big paddy-boat. Mah Lay was kind, and allowed her to accompany the old people. When they reached Maulmain she easily escaped from her friends, and found her way to the great fireship she was told would go to Rangoon; and having a few rupees, which her mother had given her to buy pagoda offerings, she was able to pay her passage. When she arrived in Rangoon she was much frightened by the crowds of strange people, and did not know where to go; but Mah Noo, a woman with whom she had made friends on board the steamer, offered to take her home and find out for her where Mr Farnwood lived. Mah Noo's husband was a policeman, so she was able to get the information. The moment she knew which way to go, she started to find his house; she was going there when she saw him riding with the lady. She had found him, and she was his slave.

'Did Moungh Louk not come to you at Shwaydoungyee?' asked Mr Farnwood, who had been expecting every next word of Mah Mee's story to relate to his mission.

'I have never seen him since he left with your honour last year,' answered Mah Mee, clasping his limbs to her breast.

George Farnwood lay back in his chair and remained silent for a moment or two; then he sat up and turned upon the girl as though refuting an accusation.

'Listen, Mah Mee!' he said. 'I kept my promise. Two months ago I gave Moungh Louk money, and sent him to bring you and Mah Lay to me in Rangoon.'

'But, my lord,' returned the girl in great surprise, 'Moungh Louk is your enemy. Your honour obtained punishment for him for running away from the dacoits, and he told many people in the village he would be revenged.'

'I understand,' said George Farnwood thoughtfully. It was all clear now. Moungh Louk, never dreaming but that love dictated the errand on which he had been sent, had undertaken it with the deliberate intention of defeating its end. There was no doubt about his method of proceeding. He had gone to Maulmain to pass the time he was supposed to spend travelling up to Shwaydoungyee, because to have remained here in Rangoon would have been to court detection. Those elaborately-detailed accounts were nothing more than a blind. The money had doubtless been spent in enjoying the little trip to Maulmain. Mr Farnwood promised himself a day of reckoning with Moungh Louk when that gentleman could be found.

'He never came to Shwaydoungyee,' said Mah Mee, breaking in upon his train of thought.

'He told me he had been, and that you had died of fever,' answered Mr Farnwood.

Mah Mee did not reply to this; she looked up with an unutterable joy in her eyes, as though to say, 'It does not matter now; I am here.'

But George Farnwood did not smile back upon her as he had been used to do. He looked over her head out into the compound with a hard, sorrowful gaze, which sent a cold shiver to Mah Mee's heart. She crouched nearer him, but he motioned her off gently, muttering words she did not understand.

'Do not stay with me longer now,' he said, rising; 'when you want to see me, you may come here.'

His tone awed the girl; she drew herself away, and sat for a few moments watching his face. The yearning, wistful look left her eyes. Her lord thrust her from him. But two moons had waned since he sent to bring her to his side; for two months he had believed her dead. It must be there was another woman now; and Mounng Louk's lie had done this. She rose from the floor, and pressing her hands together in a farewell *shikoh*, glided from the house without another word.

Soon after she had gone George Farnwood put on his hat and bent his way over to the Granes' bungalow, where Mabel was eagerly awaiting him.

'There is little to tell you,' he said. 'Mounng Louk played me false. The story of his journey to Shwaydoungyee and of Mah Mee's death was a lie from beginning to end: he never went near the place.'

'What are we to do, George?' asked Mabel, when she had heard all Mah Mee had told him.

'I do not know, darling,' he groaned; 'my head is in a whirl.'

'George,' said Mabel, taking a firmer grasp of his hands, as if to strengthen herself, 'I know perfectly what your difficulty must be. Let me help you. You shall go back to your work on Monday free; our engagement shall be at an end until we see our way out of this terrible state of things.'

George Farnwood did not answer, and she continued. 'You will be with father in Mandalay, and we shall be able to write to each other. I can't give you up altogether; but I want to set you free to act as you think right.'

He drew her nearer him and kissed her. 'It will be best,' he said. 'There will be no end of scandal and worry over the business, and your name must not be mixed up in it. We will decide nothing at present. I will go up to Mandalay and think over the position before we take any steps. I *can't* resign you; and I cannot bring myself to tell that poor girl I will not marry her, she has trusted me so implicitly.'

Mabel could not urge him to do it. She thought of Mah Mee sacrificing home and friends and all that made her simple life worth living; of the timid, ignorant daughter of the forests plunging blindly into the great city alone and penniless, upheld solely by George Farnwood's promise. She could not say more than she had done. She had set her lover free to do what his conscience directed, and left the rest in his hands.

When he left her, Mabel hastened to her own room and remained till her mother came in

search of her two hours afterwards. Her fortitude had been severely tried by the ordeal of parting; and only her determination to add nothing to George Farnwood's trouble enabled her to come through it with any show of composure.

But there still lay before her a task from which she shrank with nervous dislike. Her mother must be told that her engagement was at an end, and why; and recalling certain conversations, she felt the task would be a painful one indeed.

Herein, however, she proved mistaken. Mrs Grane was beginning to see the engagement in a more favourable light, for George Farnwood's appointment to be 'Personal Assistant' was an earnest of his future success; and, moreover, she could not fail to be influenced by the unanimity with which people who knew him only by report predicted a brilliant career for him. Hence, when she heard the story of Mounng Louk's perfidy and Mah Mee's appearance, she did not promptly remind her daughter how she had predicted these things; on the contrary, she joined Mabel in deploring the imposition that had been practised by the unscrupulous Burman, and spared no effort to console and reassure her. Their happiness, she declared warmly, should not be sacrificed to a quixotic promise. Mr Farnwood had done all that could be expected of him towards its fulfilment; and for her part, Mrs Grane considered he was not free to repudiate his engagement to Mabel now. No doubt, it was best that the matter should remain in abeyance for a time; and it would be well for Mabel to leave Rangoon also, until the chatter to which Mah Mee's arrival would inevitably give rise subsided.

'I think, dearest,' she said, 'you had better pack up at once and go over to the Windons in Maulmain for a little while.—Don't worry yourself about the matter needlessly. I shall write to your father to-night, and ask him to talk it over with George as soon as he goes up to him.'

And Mabel, thankful beyond expression that her mother was no longer in opposition, acquiesced with little demur in the suggestion that she should go away.

'If you don't mind being left alone, mother,' she said, 'I think I should like to go. I dread the talk and questioning there will be when the story comes to light.'

'Don't trouble about me, dear. You ought to know by this time that your mother has no lady-like dread of dacoits,' said Mrs Grane, smiling.

But before Mabel consented to telegraph her friends that she was coming over to see them, she obliged her mother to request the authorities to furnish the house with a guard every night. She could never grasp the strong-minded self-reliance which was her mother's chief characteristic.

'I'll do it to please you, Mab,' she said as she addressed her note; 'but it's only adding two voices to the concert of snores I hear when I waken at night. I don't believe any earthly power could keep a native sentry awake.' Which opinion Mrs Grane had arrived at after long experience.

The Mah Mee who left George Farnwood's house was a different woman from the Mah Mee

who had entered it half an hour before. She followed him all aglow with passionate love; she walked out a tigress, mad with a jealousy which blazed the more fiercely because she knew not against whom to turn it. She must give it some vent; and she determined to seek Moun Louk, who had been the means of estranging her lord. It was not difficult to discover where he lived. The husband of Mah Noo, who had, with true Burmese hospitality, given her shelter, was able to supply off-hand his address in the bazaar. He had known Moun Louk during his brief period of service in the Rangoon police; and when he told Mah Mee where she might find him, he added a word of warning not to have too much to do with that individual; he did not bear a good character nowadays. And Mah Mee, without even staying to share the mid-day meal, set off to look for the ex-sergeant. She found Moun Louk alone in his house, and was received with open arms. It was, he said, a great surprise to see her alive and well; he had heard that she was dead.

'Who told you I was dead?' demanded Mah Mee.

Moun Louk frowned in doubt for a minute, and shook his head slowly. It was strange, but the name of his informant had escaped his memory.

'I saw Tharnwo' Thekin an hour ago,' said Mah Mee, looking narrowly into the man's face, expecting to see some symptom of alarm there.

'Yes?' said Moun Louk, with an air of sympathetic interest. 'His honour had sent me to bring you to him; but having heard in Maulmain of your death I did not go on to Shwaydoug-ye. I returned to tell him of it. His honour was sorry to hear it; very sorry. He would be glad to see you again.'

'He sent me—from him,' said Mah Mee, with quivering lips.

'A-a-a-h!' returned Moun Louk, pityingly; 'I fear you have not heard the news. Something has happened to change Tharnwo' Thekin's heart.'

Mah Mee shot a glance of hungry ferocity at him, and clenched her hands convulsively while she waited to hear more. But Moun Louk was in no hurry to go on. It seemed to him that his betrayal of Mr Farnwood's trust, which he had since regretted, might after all furnish him with an instrument to wreak a vengeance bitter enough to satisfy his worst cravings, and he did not wish to make a false step by hasty speech.

Such an event as the engagement of the daughter of the *Sit-boh-gyee* or 'Great War Chief' who commanded the police, to an officer belonging to that body, could not well remain unknown to the rank and file when orderlies and messengers were about the house all day gossiping with the servants. Every constable in Rangoon knew that the dacoit-slaying officer from Shwaydoug-ye was to marry the daughter of the *Sit-boh-gyee* Ga-lane; indeed, a subscription to purchase a wedding present had been set on foot among the men, for the Colonel was very popular, and his daughter's marriage offered an opportunity of paying him an indirect compliment. Moun Louk, who had frequent intercourse with his old comrades, had been made acquainted with the

news soon after his return from Maulmain, and had thought a good deal about it in connection with Mr Farnwood's despatch of himself to bring Mah Mee.

'What has happened?' asked the girl, finding Moun Louk did not speak.

'It is said by the police,' answered the man with seeming reluctance, 'that Tharnwo' Thekin will marry the daughter of *Sit-boh-gyee* Ga-lane.'

Mah Mee drew a sharp sobbing breath; she knew now why her lord had thrust her from him.

'The feast which takes place when an Englishman marries has not yet been given,' said Moun Louk; 'they are not yet married.'

'They never shall be!' flashed Mah Mee in ungovernable passion.

'But,' continued Moun Louk, with an abstracted air, 'I think the ceremony must soon take place. Tharnwo' Thekin will go to Mandalay in a few days. The *Sit-boh-gyee* is at Mandalay; the ladies are alone in their house.'

He paused, and glanced at his companion to see how his remarks were affecting her. She sat with her lips pressed together, wrapped in thought: there was that in her expression which made Moun Louk continue with the same apparent carelessness: 'Tharnwo' Thekin lived with them for many weeks, but now he has his own house. I believe there is no Englishman near the ladies at night.'

'Where is their house?' asked Mah Mee.

Moun Louk dropped his careless manner, and explained carefully where Colonel Grane's bungalow stood. 'After passing the jail,' he said, 'you go up the road across the railway, and'—

'I know it,' snapped Mah Mee, springing to her feet. 'I saw my lord ride in there this morning with an English girl.'

'A girl with yellow hair?' inquired Moun Louk.

'Yellow hair,' assented Mah Mee.

'That is the girl: that is the *Sit-boh-gyee's* daughter.' He rose from the mat on which he had been sitting, and cast his eyes round the walls of the house until they rested on a naked *dah* which glittered like a steel ribbon against the brown boards. He glanced at Mah Mee. 'It is very sharp,' he said; and walked out.

Mah Mee stepped swiftly over to the corner, where the wicked-looking sword-knife hung, and ran her finger along its edge; then she took it down and balanced it in her hand. 'It will do,' she whispered as she replaced it on the nail.

Mah Mee did not return to her friend of the steamer until very late that night, and when questioned, replied that she had been with old friends at the other end of the town. Colonel Grane's Madras servants could have told another story.

On the following evening at sundown she went back to Moun Louk's house, and finding no one there, walked in, and made herself at home with that gentleman's cheroots and betel nuts. She had learned all she wanted to know about the interior arrangements of Colonel Grane's bungalow: the 'cook's matey,' a young Madras man, who spoke Burmese, had been attracted by her pretty face, and gave her all the information she asked for. Burmese girls are always of an

inquisitive turn of mind, and Venketsawmy, knowing it, had answered Mah Mee's casual questions without suspicion. She had not asked many; among others, which was Miss Grane's sleeping apartment, and whether the sentries at night were Burmans or natives of India. Mah Mee had well-founded confidence in her fellow-countrymen's talent for sleeping most soundly when they ought to be awake; but the ways of those big black men were strange to her. Had she known the Punjaubi nature, she would not have taken the trouble to clear up this trifling matter.

She sat smoking patiently until she thought it time to set out: then she lighted a fresh cheroot, hung the *dah* by its loop over her shoulder, and went into the street. There were few people about when once she got clear of the slums, and no one interfered with her; her short *tamein* and bare shoulders stamped her as a 'jungle-woman'; and the police, lounging under the dim street-lamps, saw in her a timid country-girl ostentatiously displaying a weapon for self-defence. Any attempt to conceal it would have led to her prompt arrest. When she came opposite Colonel Grane's bungalow, she paused; one oil-lamp in the up-stairs veranda showed that the house was not in its normal condition; yesterday, it had been all neatness and order; now it was blocked with heaps of furniture. All the rooms up-stairs were in darkness save one; but that one, as she marked with a thrill of savage delight, was the corner apartment the servant had pointed out as Miss Grane's.

Down-stairs, the central room was brightly illuminated, and the swinging punkah told there was some one within; but the *purdah* across each doorway screened the interior, and Mah Mee could not discover who was there. Strolling up and down on the path before the house were the two Burman sentries; they stopped now and again to talk in low tones, and once the girl heard them yawn noisily. Waiting until their backs were turned, she stole through a gap in the thick-set bamboo hedge which surrounded the compound, and crept over to a clump of laurel-like crotons, under whose shadow she could sit secure from observation. Squatting down upon her heels she looked out through a framework of leaves and reconnoitred at leisure. Her hiding-place was opposite the corner of the bungalow and about thirty yards from it. She could see nothing of the front veranda save the nearest corner; but right overhead were the open windows of Miss Grane's room, veiled with white muslin curtains. No one could enter it unseen, and Mah Mee was content. She laid the *dah* on the grass, adopted a more comfortable attitude, and composed herself to wait.

She did not know how long it might be before Miss Grane retired, so she undid the knot in the corner of her kerchief and took out a 'betel-chew' she had prepared at Moung Louk's; and while mumbling this, amused herself catching the bright fireflies which hovered in swarms about the bushes. The night was warm and very dark; but Mah Mee, albeit she had slept little these last two nights, had no desire to close her eyes. She was perfectly calm; her now idle hands lay loosely folded in her lap without a twitch of nervousness, and her breath came and went without a tremor.

As the gong up at the native lines rang out ten o'clock, and a hundred hoarse voices answered in Hindustani, 'All's well!' the rustle of a woman's dress on the stairs made Mah Mee prick up her ears. She listened carefully, for she could see nothing. The footsteps went up the stairs and across the uncarpeted veranda above. Another lamp blazed up in the space over the porch; and with a suppressed exclamation of disappointment Mah Mee grasped the fact that Miss Grane was not yet coming to her room. She drew from the hole in the lobe of her ear a partly-smoked green cheroot and smelt at it longingly; she had matches in her kerchief, and felt for them; but as her fingers closed on the box, she reflected that it would attract attention if she struck one. She pinched the cheroot and replaced it in her ear with a little sigh; she could not smoke now; she would wait till—till afterwards.

Eleven o'clock boomed from the distant gong. Mah Mee was growing stiff, and the Burmese sentries were evidently beginning to wonder when their charge was going to retire, for from time to time they walked out on to the grass to see what she was doing. At length a movement in the veranda made the watcher start: through the muslin curtains she saw a lady enter Miss Grane's room and turn up the lamp. She picked up her *dah* and fingered its edge delicately; a few minutes more and then— She set her teeth and glared with eyes that started from their sockets up at the shadowy figure in the bedroom; for a moment she had lost her self-control.

She had ample time to recover herself before the light was extinguished, however. She thought Miss Grane would never go to rest, so long did the lamp burn in her room. But suddenly it went out with a snap, and silence followed. She must wait till the sentries were asleep, and to their proceedings she turned her attention. They lost no time once Miss Grane was safely bestowed. Mah Mee saw them unroll their sleeping-mats and lie down under the stairs, after turning up their bull's-eye lanterns and placing them so that the light shone over the compound.

'I will wait,' thought the girl, 'till the gong strikes the second watch. I must not hasten.'

Midnight rang out. Mah Mee waited until the last echoes died away, and then, *dah* in hand, stole noiselessly as a shadow across the lawn to the corner of the house, where she paused to listen. The heavy snoring from below the stairs told her all was safe; and she glided forward, across the floor and up the stairs. Arrived at the top, she paused again to look round: the veranda was piled with tables and chairs; every door was open, and a cold damp air floated through the house. Feeling her way now with redoubled care, Mah Mee moved along the floor till she stood on the very threshold of Miss Grane's room, with only a loose-hung curtain between her and her victim. She held her breath and listened: the only sound within was the even regular breathing of one asleep. Mah Mee drew herself upright and smiled; the moment had come.

She took a firmer grip of her *dah*; the rings clattered sharply on the pole as she tore the *purdah* back and sprang through the doorway.

Her arm was raised ; another step and she might strike. A terrified cry broke from the sleeper, and a blinding flash burst almost in Mah Mee's face. The *dah* slipped from her relaxing fingers ; the report of the pistol was ringing faintly in her ears as she fell clutching at the sharp, stinging pain in her breast. She had been too hasty after all.

The story was all over Rangoon before next morning's sun was two hours old. Mrs Grane, having taken advantage of the absence of her husband and daughter to organise a thorough house-cleaning, had occupied Mabel's bedroom for a night, her own being damp. A female dacoit (such persons are not unknown) had gone into a room she thought empty, to see what she could pick up, and finding herself confronted by Mrs Grane, had attacked her with a *dah*, meeting her fate at that courageous lady's hand. This was the account which circulated without contradiction, for neither the Granes nor the Farnwoods, who were the only people aware of the truth, cared to make it known.

THE FOLKLORE OF THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

IN spite of its romantic beauty, and past history of Danish and French invasions gallantly repelled by its hardy people, the Garden Isle is the home of but few poetic legends. A more imaginative race would have made the grassy barrows of the ancient Jutes, which outline many a windy hill, the centres of weird tales, and would have surrounded the great Chessil cemetery with its buried treasure of warriors' weapons, children's toys, and the jewels and household implements of women, with the glamour of mystery. But the matter-of-fact islanders take no interest in the dead past. Unlike the Cornishmen, who delight in tales of 'the old men' whose rude monuments surround them, they take no heed of the remains of their Saxon forefathers, although the most purely Saxon words, unheard elsewhere, linger on their lips.

The most diligent inquiry fails to find here any trace of the fairy folklore with which Ireland and Scotland still abound. Some thirty years ago it was not extinct, for a writer in the *Quarterly Review* gave us some interesting accounts of the belief then current in a more benevolent and genial race of fairies than the malicious and variable 'wee folk' of the Celtic races. The generation of islanders who believed in them has passed away (though a 'fairies' hall' was shown quite recently among the fern-hung roots of old thorns in a high bank by Arreton Down). The sound of their 'music, of most unchanting sweetness,' is no longer heard among the ruins of Quarr Abbey, where the fabled golden coffin turned out to be a stone coffin filled full of golden hair, and where in the old days so many royal ladies and noble warriors were laid to their rest by the narrow Solent sea.

At birth and at burial, old wives' fables still crop up ; and a bride must look well to her doings if she would escape the bad luck which many an old saw warns her of. To make any of the

clothes she wears on her wedding day is disastrous ; to wear a blue gown will ensure the loss of her first child, who will be buried in a blue coffin ; to look back on leaving the door will surely bring her bad luck ; and if her husband be dressed all in black at the altar, he will assuredly take his bride to the *litten* (or churchyard) before six months have passed. Strong as is everywhere the prejudice against a Friday's marriage, the islanders regard a Saturday wedding as even worse. 'You may,' they say, 'be unfortunate in everything in life if you marry on a Friday, but you will have love to comfort you.' Saturday is 'no day at all ;' you will neither have love nor life, nor money nor luck, 'nor nothink at all.'

For a single girl to go to church three times with a wedding party is so unadvisable that it is not an uncommon thing to see a pretty young girl sitting solitary outside a village church, afraid to enter while the service goes on within ; for some courage is required to face the forebodings of the proverb, 'Three times a bridesmaid, never a bride.'

Although a blue gown must be avoided by the bride who would fain see good days, yet a small and invisible scrap of the dangerous colour must be worn somewhere, generally in the garter, for the old saying ordains that she must appear in

Something old and something new,
Something borrowed and something blue.

And while the general prejudice against the marriage of two sisters on the same day is here unknown, it is considered very unlucky for a girl to marry a man whose name begins with the same letter as her own ; for

If you change the name and not the letter,
You change for the worse and not for the better ;

and to the truth of this old saying innumerable islanders are ready to bear witness.

A new-born baby must be first fed by its mother out of a silver spoon, as a preventive of poverty. If the child's own wealth be not secured by this effort, a rich marriage at any rate may be counted upon. It must be carried upstairs before it goes down ; and the old nurses will mount a chair with the child in their arms if there are no stairs to go up, lest he should in life pursue a downward course. The nails must not be cut for a twelvemonth, or the baby may turn out a thief ; or if not, 'you cut him away from you.' To short-coat a child in the unlucky month of May is forbidden by the old saying :

Tuck them in May,
And you tuck them away.

A child who never sneezes is under a spell, and one who does so often 'has no lack of brains in the head.' He must not see himself in the glass, lest he cut his teeth 'on the cross ;' and when an older child loses his first teeth, care is taken to make him throw them in the fire, or else the new ones will be shaped like a dog's.

In the same way, it is very unlucky to burn hair, and equally unlucky to leave it about where a bird might get it to build its nest with. Bad headaches would result, so the islanders throw it in the ashes ; whilst the Ulster peasants hide it in the thatch.

To cut the nails at night is unlucky, but not so bad as to cut them on Sunday, for

He who on Sunday pares his horn
'Twere better for him he had ne'er been born.

It is believed that if a child be born with any teeth, he will certainly turn out a bad and undutiful son; and a baby born at midnight or any time between that and one o'clock has the power of seeing any spiritual creatures that haunt the earth. A child whose teeth are divided in front will be lucky and a great traveller; met brows mean bad temper; filbert nails foretell wealth; and flat or fish-scale nails show that you must work hard for your living. Freckles over the eyes mean a death by drowning; and a high brow tells of a good temper.

From all manner of features the disposition can be read like a book by those who know the science. By pulling out a long hair from the head and stretching it tightly for a moment, you can divine if a girl's temper be proud or not. If it curls up on being released, she is of a haughty spirit; and if, when you press the back of the hand, a white dint lasts for any time, you may know that she has a sullen and unforgiving nature.

An odd cure for toothache is to put the same stocking always on the same foot, and to remember always to put on the left stocking first. Indeed, it is always a good way of ensuring luck to put the left glove or stocking on before the right, and the most trivial duties of the day may be so performed that good or ill luck may follow the doing of them. For two women to 'handle the teapot' during the same meal is unlucky; for the loaf to break in halves bodes no good to the household; and for the knife and fork to lie 'crossed' on the plate is as sure a sign of quarrelling now as it was in the days of Addison. A falling knife tells that a strange man is coming; and a fork foretells a woman's visit.

Sweeping the room after seven in the morning is unlucky, and if the sweeper is so careless as to lay the broom with its head up against the wall, it is sure to bring an undesired visitor; and we find the same belief in Rutlandshire, where flourish some very remarkable and far-descended scraps of folklore.

All the widespread moon-beliefs are found in the island; and it is a common thing for a whole household to be warned against looking out of any west window as the new moon is visible. The members of it will then hasten out of doors, and there curtsy nine times, kiss the hand nine times, and turn the money in the pocket thrice, taking care not to let it leave the pocket. By this means you are certain of having some in your pocket all the month.

Another odd way of ensuring money in your purse is to carry there the tip of an ox-tongue. 'It breeds money,' say the old folks, who are never without it. And yet another way is to have a small bunch of wheat ears, corn, or barley hanging in every room of your house. 'It keeps away the poverty,' say the poor widows who stoop to gather any stray ears they see.

To pass anything that you might pick up is against your luck, for

If you bend your back to pick up a pin,
You'll bend your back to pick up a bigger thing.

And even in the picking up of a pin there are rules to be observed by those who are careful in such matters. You must never pick it up by the point, even if you have to go round to get the head; and if any one asks you for a pin, never hand it with the point from you. It is safer, however, not to hand it at all, but to stick it into your own sleeve, and let the person who wants it take it thence.

Nails, too, must be picked up and carried home for luck; and if you see a piebald horse, and wish, you must be careful only to look at the tail, for you lose your wish if you see the whole horse. There are no wells, or trees, or arches, such as we find in Ulster and Cornwall, where wishes are formally made. But one belief found in both these places, and in Lancashire and Norfolk, prevails here. To bring hawthorn into a house when it is in bloom is to bring death into that house. Blackthorn is regarded with the same aversion; and a lady whose drawing-room was beautified by the white blossoming sprays last spring was urged by her terrified servants to throw them away instantly, or she would have cause to rue the day she brought 'the flower that smelt of death' into her house.

To let birds' eggs hang under your roof will bring misfortune also; they may be hung in a shed or under the porch and no harm will come to the family; but when they are inside the door, ill-luck is in there with them.

If you kill a cricket, not only will you be unlucky, but the survivors will avenge its death by eating your stockings—a queer belief, which is found also in Ireland.

If you burn crusts—as the islanders call crusts—black beetles and poverty will haunt your household; and if you let so much as one green leaf burn in the fire, a sharp pain will strike through your own body. Never transplant parsley; never buy or sell bees; never return to the house after setting out, if you have forgotten something, unless you sit down before leaving it again; never put shoes or boots on a table, or there will be a disturbance in the house; never turn back on the stairs; and above all, never, if you value your luck, pass any one on the stairs, however great your haste may be.

But there are evils you cannot guard against in the island, however wary you may be. To go on with a journey after you have seen a magpie fly across your road is a hopeless thing; and many an islander has turned back, well knowing that misfortune would be his portion if he went on. If the magpie flies in the other direction, it does not affect the luck; but a horse-dealer who had recently crossed the water to Southampton on business, told the writer that the first thing he saw was a magpie; and the second, a squint-eyed woman, and that he would sooner have given five pounds than have met them, for he had no luck in his dealing, and wished with all his heart he had taken the warnings in time and turned back.

Crows and hawks may fly over the house to bring warning of death; a glass may ring; 'Come in' may be said carelessly when no one knocks, and so ill-luck may enter. A cat may go up-stairs, or a spider may be killed accidentally; the potted plants in your house may bloom out of season, or the fruit-trees bear fruit and blossom at the same

time; the death-tick may sound in your ears; salt may be burnt in the fire; or your scissors fall with the points up—and if any of these things befall you, then prepare for sorrow; for sorrow will surely come to your house or to those you love.

But every omen is not a sinister one. If a bee flies into your house and stays there, you may prepare for the stranger who is sure to follow soon. If you meet a flock of sheep, you are sure of a present; and if you take an orphan into your house, 'fortune will smile upon it like summer rain.' Good-luck attends also the accidental turning of a garment, and laying a rug down on the wrong side; and there are well-ordered island homes where such mishaps are left unremedied all day, lest the luck should be lost.

If a spider of any sort touches you, you are lucky all day; and the baby-spiders or money-spiders that cling to your clothes must not be shaken off, for they tell of fortune; and old women give this rule to young housewives beginning life in an old jingle, thus:

If in a house you live and wish to thrive,
Be sure to let your spiders run alive.

And they warn them to spare the spinner while they destroy the web.

A girl who wants to know what her future husband's calling will be must take the first egg a young hen lays, break it raw into a glass of water, and let it stand in the sun all day, when it forms the shape of something from which you may guess what trade your sweetheart will follow. This mysterious-looking object may often be seen standing on a kitchen or cottage window, while wondering young women discern ships, or ploughs, or spades in the form it takes. They look, too, for their lovers' initials on bracken roots, and on the roots of lilies gathered on St John's eve.

Here are a few of the superstitions about death and of the ghost tales of the island. The sound of a dog barking thrice, the sudden restlessness and loud 'blaring' of the cows, the flowering of laurestinus beside a grave, the loss of your bees from their hive or the crickets from your hearth—all these are sure forerunners of a death in your household. A great show of plums on the trees foretells death by fever; and blue-bottles hanging about the house bring the same doleful message. Your bees will fall asleep, and must be wakened and told of the death, or they all die; and they must be told carefully and distinctly after three taps on the hive.

It is considered unlucky to change the patient's linen before death, and it is universally believed that people can only die easy when on the left side. The strange belief we find in Ireland and in Lancashire still lives here—that the soul cannot entirely forsake the body till the coffin is carried from the house. Therefore, the doors and windows are never entirely closed during the period between death and burial. A light burns in the room by night, so that the 'angel of the dead' may look upon the body it inhabited. It is supposed to come and go, and never to be far from the chamber of death. If the door by chance be closed, and it is seen to open gently of itself, it is the spirit of the dead entering the room; and the angels of heaven never carry it

away to heaven till the door has closed on the coffin-bearers.

No pin should be left in the shroud or tying of the dead, 'lest what's bound on earth be bound in heaven;' and no flowers should be buried in the coffin. The friends watch anxiously here, as they do in Ireland, Scotland, Lancashire, and Norfolk, to see if the dead body becomes stiff or remains limber. If it fails to stiffen, it is 'waiting for another;' and a death will take place before another year be out; and if the eyes do not close, they are 'watching' for the soon-coming death they foretell.

If in an island village a dead body remains unburied over the Sunday, two more villagers will die within three months; and if you chance to meet a coffin with the wide end toward you, you may be sure that you will bury 'one of your own' within a twelvemonth.

Turning from these grim forebodings, we must glance briefly at the ghostly legends which cling to some of the old island houses. In many of them we hear of portraits that leave their frames by night and ramble up and down the old haunts they loved. In one island vicarage the figure of an old clergyman glides down the stairs every night as the clock strikes twelve, his silk gown rustling as he walks. One long-demolished mansion is still haunted by its lord, who committed suicide. Living people declare that where were once the stately terraces of the antique garden of Knighton, they have seen his mournful ghost drag his weary steps. In the ancient panelled house where King Charles for the last time met a deputation from Parliament, his restless ghost has often been said to terrify those who met the kingly figure and saw the melancholy eyes of the monarch, whose sad story gives such pathos to the ruined rooms at Carisbrooke Castle where he was imprisoned.

ABOUT AUTOBIOGRAPHIES.

As a rule it may be said that a library composed entirely of books belonging to one class of literature is attractive only to the specialist student. The classical library appeals to the scholar, the theological library to the cleric, the legal library to the lawyer, and the medical library to the physician; and though in every one of them the cultivated reader would certainly find something to suit him, he would soon be depressed by the terrible lack of variety. As for the libraries of the people who call themselves 'book-lovers,' probably in order that they may be distinguished from the tribe of book-readers—the collectors who gather together first editions, large-paper copies, Elzevirs, black-letter folios, Caxtons, and all the miscellaneous 'curios' and rarities of the world of books—their value in their owners' eyes is intensified by the fact that the common herd is unable to discern in them any value at all, and can only 'wonder with a foolish face' of bewilderment when told that a small shelf of musty-looking tomes, which might have come out of the sixpenny box at a bookstall, is worth as much as the house that shelters it. Still, there is no reason why, if a man will only set his wits to work, he should not be able to gratify the instinct of the specialist collector in forming a library

which would be of some interest to the intelligent Philistine, as well as to the member of his own little tribe of connoisseurs. He might, for example, begin the formation of a collection of Autobiographies, for not only is autobiographical literature sufficiently extensive to provide him with occupation for a lifetime, but it comprises works which are sufficiently rare to stimulate the appetite of the book-hunter; and as the collection grew he might make the startling discovery that he had become possessed of books that tempted him not only to look at them, to handle them, and proudly to exhibit them, but actually to read them as well.

Indeed, a man of ordinary intelligence who did not feel the fascination of a chamber lined from floor to ceiling with the stories of the lives of men and women, told by the only persons who could tell them with absolute truthfulness, must be in some way an abnormal creature. To the average human being human nature is the one supremely interesting thing—witness the universality of the passion for fiction, drama, and personal gossip; and the autobiography is of human nature all compact. 'I have remarked,' says Carlyle, in the opening chapter of his *Life of John Sterling*, 'that a true delineation of the smallest man, and his scene of pilgrimage through life, is capable of interesting the greatest man; that all men are to an unspeakable degree brothers, each man's life a strange emblem of every man's; and that Human Portraits, faithfully drawn, are of all pictures the welcomest on human walls.'

If this be true of biography, which is, after all, a view of the house of life from the outside, with here and there perhaps some details supplied by surreptitious peeps through window or keyhole, it must be more inclusively true of autobiography, in which we are taken by the hand and made free of the inner chambers. An absolutely unreserved and sincere record of the deeds, words, thoughts, and emotions which have gone to make up the most commonplace life, would be of priceless value in many ways, but most of all, perhaps, would it be valuable in relieving every one who read it of at least a part of that burden of isolation which most people carry with them all their lives. Nearly everybody, certainly every young person, is fully convinced that some of his experiences are peculiar to himself; and because of this conviction he dare not disclose them, lest he should subject himself to certain misunderstanding and probable reprobation. Then, in some fortunate moment he takes up the ideal autobiography, the volume in which some other man has disclosed the secrets of his soul, and he finds that what he has supposed to be his own peculiar property or his own peculiar torment, is the property or the torment of this other man as well; and if of him, why not of a hundred, of a thousand men—of the greater number of the race? Loneliness must always be more or less terrible to a being with a social nature that craves for companionship; and a book which relieves our loneliness by assuring us that what we had mistaken as a sign of alienation from our fellows is really a sign of kinship with them, is a book which enriches our life by giving us a new feeling of being at home in the world.

Once, and once only, during the course of

Emerson's last visit to England he and George Eliot met in London at the house of a common friend. Unfortunately, no Boswell or Eckermann was near, and of what could not fail to be an intensely interesting conversation, only one fragment has been preserved. The sage of Concord asked the great English novelist what was her favourite book—not, one would think, a question to which an omnivorous reader like George Eliot would find it easy to give an instantaneous reply. Nevertheless, the reply was ready: without a moment's hesitation she named a work by Rousseau; and Emerson's serene face brightened as he said, 'Why, that is my favourite too!' It seems at first sight one of the most curious and inexplicable of coincidences that out of the whole world of books with which both interlocutors were so widely familiar, each should have selected this book as the object of special and peculiar favour. But there is not really anything curious or inexplicable about it: the interchange of identical sentiments was simply a putting into concrete form of the general feeling that no knowledge can possibly be more interesting or fascinating than the knowledge of those inner facts of human nature from which the veil is so seldom lifted.

Probably, indeed, no one, or hardly any one, doubts that an absolutely sincere and unreserved autobiography would be a uniquely attractive and valuable book; but many people may doubt whether even an approximation to such sincerity and unreserve has ever been made. Even a biographer, it may be said, is apt to fall in love with his subject, and his hero-worship will tempt him to heighten all the lights and soften all the shadows in the hero's portrait; but his temptation is nothing to that of the autobiographer, for the good reputation of *his* hero is of more consequence to him than is that of any other man in the world; and to expect him voluntarily to reveal that which would expose him to execration or contempt is simply to expect a moral impossibility.

But if anything like a minute revelation of a man's life through a biographical medium be neither generally attainable nor even desirable, it does not follow that the impression left by a man's self-painted portrait, the record of his life from his own point of view, must necessarily leave an unveracious impression behind it. What David said in his haste no man who is not an inveterate cynic will repeat at his leisure. The man who sits down to write his own biography is not likely to be less truthful than his neighbours; and he is probably incited to his task by the reflection that an accurate record of his career, written by the one man to whom absolute accuracy is possible, will redound to his honour. The parenthetical clause in the last sentence is important. Whether a man *will* tell the whole truth about himself may be questionable; but it is unquestionable that he is the only person who knows it and *can* tell it. Many a word or action which, as recorded by the best-informed biographer—who necessarily writes from the outside—seems perfectly inexplicable, would in the pages of an autobiography lose its mystery by revealing itself in its relation to some obscure side of the writer's character; and even if his explanation

were not in itself satisfactory, it could not fail to supply invaluable materials for an explanation of our own. We may even suspect that it is not the true explanation; but the mere fact that the autobiographer wishes us to accept it as true is a real help to an understanding of his character and motives.

As a matter of fact, the secrets of personality cannot be kept, and a man's nature betrays itself without his knowledge of the betrayal. The truth is suggested by words from which truth is absent; the writer, though consciously false, reveals himself unconsciously; and if we lose the real man at one point we catch him at another. Perhaps we are more likely to catch him in autobiography than in any other form of written utterance. There is occasionally something intoxicating in the act of writing about one's self. There is no surer means of knowing a man than getting him to talk about something in which he is supremely interested, and the autobiographer has a theme which is absorbing enough to carry him out of himself, and make him forget all his favourite tricks and affectations and reserves.

Oddly enough, there seems to be some self-revealing magic in the mere use of the first personal pronoun, even by a writer who does not intend to make any confession. The novelist who adopts the autobiographical form often seems to be so dominated by the form that he unconsciously produces a story which is autobiographical in substance also. Charlotte Brontë and Charles Dickens each wrote one novel in which the principal character—the heroine in one case, the hero in another—is also the narrator; and *Jane Eyre* and *David Copperfield* are the most intensely and recognisably *personal* books which their authors have left behind them. Dickens was doubtless well aware what he was about, for a man cannot tell the story of his youth without being conscious of the fact; but *Jane Eyre* proves conclusively that a woman can paint her own portrait and never recognise a likeness obvious to all the world. In answer to a statement that in her famous heroine she had represented herself, Charlotte Brontë declared that Jane was like her 'only in being little and plain.' That she believed what she said is certain; and it is equally certain that she never made a more egregious mistake. The pictures of Charlotte Brontë painted by Mrs Gaskell and Mr Augustine Birrell are so good that by their help we are enabled to see that the picture of Rochester's governess has more of intimate and interpretative *vraisemblance* than any one of them. Shirley was 'she,' Lucy Snowe was 'she,' but Jane Eyre was 'I,' and the pronoun had such potency that, all unwittingly to herself, the features of the real I were traced one by one on the tiny scraps of paper.

There are probably some very sensible people by whom this last speculation will be scouted as fanciful. Let it be so: perhaps that is the beauty of it. If we could never be fanciful, life would not be worth living; but whatever amount of fancy there may be in this or that speculation about autobiography, the charm of autobiography itself is a solid and a delightful fact. The hypothetical collection pleaded for on an earlier page would be a treasure-house of humour and pathos,

of adventure and meditation, of jubilant boast and penitent confession, of splendid, strange, or grotesque curiosities of life from the well-trodden highways and the obscure byways of human experience. It has been said that the best books are the books which take us into the best company; but then men's opinions concerning good company are perplexingly mixed. One thing, however, may be said with more of emphatic dogmatism than is generally allowable, that if a man cannot find pleasure in the companionship of a devout saint like Augustine, or a vivacious scamp like Cellini; a sentimentalist like Rousseau, or a matter-of-fact man like Cobbett; a pushing bookseller like Lackington, or a gentle book-writer like Leigh Hunt; a dreaming De Quincey, or a wide-awake Franklin; a philosophical aristocrat like Lord Herbert of Cherbury, or a pleasantly egotistic shepherd like James Hogg—if, having a taste for theology, he has no delight in John Bunyan, George Fox, Francis William Newman, or his more illustrious brother, or, being a lover of feminine society, is blind to the varied attractions of Madame D'Arblay, Harriet Martineau, or Mary Howitt—he may be given up at once as a hopelessly unsocial person, fit only for an uninhabited circle—though, unfortunately, there is none—in Dante's Inferno.

NEST-BUILDING IN CAPTIVITY.

MANY of us, some time in our lives, have taken an old bird's nest in our hands and admired the wonderful structure, the neatness and care with which the inside has been finished, whether it be the nest of a thrush, so carefully lined with manure, and smoothed off with the art of a well-taught modeller; or maybe the lovely lining which we find in a robin's nest or some of the finches; but we have few actual chances of seeing these miniature homes put together, unless they are built in captivity, under which circumstances the art of nest-building becomes most interesting to a careful watcher.

Let us take, for instance, canaries. A pair of these birds in their second season's building—by which time they have perfected thoroughly the art, supposing they are supplied with a suitable box and materials for the purpose—commence first of all by filling the box with the rougher pieces of moss, after which the hen hops into the middle of it, and sitting down, begins to turn round and round; by this process the inside of the nest is formed. If they find it not full enough, more moss is brought, and the process repeated until it is to the satisfaction of the hen. After this, the delicate part of lining the nest is commenced, the hen sitting in the nest while the cock supplies her with hair, which he first prepares in the following manner. After picking up a small bunch of hair which he holds across the middle, he flies upon the perch and knocks it from side to side against the perch, to shake all loose pieces out; after which he holds the wisp or bunch of hair on the perch with his foot, at the same time drawing his beak up it with a twisting motion. This is repeated until it becomes somewhat woven together, and is then presented to the hen, which she carefully takes and places in the

moss, one piece after another, until a smooth lining is the result. At this point she allows her husband to enter the nest, which they keep doing in turns, with a great deal of excitement and soft twittering, continually turning round and round to finish it off in a workman-like manner.

Canaries, when both are young, often make some very radical mistakes with their first nest, either by using far too much material or not enough. One pair we watched filled the box completely full; so they were supplied with more material, which they at once began piling up on the top of the box until it rose two and a half inches above the edge. In the middle of this they made the nest, not only using moss and hair, but every feather and odd bit they could find. At the end of the season they built a second nest, which showed they had learned something by former experience, this nest being composed of sufficient material and no more, answering the purpose in every way, with about half the expenditure of labour used in their first attempt. Again, it is very interesting to watch them under the condition of having unsuitable materials to build with, and under these conditions they point a moral to us by doing their best under the worst circumstances. To one pair of birds which had bred three seasons I gave a nesting-box so small that the hen could not possibly sit in it; however, this only called forth special effort and thought; and after filling the box, they gradually extended the sides of the nest, a little at a time, as it rose above the edge of the box, until the circumference was large enough to allow of the inside being formed.

One pair which were caged together last year could never agree as to which box they should build in, having a choice of two. The hen decided on one, the cock on the other, so they both began building on their own account until all the material was used. Then the worst of the quarrel began. While the hen was down feeding, the cock would go and fetch the moss out of her box to put in his own; and so *vice versa*, many desperate fights being the result. After three days of this unhappy state of married life, I removed one box, and gave them some fresh moss; after which they built a very nice nest, and reared a family of three, in perfect love and concord with each other.

It has always been my habit with the young birds, when old enough to leave their mother, to take them from the cage and turn them loose in the aviary, much amusement being obtained by watching them in their games, for, like children, they not only play games in their way, but play at keeping house, which I saw them do as follows. Two young birds took possession of an empty box; and after a deal of twittering and hopping in and out, they began flying down and picking up feathers or any bits they could find and taking them into the box. After this had been going on for about ten minutes, another young one without being asked came and joined in the game, but was rudely buffeted away; and, no doubt in a little petty spite, he kept going every time the other two fled down, and threw out all they had put in, which ended in them flying him round and round the aviary until they were all quite exhausted.

I have an old cock canary that has never been blessed with children, yet, for the sake of his splendid disposition, is kept loose in the aviary, and spends the entire summer in philanthropic work; that is, he makes it his duty to look after the young ones as they are turned loose in the aviary, feeds them as their own mother would, and has often stopped them quarrelling, by giving them a sharp blow or two with his wings. Often have we seen him on the floor with five or six young ones round him, all clamouring to be fed. Nothing daunted, at it he goes, dropping food first down one throat and then another, trying his best to satisfy all. Many a weakly one, not learning quickly to feed himself, would have succumbed had it not been for his fatherly care; and when the autumn comes and the young ones have grown out of hand, he seems quite mopish, his occupation being gone.

Canaries, like human beings, vary very much in character, some cocks being so indifferent and idle that they will let the hen do all the work of building and rearing, while they themselves sit and plume their feathers. Others, again, are perfect gentlemen in their manners, waiting on the hen with a quiet courtesy, and seeing that all she requires is at once brought to her. Again, the hens vary in disposition, some hens behaving in a quiet modest way, attending to their young ones with regularity; while others are in a constant state of chatter with their husbands, pecking and arguing with them every time they go near. Thus we see that these little birds have their tiffs and domestic quarrels, not unlike ourselves.

ON THE WINGS OF THE WIND.

DEAR idle summer winds that softly blow

Across the lea,

I love a maid, and fain would have her know

Sweet thoughts of me.

So let me fetter you with strong desire

For my behest,

Then wing your way, and light a loving fire

Within her breast.

Go, murmur through the pine-trees, soft and low,

In mournful tone,

Until she sighs—then whisper: 'Thus in woe

He walks alone.'

Go, dash her lattice with the sea's salt tears,

Nor ever rest

Until she weeps—then whisper: 'So do fears

Assail his breast.'

Go, shake the heather blooms, and make them ring

Each rosy bell

Until she laughs—then whisper: 'They but sing,

"He loves thee well."

Go, waft the sound, if marriage church-bell rings

A glad refrain,

Then—if she speaks—oh, bear it on your wings

To me again!

FEODORA BELL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 387.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, MAY 30, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

SOME LONDON PARKS.

FEW spots are dearer to the heart of the Londoner than his Parks, which have been fitly called the 'lungs' of the great metropolis. Like most human institutions, they have had their vicissitudes, at one time basking in the sunshine of popular favour, at another finding themselves relegated to the chill shades of neglect. But ever since the Restoration, one or other of the Parks has been the resort of Londoners of all classes. The history of the Parks may be truly said to be the history of the amusements and the fashions of our ancestors for several centuries.

Hyde Park owes its origin to Henry VIII., who, at the dissolution of the monasteries, wishing, no doubt, to extend 'his hunting-grounds, obtained the manor of Hyde from the Abbot of Westminster and the monks, who for many centuries had remained in undisturbed possession of its silvan glades. The first keeper was one George Roper, appointed by Edward VI., at a salary of sixpence a day, and many perquisites, no doubt. With these royal chases, however, we are not much concerned. Elizabeth reviewed her 'Pensioners' there, all 'well appointed in armour on horseback, and arrayed in green cloth and white'—the first of a long succession of reviews in Hyde Park. Charles I. opened it as a public pleasure-ground. Races and other amusements took place there; and Shirley the dramatist tells us how the cuckoo and nightingale sang there, and milkmaids plied a busy trade. In the troublous times of the civil wars the Park witnessed Fairfax and his army marching through it three deep, each man with a laurel branch in his hat, on their way to the city. The next year, Colonel Lambert encamped there; and in 1649 Cromwell reviewed his Ironsides in the same place.

In 1652 the House of Commons resolved to sell the Park for ready-money in three lots, which was accordingly done. Evelyn, in his Diary for April 1653, tells us how he 'went to take the aire in Hide Park, where every

coach was made to pay a shilling, and horse sixpence, by the sordid fellow who had purchas'd it of the State, as they were called.' The merriment of Hyde Park was not totally eclipsed during the Commonwealth. May-day 1654, as we learn from a letter of that time, must have been cheerful, as many as fifteen hundred coaches being there with their contingents of fair women and brave men, and when 'my Lord Protector's coach came into the Parke with Col: Ingoldsby and my Lord's daughters (three of them all in greene-a), the coaches and horses flocked about them like some miracle.' On that day—the Park belonging to a private owner—each coach had to pay 2s. 6d. We also hear that this same day was more observed by people going a-maying than for divers years past—'many hundreds of coaches and gallants in attire, but most shameful powder'd hair men and painted and spotted women.' In spite of the Puritans, however, this fashionable throng seems to have enjoyed the hurling-match between Cornish gentlemen, fifty a side, which took place on that occasion.

At the Restoration, Hyde Park became the most fashionable rendezvous of the town. The 'Ring' or 'Tour' was then the centre of attraction, and round this open space, surrounded by trees, the riders and drivers circled. Samuel Pepys often mentions the Park—which seems to have had a great attraction for him—and minutely tells us of his smart suit of clothes obtained for a ride there, and how nervous he felt in them; or, again, how ashamed he felt of being seen in a hackney coach, and of his great joy in driving a carriage all his own! The world of his day dined in the afternoon, and then went to the play, afterwards taking a drive in the Park, and finally returning home to supper. 'Every one, therefore,' says De Grammont, 'who had either sparkling eyes or a splendid equipage constantly repaired thither; and the king seemed pleased with the place.' On the 25th of April 1669, Pepys tells us he took his wife to the Lodge, 'and there in our coach eat a cheese-cake and drank a tankard of milk.'

We now enter on the era of reviews in the Park. In these, the early days of a standing army, Charles reviewed his Guards in honour of the ambassadors of the Sultan of Morocco in 1682. William III. held many reviews there, and from that time until this the practice has continued. In 1695, hackney carriages were no longer permitted in the Park, a regulation which still holds good. Hyde Park was never more fashionable than in the reign of Queen Anne, when large chariots appeared upon the scene drawn by half-a-dozen Flemish horses. Now the long period of duels begins. In 1712 a duel was fought in the Park between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, in which both lost their lives. During the Jacobite commotion in 1715, a camp was formed there. Among the disadvantages of the Park at this time were the badness of the roads through it, its dust, its inefficient lighting at night, and the frequent robberies which, as a necessary consequence, ensued. Even as late as 1749, Horace Walpole, returning across the Park from Holland House, had his carriage stopped by two highwaymen. Queen Caroline took a great interest in the Park, and it is to her we owe the Serpentine, formed by draining the different pools then existing, and enlarging the little Westbourne brook. Cricket, which was becoming a popular pastime under George II., was played in the Park, and accidents were numerous. At this time, too, fashion transferred its affections from the 'Ring' to Rotten Row, the old road to the suburb of Kensington, which had been much improved by William III., who had caused it to be lit with a continuous row of lamps at night. During the Gordon Riots, the military were encamped in Hyde Park to the tune of ten thousand men, which caused some jealousy of soldiers in general in the popular mind.

In the days of the French Revolution, when England was fearing an invasion of her shores, Hyde Park saw the first of a long series of Volunteer reviews, inaugurated on the 4th of July 1799, when the new recruits passed before George III. Robberies by this time were few and far between; and the last duel in the Park took place in 1817. During the severe winters of those days, skating on the Serpentine was much in vogue, and gathered a much more fashionable attendance than at present. In 1814 a number of booths were erected on the ice, and country-dances and Scotch reels were executed by the skaters. The year 1814 was an important one in the history of the Park. In April, Louis XVIII. passed through it on his way to Paris, to ascend the throne of his fathers; and the same year saw the visit of the allied sovereigns and the famous Blücher. An immense concourse of people thronged the Park. A large fête was given, and the number of booths and stalls stretched from Piccadilly to the end of the Serpentine. At night, Chinese lanterns illumined the scene. Among other

sights was a mimic battle of Trafalgar on the Serpentine.

And now that the story of Hyde Park has been brought down to our own prosaic times, there is little more to be said about it. In 1820 chairs were first introduced; and two years afterwards the Achilles Statue was set up in honour of the Duke of Wellington. Space does not permit more than a bare mention of the renowned Exhibition of 1851, and of the Crystal Palace erected there, and afterwards removed to Sydenham.

Kensington Gardens can hardly be said to have a history distinct from that of Hyde Park. To a comparatively recent date they were in a wild state, and foxes might have been seen there at the close of the last century. At first, the Gardens consisted of about twenty-six acres. Queen Anne enlarged them, and Queen Caroline added as many as three hundred acres.

The two sister-parks—St James's, and the one stretching along a portion of Piccadilly called the 'Green' Park—have witnessed many changes of fortunes. Before the Restoration, the Green Park was merely a large piece of meadow-land, and only commences its existence as a Park from the reign of Charles II. It was much improved by Queen Caroline, who built a Pavilion Library there. Under George II. it was utilised for reviews of small bodies of troops. In 1749, at the close of the war of the Spanish Succession, a grand fête was held there, a 'Doric' Temple erected, and fireworks blazed at night. Robberies were not uncommon in the Park; and a duel was fought there, in 1771, between Lord Ligonier and Alfieri the poet, which created a great sensation at the time. A few years later, strange as it may seem to us of the present day, the Green Park became a fashionable promenade in the evening, when, after dinner, the gay world assembled there in full dress. Then the view, stretching away over the Thames to the Surrey Hills, must have been very beautiful. This custom of the after-dinner stroll in the Park lasted till the early years of the present century, when the dinner hour became as late as eight or nine, and thus put a stop to this freak of fashion. The Green Park witnessed another great fête in 1814, when a 'Temple' and other erections so beloved in that pseudo-classic age formed the more serious part of the amusements, which included a fair (as in Hyde Park), which did no small damage to the appearance of the grass. In 1842 its modern form was given to the Park; and in 1856 the reservoir of Chelsea waterworks, which stood on Constitution Hill, was filled up.

A much more illustrious history belongs to the twin Park of St James's. Once the lands belonging to a Leper Hospital, they were formed by Henry VIII. into a Park. He also built St James's Palace, and obtained from the Abbot of Westminster some more lands, which he added to the Park. James I. kept a kind of menagerie there, the animals including an elephant, camels, crocodiles, and so forth. Admission to the Park was then probably reserved to the ladies and gentlemen of the court and others in high position. It was a favourite walk with Cromwell,

where he was often to be seen alone, musing, doubtless, on high affairs of state; and Charles I. passed through it on his way to the scaffold. The story of St James's Park is bound up with that of Charles II. That 'merry monarch' was very fond of the Park, sauntering along its avenues, feeding the wild-fowl, chatting to the beauties of the court, or playing a game at Pall Mall: none of these came amiss to him. The different springs and pools were united in one large sheet of water, and trees were planted round the pond called after 'Fair Rosamond'—a favourite spot for lovers' meetings. A new wall was formed, over fourteen hundred feet long, and the new canal was stocked with wild-fowl of all kinds. From 1660 to 1670 as much as £246, 18s. was paid for oatmeal, tares, hempseed, and so on, for the 'birds and fowles in the Park.' Other payments, too, were made 'for fish for the cormorant,' which bird, to judge by its name, was doubtless blessed with a good appetite. A pelican, called by Evelyn 'a melancholy water-fowl,' might also have been seen there, together with Guinea goats, Arabian sheep, roebucks and red-deer. The larger sort of foreign birds probably had their cages situated along the walk, which is still called 'Birdcage.' The ornamental water was much used for skating in the winter. Pepys in his entry for December 1662 tells us how he went 'over the Parke, where I, first in my life, it being a great frost, did see people sliding with their skatees, which is a very pretty art.'

The Mall soon became a fashionable walk by day as well as by night. Private balls and evening parties were then rare, so that the upper classes took their amusement in a less exclusive way than at present. There, from twelve till two, and again at seven, the beaux and belles of those days, in all the Arcadian simplicity of their Watteau costumes, paraded about 1730, and still later, exchanged the simplicity of shepherdesses for the monstrous garbs borrowed from abroad and yeelp 'Macaroni.' Camps were formed in St James's Park in 1736, and again during the Gordon Riots. Near the Spring Gardens, which now, thickly covered with houses, still bear the empty title, was held a Milk Fair, relics of which, in the shape of divers cows, may be seen there at the present day. At the close of the last century the 'Mall' and St James's Park generally lost the high position they had held in the favour of the world of fashion. At this time they were still popular, and the tradespeople and citizens on Sundays flocked there in large numbers. Gradually, however, both Parks have become more or less deserted save by nurses and their charges, and the 'classes' as well as the 'masses' seem to prefer Hyde Park.

Little remains to be said. In 1786 a mad-woman, named Margaret Nicholson, attempted to kill George III.; and on another occasion, Colonel Despard's plot to kill the same king by firing off a large gun on the Parade in the Park was discovered in time, and its author hanged. The once romantic spot, 'Rosamond's Pond,' is at present identified with the 'Guards' and Wellington Barracks; and Buckingham Palace stands on the site of the once famous Mulberry Gardens, formed by James I. in his

laudable desire to promote the production of silk in England. In 1827 St James's Park was altered to the shape and form which in the main it bears at the present day.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXIV.—AN HOUR OF TRIUMPH.

AT Petherton, during all that fearful time, how closely Psyche followed the march of events; how carefully she reckoned the chances of war; how eagerly she watched the slow advance of the relieving force up the Nile to Dongola and across the desert to Abu Klea and Metamneh! Early in the morning, before even Dumaresq came down to his Spartan breakfast, Psyche was already scanning with anxious eyes the *Times* or *News* she hardly held in her trembling fingers. When Papa went out on the downs for his mid-day walk, Psyche brought forth the big Atlas from the study shelf, and, pen in hand, pounced down, all eagerness, on those strange unknown names, fixing for herself with minute care the exact spot where Wolseley had last arrived, or the utmost point on the wide blank of sand yet reached by Stewart with his desert advance-guard. Here they camped last night: there they go to-morrow. Love had turned the pink-and-white maiden unawares into an amateur tactician of the first water. She read with more than military fervour the latest views of distinguished authorities as to the chances of the Camel Corps; the conflicting opinions of newspaper scribes as to the tactical value of Beresford's Naval Brigade. General Maitland himself could not have been more eager as to the possible merits of the mounted infantry; the very War Office could hardly have been more excited when the van of the relief party arrived at Gakdul.

And all this in the silence of her own heart! For Psyche did not dare to confide in any one. When she heard Papa's footstep on the gravel path outside, or Ida Mansel's voice by the garden gate, the Atlas was hurriedly thrust back into its place on the shelf, the *Daily News* was carefully folded away in the rack by the fireplace, the tears were hastily brushed from those clouded eyes, and the poor self-restrained girl came back at one bound from Khartoum or Dongola to Petherton Episcopi. No one but herself knew with what anxiety she followed every move in that terrible and protracted game; no one but herself knew how often, as she gazed at that hopeless map with its impassable stretches of desert sand and its long curves of interminable Nile, names and places faded suddenly from her failing eyes, and a vast blank alone rose up visible before her—a mingled blank of despair and blindness.

Now and again, to be sure, there were gleams of hope. It was not all pure unmixed despondency. On New Year's day, for example, came a message, a glorious message from Gordon to the relieving force: 'Khartoum all right on the 14th of December.' A fortnight ago, then, Psyche thought with a thrill, Linnell was safe; but, ah, how many things may happen in a fortnight! Yet even so, that cheery message, despatched by a brave man in stifled despair, brightened up her

New Year not a little. For a full week afterwards her sight never suddenly failed her unawares; she walked with a firmer and a freer tread; there was still hope, for Stewart's force was now well on the way for Metamneh. Then came the flicker of victory at the Abu Klea wells—why, now they were almost at the gates of Khartoum. How very short a distance it looked on the map. Psyche measured it carefully by the scale of miles with a pin and some thread: her heart sank within her when she found the result! How many days' journey, how many days' journey, if one came to look at it by that sterner method.

On the 22d, another message arrived from Gordon: 'Khartoum all right. Could hold out for years.' Her heart bounded with joy within her as she read. All would yet be well—and Linnell would come home again.

When Linnell came home, she would tell him all. She could stand it no longer, this misery of misinterpretation. She would ask her father to release her from her promise, that horrible promise that had wrought so much harm. She would fling herself freely, for all her pride, on her painter's neck, and with tears and entreaties beg him to forgive her. A Dumaresq as she was, she would beg him to forgive her.

The end of January, though full of suspense, was indeed a happy time in anticipation for Psyche. Everything was going on so well at the front. The relief of Khartoum was now all but accomplished. Day after day came brighter news. Gordon's four steamers, sent down the Nile to assist Wolseley, had united with the expeditionary force at Metamneh. Then all was still safe in the beleaguered city. Sir Charles Wilson had started for Khartoum; in three days more the siege would be raised—the siege would be raised, and Linnell would be free again! The whole world of England had its eyes fixed during that period of suspense on one man alone; to Psyche, too, there was but one man in all Khartoum, and that man was—not Gordon, but the Special Artist of the *Porte-Crayon* newspaper.

On a Wednesday afternoon towards the end of the month, Ida Mansel stopped with her pony-carriage in front of the Wren's Nest gate, and called out to Psyche, who was busy in the drawing-room, to come in with her that minute to Melbury.

Psyche flung down her needlework at once. Melbury was the nearest country town, and she was delighted indeed to have such a chance; for the evening papers could be bought at Melbury. Every hour was of breathless importance now: nobody knew how soon tidings might arrive of the relief of Khartoum. She would buy a *Pall Mall* or a *St James's* at Melbury: she would get the latest news, that way, twelve hours earlier. So she hurried on her hat and jacket anyhow, and rushed out in haste to Ida.

It was a lovely afternoon, and the sun was shining. Such a January day, Psyche scarcely remembered. The hedgerows were bright with hips and haws; the feathery streamers of the clematis, or old-man's beard, as village children call it, festooned the bare boughs with their flower-like fluffiness; the chirping of robins from the shelter of the holly-bushes made her almost forget it was the depth of winter. Rooks cawed

from the rookery in cheerful content: young lambs already bleated from the pasture-land. Everything spoke of spring and hope. And Psyche's heart was glad within her; for had not England sent out help to her painter? Was not an army well on its way, all to bring her lover back to her at Petherton?

For the very first time, as they drove along through the brisk clear air, Psyche ventured to broach the subject that lay nearest her heart to Ida Mansel. 'Do you think,' she asked timidly, with a deep blush, 'there's any chance—we might hear to-day—that they've relieved Khartoum?'

Mrs Mansel was in her most oracular Girtonian mood. 'Perhaps,' she answered, vaguely, flicking the pony's ear, 'and perhaps not. But, for my part, it simply surprises me to find how much importance everybody attaches to the particular question whether this one man, Gordon—an estimable person, no doubt, in his own way, but one among ten million—does or does not happen to get shot in an expedition on which he volunteered, for the express purpose of going to shoot other people. To my mind, the interest the world displays in his fate smacks of provincialism.'

Psyche, with her poor heart fluttering within her, was not disposed to contest this abstract proposition. 'But there are so many more people in Khartoum with him!' she ventured to interpose, her thoughts all full of one among that nameless unthought-of number.

'So there are many thousand estimable Chinamen dying every day in Pekin, I believe,' Mrs Mansel answered, with chilly persistence. 'It seems to me irrational, in a world where hundreds must die daily, of endless misfortunes, to make so much fuss over a few dozen Englishmen more or less, who've sought their own death over yonder in Central Africa.'

'Perhaps you'd feel it more if you were personally interested in any one of them,' Psyche ventured to suggest, very tentatively, though her heart misgave her for even trenching so far on the dangerous question.

'That's just it, you see,' Mrs Mansel replied, with philosophic calm, replacing her whip in its stand carefully. 'As it happens, we have a friend out there ourselves, you know. Mr Linnell, you remember, that nice young man who was here in the summer, and who painted your portrait, and your father's too, has gone out to Khartoum; and you recollect he's a very old chum indeed of Reginald's. Reginald's very much concerned at times about him. But what I say is, if we who have acquaintances actually in danger there don't make any unnecessary noise or fuss about it—if we're content to look on and watch and wait to see what time and chance will do for them—why should all the rest of the world go crying and shrieking and wringing their hands in wild despair like a pack of children about Gordon and his companions, who are the merest names to them? War's an outlet for our surplus population. It replaces the plagues of the middle ages. There are plenty more soldiers where those came from.'

The tears stood full in Psyche's eyes, though with a violent effort she held them back. But she could talk no more about Khartoum after that. 'Mr Linnell, you remember, who painted

your portrait,' indeed! As if she could forget! as if she could forget him! Oh, strange irony of accidental coincidence! How little she knew! How little she understood poor Psyche's sorrow!

They drove on into Melbury in silence almost, and up the long High Street, stopping at the grocer's and the wine-merchant's and the draper's, till at last they reached the one shop in the place that had now any interest for poor eager Psyche—the bookseller's and news-agent's. There were no placards displayed outside the door as usual. Mrs Mansel pulled up the pony at the door and let Psyche jump out. 'Have the evening papers come in yet?' Psyche asked, trembling.

'No, miss,' the shopman answered, with glib unconcern; 'they're a little late: behind time this evening; but *Punch* is to hand if you'd like to look at it.'

Psyche took it up in a vague, uncertain, half-dreamy way. *Punch* for her indeed! What sarcasm! What irony! Of how much interest to her were its jokes and its caricatures now, with Linnell imprisoned by that mob of fierce fanatic blacks in Khartoum! She opened the paper, hardly knowing what she did. It almost fell from her hands in her intense excitement. Oh heavens! what was this? A terrible joy burst over her as she looked. The cartoon was a picture of two weather-stained soldiers shaking hands together amid loud huzzas and tossing-up of caps, while a body of faithful Egyptian and negro allies looked on from behind and shared in the universal rejoicing of their deliverers. Underneath was the simple legend, 'At Last!' Remote as Psyche lived from the great world of men and events, she took in at a glance what the picture meant. Love sharpened her senses to read it aright. She recognised even the faces of the two leading men. One of them was Wilson; the other, Gordon.

Then all was well! Khartoum was relieved! The steamers with the Sussex regiment on board—those steamers whose course she had followed so anxiously—must have run the gantlet of the Mahdi's fire, and succeeded in forcing their way up the Nile to the besieged city. Wilson had thrown himself into Khartoum at last! And Linnell would now come back to England.

All England was thinking of Gordon that night. Psyche was thinking only of her artist lover.

She turned, on fire, and laying threepence hastily down on the counter, rushed out of the shop with her priceless treasure in her hands, all trembling. At the door, space disappeared for a moment before her swimming eyes; but she cared nothing at all for all that, now: what was blindness itself, with Linnell safe? She groped her way, with her precious paper in her hand, to Ida Mansel's pony-trap; and in a second, as the wave of joy passed through her once more, she saw again as distinctly as ever she had seen in all her life; for no tonic on earth can equal happiness. 'Mrs Mansel!' she cried, 'he's safe! he's safe! They've relieved Khartoum, and defeated the Mahdi!'

'Who's safe?' Mrs Mansel repeated, half incredulous. And Psyche, too proudly honest to answer 'Gordon,' replied with a scarcely conscious blush: 'Why, your friend Mr Linnell! I'm so glad to hear it!'

Ida Mansel took the paper sceptically from the girl's hand. It was that all-too historical number of *Punch* with the famous cartoon, so soon to be falsified, representing the supposed junction of Wilson's reinforcements with the handful of defenders still left with Gordon; and as everybody now knows, it was prepared beforehand, as such things must always necessarily be prepared, in anticipation of the shortly-expected triumph of that futile relief party. But neither Psyche nor her friend was critical enough to reflect, in their woman-like haste, that the drawing and the block must have been put in hand, at the very latest, several hours before the arrival of the last telegrams in that morning's papers. They were not critical enough to remember that *Punch*, with all its acknowledged virtues and excellences, has never laid any claim of any sort to rank as an independent purveyor and disperser of authentic intelligence. They accepted the hypothetical announcement of the cartoon in good faith as so much honest comment upon established fact; and they made no doubt in their own minds that in London that evening the news of Gordon's safety was common property.

Oh, glorious, short-lived, inexpressible delight! Oh, sudden breaking of tense heart-strings! Oh, instant relief from unutterable suspense! Psyche drove back to Petherton beside herself with joy. Linnell was safe, and she would see him again. She had no fear now that he might have died or been killed during the siege. Some supreme internal faith told her plainly that all was well. England had wasted money like water and sacrificed lives by the thousand in the desert, all to bring Psyche back her painter; and now, in the very hour of the country's triumph, should any base doubt dare to obtrude itself on her happy mind that all was in vain and that her painter was missing? No, no, a thousand times over, no! Not thus are the events of the Cosmos ordered. Psyche *knew* he was safe. She *knew* he would come back again.

The robins in the hedge chirped merrier than ever as they two drove back in high glee to Petherton. The sun in the sky shone bright and spring-like. The waves on the sea shimmered like diamonds. Everything was gay and blithe and happy. For Linnell was safe, and Psyche was herself again.

And in many an English home that night, sad hearts were mourning for their loved ones at Khartoum.

(To be continued.)

HOW THE APPLE STANDS TO-DAY.

THE ordinary householder and his wife may be surprised to know that this old-fashioned and ever popular fruit has been and is still causing some stir in the community. No doubt the ripple it makes is only a small one when compared with the big circles caused by circumstances of greater interest to the general public; so that most people will hardly know whether Apples fail or succeed; or if they do, what effect failure or success produces on table or pocket. The fact that the cultivation of the Apple has been allowed to sink into a shamefully neglected

condition is conceded by everybody who has any acquaintance with the matter. Nor is this anything new. It had been written about in the gardening papers for very many years; but as a rule—perhaps without exception—the writers were mere promulgators of fads, and the whole of them failed, inasmuch as the comparative value of varieties was not certainly known or clearly defined. When the seasons of ten to a dozen years ago clouded over agricultural interests, the Apple was smitten hip and thigh; and had it not been for imported fruit during that period, the apple dumpling must inevitably have fallen into desuetude, at least for the time being. Meantime, the British orchardist began to rub his eyes, and when he got them sufficiently opened, he beheld his orchards in the possession of trees, aged, lichen-covered, and totally incapable of responding with certainty to cultural treatment.

But with the return of better seasons apple trees regained fruitfulness, and in 1883 the crop was a good one throughout the country. The opportunity was seized to hold what was called an 'Apple Congress' at Chiswick, in the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society. The result was to open still wider the eyes, and to allow for the entrance of more light into the minds of the now awakened pomologists. A few facts were deduced, which must form the basis of intelligent apple-culture in the future. Some thousands of dishes of fruit were forwarded to this gathering from all parts of the United Kingdom; and the astonishing number of from fifteen to sixteen hundred distinct varieties were thus brought together. Many exhibitors 'set up' fifty or more sorts, and some from one hundred up to three times that number.

The evil of cultivating so many varieties was fairly exhibited when the varieties recommended for general cultivation by fruit-growers came to be examined. Thus, out of the fifteen hundred odd sorts, less than one hundred were named as worthy of cultivation by four or more persons. About fifty sorts had ten or more recommendations; while only about twenty sorts were recommended by thirty-six to one-hundred-and-one voters.

In the Scottish gathering held in Edinburgh two years later, the results were of a nature almost identical. The remarkable outcome of this census went to show that nearly one-and-a-half thousand kinds of apples were in cultivation throughout the country, the value of which as a whole was very slight. Or, put in another way, it showed that many thousands of apple trees of problematical value were occupying ground and absorbing labour, the place of which could be occupied by from twenty to one hundred sorts in a more valuable manner.

Another outcome of the 'Congress' was to show that the nomenclature of apples all over the country was in a jumble of confusion. Very few collections were altogether correctly named, and some popular sorts were found on the tables under from eight to sixteen different names. It appeared as if a rule prevailed that when some extra good cropping sort had asserted itself in a district—its name having previously disappeared—a local designation was tacked on to it,

and distributed from some nursery establishment as a new thing altogether. If it had other qualities besides that of great fruitfulness, not much harm would ensue; but if the variety was lacking in size or flavour, then it followed that an extra number of trees of an undesirable nature was by this means unwittingly distributed over the country. It would also occur—and as a fact the occurrence was not unusual—that one might order a good variety and succeed in procuring one of no worth.

But perhaps the most remarkable result of all was the final triumph of one 'stock' over all others. The general reader will not of course understand what the term stock as applied to apples means. Nowadays, the almost invariable method of increasing the number of apple trees is by budding or grafting the sort required on to other trees specially prepared for the purpose. These latter are technically termed 'stocks.' Most of the fruit exhibited was accompanied by a card containing, with other information, the kind of stock on which the tree was grown; and it was found that fruit which had been produced by trees on the 'Paradise' stock was, from whatever district shown, superior to all others. The Paradise had been long known for the influence it exerted over the scion which was worked on it, inasmuch as the trees assumed a more dwarf and fruitful habit; but it was now distinctly seen that it possessed the equally important qualification of improving the appearance and increasing the size of the fruit.

In numerous instances, seedling apple trees are employed for 'stock' purposes; and on certain kinds of soil these do very well; but in the crushing competition which is becoming every decade more pronounced, not quantity so much as size and quality will perforce become the factors of success. That is so to a great extent even now, but not to the degree it must attain in time to come.

This and other 'congresses' which followed were, however, only initial proceedings. Some occupiers of orchards, and this especially in the Home Counties, were indeed not slow to put into execution proceedings some of them of an extreme nature. Moderately healthy trees were headed over and regrafted with the best kinds, while the older worn-out subjects were summarily stubbed up and destroyed and young plantations made in their stead; and here and there throughout the country an impetus was given to a more intelligent system of culture. But the ordinary Britisher of whatever calling is slow to move in the adoption of anything new, and in no calling is this so pronounced as in interests connected with the land.

In order to a further improved fruit-culture, a Society named the British Fruit-growers' Association has been and is trying to promulgate the knowledge of improved principles in fruit-growing. In the winter of 1890 a scheme was broached to raise twenty thousand pounds in order to carry out the crusade with increased vigour and greater effect. As one result of the operations of this Society, the Fruiterers' Company of London has been induced to descend to practical matters; and last year (1890) there was instituted a series of prizes for fruits and preserves. At the show of these held in the Guild-

hall, it was palpably apparent that the culture of hardy fruits, of which apples were by far the most conspicuous, is only imperfectly understood. When it is remembered that nearly the whole of the best apples consumed in this country are imported from Canada and the northern States of America, it is apparent that there is verge enough for a more enlightened régime.

In the apple-growing counties of England, finer fruit than the best of the American can be produced; but it is only here and there that cultivators give their trees that amount of attention which enables them to produce fruit of the highest quality.

Again, in many parts of Ireland the soil and climate are fitted to produce fruit of magnificent quality; but hardly without exception is there any attempt to cultivate orchards, and the fruit when ready is often knocked to the ground by means of long poles, instead of being carefully gathered, sorted, and marketed. It has been given on good authority that the Irish could compete with the men of Kent with the highest-class apples.

Then in Scotland, notwithstanding the long-remembered saying of Sydney Smith, there are many districts where quite as large fruit as is common in England can be grown. The only drawback is the lack of colour, which is so attractive in fruit grown under the influence of sunnier skies. At the same time it is noteworthy that Scottish fruit of the right kind, intelligently cultivated and properly sorted, commands as good a price as the ordinary run of American produce, and very much better than Continental, which, carelessly grown, is no less carelessly put on the market.

But the outlook, it will be seen, is becoming still more serious, when it is known that another competitor, who will in a few years rival the American grower as an importer, has sprung up in the form of the Australian colonies. Some four years ago consignments of Tasmanian apples were received in London, and the results were so generally gratifying, that the importation of apples into the metropolis during April and May is becoming a staple industry. The quality and appearance of the fruit are of the very highest class. But more. Two large fruit-growing colonies on the Murray River, with the most complete irrigation appliances in the world, are being rapidly established, and before long we shall have these also competing for a share of our fruit orders.

Under such circumstances it may be questioned by the man of caution whether it will pay to grow apples in this country. The reply to that must be that it only will when made a matter of business. Our gardens and orchards are at present mostly occupied by trees of next to no use, and instead of supplying our own wants, the mass of our apple-supply has to be bought abroad. We have, in fact, decided advantages to set against certain drawbacks. The American, for instance, does not, in the strict sense of the word, cultivate his apples at all. He simply selects a certain few good sorts, sets them out in his orchard, and awaits his crop. The general result arrived at is that one season the crops are abnormally large, and the trees are so much exhausted in the endeavour to mature their crops that the following year is

spent as a recuperative holiday. Thus, leaving out altogether the contingencies of spring frost, the ravages of caterpillars, &c., which also have to be contended with on this side, there is a constant recurrence of seasons when imported apples are more or less scarce. Then, with the exception of the Newton Pippin, our islands can produce a better quality of fruit than America does; and Continental fruit is in the meantime much inferior to ours.

What we have got to do in order to make headway is to grow a very few varieties, and these the best; that is to say, only those which as trees will grow rapidly, keep healthy, bear freely, and mature fruit of a large size. It requires a man to have a special training in order to succeed even then. The writer is acquainted with instances where the best kinds were planted, and yet, through inattention to cultural details, the price of the trees has not been netted in the course of a dozen years. The system known in France as 'petite culture' has been recommended as a solution of the difficulty in this country. But the circumstances are so very different, that it would take perhaps two generations to establish it with success. The Frenchman has from one generation to another been bred to the work. It is with him a second nature, and the results are marvellous.

In Great Britain we have to raise from raw material the like class of men, and at the best it is doubtful if our climate would second him in securing as good a return for his labour. Most exaggerated statements of the profits attainable from apple-culture have been put before the public. Writing from experience, and keeping within the strictest bounds, a bush apple tree will one year with another produce fruit to the net value of one shilling and sixpence. That may appear an inconsiderable sum; but a bush tree when full grown will not occupy more than nine square yards of ground, and an acre so planted means forty pounds.

Starting with one-year-old trees, scarcely any fruit should be allowed to form for the first six years. The growth of the tree will be much more rapid under these conditions, and a fair crop may be expected the sixth or seventh season. The ground of course will be much of it under general cultivation until the trees are, say, a dozen years of age, so that there will constantly be a return from the ground even when nothing is secured off the apples. In no season should any but a moderate crop be taken. In extra-fruitful years the apples should be freely thinned when quite small, and by this means large fruit will be the rule; while in scarce seasons, which are generally the outcome of an overcrop, a good crop will hardly ever fail to mature. Thirty years may be taken as the term of the paying life of the trees. It is not uncommon to net from ten to twenty shillings' worth of fruit from a bush tree in full bearing; but three to four shillings is a more fair estimate, and over all, the eighteenpence per tree may be taken as being neither too sanguine nor too low.

It is absolutely necessary that the right sorts be grown. Warner's King, Ecklinville Seedling, Lord Grosvenor, and Keswick Codling, are examples of what succeed everywhere, being of rapid growth, free fruiting, and producing fruit of

the right size. The English Paradise should be selected, and a course of periodical root-lifting carried out in the earlier years of the trees' existence.

MISS WINTER'S HERO.

MISS WINTER (Christian name Kate) stood at the window of the lodging-house drawing-room, her hands clasped behind her back, looking out at the sea, with a very dissatisfied face. Of what use was it to be rich and pretty and twenty-two, if one could not have one's own way? Fathers were all very well—with a glance at the portly personage in the corner, half hidden behind his newspaper; but no middle-aged father living could even begin to comprehend all the lights and shades involved in a case like this. Laurence had said so himself; and her father had never made any pretensions to finer feelings; he was simply an honest, comfortable, matter-of-fact man of business, and his daughter had arrived at a crisis where those qualities were at a discount.

The state of the case was this. Mr Winter had come to Scotland on some matter of business, and brought his household with him. They put up at one of the Clyde watering-places, and there Kate made the acquaintance of a certain Mr Laurence Glynn, about which acquaintance Mr Winter had expressed himself very freely that morning, and Kate was resenting it accordingly.

'My dear, there's a dreadful draught coming in at that window,' her father broke in upon her meditations. 'Couldn't you shut it? or—What's the matter?'

'Nothing particular,' returned Kate, shutting down the window sharply. What was the use of going over it all a second time? 'I'm going down to the beach; this room is unbearably hot.'

'Very well, my dear; and perhaps I may come after you when I've finished my paper.—Cheer up, Kate; there's as good fish in the sea as'—

But Miss Winter did not wait to hear the whole of that wise saw, neither did she adjourn direct to the beach. A narrow path wound up a low cliff behind, where the coastguard's flagstaff was planted, and thither she bent her steps. There was a circular green bench round the staff, and on the bench sat a handsome young fellow in a brown velvet coat. His hair was a little longer than is customary in these close-cropped days; and that, or a certain rapt absent expression, would have stamped him at once as either poet or artist with most people. Kate, looking at him in the full flush of the warm sunset, felt that it was no light privilege even to know such a man; but having known him, that he—refined and cultivated to such a pitch of perfection—should have laid his fortune at her feet, should have counted her worthy to share his future, the fame that coming days were to bring him, passed all belief. At the sound of her foot on the springy turf he looked round.

'Kate, my queen!'—there was music in his lightest tone—'I thought you were never coming.

Do you know this is the first time I have seen your face to-day? It has been all cloud; no sun has risen for me.'

'I would have come if I could,' said Kate, very truthfully. 'Oh Laurence, I don't know how I am to tell you what has happened, I am so miserable.'

'What is wrong, Kate?' asked her lover, coming down from the clouds and growing suddenly sober.

'This is wrong. Somebody—it's that horrid Mrs Smithson—has been talking to papa about you. She said you—you were idle, that you were over head and ears in debt. I can't tell you what she didn't say; and then papa came up to me, and said he would have no more philandering—that was the very word—about here, and—and that wasn't all.'

Mr Laurence Glynn had turned scarlet and white alternately. He got up from the bench. 'And you agreed with them, I suppose?'

'Oh Laurence!'—Kate's eyes overflowed altogether—'if the whole world said so, what difference could it make to me? Even if I had never seen you, I should have believed in you from your poems. No one but a good man and a great man could have written like that.'

'Then the world may say what it pleases, my Kate.' The young man flung himself on the grass at her feet and gazed up at her as Antony may have gazed at Cleopatra, Dante at Beatrice, Rizzio at his royal mistress. 'Something must be done, however, and done at once,' he said presently. 'I will not lose my Kate for all the fathers or Mrs Smithsons in Christendom.—What was the rest of the tale, Kate? I may as well hear the whole of it.'

'It's that John Petersen, a person who hasn't an idea beyond business and the money market—so everybody thinks him perfection; and he's coming over from Liverpool on Saturday, and papa hopes I mean to be civil to him.'

Mr Glynn's brows contracted. Instead of gazing at Kate, he was rooting up all the clover-heads within reach and hurling them into space. Kate watched the process with troubled eyes. He looked round at her suddenly.

'Kate, you never had any brothers and sisters, I think you once told me?'

'No. But what has that to do with it?'

'A good deal. You are your father's only child; that gives you a grand claim upon him; he would forgive you anything.'

'I don't think he has had much occasion for forgiving me,' said Kate, with a little touch of dignity.

'I know that, dear; but he may have more, or think he has, which comes to the same thing. We must just take the law into our own hands, and carve out our own fortunes.'

'You mean?'—rather breathlessly.

'I mean that you must take me for better for worse without any delay. We are not the first who have been driven to that step, and we shall not be the last. Once mine, Mr John Petersen and Mrs Smithson may go to—anywhere they please.'

Could the poet have been going to say—to Jericho? It sounded uncommonly like it, even to Kate; but she had no time to debate the point; she was completely swept off her feet

by the deluge of eloquence he brought to bear upon her. He pictured the desolation that must inevitably compass all her days, if she meekly allowed herself to be handed over to this narrow-minded soulless worldling; the shattered hopes he himself would carry under all the honours with which his fellows crowned him, and—saddest reflection of all—to remember, that they two had once stood together at the very entrance to Arcadia and lacked the courage to enter in.

Ah me! if one could always sojourn on those exalted heights; but there was the valley waiting at the foot, the sordid details to be gone into, the practical arrangements discussed. The first thing was to get back to Liverpool—that was the poet's headquarters as well as the objectionable Petersen's. Once there, Laurence would procure a special license through a friend who was well up in that kind of thing; and then the deed done, they could choose their own time for informing the powers that be.

They were to slip away to Greenock by separate trains to-morrow afternoon, and go down to the quay and take the Liverpool boat; and then, while Mr Winter was scouring about the different railway stations for the runaways, they would be sailing peacefully over the blue waters beyond all reach of pursuit.

'To think that this time to-morrow we shall be together—not a cloud to dim our gladness, not a jarring note to make discord in the harmony—"Two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one,"' said Mr Glynn, waving his hand—a shapely and well-cared-for hand—towards the dipping sails on the horizon. 'Of course the railway is the quickest; but there is the telegraph and cross lines, and a hundred chances to guard against, that the sea is exempt from. Kate! we shall both look back upon it as the happiest expedition we ever had—our very first together. The distance is nothing; it will be only too short for the delight we shall crowd into it.'

But all this rapture notwithstanding, Kate went through that evening with a curious sense of oppression at her heart. Her father was her father; she had had nothing but love and kindness, albeit somewhat rough and ready kindness, from him since she could remember. No shadow of trouble had ever fallen across her sheltered path. If it were for any one else in the world than Laurence, she could never have entertained the thought of leaving him; but there were times—Laurence said so—when even the best of fathers must stand on one side. Kate found herself watching him quite tenderly as he sauntered about the room, and hoped he would not mind very much, when he found she was gone.

'I tell you what it is, Kate,' he said, stopping in front of her on one of his peregrinations. 'I don't think this idle kind of life is exactly good for us; we'll go home to our cotton bales again next week. I'll be right glad to get my shoulder to the wheel once more; nothing takes the place of it, even on a holiday.'

Next week! Kate bent her head over her book; she did not feel equal to any comment.

'By the way, John Petersen will be here to-morrow afternoon. I'd a line from him by

to-night's post; so we'll make a grand wind-up and all go back together.'

'To-morrow!' echoed Kate. 'He said Saturday before.'

'Ay; but I think he's wanting a sight of you, Kate: there's a limit even to patience.'

'As long as he has a ledger beside him he will put up without a good many other things,' remarked Kate, getting up and gathering her scattered properties together.

'Don't be too sure of that, my lassie—still waters run deep.'

The weather had broken when Kate looked out next morning; sea and shore were muffled up in a shroud of damp gray mist, known to the dwellers in that region as a 'haar.' Kate gave an involuntary shiver as she thought of the pilgrimage to be begun under its auspices; a bright day would have made such a difference. It was too late for reflections now; but she set about making her necessarily limited preparations with strange want of enthusiasm; that glowing future seemed to have dwindled into something vague and far away; while present surroundings loomed large and life-like instead, after the fashion of the house gables in the misty street; while the rolling hills behind had vanished into blank space. Another of Laurence's similes. Kate herself was not good at ideas of that kind, possibly one of the reasons she was attracted by it in him.

And so the day wore on. By four o'clock Kate found herself rattling into Greenock station. How she had escaped at the last she hardly knew, only here she was, and every now and again a big tear splashed down on her lap and blotted out what landscape was left. Laurence was waiting on the platform. Kate greeted him with something suspiciously like a sob. 'Laurence, I don't like going off like this a bit; it isn't like a real wedding at all.'

'Never mind, Kate. What does a little present inconvenience count for? Think of what lies beyond! See; I've got a cab ready waiting for you.'

The cab was one of a row, and did not appear to be waiting for her more than anybody else.

'Papa is in Glasgow to-day,' said Kate as she got in; 'he went this morning to meet John Petersen. I hope we shan't meet them.'

'I hope not, indeed,' ejaculated Mr Glynn in some consternation. 'Sit well back, Kate. What a good thing we decided to go by the boat!'

Down to the wet sloppy quay, where, jostled by porters and packages, surrounded with noise and dirt and discomfort of every description, they contrived to struggle up the slippery gangway on board a smoky, panting steamer known as the *Bluebell*. There was little of the bluebell element about her beyond the name; and Kate shrank back in unconcealed dismay from the motley collection of passengers and cargo that thronged the deck. Where was the poetry to come in? Was this the white-winged carrier that was to waft them over the summer seas to their earthly paradise?

The deck was an impossibility. As they stood bewildered in the stream of traffic, a little sharp-faced elderly lady, who had followed them up the gangway, and was evidently accustomed to travel, touched Kate's shoulder. 'Pardon me;

I think you would be more comfortable in the saloon; the boat is going to be very full to-night.

They followed her down. The boat was full; they had some difficulty in finding sufficient space to bestow themselves and their wraps.

'I had no idea it was going to be such a crush,' said Mr Glynn, surveying his fellow-travellers with unmitigated disapproval. 'Kate, I'm afraid it won't be quite so pleasant a trip as we expected; still, we are together—that is one bright spot in the gloom.'

Kate nodded rather grimly; somehow sentiment fell flat with an audience of children and nurses on either hand reaping the benefit; and Mr Glynn felt it. After a few more attempts at longer and longer intervals, he suggested taking a turn up above to see how they were progressing. 'The wind is rising, so that will blow the fog away; we may have a fine evening even yet,' he remarked.

'We may,' responded a ponderous matron, taking his observations to herself; 'but I'm thinking we'll be wishing for the fog instead, before we're much older.'

'I don't quite follow you,' said Mr Glynn distinctly.

'I've been this road before, and I know what a wind means when we get round the corner. Why, I've seen this cabin with not a person in it able to hold up a finger, except the stewards.—Are you a good sailor, ma'am?' turning to Kate.

'I don't know; I never tried it more than a few hours at a time,' owned Kate.

'Ah well! I'm thinking you'll know more about it by morning. Hear to that!'

Laurence had vanished. Kate sat on alone, sometimes watching the people about her, sometimes exchanging a word or two with her neighbour, the little elderly lady. Miss Priestley her name was, and she had something to do with a girls' school, Kate found. By-and-by it got dark, and Kate began to wonder if Laurence could have been washed overboard; it was strange he never came to see after her. This was not at all the kind of treatment he had promised last night. Thoroughly uneasy at last, she crept up the brass-bound stairs to the upper deck. The mist had cleared away, but the rain was coming down in sheets, and the boat pitching and plunging in a fashion that Kate was certain was most dangerous, apart from the discomfort of it. A feeling of righteous indignation against her truant lover began to surge up in her breast as she stood there, holding on to the rails.

'By your leave, miss.' A steward bustled past with something in a glass to a miserable crumpled-up object crouching in a distant corner. In the dim light, Kate had not noticed that any one was there. The next minute a fretful high-pitched voice fell on her ear.

'What do you mean by bringing such beastly stuff? Take it away, if you don't want to be kicked out of this.'

Kate launched herself across the space between like a thunderbolt. Could—could that be Laurence? that dragged, battered creature, shivering and trembling like a baby, and railing at a steward in that manner—her hero, her poet, her Sir Galahad!

'Why, Laurence,' she cried indignantly, 'what has come to you? What are you behaving in this way for?'

Mr Glynn was utterly unable to explain. Human nature is much the same the wide world over; in the throes of sea-sickness, even a poet has to take his place with the rank and file. He simply laid his head down on the wet bench before him and groaned.

And Kate? Alas for Kate! Instead of the womanly sympathy that ought to have been forthcoming, she stood and looked down upon him in stony silence.

'You had better ask that steward to put you to bed,' she said presently in quite an altered tone. 'You are not likely to get any better in that state.' And without one backward glance or look at him, Kate turned about and marched down to the stuffy cabin she was to share with the little teacher. That lady was already there, and glanced up at Kate's flushed face. 'Did you find your friend?'

'Yes,' said Kate shortly. 'I found him—disgustingly sick.'

Miss Priestley laughed. 'Sickness is hardly a crime, my dear.'

'It is for a man to go and make a baby of himself, and speak like a—costermonger,' said Kate severely. 'If a little thing like this upsets him so, where would he be with a big thing?'

It was a big question. Kate stared at the flickering lamp as if it was keeping back the answer. 'It serves me right. Why did I ever come?' she cried, suddenly putting her head down on the edge of her berth. 'Oh, if I was only at home again with my father!'

Miss Priestley folded up her nightcap and took the sobbing runaway to her bosom. 'What is it, my dear? Are you in trouble? Cannot I help you?'

'Nobody can help me any more,' sobbed Kate. 'I'm—I'm eloping.'

'Don't do it,' said the elder lady briskly. 'Go straight back again to your father.'

'I can't,' cried Kate. 'I never told him I was going, and he never liked Laurence besides.'

'And seeing that "Laurence" has persuaded you to behave in this way, I should say your father was very well justified in his opinion. Tell me all about it, my dear.'

And Kate did. The boat plunged and ploughed through the choppy waves, rain and spray dashed against the blurred glass of the porthole; the lamp smoked and pervaded the close air with its fumes—a fit setting for the telling of the brief love-story, that had seemed so sweet at the time, and was so humiliating in the retrospect. 'I know how mean it must sound to you,' said Kate, half apologetically; 'but indeed I would not have come away so suddenly if it had not been for that John Petersen coming this afternoon.'

'John Petersen!' echoed Miss Priestley—'the Brunswick Street John Petersen?'

'Yes. Do you know him?'

'Know him! I should think so—he is my nephew.'

'O—oh!'

'And I can tell you,' went on the little lady, 'that he is worth any six of your Laurence

Glynns. You are a very fortunate girl to have made his acquaintance; he is no fair-weather lover.'

'I don't want any more lovers,' said Kate dismally; 'I've had enough to-night to last me for years. I thought when people once fell in love they never changed; and here I feel already as if I never wanted to see Laurence or speak to him again, and I did love him yesterday.'

'Or you thought you did. You must tell the young man you have changed your mind as soon as you get to Liverpool, and then we must telegraph to your father. You will be safe at home again in a few hours more.'

There was no need to telegraph. The *Bluebell* steamed up the Mersey the next morning in a flood of brilliant sunshine, green fields and houses bedded in trees stretching away on the Cheshire side, one straight unbroken line of dock wall on the other. Sailing-vessels flitted past like great gulls; huge steamers lay at anchor, swinging lazily round with the tide. Last night with its rains and storms might have been a bad dream. Mr Glynn emerged from his hiding-place and made terms with the long-suffering steward to help in repairing the ravages left on his personal appearance; after that, he went in quest of his lady-love. Never again would they two travel by water when there was dry land and a railway train to be had; never again would he write one line about that deceitful sea; better run the chance of any number of irate fathers, than go through the mental and bodily anguish he had endured this night; and now that he was able to think about the matter, Kate had shown herself decidedly callous; she had made no attempt to help him, simply gone away, and done the best she could for herself, and he might have been washed overboard for any interest she evinced since. Miss Kate was pretty; she would be an heiress; but Mr Glynn thoroughly understood his own value, and he could not but feel that she had not conducted herself towards him as she ought to have done. He sat down on the sheltered side of the saloon deck and lighted his cigar, the first since he had set foot on this abominable boat, and decided to leave that young lady to her own reflections for a season.

The *Bluebell* was bent on redeeming her character at the eleventh hour; she glided up to the pier-head as if she had been utterly incapable of either pitching or rolling. There was the usual motley crew gathered on the pier—cabmen, porters, policemen, and general riffraff; but surely there was one strangely familiar figure among them, standing under the open shed behind. Was it possible that that could be Mr Winter himself, after coming by this horrible route on purpose to avoid him?

Poets are but men. Bad as the sea had proved, Mr Glynn would have been quite willing that moment to head about and retrace the whole wretched journey. He retired precipitately behind a convenient ventilator to wait the development of events.

The enemy came on board, elbowed his way up the gangway the moment it shot into position. He was not alone, either; with him there was a broad-shouldered, determined-looking young fellow who could be none other than the objec-

tionable Petersen. How they came to be there Mr Glynn neither knew nor cared; the plain fact was all he was able to grasp at present.

'Is there a young lady on board?' Mr Winter demanded of the first steward he encountered—'a tall girl in a brown ulster?'

'With a little old lady? Yes, sir.'

'I don't know anything about the old lady,' said Mr Winter doubtfully. 'You might—Why, Kate, it is you! Child, child! what have you been thinking of?'

Kate had shot out of the saloon like a whirlwind at the first sound of his voice, and was sobbing in his arms. 'Oh papa, papa, I've never wanted you in my life as I've done since I left you! How did you get here?'

'By the train, of course. It didn't take long to find out which way you had gone. A nice chase we have had after you.—Where is that scoundrel?'

'I don't know,' answered Kate, with a careless glance at the corner where she had last seen him. 'I don't want to know anything about him again; he's been sick every bit of the way.'

'The very best thing he could have done,' remarked Mr Petersen; 'there's some good in the fellow, after all.'

Kate was too meek to resent it. Was it not John Petersen's aunt who had been her sole stay through this weary night? She turned round to the little lady, who was standing patiently in the background beside her tall nephew, with quite a burst of gratitude. 'You don't know how good she has been to me, papa; I believe I'd almost have thrown myself overboard if she hadn't been there.'

There was no farewell scene between the young lady and her sometime hero, no parting valediction to the fair future they had planned out together so blithely. Mr Glynn never stirred out of the shelter of that ventilator till he had seen the cab that held his faithless bride and her party safely up the long floating bridge; then he collected his own belongings and departed likewise. Love's young dream was ended.

He wrote a very touching sonnet under that heading a few months later when he read the announcement of John Petersen's marriage in the local paper; and what is more to the point, discovered an editor charitable enough to give him two guineas for it, which exactly covered his share in the expense of that very unsatisfactory elopement.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE authorities of the Kew Observatory have given notice that they are prepared to test photographic lenses for the public at stated charges. The tests come under two heads, A and B—the first comprising a thorough test of the instrument, showing its value as a piece of scientific apparatus, the charge for which is half a guinea. The other test, B, is not of such a thorough nature, and the cost is about one-fourth the previous sum. So many persons are now interested in photographic matters, that they will be

glad to have this opportunity of submitting the lenses which they possess to scientific scrutiny. Each lens so tested and passed as efficient will bear a certain mark, which will be engraved upon it at the Observatory; and we need hardly say that the presence of such a mark will much enhance the value of the instrument. But after all, the resort to these tests will be unnecessary to those who are wise enough to buy their lenses from dealers of repute.

It is said that the Swiss adopt a method of hardening the cast steel of which cutting-tools are made which is different from that practised in most other countries, but which is at the same time more efficient. It is also said that examination of steel so treated shows that the hardening is more uniform and penetrates the metal to a greater degree than if carried out by the usual means. Other advantages are also claimed for the system in the metal being less brittle and the cutting properties more durable and better in every respect. The method consists in making a mixture of four parts of powdered resin, and two parts train oil, stirred together with one part of heated tallow. Into this mixture the metal to be hardened is plunged while it is at a low red-heat, and held therein until it becomes cool. Without being cleaned, the metal is again submitted to heat, and is then tempered in the ordinary manner.

A new process for making artificial marble, granite, &c., has recently been patented in France. The raw material is made up of pieces of glass, silica, &c., which are partly fused in a furnace. After this fusing operation, chips of china, porcelain, enamel, or other similar vitrifiable matter—together with pigments if desired—are added, so that in a measure the process may be said to utilise waste products. Various designs either in relief or intaglio may be impressed upon articles moulded from this compound, or the finished product can be enamelled. Articles of various shapes, and intended for useful or ornamental purposes, such as cornices, statuettes, &c., can be thus produced. Another adaptation of the process is in the manufacture of stained-glass windows, which have the peculiarity of being without the usual leaded joints to hold the glass together. In this case the design is worked out in pieces of glass of the required colours in a flat mould, removable partitions being placed between each. Before the mould is submitted to heat, the partitions are carefully picked out, so that the pieces of glass can fuse together and form a complete picture.

Another invention, also of French origin, is that of M. Calmont of Paris, which utilises the sawdust and shavings of a carpenter's shop, which, by a special process, are converted into a very fine description of vegetable charcoal. This is found to be of great value in removing the unpleasant flavour common to certain French wines, and which renders them unsaleable as wines, although suitable for distillation. The charcoal so made is also valuable for filtering purposes in distilleries, for it is capable of filtering forty times its volume of alcohol, whereas common charcoal will only filter one-fifteenth of that amount. In the manufacture, the sawdust from hard and soft varieties of wood must be

separated as a preliminary, because in the process of carbonisation the one requires a very much greater heat than the other before the operation is complete. Shavings are also treated in the same way, after which they are ground in a mill to reduce them to a very fine powder. Great care must be taken to preserve this charcoal from absorbing moisture; and to obviate this risk, it is enclosed in air-tight receptacles until required for use.

The motion to abolish the opium traffic in India, sacrificing between five and six millions of revenue, which was carried lately by a majority in the House of Commons, has led Sir Lepel Griffin, who knows far more about the opium question than most people, to express a very strong opinion upon the subject, and one which will surprise those who have been taught to believe that opium consumption is synonymous with demoralisation. He declares that the excessive use of the drug is quite unusual, and that its moderate consumption in a tropical climate is beneficial; that the cultivation of the poppy is the chief cause of the prosperity of both Princes and people in the native States; that the tax upon it is no burden on the cultivator, for it is paid by the Chinese consumer; and that this tax is therefore not only unobjectionable, but intrinsically the best that could be devised. He describes Indian opium as a luxury, akin to French champagne imported into England, and says that no expert who has lived among, and studied, opium-smoking or opium-drinking people, as he has done, but will declare that alcohol is a hundred times as pernicious as opium.

'The Ocean Life-saving Ladder' promises to be most useful in cases of collision or shipwreck at sea. It is the invention of Messrs Black and Burnett, both of the steamship *Earnholm*, and consists of a wooden ladder, furnished with solid cork-floats, and partly covered with canvas. Unlike the ordinary life-buoy, one of these ladders will support several persons in the water, and its shape and construction allows of its easy stowage and ready access in case of emergency on shipboard. It has been reported upon very favourably by the Board of Trade, and has been submitted to severe experiments. It is obvious that such a useful contrivance is not confined to ocean use, and that it would be a valuable addition to the Royal Humane Society's apparatus at all boating and fishing resorts; while its peculiar construction would fit it for employment in the case of accidents through breaking ice.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Geographical Society, Mr A. E. Pratt related his interesting experiences during an expedition to Ta-tsen-lu, on the eastern borders of Tibet. His primary object was to increase his natural-history collections; but he found time to make many observations with regard to the physical geography of the districts through which he passed. He carried out his intention, formed on a previous journey, of ascending Mount Omei, a spot which is regarded by the natives as one of peculiar sanctity. This mountain is no less than eleven thousand feet in height, and upon it there are between sixty and eighty temples, served by two thousand priests. On one side of this mountain there is a precipice nearly one mile and a third high, perhaps the steepest declivity in the world. Many

thousands of pilgrims annually visit Mount Omei, and a large number of them commit suicide by throwing themselves over the edge of the precipice just described. The mountain is covered with forest and undergrowth, and seems to be a veritable garden of rare flowers.

In a paper recently read before the Franklin Institute, Mr W. McDevitt, Inspector of the Philadelphia Board of Fire Underwriters, dwelt upon certain dangers connected with the electric illumination of buildings. Some of these are due to defective fittings, and the most important is that relating to fusible connections. These are made of a great variety of alloys, some having good electrical conductivity and being slow to heat, while others exhibit weakness when heated and are continually breaking, an accident which tempts a workman to patch up the joints with ordinary wire instead of the proper fuses. Another danger is indicated in the want of some effective method of making splices or joints in conductors, it being a common practice to merely solder such joints, when in case of accident the solder may melt, leaving a loose connection. But the most alarming risk is from the possibility of lightning entering a house where the electrical supply is from aerial conductors, especially where the wires are attached to gas-fittings. In this case the electricity in leaping from the charged wires to the gas-pipes will melt the latter, and a steady blaze of gas from the injured pipe will result.

A new form of Smokeless Stove for domestic use has been invented by Mr H. Heim of London, and it so far meets the national feeling in favour of a home-like open fire, in that the process of combustion is visible although partly closed in by a transparent door of mica. The stove comprises a combustion chamber, at the back of which is a hopper containing coal—and coal of second and third rate quality is available—which is automatically fed into the chamber. The process of combustion can be so regulated that the stove shall give its maximum heat, or can be damped down to the lowest degree possible. Cold air, which is warmed in its passage to the combustion chamber, is admitted to the stove through a number of small apertures; and this mixing with the gaseous smoke from the coal brings about its complete combustion. The heat given out is partly due to radiation from the visible fire, and partly to warmed air delivered into the room from a series of pipes which are coiled round the apparatus, but which are hidden in the casing of the stove.

Mr Clement Heaton's exhaustive paper recently read before the Society of Arts gave a most interesting review of that very lasting mode of decoration, now seldom seen but on Japanese and Chinese vases, known as Cloisonné (enclosed work). The common method of employing this method of ornamentation is, in the case of vases, to work out the required design in copper ribbon of about one-sixteenth of an inch wide, and to solder it to the metal base so that it stands up edgewise. The spaces between are then filled in with various coloured enamels, and the whole surface is then polished down to one level. Mr Heaton pointed out how this mode of decoration with various modifications has been practised for many centuries in Egypt, Persia,

India, and other countries, and he advocates its employment for modern decorative purposes.

A wonderful example of patience in the Chinese is afforded by a consular Report dealing with the manufacture of salt in Central China. Holes about six inches in diameter are bored in the rock by means of a primitive form of iron drill, and sometimes a period of forty years elapses before the coveted brine is reached, so that the work is carried on from one generation to another. During this time the boring, as may be imagined, goes down to an immense depth. When brine is found, it is drawn up in bamboo tubes by a rope working over a large drum turned by bullocks. The brine is evaporated in iron caldrons, the heat being supplied by natural gas, which is generally found in the vicinity of the salt wells.

The Prefect of Police, Paris, acting on the advice of the Council of Hygiene, has lately modified the regulations concerning the use of colouring matters in articles of food. Certain pigments of metallic origin are prohibited altogether: these comprise preparations of copper, lead, arsenic, and compounds of mercury of all kinds. Barium, chrome yellow, ultramarine, gamboge, and alkanet are also interdicted. Many of the coal-tar colours, while prohibited for ordinary articles of food, may be tolerated in small quantities for tinting candies, liqueurs, ices, &c. Tinfoil, which is employed for wrapping sweets and other articles of food, must not contain more than one-half per cent. of lead, or more than one part in ten thousand of arsenic. Similar regulations are laid down to ensure the purity of pewter or copper utensils used in the preparation of food.

Mr F. Oldfield, of 70 Gracechurch Street, London, has invented an addition to the printing-press, and one which can be attached to any existing cylinder machine at small expense, and without interfering with its use for ordinary printing, which is reported upon very favourably. It is an arrangement of rollers and inking slab by which a number of different coloured inks can be applied to one 'forme.' (A forme, we may remind our non-technical readers, is a mass of type in one frame or chase, which in the case of a cylinder machine would be transferred by the stereotype process to one cylinder.) The apparatus is intended more especially for printing large bills or posters in varied hues; and the time occupied in preparing the machine for the process is very little in excess of that required for ordinary black printing. Under the old conditions, a different forme was necessary for each colour employed, a fact very often painfully evident in the result, and shown by one colour not registering with another.

At the annual conference of photographers held lately under the auspices of the Camera Club, London, Mr Sutton described a new and simple process for producing a printing block direct from an ordinary gelatine plate—such a plate, indeed, as is used by amateurs all over the world. The process depends upon the fact that a gelatine plate when developed by certain agents and dried by moderate heat will show an image in relief—that is to say, all the blackened or exposed portions of the plate will be raised slightly above the level of the unexposed por-

tions. The plate so treated is dried, and then submitted to the ordinary electrotype process, by which it is reproduced in copper. The metal is mounted type-high on a block of wood, and is then ready for the press. There are certain technical difficulties which seem at present to militate against the process, one of the chief of which is the circumstance that the amount of relief obtained is hardly sufficient to ensure clean lines in a quick printing-machine.

A new use has been found for the phonograph by certain medical gentlemen who recently brought the subject before one of the learned Societies in London. By means of the instrument, the audience present were able to listen to the reproduction of the curiously-defective speech of two children when they were first placed under medical care. This registered specimen of their elocution was then contrasted with the improved speech which treatment had effected, for the little patients were themselves present, and were able by word of mouth to testify what science had done for them.

The above interesting experience may point the way to another possible and very feasible application of the phonograph. It would certainly be advantageous to some of our public speakers who are notorious for their hesitating manner, and the constant introduction of the familiar 'er, er' between every three or four syllables, if they were to employ a phonograph for home use. They would then be able in the privacy of their rooms to register for themselves specimens of their speech, and to make the instrument reproduce the previously uttered words with every trick and fault faithfully rendered. These faults so convincingly brought before them could then be gradually corrected until they ceased to appear. The phonograph would point out errors with impunity, which if called attention to by a living being would only lead to unpleasantness.

In a paper brought before the Paris Academy, a curious observation relating to long and short sight was recorded. It was stated that an examination of the eyes of wild animals showed that those captured after the age of six or eight months retained the long sight natural to them, but that those made captive before that age and those born in a state of captivity were short-sighted. From this it is argued that shortness of sight is a defect which is incident to civilisation.

Two distinct advances are recorded concerning that tantalising metal aluminium, which chemists tell us is one of the most common of all elements, for it exists in plenty in every clod of clay, but is so difficult of reduction that until lately it has been almost as valuable as silver. Mr H. Greenway claims to have discovered a method of winning it from its original clay by an inexpensive process; and two Waterbury mechanics have, it is said, succeeded in finding a chemical flux which will enable the metal to be soldered. All attempts in this direction have hitherto failed, and this is the principal reason, coupled with other difficulties in working it, which make articles made of aluminium still so expensive, although it can be produced now at a comparatively cheap rate. These lucky mechanics have been offered to name their own price for their

valuable discovery, which is likely to lead to a greatly extended use of the white metal for purposes where its extreme lightness, strength, and freedom from tarnishing will be appreciated.

A correspondent of *Nature*, in referring to the curious manner in which certain insects will revive after being subjected to frost, says that it is a common experience among mountain climbers to find butterflies lying frozen on the snow; and so brittle that they break up unless very carefully handled. Such frozen butterflies he has frequently placed on his hat, and found that on descending to a warmer atmosphere the little creatures recover themselves and fly away. Another writer refers to the fact that insects which habitually hibernate, as larvæ or pupæ, do not suffer from being frozen even for a lengthened period; but that what is known as an 'open' winter, with its alternations of wet, warmth, and cold, is far more fatal to them. He therefore assumes that the coming season, after the unusually rigorous winter which we have experienced, will be, from an entomological point of view, a very favourable one.

'SENDING-IN DAY.'

'NEVER mind, never mind,' says the Artist, in answer to my apologies for calling to-day instead of on 'Show Saturday,' as invited. 'I'm very glad to see you, as I shall make you useful after you have had a look round. This is sending-in day, and the van will call at half-past six for these things.'

Surely there is no man so engagingly unbusiness-like as an artist! 'It is five o'clock now; and 'these things,' some six life-size portraits, must be ready in an hour and a half for the van which will take them up to Burlington House. And upon one, my friend is still working with leisurely care.

'Not half satisfied with this floor,' he says critically, taking three long steps backward from his easel. 'It falls down in the corner in a way good floors do not. Do you see?'

I can see that the 'floor' appears to sink down in one place; but how the defect in its portrayal is to be remedied I am at a loss to understand; and as the artist is evidently fidgeting to set to work again upon it, I leave him, and stroll round the great studio to look at his pictures.

There is no workshop so interesting as that of the artist who has reached success. Here, I see my friend's whole artistic career on the walls: his first pencil and chalk sketches, rough and unfinished, but bearing that boldness of outline which stamps them as the work of a cunning hand in its youth; his earliest attempts at portraiture in oils, rough again, but wearing still more markedly that mysterious 'something' which raises them far above the 'finniking' work of an ungifted hand. And so, step by step, I trace his progress through studies of living models, and friends, till I come to his first 'accepted' picture, whence dates his success. Between that and the portraits whose paint is scarcely dry, there are few landmarks; and their paucity speaks eloquently of the painter's skill.

'That will do, I think,' says the artist suddenly. 'How's that floor now?' and he backs across the studio to inspect his handiwork at long-range.

I turn from the 'Portrait of a Lady,' and look. The polished parquet floor, down which the painted piano threatened to slide a few minutes ago, is now level as that on which I stand; but how the thing has been done, or where the brush has been applied, I can't for the life of me discover.

'What!' exclaims the artist. 'You don't see? Why, look here! All I have done is to deepen the shading there at the angle of the wall, and throw up the light just here. Simplest thing in the world!'

No doubt it is, like everything else, when you know how to do it; but I don't, and am still trying to probe the secret of the optical illusion wrought by a few deft brush-strokes, when there is a knock at the door, and 'the photographer' is announced.

'Ah!' says the artist, throwing aside his paint-brush and rubbing his hands, 'I've been waiting for him. We have to do the Duchess before we nail her up, and must get to work at once before the light goes.'

'Her Grace the Duchess of —' is gazing benignly at us from her easel; and while the photographer prepares his apparatus, we arrange the portrait in the best light. It is a dainty operation this of photographing a picture: the canvas offering a plane surface, the camera must be adjusted exactly square with it; let one side of the portrait be more remote than the other from the lens by half an inch, and that side will appear 'drawn out' in the photograph. Therefore, the preliminaries take up some little time.

'Tell us when you are going to expose,' says the artist to the photographer. — 'We must remain quite still while the process is going on,' he explains to me. 'This floor is a trifle shaky, and the least vibration would spoil the lines.'

Accordingly, when the photographer declares himself ready, we betake ourselves to the tea-tray in the far corner of the room; and have settled down comfortably before he removes the lens-cap. I had imagined that a picture could be photographed in the few seconds required to take a living subject, and am astonished to hear that the 'exposure' must extend over at least half an hour.

'Half an hour when the light is good,' says the artist, pouring out tea; 'but we shall give Her Grace forty minutes this evening, as it's rather dull.'

The time passes quickly enough over tea, cigarettes, and chat. The artist demands my indignation with one of his clients whose behaviour has been most unreasonable from an artistic point of view. 'He gave me sittings for a month last February,' he says; 'and I told him I thought the picture would be finished in time for exhibition last year. Well, as it happened, my hand was out, and it wasn't finished in time; and he was disappointed about that. Then I had a lot to do, and kept it by me for a while, he having gone back to Scotland in the meantime. When I took it up again, I found I wanted a few more sittings, and asked him to come down for a day

or two. I got him down; but he wasn't at all pleased about it. And then, what d'you think? He said I had kept him waiting long enough, and he would be glad if I'd name the day I could send him the picture!'

I try very hard to look surprised at such conduct, but fail utterly. Not being an artist, my secret sympathies *will* lean towards the client who has been waiting over a year for the completion of his order; for there is the picture staring me in the face, destined for the 'New Gallery,' where it will spend another four months out of the owner's reach.

'People *are* so unreasonable,' continues the artist plaintively. 'What can it matter waiting a few months? They will get their pictures eventually.'

'What are you photographing the Duchess's portrait for?' I ask, by way of turning the subject; for the artist has worked himself into a quite unnecessary state of irritation.

'Her friends,' he replies shortly. 'People nearly always ask me to have their portraits photographed before they leave the studio; and a precious bother it is when I am pressed for time.'

At length the photographer replaces the lens-cap and wheels his camera aside.

'Come!' says the artist, jumping up; 'to work! We will begin with the Duchess: lend me a hand to lay her flat on her face on the floor and nail her up.'

It does not sound a respectful way of treating a Duchess; but under the artist's directions I spread a sheet on the floor and help him to lay the picture face downward thereon. 'Nailing up' is a very simple process: it consists of removing the wooden buttons which hold the canvas on its stretcher into the frame and substituting nails for them. The wedges at the corners of the stretcher are tapped home till the canvas is almost as tight as a drum-head, and the picture is then ready for its labels.

'Don't you pack them at all?' I inquire, as visions of priceless pictures rattling loose in a van over the London streets rise to my mind's eye.

'Not allowed,' replies the artist. 'They would not be received if sent in a case.'

'Aren't you afraid of accidents?' I ask, aghast.

'They don't often come to grief,' he answers carelessly; 'but I once saw a picture of —'s' (naming a famous R.A.) 'which had been pricked all over with a nail or gimlet or something. But *that* wasn't an accident; it was done intentionally, out of spite or mischief; but by whom, no one knows to this day.'

The Duchess is 'nailed up' now; so we restore her to the easel and turn to the 'Portrait of Miss W—.'

'Hold her up a moment whilst I put the sheet straight,' says the artist. 'She is standing on her head; but it doesn't matter.'

With a duster in each hand, to avoid tarnishing the new gilding of the frame, I stand, studying the curious effect of the light as it strikes through the canvas, showing up the flesh tints like a transparency. Suddenly I see something which draws an involuntary 'Oh!' from me.

'What's the matter?' asks the artist.

I feel myself growing pale as I break it to him. 'There is a hole in this picture—a ragged cut, an inch long.' I look round fearfully, half expecting to see the artist sink fainting on the floor.

But he doesn't do anything of the kind. He says calmly: 'Ah! Just wait till I've lighted my pipe, and I'll put it to rights.—Now, where is it?'

I point out the hole, which seems to have been made by a broad knife, close to 'Miss W——'s' shapely nose. It looks very serious; but in two minutes the artist has put with his palette knife a large varnish plaster on the back of the canvas, and only the closest scrutiny can discover the blemish in front. I don't know why it should be so; but the awe with which I regarded the artist's masterpieces is a little toned down by this trifle.

'Van's at the door, sir,' says William, the studio factotum, at this moment.

'Tell the man to wait,' replies the artist dreamily. He is absorbed in contemplation of his 'Portrait of a Lady,' and has no ear for mundane things. 'I must do it,' he says at last aloud to himself. 'There is something the matter with her knees.' He takes up his palette, and is beginning to dabble on it. I take him kindly but firmly by the arm.

'Look here,' I say; 'the van is waiting, and the pictures must be in by eight to-night. We have four more to nail up; and you have the labels to write for the whole lot. Is there time to do any touching up now?'

The artist put his paint-brush in his button-hole and looks at his watch. 'A quarter to seven!' he says in dismay. His palette is discarded, and in two seconds more he is at his desk scribbling 'labels' as fast as his pen will travel.

'Number One,' he says, writing. ('I always number them in the order I want them accepted, you know; if they take One, Two, and Three, they may reject Four if they like. You see?') ('Go on!' I interpellate.) 'Name—Portrait of H. G. the Duchess of —. That's right. One railway luggage label to hang over the front of the picture, and one to stick on the back of the frame. Get the paste-pot, like a good fellow, and stick them on.'

I obey; but as soon as I leave the artist's side, he is out of his chair muttering something about 'that woman's knees.'

William comes in again to say the vanmen are growing impatient.

'You will be late!' I cry, as I see the artist, brush in hand, before the 'Portrait of a Lady.' 'Can't you do what you want on varnishing-day?'

'Varnishing-day' is that on which exhibitors are admitted to the Academy to put any final touches they wish to their pictures. I haven't the least idea what or how much the artist has to do to those 'knees;' but I do see very plainly that if some one does not save him from himself, his whole array of pictures will be shut out as 'too late.'

It is no time to stand on ceremony. I summon William, and with his aid, forcibly remove the lady with the defective knees from her easel and lay her on the floor to nail up. The artist goes

unwillingly back to his desk to finish the labels, and at half-past seven everything is done. The men are called in, and in spite of the artist's 'help,' succeed in stowing the pictures safely in the van.

'I daresay they'll get up to Piccadilly by eight o'clock,' he says cheerfully, as the driver starts off his horse at a gallop. 'But if they don't, they don't.'

'And they'll be shut out?' I inquire.

'I suppose so,' replies the artist light-heartedly. 'Come in and have a pipe before you go. That woman's knees haunt me,' he adds with a sigh.

THEN AND NOW.

IN fables of the Golden Age

No more delight our poets seek,
For, now the North has waxed so sage,
The Goth is wiser than the Greek.

Before the might of Learning's powers,
The myths and wisdom of the Past
Have perished like the autumn flowers
Before the icy northern blast.

The scalpel and the microscope
Demand the laurel of the lyre:
Alas! what later bard can hope
To wake for these the ancient fire?

Sweeter it is to shut our eyes
To all that we have lived among,
And seek in dreams the sunny skies
And hills that saw the birth of song;

The time that held the Poet's name
As holy, and his native vale
Heard sweeter notes than ever came
From any thorn-stung nightingale;

When every youth whose soul was moved
To poetry from early years,
Was by the Muses well beloved,
And held in honour of his peers;

And every maid with mind above
The level of the vulgar throng,
Was priestess of the Queen of Love,
Or sibyl of the Lord of Song.

J. T. LEVENS.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 388.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 6, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

SMALL HOLDINGS.

THE overcrowded condition of our great towns, largely traceable to the migration from the country of the agricultural labourer, and the consequent increased competition for employment in town-life, taken in conjunction with the depopulated state of the rural districts, presents a social and economic problem which for some time past has attracted considerable attention. There appears to be a great and growing interest in the subject of Small Holdings, more especially since it is being dealt with in the British Parliament by the Government of the day. Unsatisfactory features of town population, such as the question of the 'unemployed' and similar evils, are held to have an immediate connection with the state of the land; and it is generally agreed that the existence of a numerous and prosperous peasantry conduces to national safety; while the more general distribution of land in Great Britain would have a most beneficial effect on the contentment of the people.

There is also practical concurrence in the view that an increase of small cultivators would be a distinct national and social gain; but opinions differ in regard to the economic advantages. The balance of evidence appears to be favourable to the greater productiveness of small holdings over large ones, and this is probably due to the industry exhibited by the small cultivator, who, even if only a tenant, has a direct personal interest in the results to be obtained.

There seems to be no doubt that landowners are now generally willing to devote land for the purpose of small holdings, the demand for which is unquestionably active in England and Wales, though less so in Scotland. In the latter country, it is believed that the rural population would more readily accept small tenancies; and even in England and Wales the ambition of small cultivators is apparently a good deal in that direction. This may be due to the fact that ownership entails certain responsibilities, which cannot be thrown up at any moment without perhaps entail-

ing a considerable loss; while a tenancy, on the other hand, gives comparative independence, with no prospect of any serious sacrifice on relinquishment.

It should be noted that this question of Small Holdings is distinct from that of Allotments. An allotment has been defined as a piece of land held and cultivated by a man who gains his living by weekly wages, and who cultivates such land with the primary object of supplying his family with vegetables and similar articles. Small holders—that is, holders of not less than one acre and not more than fifty acres—may be divided into two classes—one getting a living from the land by raising produce for sale; the other partially employed in some other occupation, but devoting spare time and money to cultivating land. The one relies on the land for subsistence; the other uses it as an additional means of subsistence.

Owing to the absence of trustworthy statistics, it is difficult to determine whether there has been of late a reduction in the number of small owners and cultivators of land. The consensus of opinion is, however, that until quite recently there has been a considerable diminution, the process having been checked by the difficulty in letting large farms, and perhaps by public opinion having changed in favour of small holdings. Up to the year 1851, the agricultural population was increasing; but from that year to 1881 it diminished; while the number of farmers, according to the census returns of 1881, is shown at almost exactly the same as in 1851, notwithstanding that three million acres have been added to the farmed area of the country. The number of farmhouses formerly inhabited in connection with small holdings, but now utilised to a large extent by agricultural labourers, confirm the inference that such holdings have been acquired by capitalists, in pursuance of the policy of consolidation which prevailed prior to the recent depression. Changes in methods of cultivation have conduced to a like result. For instance, the conversion of land into pasture entails the provision of build-

ings for wintering stock; and small owners, unequal to the outlay, sold their land to adjoining proprietors who possessed the necessary buildings. Recent experience has greatly modified this practice of consolidation, and many landowners are anxious to revert to smaller farms, but are debarred by the heavy expenditure necessary in providing buildings, which they are unable to afford, and which would not yield a sufficiently remunerative return.

Up to thirty years ago it was the avowed policy of leading statesmen to preserve as far as possible the practice of hereditary succession to handed property. This has been carried out directly by the law of settlement, and indirectly by the different taxation of real and personal property, the law of primogeniture, advances made by State aid for improvements, and the difference between the publicity of bills of sale and the private nature of mortgages. It will be observed that in all these cases the tendency of legislation had been to relieve the landlord from the necessity of finding ready-money, with a consequent disinclination on his part to sell land. The object has been to prevent the dispersion of large estates, and small holdings absorbed from time to time in such estates have remained attached to them; and thereafter, if purchasable at all, only in large quantities.

The enclosure of common and waste lands is another legislative cause for the diminution. Commonable rights, such as pasturage, fuel, and wood for repairs, are manifestly of extreme value to the small cultivator, and such rights necessarily ceased on enclosure. The labouring population, to some extent from ignorance, but mainly owing to poverty and consequent lack of representation, have been practically ignored in the settlement of enclosures. Actual commoners no doubt were recompensed by the possession of a freehold; and the sale of lands to pay enclosure expenses tended to increase the number of small owners, though probably only temporarily. On the other hand, the small owner, unconnected with a manor, and unable to prove a true prescriptive right, who had utilised an adjacent common for pasturage and so forth, lost his benefits on enclosure without receiving any compensation whatever. Between 1760 and 1867 nearly seven and a half million acres were thus enclosed; and although public interests have probably been promoted by the improvements effected, the practice has deprived the agricultural labouring class of facilities for and incentives to small cultivation.

An obstacle in the way of increasing the number of small holdings is found in the legal expenses incidental to land transfer, which are practically prohibitive to the class of persons from whom the would-be purchasers are drawn. Simplification of title with lessened cost would, it is believed, have a beneficial effect on the multiplication of small ownerships.

The existing facilities may be dismissed in a few words. Those afforded by legislation are the

provisions of the Building Society and Industrial and Provident Societies Acts. The terms of the Building Society Acts are general; and although the prevalent impression is that they apply only in towns, there seems to be nothing to prevent their being taken advantage of for the acquisition of small holdings. As a matter of fact the measures have been of very little avail for agricultural purposes.

In considering the further facilities to be afforded there are important objects to be kept in view. The intending occupier must be assisted by loans on reasonable terms if he is eventually to become owner; and the land must not only be available in different districts, but must be eligible for small cultivation and in plots of various sizes, to meet the varied requirements of the class of holders it is desirable to attract. For the State to undertake and administer transactions for the creation of small holdings would be an impossibility without a large staff of officials, involving heavy expense. Centralised management would probably fail to estimate local demand, to select suitable land, and successfully decide between conflicting applicants. These conclusions point to the local authorities as the instrumentality through which the increased facilities should be afforded.

It appears to be unnecessary to give local authorities compulsory powers for the purchase of land, as sufficient can doubtless be obtained by voluntary agreement. As regards the disposal of the land, it is unquestionably to the ratepayers' interest that a system of ownership should be adopted in preference to that of tenancies. For the local authorities to embark on a landlord's responsibilities would mean either losses in bad seasons by remissions of rent, or in not yielding to pressure for reductions they would become unpopular landlords, whose action would contrast unfavourably with that of private owners. Then, again, the system of purchase would obviate to a great extent the difficulty as to providing buildings. An owner will make every effort to supply himself with what is necessary, and gradually secure sufficient accommodation for his purpose. At the same time he will be providing additional security for the advance made to him.

Turning to the financial aspect of the scheme propounded by the Select Committee on Small Holdings, it is that five million pounds of public money should in the first instance be lent to local authorities in Great Britain, out of which they may advance to intending purchasers of land sums not exceeding three-fourths or four-fifths of the purchase-money. The suggested method of repayment has certainly the merit of novelty. It is not proposed that principal and interest should be repaid by fixed annual instalments, but that a principle to some extent analogous to the Scotch feu should be adopted. Repayment is to be effected on a plan which will allow of a periodic reduction of charge until it has reached a small proportion of the original amount, and this unpaid portion will be represented by a quit-rent or feu in perpetuity. By this system the owner will have in view successive reductions in his liabilities; while the local authorities will, by the time the repayment takes the shape of quit-rent, be almost able to pay their debts to the State, with the advantage of

being the perpetual holders of that rent in return for the use of their credit.

The scheme offers unexampled facilities to a section of the community which has fair claims to consideration, and it is recommended as affording a practical and unobjectionable way of meeting the demand for land nationalisation. The novelty of the proposals, however, makes it expedient that legislation should proceed tentatively and with caution. A measure on the foregoing lines has recently been unanimously read a second time in the House of Commons, and, subject to amendment in detail, will doubtless become law.

Another contributor writes to us from England on the practical aspect of small holdings :

So much has been written and argued on this subject, that, from a theoretical point of view, it would seem almost exhausted. But the writer having had practical experience, desires from this point to give some information. Eight years ago he became possessed of a property of about six hundred acres in a ring-fence, and at the end of five years the whole farm was thrown on his hands in a bankruptcy. There were heavy charges on the land in the way of taxes, rates, and mortgages ; but it was tithe-free. As no tenant could be found to hire the farm, the landlord let off what he could of it, and succeeded in the first four months of his efforts in getting enough taken to cover all the charges, amounting to about one hundred and seventy pounds.

With one exception, every tenant had started in life as a working-man, and with his savings he entered on the holding. The occupations varied from three to forty acres ; and the first set of tenants were four in number. The holdings have gone on increasing till there are now fourteen tenants. Some have done so well that they are taking more land ; and each year shows a wider margin of cultivation.

The land is chiefly arable, and the rent for most of this is £1, 6s. 8d. an acre, rates and taxes free, though some portions let for as much as £2, 5s. Only one of the tenants has a house ; but the buildings on the farm are reserved for their common use.

The tenants are chiefly labourers with savings, or else petty village tradesmen keeping a horse and cart or pigs. Two of them also are cow-keepers ; and to encourage this, special provision is made in the agreements for the growth of sainfoin in the fields, which, though the fact is not generally known, is a wonderful butter-producing forage. Sainfoin will last seven years in the land ; and when fed, instead of being constantly mown, will become the basis of an excellent meadow. The tenants all hold by written agreements as yearly tenants, and their rent is made payable quarterly. They are allowed to sell wheat straw and clover hay ; but in consideration of this, are bound to bring no charges on leaving, under Part Three of the first schedule of the Agricultural Holdings Act, 1887.

The working of the system so far has covered about half the property, and the gross rent for the holdings will amount for the ensuing year to £420. Three years ago they were only £176 ; two years ago, £196. It is believed that in three

years more they will reach £500, which was the rent of the property in 1886. It must not be imagined that there have been no drawbacks in this. Four of the tenants threw their holdings up at the end of the first year. Fresh tenants, however, are coming forward for them.

The initiatory work of mapping-out and measuring the land required no common care. Care, too, had to be exercised in the admission of tenants, and caution as to letting them have more land than they could manage. But the experiment has now gone on so far that the writer believes he has the elements of a self-improving village ; and that in time to come the young men will look forward to being small farmers under him, and find in their small holdings a useful employment for their savings.

The landlord himself farms one of these holdings, and he finds that by corn-growing alone he can pay the rent and cost of cultivation and get a fair profit also. He has done so even with wheat ; and in August last year he estimated that three acres of oats, and one of wheat, the total cost of growing which up to harvest had been ten pounds, would give him a return in grain and straw of over thirty pounds.

It is not generally known that in the present day, when the low price of wheat is put forward as a plea for lowered rents, wheat straw fetches such a high price that it alone will pay the rent and rates of the land which grows it. And it is observable that these small tenants look on their wheat as their special paying crop.

In conclusion, it must be added that the rents are not merely payable, but paid ; and the quarterly system of payments is found to work well.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

BY GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXV.—AND AFTER.

At the garden gate, Haviland Dumaresq met them, with that strange far-away look in his wandering eye which, as Psyche knew—though she knew not the cause—surely and certainly foreboded headache. His glance was dim and his step unsteady. At sight of them, however, he roused himself with an effort ; and raising his hat with that stately old-fashioned courtesy of his, which gave something of princeliness to Haviland Dumaresq's demeanour at all times, he invited Mrs Mansel to leave the pony standing at the gate, while she came in herself for a cup of tea in their little drawing-room.

'He won't stand,' Ida said ; 'but perhaps I can tie him ;' and with Dumaresq's help she proceeded to do so. Psyche could no longer contain her news. 'Papa, Papa,' she cried, 'have you heard what's happened ? It's all right ! Khartoum's relieved, and—Mr Linnell's safe again.'

It was the first time since the painter's departure that she had so much as mentioned his name to her father. Haviland Dumaresq started with surprise at the unexpected sound and at Psyche's blushes. The news seemed to rouse him and quicken his dulled sense. The far-away look

died out from his eyes, as he answered with a gasp that to Psyche said much: 'I'm glad to hear it; very glad to hear it. That young man's danger has weighed upon my soul not a little of late. I've thought at times perhaps I might have been in some degree answerable for having sent him out on that fool's errand. But all's well that ends well, thank goodness. Military events matter little as a rule to such as me. The silly persons by whose aid kings and statesmen play their deadly game of skill against one another count for not much individually on the stage of history. We reckon them by the head; so many hundreds or so many thousands swept off the board. Well, what's the next move? Check, Kaiser! check, Sultan!—But with this young man, it was a different matter. He had burst into our horizon and crossed our orbits. The comet that swims once distinctly into your ken interests you far more than the crowd of meteors that career unseen through the infinity of heaven.' He rang the bell for the one tidy maid-of-all-work. 'Maria, tea!' he said with a lordly gesture, in the voice in which a sovereign might give commands for an imperial banquet to chamberlains and seneschals.

'The government must be infinitely relieved at this success,' Mrs Mansel remarked, trying to break the current of the subject; for this narrow and somewhat provincial insistence upon the fate of the one young man whom they all happened to know personally vexed her righteous Girtonian soul by its want of expansiveness. Why harp for ever on a single human life, when population tends always to increase in a geometrical ratio beyond the means of subsistence?

'Yes,' Dumaresq echoed, away up among the clouds still, but bringing back the pendulum with a rush to Linnell once more. 'No doubt; no doubt.—And I'm relieved myself. I, too, had sent my own private Gordon to the Soudan unawares; and it's cost me no little in mental expeditions to raise the siege and release him unconditionally. But no matter now, no matter now.—It's all over. He'll come back before long—and then I'll be able to pay him at last for the portrait he thrust upon me, uncommissioned, before leaving England.'

Psyche glanced up at it where it hung on the wall—that portrait of her father that she had so loved and watched through these weary months long—that portrait into which, as she often fancied, Linnell had poured the whole strength and energy of his pent-up nature. Ida Mansel's eyes followed hers to the picture. 'It's a most striking piece of work, certainly,' the Girton-bred lady remarked with condescending grace. 'Not niggled and over-elaborated, like so many of Mr Linnell's performances. As a rule, our friend seems to me to walk backwards and forwards too much while he's painting a canvas. I often advised him to sit more still. If you watch any of the great masters at work, I always say, you'll see them seated so close at their easels, and so certain of the value of every particular touch, that they never need to look at the total effect they're producing at all. That's art: that's the master's way of working. Corot said there were certain pictures of his which he never really saw in any true sense of the word till they'd been signed and framed and sold and

paid for. How much better that than this perpetual niggling!'

'I think Mr Linnell paints beautifully,' Psyche cried all aglow, her heart beating hard in righteous indignation at the bare idea that any one could venture thus coldly to criticise her divine painter at the very moment when he had just escaped from that deadly peril of his life in Africa. 'And as to niggling,' she went on, emboldened by love into something that dangerously approached art-criticism, 'it seemed to me, when I watched him at work, every touch he added to the pictures, and especially to Papa's, brought them one degree nearer to truth and nature.'

Mrs Mansel looked up with half-contemptuous surprise. This country-bred girl, who had never even seen an Academy or a Salon, far less the Vatican or the Pitti Palace—this village child give *her* lessons in æsthetics! 'You may niggle and niggle away as long as you like,' she answered coldly, 'but you can never get the thousands of leaves that quiver on an aspen, or the myriads of tiny lines and curves and shadows that go to make up one human face of ours. Not mechanical accuracy and embarrassed detail make the great artist: a judicious parsimony of touch and wealth of suggestion are what go to produce true pictures.'

Psyche gazed up at the portrait reverently—and was silent. In the matter of mere technique she felt herself wholly unfit to pit her own criticism against Ida Mansel's; but as a faithful exposition of all that was best and greatest in Haviland Dumaresq's face and figure—the man himself, and the soul that was in him, not the mere outer body and husk and shell of him—she felt certain in her own heart Linnell's picture was a triumphant success and a veritable masterpiece. And all the world has since justified her. The philosophic depth, the logical clearness, the epigrammatic power, the proud reserve, the stoical heroism, the grand self-restraint and endurance of the man—all these were faithfully mirrored or delicately suggested in the endless lines of that admirable portrait: not a shade but spoke Haviland Dumaresq's character; not a tone of expression but helped to swell the general sense of a forceful and self-sufficing individuality. To look upon it one could almost see those proud lips part, and hear that calm and measured voice say in haughty self-consciousness, as once to Linnell: 'I must go through the world in my own orbit, come what may. I move on my circuit, undeterred and unswerving.'

Ida Mansel, indeed, with her Girton-bred precision and her cultivated narrowness! She to pretend to sit in judgment upon such a soul as Charles Linnell's! Could she see in original or in portrait either those traits that Psyche admired the most? Could she understand the real granite greatness of Dumaresq's character, or the piercing insight with which Linnell had read it in his face and impressed it in imperishable colours upon his canvas? Did she know what the highest side of art was aiming at, at all? 'The worst of this cut-and-dried modern higher education,' Psyche thought to herself, falling for the nonce into that hereditary trick of unconscious generalisation, 'is that it educates women beyond their natural powers, and tries to raise them into

planes of thought for which nature and descent have never equipped them beforehand.'

But what, in her happiness, did she care for such strictures? Her painter was safe, and she could afford to laugh at them.

'It's a very good portrait, though,' her father said, taking up the cudgels half unconsciously for his daughter's lover. 'I don't pretend to understand its technical qualities myself, of course—art, I suppose, can only be adequately judged or understood by those who themselves have essayed and appraised its practical difficulties: but if I know how to read my own character (and I think I do, from an objective stand-point), Linnell, it seems to me, has managed to put it very cleverly on canvas. In considering a portrait'—

But even as he spoke, he was interrupted by Reginald Mansel's sudden incursion, holding in one hand an evening paper, and all agog with ill-suppressed excitement at the strange and unexpected tidings contained in it. Psyche knew in a moment what their neighbour had come for. He had just learned the news of the relief of Khartoum!

'Seen to-night's *Pall Mall*?' he asked with emphasis as he burst in with the eager face of a man who comes as the bearer of important information.

'No,' Dumaresq answered. 'But we've heard the news already, for all that. Mrs Mansel and Psyche brought it from Melbury. I'm glad they've succeeded at last in getting there.'

Mansel stared back at him in mute surprise. 'Glad?' he exclaimed, bewildered. 'Glad? Glad of what? I know you're little interested in military affairs, and push your horror of war to an extreme; but, hang it all, Dumaresq, you'll admit yourself this is going a little too far for anything. Glad that the Mahdi's got into Khartoum! Glad that our people have all had their throats cut by those rampant savages!'

Dumaresq clutched the paper with a thrill of astonishment. 'Had their throats cut?' he cried, gasping. 'And by those savages, too?—Why, what do you mean, Mansel? They told us all was well at Khartoum.'

Mansel shook his head as he pointed with his finger to the latest telegrams. 'No, no,' he answered testily. 'That's all wrong, all unfounded. Here's the genuine news from the seat of war. Wilson's steamers have got up to Khartoum, only to find the city taken, and Gordon and every Christian soul in the place massacred in cold blood by the Mahdi's people.'

For a minute or two Dumaresq, Mrs Mansel, and her husband all gazed together at the fatal telegram. Absorbed in the news, they forgot all else. The philosopher wrung his hands in horror. 'Poor Linnell!' he cried, half under his breath. 'I acted for the best! I acted for the best! But I did wrong, perhaps, in dismissing him so abruptly.'

Mrs Mansel turned round to look after her friend. 'Goodness gracious!' she exclaimed, with a little scream of horror, 'just look at Psyche!'

They turned and saw. The shock had unnerved her.

Psyche was sitting bolt upright in her chair.

Her cheeks were pale and white as death. Her bloodless hands lay motionless on her knees. Her eyes were staring wide open in front of her. But she saw nothing, heard nothing, felt nothing, knew nothing. She was cold as if dead. Had the shock killed her?

That self-same evening, in Chancery Lane, at the office of Messrs Burchell and Dobbs, family solicitors, the senior partner in that flourishing firm looked up from his perusal of the *St James's Gazette* and remarked reflectively: 'I say, Dobbs, that poor client of ours, C. A. Linnell—you remember—must have been one of the fellows murdered in this Khartoum massacre.'

Dobbs glanced aside from his *Echo* and murmured in response: 'By Jove, so he must. He was out there, wasn't he? I'm sorry for him, poor fellow! A first-rate client! He must have been worth us four hundred a year.—And I say, Burchell, consols'll go down to some tune on this news too, won't they?'

'Fallen already,' his partner answered, consulting his tape and pursing his lips up. 'Stock exchange feels these pulses so instantaneously.—Look here,' and he rang the electric bell at his side: 'Brooks, will you bring Mr Linnell's box to me?'

The clerk brought it; and Mr Burchell opened it deliberately and glanced over the will. 'Aha!' he said, laying it down with some obvious unction. 'Precious lucky young woman, whoever she may be, Miss Psyche Dumaresq! Sounds like an actress: some casual love of his. Jolly glad she'd be this minute if only she knew the good luck in store for her. I thought I remembered it. Miss Psyche Dumaresq! Linnell's left her every blessed penny!'

'No!' Mr Dobbs replied, screwing up his mouth and laying down his *Echo*.

'Yes, every penny, to "Psyche, daughter of Haviland Dumaresq, Esquire, of Petherton!"'

'The family'll dispute it!' Mr Dobbs exclaimed, scenting prey upon the breeze and whetting his appetite.

'They can't!' his partner responded with cheerful certainty. 'There are none of them left. There's nobody to dispute with her. Sir Austen was the only relative Linnell had living; and Sir Austen was out at Khartoum along with him. Both of them had their throats cut at once, no doubt.—Precious lucky young woman, Miss Psyche Dumaresq.'

And all the time, Miss Psyche Dumaresq, unconscious of her luck, and most other circumstances, was sitting white as death in her chair at Petherton, with her open blue eyes staring blankly in front of her, and her dead numb hands hanging down like a corpse's.

'Shall you write and inform her,' Mr Dobbs asked, with his fat face screwed up, 'or wait for details and further confirmation? It's more business-like, of course, to wait for details; but promptitude often secures a new client. And eight thousand a year's not to be sneezed at.'

'No good,' Mr Burchell responded, still scanning the will and shaking his head. 'I have Linnell's own express instructions not to write to her about it till a year's elapsed.—Dumaresq—Dumaresq—let me see—Dumaresq. There's a fellow of the name writes sometimes, I think,

in the *Westminster* or the *Fortnightly*. His daughter, no doubt: perhaps she jilted him. And a precious lucky thing for Miss Psyche Dumaresq.'

THE BLUE-COAT SCHOOL.

ABOUT half-past twelve o'clock in the day there is generally a small crowd to be found in front of some railings in Newgate Street, gazing earnestly through at the Blue-coat boys at play. The Blue-coat boys! What dweller in London is not familiar with their odd though scarcely picturesque little figures? Dressed in their long blue coats, with a narrow leathern girdle round the waist, their knee-breeches, yellow stockings, and low shoes, they appear, but for their bare heads, almost exactly to-day as they did in the reign of Edward VI. We are so much accustomed to them, that the thought seldom strikes us how strangely out of keeping they and their school are with this nineteenth century of change and reform. Buried in the heart of the great city, Christ's Hospital has yet survived the destruction which has befallen so many similar institutions, and remains a dignified old-world building, lost in the midst of dingy streets and dingier shops and offices. How long it may still be left in peace is a matter of doubt. Already there are more than whispers that soon the love of reform and the greed of gain will drive the school from its ancient home into the country. Then the Hospital buildings will be swept away, and the funds of the school enriched with the rents obtained from their site.

Quite recently the building was threatened with destruction by a fire which broke out in one of the dormitories. The boys' brigade did good service in keeping down the flames until the arrival of the engines, and in a short time the fire was extinguished. This seemed like a beginning of the end—a warning of what was to come. So I determined to seize an early opportunity of visiting the quaint old place, before the power to do so was taken away from me for ever.

Standing in the playground and watching the boys careering madly around, I could not help wondering on what plea the destruction of the school could be accomplished. Others of the same kind have been doomed on the ground that their situation was unhealthy. But this excuse will not hold in the case of Christ's Hospital. The quadrangle which forms the playground is large and open, and the boys are as healthy and high-spirited as the heart of a parent could desire.

'It seems a pity,' I thought, 'that a place so interesting should disappear. This was the school of Charles Lamb and of Coleridge, and of many others with names as widely known. Its history is marked from its earliest beginning not only with the names of eminent men who here have learned and played in their boyhood, but also with those of kings, statesmen, writers, architects, who from time to time have given their assistance in adding to its glory.'

A bell ringing sharply recalled me from my historical reminiscences to the present. The bell was rung to summon certain of the boys to lay the cloth in the Hall for the one o'clock dinner. Soon after a second bell rang to warn all the

boys to wash their hands. This necessary operation several of the young scamps performed in an unauthorised manner at the pump in the playground, drying their hands on their pocket-handkerchiefs. Then a bugle-call sounded through the quadrangle, and soon the whole school was assembled under the eye of a drill-sergeant. At the word of command, they formed into little companies, the band struck up a stirring march, and the mimic army paraded round the playground. Each company had a small standard-bearer, who carried a very little flag with the number of the squad upon it. The band was a brass one, fully equipped down to the big drum, the musicians being all boys of the school; and very well they played, too, an occasional wheeze notwithstanding. Little boys acted the part of music-stands, and held themselves straight and stiff under the ordeal. But the moment they were released, off they went with a whoop and a slide.

It is well known that caps originally formed part of the Blue-coat boys' costumes. These were discarded about thirty years ago, though for what reason I could never ascertain. Often it had struck me that their bareheaded condition must be extremely dangerous in case of a hot sun; but as I watched them filing past into the Hall, this fear was effectually allayed. Such mats of hair were far too thick for any sun's rays to penetrate. Another peculiarity about the boys, very noticeable in these days of weak-eyed school-children, was the almost total absence of spectacles, and I wondered what could account for this.

Some of the boys wore badges like large white medals on their right or left shoulders. These are the mathematical, otherwise known as the 'King's boys,' because their side of the school was originally founded by Charles II. 'King's boys' are taught navigation, and are bound to go to sea when they leave school. As is the case in most old grammar schools, the main subject taught in Christ's Hospital is classics, hence the head boys of the school are called 'Grecians.'

When the boys were at last all assembled in the Hall, a beadle locked the door. A Grecian mounted the pulpit on the right-hand side of the room and read a fairly long grace. Then the door was unlocked, and babel commenced. The dining-hall was built in 1825, and is considered to be the second finest in London, second only to Westminster. At one end of it is an organ gallery, reached by a narrow crooked stair, which is open to visitors after grace has been said. From it a very good view of the curious scene can be obtained. The Hall is long, narrow, and lofty; and when somewhere near eight hundred boys are collected together in it, it will be easily understood that the sound which arises to the roof is no murmur. In spite of the numerous windows, the light is very dim, which increases the singularity of the scene. There are said to be several fine pictures in the Hall; but their faded colours together with the dim light rendered them almost indistinguishable from the gallery in which I stood.

No fewer than seventeen long trestle-tables were laid for the dinner. At the end of each stood a matron, whose duty it was to carve for and serve the boys around her board. Waiting

at table was done by a number of boys told off for the purpose. Monitors marched up and down between the tables the whole time to maintain some small amount of order, though their efforts were largely in vain. These poor creatures had to get their dinner when they could. Such is the price of honour! 'Laying the cloth' must be here a very simple matter, as all articles not absolutely necessary are dispensed with. The tables are covered with cloths more or less white, but generally less, and bearing marked traces of the kind of handling they receive. Three-pronged steel forks and black-handled knives are the only ones in vogue, and the place of tumblers is taken by white delf articles like mugs without handles. Food there is in plenty, and the waste of it by these thoughtless youngsters very great. Where bread is so plentiful, what does it matter if crusts are left uneaten, and crumb is employed in making neat little pellets with which to sting other boys' ears?

As a rule, the dinner consists of one course, so the meal is soon despatched. Then a scene of indescribable confusion follows. The boys swoop down upon the tables, and in the twinkling of an eye everything is cleared away. Small boys carry off the salt-cellars and water-mugs in baskets almost as large as themselves; the table-cloths are bundled up in a manner which would make an ordinary housemaid lift up her hands in horror; and the important process of clearing away is over. Out rush the boys helter-skelter; no forming into line and no marching this time.

During several Sundays in the year—that is, from Quinquagesima to Easter Sunday inclusive—what are called 'Suppings in public' are held in the Hall. On these occasions tickets of admission are issued to the public by the governors of the school. The supper consists of bread and cheese and beer, the cheese being placed in wooden bowls, and the beer drunk from wooden piggins. Visitors are not confined to the organ gallery, but walk between the tables, watching the boys at their food. This sight may be very interesting, but is it not also degrading for the boys in its close resemblance to the feeding-time in a menagerie?

The wards where the boys sleep are a curious sight with their rows on rows of little beds and almost total absence of any other furniture. I should not think extremely restive youngsters would manage very well with those beds, they seemed so very narrow. The boys make their own, which looked tidy enough, covered and tucked up all round with their blue coverlets. But I didn't inspect appearances below the counterpane. At the foot of the bed is a small box, in which the owner keeps his cakes and all those miscellaneous articles so dear to a boy's heart.

The Grecian of the ward is promoted to the dignity of a study, a little box of a place by no means big enough to swing a cat in. Here he sits enthroned in solitary grandeur, and keeps watch over the smaller fry in the ward, who get into mischief at the slightest opportunity. Each ward has its own linen room, and the sight of the piles of yellow stockings lying there awaiting repair is enough to make one shudder. The matron and her maid are responsible for the

darning and patching of the holes which somehow manage to come into all boys' garments. Think of doing all the mending for a family of about fifty boys, ranging from eight to fifteen years of age!

But the lavatory crowns all. It consists of a row of taps placed about two feet above the ground, and a trough into which the water runs. This is where the boys perform their morning ablutions, the only method they can adopt being to stoop and place their heads under the tap, letting the water run over them. A very primitive method of washing one's self, and a somewhat uncivilised one! Really, when I considered this thing, and indeed the extremely rough and uncouth method of living altogether, I could not but think that a change, if it brought about a reform in many of the domestic arrangements of the school, would not be entirely a matter of regret. It passed my comprehension how parents could voluntarily send their delicately-nurtured children to such a place.

'That may be all very fine,' possibly it is urged; 'but what can you expect in a charity school, where the children are taken almost from the streets? It is not in the least likely that the boys are accustomed to many elegances and luxuries at home, and so they won't miss them at school.'

This would be all very true if the Hospital had been kept to the original purpose for which it was instituted; but this is not at all the case. Presentations are in the hands of the governors, and what more natural than that they should misuse their power? Abuses crept in almost from the time of the founding of the school, and to-day the rich reap the benefit of the endowment as much as the poor, if not more. It is not right that such things should be.

At the present time the Hospital enjoys an income of about sixty thousand pounds, derived from various sources. Part of this sum is bestowed on boys leaving school in the form of exhibitions and scholarships to the universities and of apprentice fees.

Not the least of the objections, which can be urged against the manner in which the school has been conducted, is the small proportion of its benefits which is enjoyed by girls. Originally, as all old records show, boys and girls stood on an equal footing. Now, there are about one thousand boys on the foundation and only ninety girls. Such a contrast speaks for itself. A scheme, however, is, I believe, on foot whereby girls will be restored to something like their former position.

Apocryphal of the time when the Hospital was really and not nominally a school for boys and girls, a quaint story is told by Samuel Pepys, the well-known worthy of Charles II.'s day. In writing to a Mrs Steward, Pepys says: 'One thing there is indeed that comes in my way as a governor to hear of, which carries a little mirth with it, and indeed is very odd. Two wealthy citizens are lately dead, and left their estates, one to a Blue-coat boy, and the other to a Blue-coat girl, in Christ's Hospital. The extraordinariness of which has led some of the magistrates to carry it on to a match, which is ended in a public wedding; he in his habit of blue satin, led by two of the girls; and she in

blue, with an apron green, and petticoat yellow, all of sarsnet, led by two of the boys of the house, through Cheapside to Guildhall Chapel, where they were married by the Dean of St Paul's, she given by my Lord Mayor.'

Down in the quadrangle near the entrance is a little place which the boys call their 'tuck-shop.' This is presided over by a man who is privileged to sell sweets, &c. to the boys of the school. His father was a Blue-coat boy years ago.

Over the entrance-gate of the school stands a statue of Edward VI., who is generally accredited with being the founder of the Hospital. To the face of this image, time and weather, together with the original sculptor, have given an expression of smug and sanctimonious self-complacency, very grotesque, and somewhat suggestive of what boys would call a 'sneak.' How much longer will this funny little figure be permitted to preside over the fortunes of the old school? At present even the authorities do not seem to know. Great changes are, however, expected by all in the near future. Let us hope that, whatever they may be, the claims of the poor of both sexes will not be neglected.

MRS HARRINGTON'S DIAMOND NECKLACE.

By DENZIL VANE.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

MRS HARRINGTON, of Harrington Hall, Grass-shire, should have known better, her friends told each other, than to throw a young, handsome, attractive, but penniless man, into company with a romantic girl of eighteen, who enjoyed the double privilege of being an heiress and a beauty. There was certainly no doubt about Gladys Harrington's claim to the latter title; she was tall, gracefully formed, elegant in all her movements, and she had the most radiant complexion, and the largest and softest brown eyes it is possible to imagine. As to her wealth, that also was beyond dispute. Though the Harrington estates were entailed on her half-brother, a boy of ten years old, the young lady would inherit, on attaining her majority, a fortune of forty thousand pounds; for Squire Harrington had been not only a large landed proprietor, but the owner of extensive collieries in the north of England.

Left a widow soon after the birth of her son, Mrs Harrington had lived a very retired life, devoting herself to the education of her children. Society in Grass-shire had for some years busied itself in discussing the probabilities as to the second marriage of the rich and still young widow. But now popular attention was turned to her step-daughter, Gladys; therefore, when it was noised about in the county that Mrs Harrington had been so imprudent as to engage a tutor under thirty years old to educate the heir of all the Harringtons, instead of selecting some learned graybeard or solemn-faced M.A. on the wrong side of fifty, popular opinion was all against her.

'I should think a woman with any knowledge of the world and of human nature would have foreseen the inevitable consequences of bringing such a man as Mr Ralph Cunningham into daily

association with an impulsive, unsophisticated girl like dear Gladys,' remarked Mrs Lamprey of St Kilda's Grange. She was the happy mother of six marriageable but unmarried daughters. Ill-natured people smiled, and whispered to each other that even a 'detrimental' such as Mr Ralph Cunningham would not have been an unacceptable suitor for the hand of any one of the Miss Lampreys, honest Squire Lamprey being a comparatively poor man, and his daughters neither pretty nor attractive. Besides, eligible young men were scarce in Grass-shire.

'Yes, and dear Gladys is so—so very unconventional,' added Mrs Smalman, the Rector's wife, to whom the remark recorded above was addressed. 'Perhaps it is the result of her singular bringing-up. She has lived too much alone, poor dear child; and her step-mother is not altogether the right sort of woman to have the care of a girl like Gladys. Mrs Harrington is so—so unsympathetic. Do you know, dear Mrs Lamprey, that sometimes I feel quite—quite uncomfortable when she looks at me with those curious bright gray eyes of hers?' finished the Rectoress with an affected little shiver.

And so the busybodies of the neighbourhood talked, while events at Harrington Hall were slowly ripening to the climax which every one declared to be inevitable. Gladys and her little brother's tutor saw a great deal of each other, for the heiress had a taste for English literature, and Ralph Cunningham was always ready to assist her in her studies. Together they read Keats and Shelley, Tennyson and Browning, and selections from Rossetti and Swinburne. Now, when two young people of suitable age and of equal personal attractions discover that their tastes are identical; when a young man of six-and-twenty and a charming girl of eighteen bend day after day over volumes of beautiful poetry; when the aforesaid young man has the delightful task of pointing out favourite passages in his favourite poems to an appreciative and intensely sympathetic listener who has glorious eyes and a divinely responsive smile, it is not difficult to guess that admiration will speedily blossom into love.

Before Mr Ralph Cunningham had been domiciled at Harrington Hall two months, the calamity predicted by the wiseheads of Grass-shire occurred. One day, when Ralph was initiating his charming pupil into the beauties of the 'Epipsychidion,' a glance was exchanged, a word or two was spoken, which changed the lives of both. Ralph, who was an honourable young fellow, had not intended to reveal his passion; but at six-and-twenty, one cannot be always on one's guard, and he had read something in Gladys' eyes which had, so to speak, drawn those daring words from his heart. Gladys, with the enthusiasm and carelessness of the future characteristic of eighteen, had gone at once to her step-mother and declared her intention of marrying Mr Ralph Cunningham.

Mrs Harrington, who, for some reason known only to herself, had taken a violent dislike to the tutor, was, however, wise enough not to make a scene. She did not order Mr Cunningham out of the house, or send Miss Gladys off in disgrace to school. She only darted one glance of contempt at the girl's glowing face, only folded her lips together in an expression that was not exactly

pleasant, and then gravely said: 'My dear Gladys, you are just eighteen, and Mr Ralph Cunningham is the only really agreeable man you have ever met. Do you think you will admire him as much ten years hence as you do now?'

'I shall never, never care for any other man. I will marry him or be an old maid,' cried Miss Gladys.

'Very well, my dear; you cannot marry without my consent for three years. I should fail in my duty if I gave it under the present circumstances. I do not approve of Mr Cunningham as a suitor for your hand. I believe him to be entirely unworthy of your affection. When you are of age, you can please yourself, and bestow yourself and your fortune on any adventurer or fortune-hunter you please.'

'Oh mamma, how dare you imply that Ralph is a fortune-hunter!' Here a sudden burst of passionate weeping followed; and Mrs Harrington, who hated scenes, calmly swept out of the room, leaving Gladys to brood indignantly over her words. There, an hour later, Ralph found her with flushed cheeks and eyes full of tears. He had very little difficulty in drawing from her all that had occurred.

'Gladys,' said Ralph gravely, 'I see but one course open to me. As a man of honour, I cannot remain here unless Mrs Harrington'—

'Oh Ralph, what is to become of me, shut up here alone with mamma! If you go, this house will be like a prison. I shall die of wretchedness.'

'Then, darling, marry me at once, and'—

'I cannot—at least not yet. When I am twenty-one I shall be my own mistress. Besides,' she added with one of her brightest smiles, 'I should forfeit my fortune if I married you now—and—and I want to give my money to you.'

The simplicity of her manner was in such strange contrast to the wisdom which seemed almost worldly, that Ralph was fairly dumfounded. Gladys, like most of her sex, was at once impulsive and timid, simple and cunning—a mass of contradictions, and yet was most lovable in spite of them all.

'You dear little wise woman,' cried Ralph, clasping her in his arms, 'I will be guided entirely by you. If you bid me stay here, I will stay. If you command it, I will wear my chain, and go on teaching Freddy his Latin grammar for three mortal years.'

'And bear mamma's frowns too?'

'So long as *you* smile, dearest, all other women in the world may frown and I shall smile.'

'That sounds almost like a quotation from one of our poets; is it?'

'No; it is all my own,' retorted Ralph with a laugh. 'Then,' he went on in a more serious tone, 'there is to be a sort of armed neutrality between Mrs Harrington and myself—unless she dismisses me,' he finished gloomily.

'She will not do that. Mamma is a very clever woman; she will not take any step which might drive me—to—to'—

'Marriage?' suggested Ralph.

Gladys nodded, and then laughed with such evident enjoyment and glee, that Ralph was once more puzzled by the strange complexity of this mere child's character.

And so matters went on at Harrington Hall

for several weeks. Mrs Harrington behaved with studied courtesy to the tutor, who, on his side, strove to look and act as if those momentous words had never been spoken between Gladys and her step-mother. To all appearance, he was only Freddy's paid instructor, and Miss Harrington's honorary Professor of Literature. The readings from the poets were continued; but master and pupil talked more than they read.

Sometimes, the curiously-still, malicious expression of Mrs Harrington's eyes as they met his across the breakfast or dinner table woke an indefinable dread in Ralph's breast. He had an uncomfortable feeling that Mrs Harrington would stick at nothing in order to sow dissension between him and Gladys. He dreaded he knew not what. It was like living on the slopes of a volcano; any moment a torrent of lava might overwhelm the fair seeming of their lives.

One night, on retiring to his own room, Ralph saw something on the carpet that startled him almost as much as the footprint on the sea-sand did Robinson Crusoe. It was only a tassel of jet and steel beads; but a cold shiver of apprehension stole over Ralph as he picked it up and placed it on the dressing-table. That evening at dinner Mrs Harrington had worn a black satin gown ornamented with precisely similar tassels.

'What could have been her motive in coming to my room?' thought the tutor. 'That she has done me the honour of paying me a domiciliary visit is, to my mind, conclusively proved by this small memento.' Here he picked up the bunch of beads and examined it meditatively. 'I daresay she has ransacked my possessions; but the question is—Why? Did she expect to find love-letters from Gladys? If so, I fear she was disappointed.'

For quite half an hour Ralph stood holding the tassel in his hand, ruminating on the extraordinary circumstance that had brought it into his possession; then suddenly bethinking himself that, as it was not yet eleven o'clock, he might get a letter or two written before going to bed, he went to the writing-table where stood his desk and opened it leisurely. 'I may as well put this out of sight,' he thought, smiling as he dropped the 'memento' in the pen-tray inside the desk. 'It would be rather good fun to return it to Mrs Harrington in the morning. I wonder what she would say?'

Having written his letters, he still felt disinclined for bed. Old habits of night-study still survived from his college days. There were half-a-dozen or so of his favourite volumes in his portmanteau; he determined to select one and read until he felt sleepy.

But in turning over the contents of the portmanteau he made a second discovery that startled him a good deal more than the former one—a discovery which brought out cold beads of perspiration on his forehead. His worst forebodings had been realised. Sleep was out of the question for that night, and Ralph spent the long hours until the day dawned in meditation that was neither agreeable nor profitable, for he had found out the motive of the strange domiciliary visit on the part of Gladys' handsome step-mother. But the discovery brought him new food for

thought, for it opened up a prospect that filled him with dismay.

At breakfast the next morning, both Mrs Harrington and Gladys seemed as calm and self-possessed as usual; they greeted the tutor with more than their customary graciousness, and though Ralph watched the elder lady narrowly, he could detect no change in that handsome impassive face of hers. 'What a grand actress the woman would have made!' he thought. 'Not the quiver of an eyelash betrays her!'

It needed a strong effort on his part to talk naturally during the progress of the meal, and once or twice he caught Gladys' eyes fixed inquiringly on him. He resolved to take her into his confidence, for he felt that it would be impossible to hide his secret from her; for the intuition of love had enabled her to find out that something troubled the man she loved.

'Woman's wit may find a way to baffle woman's wit,' he thought with a smile as he followed Gladys into the garden after breakfast. 'Wise mother, wiser daughter—to paraphrase the oft-quoted Latin line.'

Gladys' counsel seemed to dispel the cloud of anxiety and depression that had enveloped Ralph during the night. An hour later he passed into the study with a serene brow and devoted himself as usual to his tutorial duties.

The young master of Harrington Hall was a delicate and docile child, and Ralph, who had all a strong man's tenderness for those weaker, mentally or physically, than himself, always treated his gentle little pupil with a kindness that bordered on indulgence. And the boy had attached himself to Ralph with an affection so strong that his mother's jealousy had been aroused, and so fuel was added to the fire that had been lighted by Gladys' avowed preference for the penniless tutor.

'Promise that you will never leave me, Mr Cunningham,' said Freddy, suddenly looking up from his Latin grammar with a wistful look in his big brown eyes. 'I couldn't bear to learn of anybody else; and mamma says I needn't go to school until I grow big and strong like other boys.'

'What put that into your head, my boy?—I have no intention of leaving the Hall at present.'

'Oh, I don't know—only mamma said something that made me anxious,' replied the child, flushing up; 'and—and I had a horrid dream about you last night.'

'Come, my boy; surely you don't believe in dreams, you know the stuff they're made of—too many sweets and too much cake,' answered Ralph, trying to laugh.

But Freddy's little face was still grave, and a frightened expression came into his eyes. 'I dreamt about mamma too,' he whispered, looking round with a scared look, painful to see. 'I don't think mamma likes you, Mr Cunningham,' he added; 'and—and sometimes her eyes frighten me—even when—when she kisses me and holds me so tight in her arms.'

'I don't wonder,' thought the tutor as he remembered a certain cold, malicious glitter that sometimes lighted Mrs Harrington's fine eyes. But aloud he bade Freddy attend to his lessons and think no more of such an unimportant thing as a nightmare dream.

Tutor and pupil worked on steadily until nearly mid-day, when both received a most unexpected summons from Mrs Harrington's own maid, a tall, slender, and very quietly but elegantly dressed woman of about thirty-five, who had long been in service at the Hall.

'My mistress wishes to see you in the saloon, sir, and she bade me tell you to bring Master Harrington with you,' she said in her usual low and respectful tones.

'Certainly,' replied the tutor, rising with a smile.—'Come, Freddy.'

'The curtain is about to rise on the second act of the comedy,' he said to himself as he took the child's hand and followed the maid to the saloon, a large and splendid room, that served as an inner hall, and into which most of the rooms on the ground-floor opened. There he found not only Mrs Harrington and Gladys, but every man and woman who lived under the roof-tree of Harrington Hall.

'I see that Madame contemplates a *coup-dé-théâtre*,' he thought, rapidly exchanging glances with Gladys, who looked a trifle pale and anxious. 'The scene is well arranged; but I fear the "great situation" she contemplates will not make the effect she aims at.'

LACE AND ITS VARIETIES.

At the present time there is a strong tendency towards the artistic in all things connected with daily life. It is considered, and there is wisdom in the idea, that beauty added to an object does not detract from its usefulness, but rather increases it. Articles in every-day request do not serve their purpose less truly if they please the eye, and by grace of form and beauty of colouring educate the nature to find something of the artist's pleasure in the ordinary things which make the setting and framework of daily life. This strong artistic impulse has shown itself in some directions in a reaction in favour of mediæval types in articles both decorative and useful. Old china, ancient jewellery, antique furniture, are eagerly sought after; and old Lace, after having been consigned almost to complete oblivion, has once more reappeared out of the buried past, to delight an age which dotes on antiquity with its fragile filmy tissues.

The airy network of the spider's web may have first suggested to Barbara Utman, the wife of a German burgess, the idea of Pillow-lace, which was invented by her about the middle of the sixteenth century at St Annaberg, in Saxony, where she lived. It was at first called Bone-lace, from the bone-pins which were used to twist the thread round in forming the pattern; and becoming exceedingly popular, it soon spread into the Netherlands, and thence to France.

Long, however, before the date of Barbara Utman's discovery, the Flemish nuns in their convents near Ghent had discovered Point-lace; and in the end of the fourteenth and beginning of the fifteenth centuries, much of this beautiful and truly artistic lace was produced. This triumph of mediæval needlework was, however, scarcely so much an invention as a development of a separate inferior art called 'Lacis.' This was a variety of cut or drawn work, in which

a pattern was formed by drawing out threads from a loose coarse fabric, and then fastening the loosened threads together with a needle. Many books of patterns for laces and needle-point are still in existence, spreading over the whole of the sixteenth century. Of these the most ancient is the German Model-Buch, which bears the date of 1521. Vinciolo, a Venetian, also published a book upon lace in 1592, in which the transition from laces to needle-point is very clearly shown. His patterns are exceedingly complex and beautiful; and Venice, his native city, soon became famous for a peculiar variety of point-lace called Point de Venice, a rose or raised point which supplied a favourite material for the large ruffs then in fashion. Point de Venice continued to be the favourite wear of the fops and dandies of the period until Colbert introduced the manufacture of point-lace into France in the reign of Louis XIV., when Point d'Alençon very soon equalled, and then surpassed its far-famed Italian rival.

Lace having been once introduced into France, became extremely popular there, and was profusely worn at the magnificent court of Louis XIV. Even at the duels which were then so frequent, it was considered in the best taste to appear upon the field of combat in a shirt elaborately trimmed with rose-point, or Point d'Alençon. Vast collections of this beautiful and costly material were to be found not only in the convents, but also in the families of the nobility. The Marquis of Cinquars, one of the most worthless of the favourites of Louis XIV., left behind him not only an unrivalled selection of lace ruffs, collars, and cuffs, but also three hundred pairs of long boots trimmed round the top with ruffles of rose-point.

The reign of the Grand Monarque was emphatically the golden age of lace in France. In 1679 the king gave a fête at Marly, and in order to encourage the new manufacture, gave orders that each lady of the court on retiring to her room to change her dress should find placed ready for her use a costly toilet of lace. The portraits of the fine ladies of the period appear covered with it; it shades the worn pensive features of the neglected wife of Louis's youth, and softens the stately severe beauty of the uncrowned wife of his age. Madame Maintenon was partial to it, and the needles of the little maidens at St Cyr were kept busy upon its beautiful filmy webs.

Nor was the taste for lace confined to women only; men in that lace-loving age were quite as much its votaries as the softer sex; and one famous cravat, the Steinkirk, which was profusely trimmed with lace, owed its name to the famous battle in which Marshal Luxembourg defeated William of Orange.

The patroness of the Scotsman Law, brusque, honest Madame Palatine, the mother of the Regent Orleans, was a great lover of lace, and when in a more than usually good humour, often made a present of a set of Point d'Alençon or Venetian Point to one or other of her ladies of honour. Lace was so much the universal rage in those days that even clergymen decked themselves out in it. Fénelon, the pious Archbishop of Cambrai, had four dozen pairs of costly ruffles; and even the public executioner—Monsieur de

Paris, as he was called—when he ascended the scaffold in pursuance of his vocation had a point-lace breast frill, and ruffles falling over his velvet suit.

Coverlets for beds were made in Venice Point, all in one piece, and sometimes cost with the trimmings of the sheets as much as four or five thousand crowns. So great was the rage for linen trimmed with lace, that the trousseau of a daughter of one of the *ancienne noblesse* sometimes cost as much as one hundred thousand crowns; and five thousand crowns worth of lace and linen was quite an ordinary outfit.

With the reign of Louis XIV. this profuse extravagance in lace came to an end in France, although it still held its ground to a certain extent during the two subsequent reigns. Marie Antoinette cared little about lace; she preferred India muslin; but her husband, Louis XVI., was fond of it; and the year before he perished on the guillotine, owned fifty-nine pairs of ruffles of Point and Valenciennes lace.

The Revolution suspended for a time the manufacture of all kinds of lace in France, and extinguished for ever the production of Point d'Argentin. Point d'Alençon was more fortunate, and revived under the fostering care of Napoleon. Josephine was fond of it; and the Duchesse d'Abrantes in her *Memoirs* gives in amusing detail an account of her trousseau, in which she revels in glowing descriptions of the finest lace.

Louis Napoleon, following the example of his uncle, bestowed much attention on the lace-manufacture of Alençon, which had found a dangerous rival in Brussels Point. Point d'Alençon is one of the most beautiful point laces of modern times; it is made solely by the hand with a fine needle upon parchment patterns, which are coloured green as being a good tint for the eyes. It is worked in pieces ten inches long, which are afterwards united by a skilful worker.

Bobbin or pillow lace, Barbara Utman's invention very much improved, was made on a revolving cylinder with a cushion, on which the pattern was pricked out with pins, round which the worker twisted the thread. This lace was early carried to great perfection in Flanders and Brabant. Nothing could be more beautiful than those old pillow Flemish laces, and they were very popular in France, where they were known as Point d'Angleterre, coming by this English name, to which they had no title, because they were first smuggled from Flanders to England and then resmuggled into France.

The best Brussels lace is made in the city of that name; and of late years the manufacturers there have set themselves very successfully to imitate Point d'Alençon. The lace they make is at a little distance exactly like its French rival, and costs a very great deal less. The best Brussels Point made by the hand costs about six pounds per yard, while a yard of Point d'Alençon of the same width costs about fifteen. On a close inspection, it must be confessed that the French lace has the advantage of greater fineness and a more careful finish; but in elegance of design and in the wonderful perfection of the raised flowers and figures, the Belgian lace is equal if not superior to its far-famed rival.

Little Flemish girls begin at the age of seven

to learn the art of lace-making; and a great deal of very fine lace is still made by the nuns in the Belgian convents. The lace is made in small pieces, which are distributed among many workers, and these when finished are joined together by skilful hands. Other Brussels laces are partly point and partly pillow laces, such as the Point de Medici, the Point de Flandre, the Point Duchesse, and the Point de Paris.

The flax from which the exquisitely fine thread is spun which is used in the manufacture of lace is largely grown in Brabant, St Nicholas, Tournay, and Cambrai. It is almost all steeped at Courtrai, on account of the superior clearness of the waters of the Lys; and the thread of the finest quality is spun underground in partially darkened rooms, or rather cellars, because the dry air above is apt to cause it to snap. It is so extremely fine that it is felt rather than seen, and the spinner as she works in the semi-gloom closely examines the thread from time to time, and stops her wheel if she perceives the slightest inequality in it. Drearier, more unwholesome work it is difficult to imagine. The damp dark cellars are so arranged that only a single powerful ray of light shall fall upon the wheels. Health and eyesight speedily fail; the hands, perpetually numbed with cold, are soon crippled with rheumatism; and premature old age attacks the worker before youth itself is past. But the wages are high, and the ranks of these Flemish thread-spinners are always full.

The ground of Flemish lace was formerly made either by hand or on the pillow. The hand-made ground was very much more expensive than the other; but it was much stronger and more durable, and could easily be repaired without showing the join. Now the ground of Brussels lace is very generally machine-made; and it is only on special occasions, such as the preparation of a royal *trousseau*, that the hand-made ground is resorted to.

The city of Malines or Mechlin is, or rather was, at one time as famous almost as Brussels for a lace of its own, less rich and heavy, but wonderfully effective and elegant. In the reigns of Mary and Anne this lace was very fashionable in England; and it continued in favour during the reign of George I., who was fond of wearing a Mechlin cravat.

Somewhat similar to Mechlin was the beautiful and durable pillow lace known as Valenciennes. In the early part of the last century this was peculiarly a French manufacture, and many thousands of people were employed in the lace-trade of Valenciennes; but it was extinguished by the Revolution, or rather it was transferred from France to Belgium, where it still flourishes. Valenciennes is a very durable lace, and owing to this quality, immense quantities of it are often handed down as heirlooms in great families. It was, in the days of its glory, a very costly lace, the quantity necessary for a lady's head-dress often costing, according to breadth and quality, from a hundred to a thousand guineas. It required a very long time to make; to produce a pair of ruffles took a woman who was a good worker ten months, working fifteen hours a day; and it was, besides, so prejudicial to the eyesight, that no lace-maker could work at it beyond the age of thirty. The laces of Lille,

Arras, and Bailleul were similar to Valenciennes, but were neither so fine nor so elaborate, and cost much less.

In England, lace has long been made in the counties of Bedford, Buckingham, and Northampton. In Bedfordshire there is a tradition that the manufacture of lace was introduced into the county by Catharine of Aragon, who brought the art from Spain. In the reign of Charles II. Flemish lace-makers came over and settled in England; but they could not obtain flax of the requisite quality from which to spin the exquisitely fine thread required, and the lace they produced was very much inferior to the Flanders lace. Devonshire also became famous as a lace-making county, and its Honiton lace is unquestionably the best that has ever been made in England, although it is only equal to a second or third rate Brussels lace. The old Honiton ground, which was made on the pillow, went out of fashion when bobbin-net was invented, and is now superseded by modern guipure, on which the Honiton sprigs are sewed.

The Devonshire lace-workers were, unfortunately for themselves, old-fashioned and prejudiced. For a long time they clung obstinately to heavy clumsy patterns, which had been in date from the infancy of the art; but now a spirit of progress has taken possession of them, and they have obtained from the authorities of South Kensington a number of beautiful designs. The discovery of bobbin-net, which annually consumes a large quantity of Scotch cotton thread, produced a great change in the history of lace; and shortly afterwards a still greater revolution was caused by the adaptation of the Jacquard loom to lace-making, a manufacture which was speedily introduced into Nottingham on a large scale. Some of these machine-made laces imitate most faithfully the costliest needle-point and pillow-lace, and the better classes of them have portions of the work executed by the hand.

Lace head-dresses, or what were called heads of lace, were very fashionable in England in the reigns of Mary and Anne, and the ladies of the court sometimes paid very large sums for a fine head of French or Flemish lace; but the extravagance in this fragile article of luxury was never carried to the same ruinous extent as in France. It was, however, profusely worn during what may be called the lace epoch, and was even coveted as an article of adornment after death. Mrs Oldfield, the celebrated actress, left instructions that she should be laid in her coffin arrayed in a very fine head-dress of Brussels lace, in a shroud of Holland linen with lace tucker and ruffles, and a pair of kid gloves. Yards of the costliest Point d'Angleterre and Mechlin laces were wrapped around the corpse of the beautiful Aurora von Konigsmark before she was laid in her grave at Quedlinburg; and many of the mummies found in the catacombs of the Capuchin convent at Palermo are swathed in the same costly funeral robes.

Dr Johnson disliked lace; and shortly after his epoch, although owing to no influence of his, but rather to the tyranny of Fashion, lace almost ceased to be worn or valued in England; till in course of time laces of great value were so slightly esteemed that they were considered little better than so much valueless rubbish. Mrs

Bury Palliser tells a story of a lady who had some very fine old lace which she bequeathed to some young-lady friends; but on the legatees going to take possession of the bequest, they found only new lace, and asked the maid of the deceased, an old Scotchwoman, where the old lace was. 'I'se warrant it's a' there,' was the reply of this sagacious abigail, 'barring a wheen auld black ragged duds that I flung on the fire.'

Another lady's-maid, a painstaking and cleanly soul, ashamed to present to its new possessor a coffee-coloured but priceless legacy of rare old lace, sewed it together and put it into a strong soap-lye to simmer all night on the fire. In the morning she was surprised and dismayed to find that it was reduced to a jelly.

So low did lace fall, that many old ladies still alive remember dressing out their dolls in fragments of costly Point d'Alençon and other equally rare laces; while many specimens of old point were preserved from destruction only by being locked up in the cabinets of those to whom all relics of antiquity were dear. Lady Blessington was a famous collector of this sort, and left at her death a very large accumulation of valuable old lace. Lady Morgan and Lady Stepney were also noted lace-collectors, and often quarrelled over the merits of their respective hoards. Nowadays, the subject of lace-collecting is better understood: the laces are arranged in careful order; and magnificent collections of the best examples of every kind of lace have been formed. And what is of more interest to the manufacturers of the article is, that Fashion, so fathomless and irresponsible in its caprices, has again smiled upon lace; although lace of the rich heavy quality which Van Dyck delighted to paint and the Venetian beauties loved to wear, has not yet reappeared, and perhaps never will.

HABITS OF AND LEGENDS ABOUT STORKS.

ONE of the things that we looked forward to with the greatest eagerness on our first visit to Holland was seeing a stork's nest. Our disappointment on finding that there was not one on any of the houses at the Hague was bitter. The love of tidiness has at last conquered the universal affection that the Dutch, in common with so many other nations, have for these birds, and the nests in the towns have become rare. Still, the birds are carefully protected, and many breed every year in the country districts. A pair come every spring to the little Zoo at the Hague and nest in a small tree overhanging one of the ponds. We did not discover where the two that generally frequented the fish-market nested. These were the tamest birds we ever saw. The market was small and crowded; but the birds stalked gravely about among the fisherwomen from Scheveningen in a quiet dignified way. They never tried to steal any of the fish, but contented themselves with the numerous scraps which the fisherwomen threw them.

No bird has been so widely respected as the stork in the past; and to none in the present is such careful protection afforded. From Algeria to Denmark, from Spain to Russia, storks are

honoured and loved. In France alone, of all countries in which they breed, have they been persecuted. The provinces of Alsace and Lorraine formed an exception: the German population here were always true to the national feeling for the birds.

The ancient Egyptians extended to storks the reverence with which they regarded so many creatures. This has been attributed to the great use of the birds in destroying snakes; but we think it is very doubtful whether this had any real weight. Men sometimes, though not often in England, have legislated for the protection of wild creatures whose part in the scheme of Nature they saw was beneficial to themselves; but it requires something more to inspire that feeling of reverence and love which has from the earliest times been felt for the stork.

Even if utilitarian motives influenced the Egyptians, the Teutonic races must have had other reasons; for poisonous snakes have never been common in Central Europe. Storks have represented to them that permanent family life which has been the basis of all their early social polity and morality.

Affection and respect due from man to wife, industry and self-devotion from parents to children, and intense attachment to their home, have in all ages characterised the German race. All this they saw exemplified in the stork. True, had they searched for them in other creatures, they would have found many other such instances; but the 'piety'—to use the word in its Latin sense—of the storks was before their eyes. The birds, by nature bold and confiding, preferred building their huge nests in the neighbourhood of dwellings, and their confidence was rarely misplaced.

Perhaps the fact that the stork was one of the first harbingers of spring led to the earliest liking for them. Messrs Erckmann-Chatrian, in their '*Contes des Bords du Rhin*,' give a striking picture of the excitement in the village when the storks appear. The old man who comes in hurriedly to announce their arrival—the crowd under the church tower on the top of which the bird has settled—the old woman thanking '*le bon Dieu*' that He has allowed them again to see the return of spring, are vividly described.

In Holland, Denmark, and Germany, numerous legends and superstitions have gradually arisen concerning the storks. The best known is that it is they that bring the babies—probably a story told so often to children, that at last it was believed by their elders to be part of the good luck that a stork's nest near a house will bring. Grimm's and Hans Andersen's fairy tales include many in which the bird plays a part. 'They are good tenants,' say the Schleswick farmers, 'and pay their rent every year; sometimes an egg, sometimes a young bird.' This refers to the way in which not unfrequently an egg or young one falls from the nest—probably from pure accident, for the birds are devoted parents; but the country-people have considered it as an acknowledgment of their being but yearly tenants.

They arrive in Holland about the 1st of March, and in Denmark almost as soon. In Poland, where they are common, the first come about the 20th of March, the male birds preceding their mates by a few days. The same nests are used

for an immense number of years; and each season the birds add to the pile, until the owner of the house, if they build on one, is obliged to remove a considerable part of it, for fear of the roof giving way. The birds either live for a great age, or else have something approaching to a law of succession, for the same nest is often tenanted every year for a great length of time. We heard of one in North Holland which had never, in the memory of any one on the estate, been without a tenant, yet only that one pair nested in the village. As the male bird comes first and takes possession of the nest, it seems as if the same bird must have returned for at least sixty years; yet could any bird of passage live to such an age?

Sparrows and wrens not unfrequently build in the stork's huge pile of sticks, a nest within a nest, which we rarely see in England. In Holland and Denmark a common mode of inducing storks to take up their abode is to fasten a cart-wheel on the top of a tall pole erected in some field. At the village of Luitsedam, near the Hague, there is one of these, which is regularly tenanted. Closer to the town, in the plantations round the house of one of the gentry, there is an enormous nest. It is placed at the top of a large silver fir, the leading shoot of which has been broken by the wind. At Wassenaar, a village some miles off, where immense quantities of bulbs are grown, a pair yearly rear their young ones on the church tower.

The story of the bird that perished in the great fire at Delft rather than desert her unfledged young, is well known. The storks that continued to feed their nestlings through the fearful bombardment of Strassburg in the late Franco-German War also deserve a place in history. There are two pictures, photographs from which we saw when at Strassburg, of the nest before and after the Prussian shells had poured into the town. It was placed on a large chimney-stack on one of the highest houses. The first picture shows the four young ones comfortably seated in it, one old bird standing close by while her mate is flying down with his crop heavy with the results of his fishing. In the second picture the roof of the house has been pierced by shells; an entire house close by has been burnt out, half the chimney-stack destroyed, and the nest is hanging down in a perilous manner. One of the young birds has perished; but the shells have spared the remaining three, and the parent birds are still at their post.

The birds often assemble in large flocks at the end of August, before commencing their southward migration. On the 20th of August 1880 we saw one of these flocks in the great meadows by the Elbe near Wittenberg. Sometimes they hold at these assemblies what the Germans call a 'Storchgericht,' a trial and execution of one of their body. Mr Dresser, who had the good fortune to see one of these curious meetings in Holstein, is of opinion that the unfortunate bird then killed was a weak or injured one which could not accompany the main body in their migration, and was therefore 'extinguished.'

Dutch, Germans, and Danes all ascribe these executions to some offence given to her mate by the female stork. Numerous stories are told of the offended husband collecting his friends and killing, with their help, the guilty wife. On one occasion when a goose's eggs had been sub-

stituted for the stork's, the female and young goslings were, it is said, killed by a flock of storks that the male bird had summoned. Probably the whole story is pure invention, for a pair have been known to hatch and rear the young of the black stork, whose eggs had been substituted for their own.

It must have been the Dutch who first asserted that storks would never nest except in republics and free countries. 'But this,' says Willughby, writing in 1676, 'we found by experience to be false, having observed them in the territories of some Princes in Germany.' Great numbers breed in the Dobrudscha and Turkey, where Turks, Bulgars, and Greeks unite in protecting them. In Thessaly they have been venerated from the earliest times, for Pliny says that to kill one there was a capital offence; the life of a stork was worth as much as that of a man. He adds that this was due to their use in killing snakes; but Pliny's facts are far more trustworthy than his theories, though even the facts are not always to be relied on.

Storks never seem to have been common in Italy. Apparently the two great routes of migration are by Spain and North Africa; or Turkey, Asia Minor, and Palestine, and though a few travel over Italy, none stay there to nest.

There are very few allusions to them in Latin authors; but one of these is interesting. The birds have a curious custom of snapping their bills, making quite a sharp noise. Young and old birds, both during and after the breeding season, constantly do this. In the writings of Persius there is a reference to this habit. 'There are,' he says, 'three favourite ways of deriding a man—by putting the hands beside the head like asses' ears; by putting out the tongue like a dog; and snapping the fingers against the palm of the hand like a stork's bill.' The first two methods of mockery are plain; but what was the cause of the last?

The regularity of their migrations furnished Jeremiah with a rebuke against the Jews: 'The stork in the heaven knoweth her appointed time,' &c. Canon Tristram, when in Palestine, saw thousands moving slowly northward. 'They were scattered,' he says, 'over hill and valley, moving a few miles a day—not in flocks, but singly or in small groups.' Few stay there for the breeding season, and these are never molested. Its Hebrew name, Chasedah, signifies pity or mercy, and is probably derived from the affection which the stork has for its young.

The eggs are from three to five in number, and both birds share in incubation, though the female is the usual occupant of the nest.

England is beyond the ordinary range of the stork, though hardly a year passes without one or two being seen on the east coast, and generally, alas! shot. Unlike the bittern and ruff, it was no more common before the fens and swamps of Cambridge and Lincolnshire were drained than it is at the present day. 'Mine honoured friend, Sir Thomas Brown of Norwich,' wrote Willughby, two hundred years ago, 'says that it is but rarely seen on our coasts.' There is, we believe, no record of its nesting in England; and the impossibility of protecting a migratory bird precludes the hope of its being introduced into the country.

But while there is no known record of storks having ever nested in England, it is not improbable that they occasionally did so, from the fact that they at one time nested as far north as the capital of Scotland. Bower, an ancient Scottish chronicler who resided near Edinburgh, states that in the year 1416, storks came and nested on the roof of St Giles' Church, in the High Street of that city. They remained a year, he says, and departed to return no more; and 'whither they flew no man knoweth.'

Apart from the interest attaching to the stork, it is a remarkably picturesque bird; its snowy body contrasting with the bright red beak and legs and black quill feathers of the wings, make it a striking object. The flight is magnificent, bolder and more buoyant than that of a heron. Like most large birds, its powers of flight show best when it is at a great height. When we were on the Bastei rock, in Saxon Switzerland, a pair passed overhead, flying southward. Though high above us, we could clearly see the black pinion feathers; and as we watched the powerful beat of the wide-spreading wings, we thought of the angels in Zechariah's vision who had 'wings like the stork.'

VERS DE SOCIÉTÉ.

SOCIETY Verses are for the main part minikin and dainty little poems, lightly dwelling on the whims, affectations, and caprices of the passing hour. Love forms the theme of many of these little poems; but love is in the background, and propriety and courtesy are always to the fore. The writer of Vers de Société is delicately ironical; his scorn is but the petulance of a graceful humming-bird. His playfulness is oftentimes tender, and its subtlety gives the greater effect to his light and airy satire. The world he lives in is a world composed of fragile china shepherds and shepherdesses; he must needs be delicate in his treatment of them, or, by one false step, he will demolish a whole group of his pretty models. Above all, the writer of society verse must let no sorrow or sadness creep into his verses. His first object should be to please and to divert; he will hide a tear as he rattles his cap and bells; or, by an artfully wrought conceit, disguise, and possibly conceal from the view altogether, the more grave and serious side of things. The side he shows us of the medal is the bright side; he may himself see the reverse, but it is his business to present the best face.

It must not be at all supposed that because this kind of verse is fanciful and *légère* that it is by any means the easiest of construction. There is certainly no great thought or mighty image to be found in these verselets; they differ from sonnets in this respect. A sonnet has been described as 'an epic in fourteen lines'; and it is an indication of the feeling of the times that sonnet-writing is giving place to society verse. Sonnets are governed by hard and fast rules, and the muse is fettered in shackles of iron; but in society verse this is perhaps even more so, and the verses are polished and repolished till they become dainty and fastidious. They must sparkle with a well-restrained wit, and must never

approach in the slightest way hearty mirth and rollicking fun. To raise the loud boisterous laugh by his buffoonery—that is the business of the parodist; but the writer of society verse must not be clad as a harlequin at a pantomime; he must be elegantly attired in court dress, with silken hose and prettily-pointed shoes; and his delicate white hands, with their slender fingers and rosy nails, must taper like those of a courtly lady.

The humour of vers de société must be quaint in its conceit. The author of pretty rondeaus and ringing villanelles may perhaps see gross abuses in the very heart of society; he may see rank weeds and poisonous flowers growing here and there in the very midst of the Eden of the fashionable world; but he will only give his readers glimpses for one instant of these evils, and his satire must be elegant, graceful, and delicate. He can only administer his criticisms in homeopathic doses; his productions must not be reflective, but crisp and sparkling. Vers de société, according to the definition of Mr Frederick Locker, no mean authority, should be 'short, elegant, refined, and fanciful, not seldom distinguished by chastened sentiment, and often playful. The tone should not be pitched high; it should be idiomatic, and rather in the conversational key; the rhythm should be bright and sparkling, and the rhyme frequent and never forced; while the entire poem should be marked by tasteful moderation, high finish, and completeness.'

Although vers de société is in its purest forms only an adaptation from the French, who have since the troubadours and the days of Villon excelled in the light and fantastic style of versification, Herrick and Waller and Sir John Suckling have left us many specimens of fanciful English society verse; but we must come down to writers only recently dead to find modern specimens of this school, such as Præd and Tom Hood and Thackeray, though these are not strict in their adherence to the French forms. Living writers afford the best specimens of this new English school of verse, and among the foremost ranks are such names as Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, Edmund Gosse, and Dr Macdonald. As a specimen of the vers de société spirit, the following, from the facile pen of Mr Henry S. Leigh, is worthy of quotation:

THE TWO AGES.

Folks were happy as days were long
In the old Arcadian times;
When life seemed only a dance and song
In the sweetest of all sweet climes.
Our world grows bigger, and, stage by stage,
As the pitiless years have rolled,
We've quite forgotten the Golden Age
And come to the Age of Gold.

Time went by in a sheepish way
Upon Thessaly's plains of yore.
In the nineteenth century, lambs at play
Mean mutton, and nothing more.
Our swains at present are far too sage
To live as one lived of old:
So they couple the *crook* of the Golden Age
With a *hook* in the Age of Gold.

From Corydon's reed the mountains round
Heard news of his latest flame;
And Tityrus made the woods resound
With echoes of Daphne's name.

They kindly left us a lasting gauge
Of their musical art, we're told ;
And the Pandean pipe of the Golden Age
Brings mirth to the Age of Gold.

Dwellers in huts and in marble halls—
From shepherdess up to queen—
Cared little for bonnets and less for shawls,
And nothing for crinoline.
But now simplicity's *not* the rage,
And it's funny to think how cold
The dress they wore in the Golden Age
Would seem in the Age of Gold.

Electric telegraphs, printing, gas,
Tobacco, balloons, and steam,
Are little events that have come to pass
Since the days of the old *régime*.
And, spite of Lemprière's dazzling page,
I'd give—though it might seem bold—
A hundred years of the Golden Age
For a year of the Age of Gold.

Some of the best examples of this æsthetic school of verse may be found in Austin Dobson's *Vignettes in Rhyme*, and Andrew Lang's *Rhymes à la Mode* and *Ballades in Blue China*. We cannot forbear from quoting a charming one from this latter book :

There's a joy without canker or cark,
There's a pleasure eternally new—
'Tis to gaze on the glaze and the mark
Of china that's old, and that's blue ;
Who'd have thought they would come to us, who
That o'er loot of an empire would hang
A veil of Morrisian hue,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang ?

These dragons—their tails you remark,
Into bunches of lotus flowers grew—
When Noah came out of the Ark,
Did *these* lie in wait for his crew ?
They snorted, they snapped, and they slew,
They were mighty of fin and of fang,
And their portraits Celestials drew,
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

Here's a pot with a house in a park,
In a park where the peach-blossoms blew,
Where the lovers eloped in the dark,
Lived, died, and were turned into two
Bright birds that eternally flew
Through the boughs of the May, as they sang ;
'Tis a tale was undoubtedly true
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

ENVOY.

Come, snarl at my ecstasies, do,
Kind critic, your tongue has a tang,
But a sage never heeded a shrew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

The following elegant and charming *morceau de poésie* is from the pen of Austin Dobson :

Oh ! Love's but a dance,
Where Time plays the fiddle !
See the couples advance—
Oh ! Love's but a dance !
A whisper, a glance—
'Shall we twirl down the middle ?'
Oh ! Love's but a dance,
Where Time plays the fiddle !

Though only eight lines in its entirety, and one of those lines occurring three times, and another one twice, yet in spite of its artificiality, in spite of its limited space it manages to convey to the mind a flash of a pretty picture even if only for an instant. It will be noticed with what grace

and subtleness the conversational is introduced in the sixth line.

A most finished poem, and rising to a very high level above the average standard of these pretty lilting rhymes, is that entitled *Expectation*, by Edmund Gosse :

When flower-time comes and all the woods are gay,
When linnets chirrup and the soft winds blow,
Adown the winding river I will row,
And watch the merry maidens tossing hay,
And troops of children shouting in their play,
And with thin oars flout the fallen snow
Of heavy hawthorn blossoms as I go :
And shall I see my love at fall of day
When flower-time comes ?

Ah, yes ! for by the border of the stream
She binds red roses to a trim alcove,
And I shall fade into her summer dream
Of musing upon love—nay, even seem
To be myself the very god of love,
When flower-time comes !

Is not this a complete summer dream in verse ? We can fancy as the lines run on that we are listening to the soft plashing of the river stream against its tufted banks ; we can see the poppies in rich patches amidst the waving corn ; and we can smell the delicious fragrance of the new-mown hay as it is wafted on the gentle breeze that bears to us in fitful lullabies the song of the light-hearted mowers.

Vers de société, although it has much in it to commend it, lacks earnestness, and it is this lack of earnestness, this mere conforming to conventional forms, and dealing only with fleeting topics, that will give to it no great duration. Its superficiality is a sure sign of its short-livedness. Alas ! the pretty poems that have served to divert us during the long winter days of this life will be put on the shelf when we have passed into the great land of sunshine, and our great-grand-children will regard them much as we regard the curious old-fashioned china shepherds and shepherdesses ; and new songs will be sung then, the old old tale of love will still be told, but new eyes will brighten to hear it, and the telling will be ever fresh.

MOONLIGHT ON THE LAKE.

In the autumnal gloaming sad and chill
The moorland mere in silent slumber lay,
Unruffled were its waters, darkly gray,
And all its sentinel reeds stood stiff and still ;
The peewit's last good-night fell clear and shrill,
The west was dusky-brown with dying day,
When came across the heather, far away,
The gleam of moonrise o'er the distant hill.

Like flame that flashes through the cannon-smoke
A full moon climbed above the swaying firs—
The rushes felt that herald-breeze of hers ;
They whispered to the water that awoke,
Athwart its face a golden ripple broke,
And the Queen kissed her nightly worshippers.

J. G. F. NICHOLSON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON ; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 389.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 13, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE EXPLOSION AT ROME.

BY ADA M. TROTTER.

WE were roused at a few minutes past seven on the morning of April 23d by a sensation akin to earthquake. The house rocked and shook from the foundations; windows and doors were burst open; and a few moments later, a terrific explosion took place, which drew us all to the window, for the sound of glass falling and smashing in every direction led us to imagine a bomb had exploded at our very doors. But our first glance showed us that the scene of disaster was at some distance from us, for over the Quirinal Palace a dense column of smoke arose, assuming the form of a gigantic pine-tree, afterwards wind-driven to St Peter's, where it obscured the mighty dome from our view. As the crowd saw the position of the cloud, one thought seems to have dominated all hearts—fear for the safety of the King. That the explosion could have taken place at a distance did not occur to any one who had just experienced the severe shock with its accompanying roar.

When we had ascertained that no bomb endangered our lives at our doors, we had time to notice the scene around us with no little appreciation of its unique quality. People in all stages of toilet leaned from the open windows; while others, dressed or only half-clothed, rushed about the streets, gesticulating, calling, shrieking, and gabbling wildly. No one knew more than his neighbours; but then the sensations felt by all at this live moment were so extraordinary, that none could be silent; so every one talked, and naturally no one listened. The servants in our house ran about the corridors, almost in convulsions with terror, praying, imploring protection from the Madonnas which they clasped to their breasts. For the moment it was bedlam within doors and out. The papers afterwards gave graphic accounts of the heart of Rome at this moment. Streets were black with a mass of people, men, women, and children, in every stage

of deshabelle, directing their steps towards the Quirinal, fearing to find the palace a ruin.

Meantime, the King, who was dressing when the shock came, rushed out in his shirt sleeves, got a cab (report says), and dashed off towards the Porta Portese, divining at once what had happened. He was there by half-past seven, so it will be seen that he must have gone at full speed—in fact, he was one of the first to arrive upon the spot.

The crowd finding at last the true cause of the shock, now struggled to make a way to the gate, a 'motley crowd'—civilians, soldiers, firemen, monks, Sisters of Charity, beggars, workmen, and ladies and gentlemen of all nationalities. It was a sight, perhaps, to be seen only once in a lifetime, this human mass, pouring out of Rome towards the scene of disaster. Arrived there, we find the King the central figure, encouraging the wounded, organising workmen, and when a woman's form was seen beneath the ruins, even tearing away the débris with his own hands in the excitement of the moment. He drew near to the heart of his people this bright April morning, utterly forgetful of self, unconscious of fatigue, moved to tears by the suffering of the brave soldiers, King only by virtue of his power to lead on this terrible field of battle.

The Powder Magazine—which contained two hundred and sixty-five tons of powder, without counting an enormous amount of shells, bombs, cartridges, and other explosives—was situated about a mile and a half beyond the Porta Portese. Now that the accident has happened, the question arises naturally enough, 'Why was such a large quantity of combustible material permitted so near to the city?' To most this question now is to 'shut the door when the steed is stolen,' says an Italian paper.

The inquiry into the cause of the disaster is not yet made at the time I write. The impression given by the leading papers seems to be that it was an accident, not as some thought at first, deliberate design of anarchists. The most credible account—from the *Roman Times*—runs,

that the magazine had been opened the previous day in order to air the contents—that the action of the air combined with the rays of the sun had inflamed the powder into combustion, with disastrous result. It relates that a short time before the catastrophe the captain in charge heard a noise as of sacks of walnuts being moved. He guessed the cause, called all his soldiers out, and ordered them to leave the fort; whilst he, thoroughly aware of the danger, coolly remained until assured that his men were in safety. A few moments later the explosion ensued, and the Powder Magazine was blown to the winds, leaving nothing but a heap of charred ruins to mark the spot where it once stood. And alas for Captain Speccemela!—his men got safely away; but he was caught, thrown down, and so battered, cut, and torn, that no hope is entertained of his recovery. [He has since died.] Among the wounded soldiers, too, there is a corporal whose courage and calmness are the talk of the hour. He was one of the last to leave the fatal spot, and was badly injured. It was found necessary to amputate one leg, which was torn to pieces. He refused to take chloroform, and bore the agony of the operation without uttering a word of complaint. When told that if he did not take chloroform he would suffer terribly, he quietly remarked: 'A soldier should not fear pain!' That was a Roman's reply!

And now for an instance of courage which almost rivals the fable of the sentinel found at his post at Pompeii. When the sentry who guarded the Magazine was ordered to leave the spot, he hurried out with gun and baggage. He threw himself flat on the ground when the explosion took place; and when it was all over, though horribly injured, took up his gun and walked back to his post, where he was found by the first rescue party. The King, who, as already said, was one of the first on the field, found the brave soldier, dusty, black in the face, with the clothes almost torn from his body, but with his gun, presenting arms. It is said the hero is to be presented with a gold medal for valour, by request of the King.

All the buildings for a mile round the spot have been destroyed wholly or partially. Of course any in the immediate vicinity of the Magazine are razed to the ground or blown completely out of sight. Of the Magazine itself nothing is left but a heap of charred ruins. The latest information as to the number of people who suffered by the explosion gives eleven dead and two hundred and fifty wounded.

A monk was noted amongst the rescue party conspicuous for his courage and indefatigable efforts. His fine tact and administrative powers soon placed him at the head of the willing workers; he was, in fact, the brains of the impetuous crowd. Yet he was unknown and a stranger. It would be interesting to learn something more of this heroic nature; but it is buried, I suppose, in the heart of the church. How his pulses must have thrilled to be working thus once more heart to heart with the people! Nor was it an ordinary gang of workmen that was to be seen there blackened by the terrific clouds of dust and smoke. Monks, Sisters of Charity, soldiers, firemen, and civilians worked side by side with breathless anxiety, cheered on by the

King, who, as he sprang into the ruins and tore away the stones with his hands, received round after round of acclamation from the ordinary workpeople of the crowd. Not until all the wounded were carried away did King Humbert leave the spot, and then it was for the Hospital, where he presented himself. To quote an Italian paper, the *Tribune*: 'No one would know that it was a sovereign who entered the ward. His blue suit was covered with a stratum of powder, his face was black and agitated with emotion, as he went from bed to litter with words of comfort and consolation for each sufferer. His boots were soiled, his hat crushed in, &c. As he left the Hospital he was received with loud *vivats* by the people crowding behind the cordon.'

The damage done to Rome has not yet been correctly estimated. In the eye of the artist and tourist it is apparently incalculable. We hear that the rare vases of the Etruscan collection in the Vatican gallery have shared the fate of the windows of Rome. Nearly all the galleries, palaces, and churches are closed for repairs. Some have suffered more damage than others; and it seems as though the most valuable of the stained-glass windows are most hopelessly wrecked. The streets glitter with crystals; so do the aisles of such churches as one can still enter.

Only a week ago we were luxuriating in the beauty of St Paul's *fuori i muri*. We could not tear ourselves away from that superb nave with its five pillared aisles, radiant in the gorgeous flames of light shed from the coloured windows beyond. Raising our eyes we confronted the gaze of these stately Apostles in their robes of purple, crimson, and gold, their grand heads looking with ineffable peace, ineffable dignity across the shadowy aisles. And now! all are a memory, for of St Paul's not one window remains to tell posterity of the beautiful works of art our eyes that day had seen. And Moroni, the artist who created these stately figures, whose cunning hands designed these treasures of St Paul's—alas! he is now but dust, and has carried his secrets with him to the grave.

So it may readily be seen that an Eldorado of gold could not repair the damage done to Rome by this terrific explosion.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXVI.—DESPAIR.

THEY carried Psyche up to her own room, and laid her on the bed, and tended her carefully. 'She's been affected like this more than once before,' Haviland Dumaresq said with a pang of remorse, trying to minimise the matter to his own conscience, 'though never quite so seriously, perhaps, as to-day. Poor child, poor child! It's strange how sensitive natures respond to a stimulus. She's been watching this campaign with such singular interest; and the suddenness of the shock, after such hopes aroused, shows how much she's been over-exciting herself all along about it.'

As for Ida Mansel, she held her peace, and guessed the truth, for even Girton had not wholly extinguished her feminine instincts.

They poured a little brandy down Psyche's throat to revive her, and gradually and slowly she came to herself again. She never once uttered Linnell's name, and nobody about her alluded to him in any way. 'Tell me what was in the paper!' she said, with the calm of despair; and they read it aloud to her—every word of it ungarbled. She listened with her face buried deep in the pillow. 'Is that all?' she asked, as Ida Mansel ended. And her father answered in a choking voice: 'That's all, my darling.' After which she lay a long time silent.

At last she turned round and with a terrible calmness looked up in their faces. Her eyes, though open, were singularly vacant. 'Why don't you light the candles?' she cried like a peevish child. 'It's so very dark. All dark, everywhere!' And she flung her hands about her with a curious impatience.

Haviland Dumaresq stood up in his horror. The candles were burning on Psyche's dressing-table, and the little white room was as bright as daylight. With an agonised face he looked down at his daughter. 'Don't you see me, Psyche?' he cried, all aghast. 'Look up at me, darling. Try hard. Don't you see me?'

Psyche groped out at him with extended arms. 'Where are you, Papa?' she asked quite innocently. Then she fell back in her place and burst at once into a flood of tears. She was glad she had that cloak to cover her sorrow with. Too proud to acknowledge the meaning of her grief, she could at least let it loose under false pretences. She could cry as much as she liked for Linnell now. They would think she was only crying for her own blindness.

That same evening a telegram went up to London, addressed to the greatest oculist of the day, begging him in terms of urgent entreaty to come down at once to a new patient at Petherton.

And Haviland Dumaresq had reason to bless the blindness too, in his own way, for it took him off for a while from his remorseful conscience, and concentrated his thoughts upon Psyche's condition.

All the next day, Psyche saw nothing. And the day after that, and the day after that again.

But the eminent oculist who had come down post haste from town to see her, and who came down each evening again by the last train to watch the case—so profound was his admiration of the Encyclopædic Philosophy—held out to them the happiest hopes for her recovery, after a short interval. It was a purely nervous affection, he said with confidence: functional, functional: no cataract, no disintegration, no structural disease: the merest passing failure of the optic centres. It was all in the brain, he assured them with great assurance many times over. They had every hope. There was nothing to despair about.

Every hope! No hope for Psyche. Nothing to despair about! While blank despair hedged her in and environed her! How little they know about hearts, these doctors!

At first she fancied there might yet be a chance. Not for her, of course: that was nothing; but for her painter. All was so vague and uncertain at Khartoum. Youth is loth indeed to give up all for lost. So young a love, so soon crushed out: impossible! impossible! And even the papers, the London papers, those wise, sagacious, omniscient papers, held out doubts at first as to Gordon's death. Well then, if as to Gordon's, why not also as to Linnell's just equally? She could not believe he was dead, with that day unexplained. She could not think an explanation would never come. She hoped on against hope, till all hope was impossible.

Slowly and surely her faith gave way, however. Each fresh day's telegrams brought fresh grounds for doubting that any living soul had escaped the massacre. Deserters brought in news of the two or three Europeans still held in horrible slavery in Khartoum; and Linnell's name was not among them. Day by day, the terrible certainty grew clearer and ever more clear to Psyche that her lover lay dead in the heart of Africa.

And yet, strange to say, the specialist was right. Psyche's blindness was only temporary. Hour after hour, as hope gradually sank and died out within her, her eyesight was slowly but surely restored to her. In three or four weeks, she was as well as ever—to all outer view—as Ida Mansel observed her. But her heart—her heart was crushed within her.

Weeks rolled on, and months passed by, and the fate of all who had fought at Khartoum grew from time to time more fixed and certain. Spring returned, and with it Geraldine Maitland. For that congenial companionship Psyche was glad, as far as she could be glad for anything now; for Geraldine was the only living soul with whom she could talk—not freely, but at all—about her lost painter. To her father, she never even mentioned his name: the subject was a sealed book between them. It was too awful a shadow to recognise in speech. There are ghosts one can only pretend to avoid by strenuously ignoring them in the bosom of the family. Haviland Dumaresq knew in his own soul he had sent Linnell away to his grave; but he had done it for the best; he had done it for the best. No man is responsible for the unseen and unexpected contingencies of his actions. We must be judged by our intentions, not by results. How could he know the young fellow would run away with the precipitancy of youth into danger's mouth? All he wanted was to protect Psyche. His sole object in life, now, was his daughter's happiness.

His daughter's happiness! Oh futile old philosopher. If only men and women would just be content to let each of us live his own life, undisturbed, and not scheme and plan and contrive so much for the happiness of others—how very much happier we should all be for it!

Haviland Dumaresq had meant to take Psyche up to London for the season that coming spring, and introduce her to those powerful friends of his—for he had friends, not a few, in virtue of his apostolate—by whose aid she was to make that brilliant marriage which he still wildly dreamed for her in his opium ecstasies. He had even, by superhuman efforts, provided beforehand the needful money for going into lodgings, good fashionable lodgings, for some months in town, where he might launch his Psyche upon the great world of London; and Ida Mansel, most practical of heads, had promised to find an eligible tenant meanwhile for the Wren's Nest, at the usual rate of furnished houses at the seaside in early summer. But when May came round—that smileless May—poor Psyche's heart was still so sore that Haviland Dumaresq shrank himself from putting his own plan into execution. It would only spoil her chances in the end to bring her out while this mood was upon her. After all, he thought, there was plenty of time yet. His rosebud was still so young and fresh: no need to hurry. Let her get over this girlish fancy first about a blighted heart: girls are so plastic: and then, when she'd forgotten her supposed romance—young people take a hysterical delight in imagining themselves unhappy—he could fulfil his plan of taking her up to town, and give her a fairer chance in the matrimonial lottery with the gilded youth of our teeming London.

For at Petherton, Haviland Dumaresq was a very small person; but in London, he knew, more than one rich man's son would be proud to marry Haviland Dumaresq's daughter. In that mighty mart, where everything finds its level so soon, even true greatness is more justly and generously appraised than elsewhere. The provincial celebrity sinks at once to his proper place; but then, *en revanche*, the truly great man who ranks in his shire but as a third-rate personage finds himself in London duly estimated at his right worth by a more critical audience.

So the spring and summer passed slowly away; and autumn came again, and with it the anniversary of Linnell's departure.

All through the summer, Psyche's eyes had troubled her again from time to time; but she thought very little about her eyes now: of what use to her were they? The only thing on earth she cared to see was gone for ever. They would never help her to see her painter again. For despair itself becomes at last a sort of sacred cult, a mysterious pleasure.

Still, in a certain vague indefinite way, without herself attaching much importance to the subject, Psyche dimly noticed a change in the character of the disease. Though she saw very well for most of her time, she observed that the periods of dimness were much more frequent now than of old, and the periods of total loss of vision, when they came, remained far longer and were altogether more persistent in every way than in the early stages. She recognised to herself, with a strange uncomplaining Dumaresquian acquiescence, a fatalistic acceptance of the order of the Cosmos, that she was slowly going blind, for no particular reason, but merely because the will to see was failing her.

She concealed it as far as she could, of course, from her father. She couldn't bear to vex the old philosopher's soul, to pile on that pathetic unsuccessful life one more great failure. He loved her so dearly and was so proud and fond of her. To be sure, it was only putting off the evil day. But Psyche put it off with all her might for all that. Papa was old and far from strong. Psyche knew in her heart he couldn't live many years longer. Why vex his last days needlessly with this final burden? Was it not enough and more than enough that that great soul should find itself in old age poor and broken and weighed down with sorrow without adding that last straw to complete the disaster? The pathos of Haviland Dumaresq's nobly wasted life sufficed as it stood: Psyche at least would do her best to conceal from him whatever might add to his misery.

So she strove hard to hide from him her growing blindness. If the dim fit seized her as she sat and read, she would lay down her book and remain sitting and talking without showing it in any way till her eyes began slowly to resume their function. If it came upon her when she was out walking on the downs with her father, instead of going on and groping her way, which would have betrayed her case, she would pause and pretend to be scanning the landscape, or would sit down on the turf and pull grasses by her side, while her father looked on and never suspected the reason for her wayward conduct. Now and then, to be sure, circumstances arose where it was impossible wholly to conceal the facts. She might be reading the paper aloud to her father, and be compelled by that sudden mistiness of the words to break off all at once in the middle of a sentence: or she might be walking down the quiet main street of Petherton, and find the visible world in one moment of time transformed into a vast blank of darkness before her. But even so, she noticed one curious fact. These blind fits overcame her least often in her father's presence; and by a violent effort of will, when he was by, she seemed able actually to command her eyesight. The strong stimulus of a vivid desire to save him needless pain conquered the weakness and feebleness of nerve which alone made the solid earth thus fade into nothingness before her eyes at a moment's notice.

Nay, in her father's presence, Psyche even pretended not to feel sad: she tried hard to bury her grief from his eyes: for his sake, she would still appear to be young and joyous. Though her heart ached, she would still play lawn-tennis on the Maitlands' court and still talk nonsense, hateful, light-tongued nonsense, with the mild-eyed young curate. She was her father's daughter, and could she not walk in her father's way? Had she not inherited his iron nature? Her heart might break, indeed, but no daw should peck at it. She kept her sacred sorrow locked up securely in her silent breast. And there, it succeeded in eating her life out.

With Geraldine Maitland, however, she was less careful of concealment, at least as regarded her fits of blindness. The two girls walked and talked on the downs much together; and it often happened that in the midst of their conversation

Psyche's feet and tongue would falter unawares, and she would put out her hands to grope her way before her through the thick darkness that all at once enveloped her steps. As the summer wore on—so Geraldine noticed—these sudden failures grew more and more common. On one such occasion, indeed, when they were strolling along the face of the east cliff, near the tumbling sea, the world became a sudden blank to Psyche, and she sat down despairingly on the short smooth grass, with her sightless eyes turned toward the waves and the warm sun of summer.

'What's the matter, dearest?' Geraldine Maitland asked in her sympathetic way, for Geraldine when she wished could be very womanly.

'It's all gone again,' Psyche answered with a sigh. 'Oh, Geraldine, it all goes so often now. I don't feel as if I'd strength to fight against it, even for Papa's sake, any longer.'

Geraldine's face was very grave. 'What does your father say about it, Psyche?' she asked seriously. 'He ought surely to take you up to town to a doctor.'

'Oh, no; not that!' Psyche cried, shrinking back with infinite horror. 'I don't want doctors to go cross-questioning me and torturing me any more. I can bear it all, if I'm only left alone; but I can't bear being worried and cross-examined and bothered by dreadful men about it.'

'But what does your father think?' Geraldine persisted still. 'I'm sure he ought to do something to set it right again.'

'He doesn't know—or he hardly knows at all,' Psyche answered quickly. 'I've kept it from him as much as I can. I don't want to cause him any needless trouble.'

Geraldine held her peace and answered nothing. But in her own mind she had decided at once what was the proper thing for her to do. She would tell Haviland Dumaresq that very day how Psyche fared, and would urge him to take some competent medical opinion.

That evening, Psyche took tea at the Maitlands'. She noticed the General, always bland and polite, was even blander and politer than usual in his demeanour towards her. His courtesy had in it a touch of that tender and chivalrous gentleness which old soldiers, more perhaps than any other men, know how to display on occasion to a woman in distress. Even Mrs Maitland, as a rule so painfully cold and distant, unbent a little that day to the motherless girl. She called her 'My dear' more than once, and it was not the 'My dear' of conventional politeness with which women hold one another off far more effectually than with the coldest courtesies: it was the 'My dear' of genuine feminine interest. After tea, too, Psyche observed that Geraldine slipped away for a quarter of an hour on some vague excuse, though she didn't attach much importance at the time to her sudden departure. When Geraldine returned, her eyes seemed somewhat red from crying, and she gave no explanation of where she had been, further than to say with an evasive smile that she had run out for a bit on a little private errand.

At seven o'clock, Psyche returned to the

Wren's Nest. She opened the door with a noiseless hand, and walked unexpectedly into the little drawing-room. For a moment the haze gathered over her eyes; as it cleared away she saw to her surprise her father, that strong man, sitting bowed and bent with sorrow in his easy-chair, his hands clasped hard between his open knees in front of him. Tears were trickling slowly down his bronzed cheek; his attitude was eloquent of utter despondency. On the table by his side stood a little glass bottle—quite empty. Psyche, in her sudden speechless terror, remembered to have seen it on the mantel-shelf that morning, full of those little silver-coated pellets which she somehow associated in her own mind—though she couldn't say why—with her father's frequent and distracting headaches.

'Why, father dear,' she cried, flinging one arm round his neck in an access of sudden energetic sympathy, 'what on earth does this mean? What's the matter with you, darling? And why—is the bottle—on the table—empty?'

Her father looked up at her and nodded his head slowly and despondently. 'It's lost its effect,' he answered in a very hollow voice. 'It's lost its effect altogether, I'm afraid. One after another, I've taken them in turn, and found no relief from this tremor of my nerves.—I never took so many in my life before.—I was frightened myself when I wanted another and found I'd taken the whole bottleful.—They do me no good; they do me no good now. What can I turn to, to relieve me from this misery?'

'Father!' Psyche cried, with a sudden burst of horrible intuition, 'it isn't opium? Oh, for Heaven's sake, tell me, it isn't opium!'

The old man drew her down to him in a wild spasm of remorse and affection. 'My darling,' he cried in the fervour of his regret, 'don't ask me its name! don't put any name to it! Forget it, forget it: I never meant you should know. But whatever it was, Psyche, from this day forth, for your sake, my child, I solemnly promise you, I have done with it for ever!'

There was a moment's pause. Then Psyche said again: 'Was it that that was troubling you when I came in, Papa?'

Haviland Dumaresq looked back into her deep blue eyes with those truthful eyes of his. He was too organically moral to mince a lie with her. 'No,' he answered shortly, though with a terrible wrench. 'It was *not*, Psyche.'

Again there was a pause. Then Psyche whispered very low once more: 'Has Geraldine Maitland been here this evening?'

Haviland Dumaresq groaned, but he answered, without one moment's hesitation: 'Yes, Psyche.'

Psyche drew over a chair from the wall and seated herself beside him. She held her father's hand in her own, tenderly. For three minutes those two who loved one another so strangely sat there in silence. At last Psyche looked up and said in a very low voice: 'Well, Papa?'

Dumaresq put one hand to his forehead and sighed. 'To-morrow, Psyche,' he said in a dreamy way, 'we go up to London. I want to take medical advice about myself—and I shall seize the opportunity at the same time of asking Godichau's opinion about your eyesight.'

Psyche dropped his hand resignedly. 'As you will, Papa,' she said in a very soft whisper. 'But

I never wanted to trouble you, myself, about so small a matter.'

And all that night she lay awake and cried—cried in her silent, tearless fashion.

THE ORNAMENTAL USES OF NUTS AND SEEDS.

MANY kinds of seeds, fruit-stones, nuts, and beans are employed for making necklaces, bracelets, and for other ornamental purposes in various countries. The vegetable-ivory nut, the cocoa-nut shell, and many other hard species, are carved into pipe-bowls and various fancy articles, and are susceptible of a high polish. The woody rind of the calabash fruit and of some gourds form indispensable articles of domestic use among aboriginal races in a semi-civilised state, serving all the purposes of glass and earthenware for holding water, food, and oil; drinking-cups, spoons, and snuff-boxes are also made of them; and many are painted and ornamented. Out of the small rind of the bottle-gourd are formed the drinking-cups for the Paraguay tea, and the water-vessels of India.

Some of the economic uses, chiefly decorative, of many of these, gleaned from different sources, combined under one heading, may not be without interest, as showing how widespread is the ornamental application of nuts and seeds.

The large seeds of the Necklace Tree of the West Indies, of a brilliant red hue, with a black spot at one end, have been often used for sleeve links and shirt studs. The red seeds of the coral flower are also used for ornamental purposes. The fragrant kernels of *Prunus Mahaleb* strung as necklaces are much valued by the women of Sind and other parts of India. Snuff-boxes are made in Natal and Gaboon by the natives of the seed of *Oncoba spinosa*. In the Portuguese settlement of Ambriz, Africa, the seeds of the Custard Apple are strung upon thread for necklaces; and in the Kew Museum are rosaries made of olive seeds and other fruit-stones. The dry seeds of the Sacred Lotus (*Nelumbium speciosum*), also known as the Pythagorean bean, are often strung as beads. The black nuts of *Putranjiva Roxburghii* are made into necklaces and rosaries, and are worn by the Brahmins, and also put round the necks of children to keep them in health and to ward off disease caused by evil spirits.

The seeds known as Nicker beans and Bonduc nuts, species of *Guilandina*, are often used for bracelets, necklets, and rosaries, and are very ornamental when capped and set. Baskets and other fancy articles made of them are very common in most museums. There are two species, *G. Bonducella*, the seeds of which are of a gray leaden colour or a slaty olive green; and *G. Bonduc*, which are pale yellow or orange coloured. In the Malay Archipelago these seeds are used as counters and playthings by children in place of marbles; and on the Gambia in playing a game called warree-warree. In Bombay, strung upon red silk, they are worn by women as a charm; and also in Egypt by women and children as amulets against witchcraft and sorcery. They are sometimes known as the fever-

nut, being a powerful tonic. The small round black seeds of *Canna indica* are used by the Burmese for sacred beads and by Hindus for necklaces. They are called in Guiana, buckshot, for the natives use them as shot in their blow-pipes.

The hard bony seeds of the Bladder-nut are in some parts of Europe threaded for pater-nosters and made into necklaces and chaplets. The small black soap-nuts, or kernels of *Sapindus saponaria*, take a fine polish, and are threaded as necklaces, rosaries, bracelets, and other ornaments. The Quandong nuts of Australia are frequently strung as necklaces and bracelets and also mounted as scarf-pins.

Several kinds of hard brown beans have been utilised for making bracelets and other ornaments. Their plainness and monotony are varied by gilt or steel studs and settings, and small beads intermingled with ornamental pendants. The horse-eye bean, the seed of *Mucuna urens*, is really ornamental and curious when mounted for bracelets. The large brown sword-beans of species of *Entada* have been made into spoons, snuff-boxes, small coin-cases, scent-bottles, &c. The small brown seeds, something like apple pips, so commonly used, when strung thickly together, for bracelets, work-bags, nets for the hair, and other ornamental work, are the produce of *Desmanthus virgatus*. They are frequently dyed black for effect. The bright scarlet seeds of *Adenanthera pavonina* are used as jewellers' weights in India, each being about four grains. They are also strung and made into necklaces. In the West Indies they are known as Circassian seeds.

The small shining red seeds of *Abrus precatorius* are largely used by the Indian goldsmiths as weights, each weighing about 1.75 grains. It is stated that the famous Koh-i-nur diamond was first weighed by the *rati*, a word which by some authors is supposed to have given origin to the jewellers' carat, from the Arabic *kirat*. The carat is the twenty-fourth part of an ounce, or three and one-sixth troy grains; this approximatively would be equal to two of these seeds. They are sometimes called crab's eyes, from a fancied resemblance to those objects; and in the West Indies are known as jequirity seeds, being extensively used for necklaces, ornaments for the ears, and to decorate small boxes, baskets, &c. Strung as necklaces, they are considered teething remedies for young children. The fact of their being used as rosaries doubtless suggested the specific name of '*precatorius*.'

The stone from the succulent fruit of the common bead-tree or Persian lilac is used all over India as a bead. They are perforated and strung into necklaces and rosaries. During the prevalence of epidemics of smallpox, &c., they are suspended as a charm over doors and verandas to keep off infection. The nuts of *Euonymus grandiflorus* are made into necklaces; and the red seeds of another species are strung into ornaments for the head in India; the seeds of *Gyrocarpus Jacquinii* are also made into rosaries and necklaces.

The stones of certain kinds of dates, like those of Rosetta and Burlos, being rather large, are carved and pierced to make beads for rosaries. The stones of a species of *Canarium* (often called

peach-stones) are beautifully and elaborately carved by the Chinese; and when set in gold, or separated by gold filigree beads, form exceedingly handsome brooches and bracelets. Amoy is renowned for this kind of work; and some of these beads cost a dollar each, a very large sum when the slight remuneration in China for skilled labour and the cost of native living are borne in mind.

The furrowed sculptured bony fruit of the *Elaeocarps* being freed from the pulp form handsome necklaces, which are not uncommonly set in gold or silver and sold in the shops. The hard endocarp of *Elaeocarpus serratus*, and the beads of another species, are largely exported from the Eastern Archipelago to Arabia, Persia, and India, for ornaments of all kinds, necklaces, bracelets, and rosaries or chaplets. The five-grooved and elegantly-tubercled nuts of *E. Ganitrus* are worn as a necklace by the followers of Siva in order to gain his graces and a passport to heaven. They are also supposed to preserve the health. Considerable importance is attached to the number of facets on the seeds. They are commonly known as Brahmin's beads. Those of *Monocera tuberculata* are used for a like purpose in Travancore.

Necklaces and bracelets are made of *Mimosa* seeds. At the Colonial Exhibition held in London in 1886, in the West Indian Court there was a very large display of ornamental articles made of nuts and seeds. The very hard seeds of *Symplocos spicata*, about the size of a pea, and resembling minute pitchers, when perforated, are strung like beads by the natives of India and put round the necks of children to prevent evil. The green seeds of *Dalbergia Sissoo* are worn by Santal girls as pendants from the ear. In Tahiti the natives make crowns and necklaces with the red seeds of *Pandanus odoratissimus*.

A seed much used for ornament is that which bears the popular name of Job's Tears. The old botanist Gerarde thus describes it: 'Every graine resembleth the drop or tear that falleth from the eye.' There are, however, now three or four well-marked forms of this seed met with in India, which differ from each other in shape, colour, and degree of hardness, and in the presence or absence of grooves or furrows along the length of the hardened involucre. Dr Watt of Calcutta thus enumerates them: There are three types of shape—a long cylindrical or tubular, a normal pear-shaped condition, and a flattened spheroidal form. The cylindrical grain is always of a white colour, smooth, polished, not furrowed, but constricted towards both extremities. This is collected for ornamental purposes only, and not as an article for food. The pear-shaped form varies in size and colour, pale and bluish white, gray, yellow, or brown black. The flattened spheroidal kind are often yellow, or even pink. The two principal forms are—one almost round and either white or black. This form is sometimes, though less frequently, used for rosaries and ornamental purposes, but chiefly for food among the hill tribes of India. The second form is tubular, about half an inch long. This is extensively employed for decorative purposes, the dresses worn by the Karen women being often completely covered with embroidered designs of this grain.

It is also used in Siam, and by the Naga and other Assam tribes, in the construction of earrings and other simple and elegant articles of personal adornment. Necklaces of these seeds are frequently worn; and baskets and other ornamental articles are occasionally decorated with them, especially those made in Nepal. The Angame Nagas construct elegant earrings in which a rosette of these seeds surrounds a greenish beetle wing. These grains seem to stand a good chance of coming into more general use in Europe in the construction of artificial flowers, laces, bugle-trimmings, and other such purposes, for which glass beads are now used; and possibly also in Catholic countries for the manufacture of rosaries.

The seed-vessel of the Sandbox Tree is known as Jack-in-the-box, Monkey's Dinner Bell, &c. It is from the noise caused by the bursting of the fruit that the plant gets its curious names. It is used both as a pounce-box and a letter-weight. Large walnut shells are frequently mounted with hinges and used as ornamental cases for Limerick gloves, rings, jewels, and miniature articles for presents. The nut of *Balanites Roxburghii* is employed in fireworks in India as crackers. A small hole is drilled in it, from which the kernel is extracted, and being filled with powder and fired, bursts with a loud report, so exceedingly hard is the shell. The hazel nut has lately been mounted in silver as an appendage to a brooch or bracelet for ladies.

The vegetable-ivory nut of commerce is the albuminous seed found in the drupes of a dwarf palm. From these nuts European turners fashion the reels of spindles, small boxes, and many other little fancy articles, which can be coloured with sulphuric acid.

Passing to other seeds of palms, we find several utilised for decorative purposes. Betel nuts, the produce of the *Areca* palm, are chiefly used as a masticatory by the natives of the East. They are too small to be applied to many ornamental uses; but are occasionally employed by the turner and wrought into different kinds of fancy-shaped beads for bracelets, small rosary cases, and other little fancy articles. In the Museum of Economic Botany at Kew there is a walking-stick made of these nuts, sliced, mounted or supported on an iron centre. The cocoa-nut shell after being dried and scraped forms the Indian hookah, which is used by all classes for smoking tobacco. In Malaysia, the shell, under the name of Parut, is used for children's games. It is taken between the two feet and sent as far backwards as possible by a twist of the foot. The cocoa-nut shell also furnishes drinking goblets, which, carved exteriorly and mounted in silver, are a great ornament. Small articles, as baskets, ladles, spoons, and other such domestic articles, are made of it. Beads for rosaries are also turned from the shell.

The hard mottled nuts called 'coquillas,' the produce of a South American palm, used to be imported to the extent of several hundred thousand a year, but are now scarce. They take a fine polish, and were shaped by the turner into various small ornamental and useful articles, such as knob-handles for cabinet drawers, for walking-sticks, parasols, bell-pulls,

small fancy-boxes, &c. The hard stony seeds of the Tucuma Palm and of the Macan Palm are susceptible of a high polish, and are sometimes fancifully carved into rings, 'birios' or knitting-pins, &c.

The fruit of the Talipot Palm is hard like ivory, and is extensively employed in the manufacture of beads for Hindu devotees, which are known in trade as Bazarbatie nuts. A considerable trade is done in these nuts from Bombay, the supply coming apparently from North Kanara and Ceylon. They are sometimes coloured red and sold as coral, or are made into small draughtsmen, little bowls, and other ornaments. In Europe they are now largely employed in the manufacture of buttons.

The kernel of the fruit of the Doum Palm is turned into beads for rosaries; and is also made into little oval-shaped boxes for holding snuff. These have a small opening at one end, stopped by a wooden peg. The speckled albuminous seeds of an African *Sagus* are carved into little figures by the negroes. The hard nut of the Dwarf Palm is in Algeria turned into chaplets, bracelets, and necklaces, which are esteemed for their pretty veinings of various colours.

From this enumeration it will be seen that, by skill and ingenuity, many nuts and seeds which have little or no commercial value are, however, utilised for ornamental purposes.

MRS HARRINGTON'S DIAMOND NECKLACE.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

MRS HARRINGTON'S fine eyes had never looked more brilliant and more malicious than when they rested on the pale but composed countenance of the tutor as he quietly entered the saloon leading Freddy by the hand.

'Excuse my somewhat abrupt summons, Mr Cunningham,' she said, speaking very courteously, though there was a ring of covert triumph in her clear tones that warned Ralph that she meant mischief. 'But a circumstance has occurred which renders it imperative that I should speak collectively to every member of this household.'

Ralph bowed, but made no reply, though he could not repress the slightly sarcastic smile which played upon his lips as he noted the judicial formality of her manner.

'This morning—indeed, not more than an hour ago, I found that, probably during the night, I have been robbed of a very valuable diamond necklace. My maid, Morris, and I at once made a careful examination of the room where, as most of you know, I am in the habit of keeping my jewels. We found, much to our surprise, that the room had not been entered from the outside: the window was securely bolted, and there were no signs whatever of any evil-minded person having effected an entrance in that way. I am therefore forced to accept the other explanation of this extraordinary affair—namely, that my room was visited by some one from inside. Of course, it is just possible that the thief may have gained admittance to the house from some other

part of the premises, and found his or her way to my apartments; you, Walters, will be better able to speak with authority on this point than I can. Will you tell us if you found any door or window open this morning?'

The old butler, who had served his mistress faithfully ever since her arrival at the Hall as a bride, twelve years ago, at once declared that he could solemnly swear that no signs of burglary had been visible when he went his rounds early that morning. A look of genuine concern was on his honest countenance as he met Mrs Harrington's eye, and certainly the most suspicious woman on earth would have instantly acquitted him of having had anything to do with the disappearance of the necklace.

'Has anything else been missed? Is all the plate intact?' queried Mrs Harrington.

'There is nothing missing, ma'am. If you will examine the strong-room'—

'I am quite ready to take your word,' interrupted his mistress with a smile that strove to be kindly.

'My daughter tells me that she also has lost nothing,' she continued.

'Mr Cunningham, can you say the same?' Her cold bright gray eyes were suddenly flashed on the tutor.

'I have lost nothing,' he answered quietly.

'Then it seems that the thief was contented with my necklace for spoil.'

Here the servants looked at each other with dismay; it was clear to the meanest understanding that Mrs Harrington suspected that some inmate of the Hall was the thief. There was a low buzz of whispers as their mistress ceased speaking; the cook and butler exchanged a few words, and then the latter spoke out.

'We are all agreed, ma'am, that the fairest thing to everybody would be that our boxes should be examined. No one has left the house this morning. If, as I fear you think, ma'am, the thief is here present'—

'I think nothing of the sort, Walters; I have only mentioned the facts of the case, which I certainly think go to prove that the thief gained admittance to my apartment by the door, and not by the window. At anyrate, I intend to place the affair in the hands of a person more competent to decide on the matter than myself. Directly I made the discovery that I had been robbed, I despatched my maid to the station to telegraph to Leatherhampton for the inspector of police, who, I expect, will arrive in less than half an hour. In the meantime I desire that you will all remain in the saloon.'

The servants again exchanged glances of consternation. Such an unprecedented occurrence as this would furnish food for gossip in the servants' hall for many a year to come. Even the presence of their mistress and the uncomfortable chill that had suddenly fallen on the assemblage did not silence the hum of whispered talk among the men-servants and the maid-servants, who waited with what patience they could command for the next act in this tragedy-comedy of the mysterious burglary.

The half-hour expired at last. Mr Cunningham had throughout maintained an attitude of polite indifference; Gladys had been studiously silent; and little Freddy, who had only half understood

the scene, still clung to the tutor's hand with an expression of mingled wonder and terror in his big brown eyes. Mrs Harrington had seated herself in one of the deep easy-chairs scattered about the saloon, and made a pretence of glancing down the columns of a newspaper. Her face was pale and her lips firmly set; but the hand which held the newspaper shook slightly, thus betraying the emotion she strove so hard to hide.

The arrival of the inspector of police was a relief to every one. Mrs Harrington briefly explained to him what had occurred, and her reasons for supposing that the theft of the necklace had been accomplished by an inmate of the Hall.

'Such a suspicion is of course very painful to me,' she finished; 'but under the circumstances, Mr Inspector, though I deeply regret the necessity, I think it better for the satisfaction of all concerned, that I should accept the offer made by my servants, and request you to search their boxes.—You, Mr Cunningham,' she added suddenly, addressing herself to Ralph, 'will, just for form's sake, undergo the same unpleasant ordeal.'

For an instant the tutor's self-possession was disturbed; the colour rushed to his face, and he was about to make some protest against the indignity, when a warning glance from Gladys checked him. 'Most certainly,' he said, 'when Mr Inspector has searched the servants' rooms he is quite at liberty to ransack mine. I will remain here with Miss Harrington and the servants while the examination is in progress,' he added.

Mrs Harrington and the inspector left the saloon, and again the hum of whispered conversation was audible. Gladys, with a queer smile on her beautiful lips, sunk into the chair her step-mother had quitted, and turned her attention to the newspaper which had served that lady as a pretext for silence during the purgatorial half-hour that had followed on her strange exordium.

Ralph seated himself at some distance from Gladys, and Freddy nestled at his side with a look of puzzled anxiety on his childish face. Once Gladys looked across to the tutor; the look said plainly: 'This ordeal must be borne for my sake. I love you, and trust you; cannot you trust me?'

Ralph smiled an affirmative, and let his thoughts drift into a pleasanter channel than that of Mrs Harrington's enmity, her plot to ruin him, and the strange upshot thereof.

An hour passed; the whispers of the servants were hushed; their curiosity was on tiptoe, for in the silence that had suddenly fallen on the saloon they caught the distant sound of the inspector's deep bass voice, and the rustle of Mrs Harrington's silk dress descending the stairs. The search was over; what had been the result?

In another moment the lady and the inspector advanced to the table in the centre of the saloon. Mrs Harrington's eyes flashed full on Ralph's face, and for the moment the mask of courtesy she had hitherto worn in his presence was lifted; and hatred, rage, and baffled malice looked out at him from under her level brows.

'Have you found your necklace, Madam?' said the tutor.

'I have not; the thief has probably hidden it too well,' was her biting reply.

'On his or her person, perhaps,' suggested Ralph ironically. 'Allow me to set an example, which no doubt others will be glad to follow.—If you, Mr Inspector, will come up to my room, I will gladly submit to a personal search.'

Mrs Harrington was shamed at last. There was no mistaking the significance of the tutor's words. He had found out the abominable plot she had concocted, and he meant her to know that he had done so.

'I cannot allow such an indignity to be put upon my son's tutor,' she said, dropping her eyes.

'Mr Inspector, you are witness that I have offered to submit to a personal search; Mrs Harrington declines to avail herself of my offer.'

The inspector, understanding that there was more in the affair than met the eye, bowed respectfully to the tutor, and then asked Mrs Harrington if she desired him to prosecute any further inquiries.

'Certainly,' she answered defiantly. 'I have had a valuable article of jewellery stolen from me under most extraordinary circumstances. I wish no pains or expense spared; and I offer a reward of one hundred pounds for any information that shall lead to the discovery and apprehension of the thief.'

The inspector pulled out his pocket-book and instantly made a note of this; then turning to Mrs Harrington, asked whether he had her permission to interrogate each member of the household in private.

'Most certainly; I give you *carte blanche* in the matter,' the lady replied. 'But as the unfortunate affair has somewhat upset my nerves, I shall now retire to my own room. I leave the further conduct of the case to you with the greatest confidence.'

With this gracious speech Mrs Harrington left the saloon and remained invisible until dinner-time. The intervening hours were spent by the inspector in cross-examining the servants, in a minute investigation of the premises, and in making copious notes in regard to every item of evidence he elicited. About six o'clock the worthy official took his departure; and every man, woman, and child at Harrington Hall breathed more freely when relieved from the overwhelming majesty of the Law, individualised in that awe-inspiring personage.

When Mrs Harrington rang her bell to summon the faithful Morris to assist at her evening toilet, that valued factotum appeared in tears and with an open telegram in her hand. She had just received the distressing intelligence that her father, a respectable publican, residing at Holloway, lay dangerously ill. Would her kind mistress allow her to go up to London by the last train? She, Morris, would break her heart if 'anything happened' to her dear old father, and she, his only daughter, was not there to receive his dying blessing.

'Of course you may go. I am very sorry to hear of this trouble.—When is the next train?' said Mrs Harrington sympathetically.

'There is one at seven, ma'am.'

'Then go by that; you have half an hour to get to the station.'

'But who is to dress you for dinner, ma'am?'

'Send Jane to me; she will be able to do all I want.'

With profuse thanks and tears, Morris left her mistress, packed a small bag of necessaries, and was driven off to the station by a sympathising groom, who had long cherished an admiring regard for the comely abigail, and was believed to entertain matrimonial intentions on her behalf.

Dinner that night was a disagreeable ordeal alike to Mrs Harrington, Gladys, and Ralph. The first was slightly sulky and ashamed; the second, covertly indignant; and the third, though outwardly self-possessed, was bitterly aggrieved at the humiliating position in which Mrs Harrington's treachery had placed him.

When dinner was over, Gladys pleaded a headache as an excuse for going straight to her own room; and Ralph strolled out into the garden to smoke a cigar, a sedative which he sorely needed. But he was not fated to enjoy his 'weed' in peace, for he had scarcely established himself in his favourite nook in the shrubbery when he caught sight of a white gown through the trees, and in another moment Gladys, looking pale, scared, and agitated, seated herself at his side.

'What has alarmed you, darling?' he said, flinging away his unfinished cigar and encircling her with his arm. The poor girl was breathless and palpitating, and her eyes were dilated with alarm.

'Oh Ralph!' she panted, 'that horrid necklace!'

'Has it been found?' queried Ralph sharply.

'No; it is gone—really and truly gone, this time. When you brought it to me this morning and explained my step-mother's wicked plot to disgrace you, I was tempted to fling the miserable thing into the lake there. But I remembered how she valued it: it was one of my father's wedding presents to her, and is worth two or three thousand pounds, I believe; so I hid it away in my dressing-case, as I told you I would. But just now, when I went to look if it was safe, I found that it was gone.'

'You locked your dressing-case, of course. Has the lock been tampered with?'

'I think not; but you know how careless I am about keys and things. When I changed my frock at luncheon-time, I probably left the keys in the pocket. At anyrate the necklace has been taken from my dressing-case by some one. Oh Ralph, it seems as if my step-mother is to be punished for her cruelty to you! Just think what a wicked thing—to go to your room and hide her miserable diamonds in your portmanteau, and then to get up that wretched comedy in the saloon, hoping to disgrace you before the servants and every one, because she was determined to—to part us.'

'But, dearest, this is not a time to ponder Mrs Harrington's misdeeds. The question is, who has taken the diamonds, and how are we to recover them?'

'Perhaps mamma has taken them herself. She would be quite capable of purloining my keys and—'

'Hush, hush, Gladys; don't be hard on her.'

'You may forgive her, but I never can,' cried the girl passionately. 'Just think what your position would have been had you not found that tassel of beads!'

'You would have believed me innocent, Gladys?'

'I? Oh Ralph, darling, of course I would! I would stake my life on your honour and truth. But think of the cold, stealthy treachery of a woman who could creep into your room and deliberately plan a thing so wicked and so mean!'

'My dear girl, do try to be calm. That necklace must be found. Do you think any one could have overheard our conversation this morning?'

'It is just possible; we were sitting on this very bench,' said Gladys, looking round at the shrubs, growing thickly on three sides of the seat, which was placed in a sort of alcove of closely-cut laurels and yews. 'A path leading to the stables runs just at the back. Could any of the servants— But no; I don't believe any of them is capable of theft.'

'I think we shall be forced to assume such a possibility,' said Ralph gravely. 'The first thing to find out is if any one has left the Hall during the afternoon or evening. I scarcely think that a thief would attempt to hide the jewels in the house after this morning's affair.'

'No one has left, I am sure, except Morris, mamma's maid.'

'Hum! Do you know why she left?'

'She had a telegram from home summoning her to her father's sick-bed.'

'Do you know anything of Morris's antecedents?'

'Oh Ralph, surely—surely you don't suspect her! Why, she has been years at the Hall, and my step-mother has the greatest confidence in her.'

'Didn't Mrs Harrington say this morning that Morris was the messenger she despatched to the station to telegraph to Leatherhampton for the inspector?'

'Yes; but'—

'Then, my dear Gladys, I think we have a clue; but for the present we must keep our suspicions to ourselves, and wait the course of events. Meanwhile, I shall do a little detective-work on my own account.'

During the next two or three days Mr Inspector paid frequent visits to Harrington Hall; but no further evidence was elicited, and the diamond necklace robbery still remained enveloped in mystery. Ralph's amateur detective work had, however, not been equally barren of result. On the morning following Gladys' discovery of the real theft, he paid a visit to the station, and learned from the telegraph clerk that Mrs Harrington's maid had despatched two telegrams on the previous morning, one to London, the other to Leatherhampton. Ralph tried hard to get a sight of the telegraph forms; but the man declared that to allow such a breach of official discipline would be as much as his place was worth.

On his return from the station Ralph confided to Gladys the result of his inquiries; and the two conspirators decided to follow up the

clue thus obtained, and to place the affair in the hands of Mr Jonas Lynx, a noted private detective in London. While the country police were leisurely deliberating on what steps to take in regard to the Harrington Hall burglary, the experienced Mr Lynx had discovered the whereabouts of Miss Julia Morris, had satisfied himself that the respectable Mr Morris of Holloway was a purely mythical personage, and that the place where Miss Morris was living was the temporary headquarters of a gang of light-fingered gentry with whom she was closely connected—her brother being a distinguished member of the Fraternity of the Skeleton Keys and Crowbar. He also identified that clever young woman as one Sarah Brown, who, fifteen years before, had picked oakum in one of Her Majesty's jails for a term of twelve months. Three days later Ralph was informed that Miss Brown, alias Morris, had been arrested at Liverpool when about to go on board the screw steamer *Hawk*. The diamonds, however, were not in her possession, the stones having probably been unset within a few hours of their appropriation, and sent over to Amsterdam, where they were placed in the right hands for sale. At anyrate, Mrs Harrington's diamond necklace ceased to exist, and that amiable lady thus paid dearly enough for her treachery.

But the consequences of her malicious deed did not end with the loss of the jewels. Not only was she compelled to appear in court and give evidence against her former maid, but she suffered untold agonies of mind lest Morris should divulge the fact that the diamonds had been stolen not from Mrs but from Miss Harrington's dressing-case, and that further revelations might be made. Morris, however, perhaps in the hope of using her knowledge for the purpose of extorting blackmail from her late mistress when her term of penal servitude was over, discreetly held her tongue; and therefore only Mr Lynx, Gladys, and Ralph knew the whole story of the Harrington Hall burglary. Many of the details could only be surmised, but it seemed probable that Morris, in passing through the shrubbery on her way to the stables, had overheard the conversation between the lovers, and perceiving that even if she were found out, how unlikely it was her mistress would venture to prosecute her for the theft, had conceived the daring idea of abstracting the necklace from Miss Harrington's dressing-case.

Yet another retribution was in store for the unhappy Mrs Harrington. Gladys suddenly assumed a violently bellicose attitude towards her step-mother, and threatened to tell the true story of the robbery to her guardian, Lord Roseford—a gentleman who was universally respected in the county for his almost fastidious ideas of honour.

'You have shown no mercy to me; I will show none to you. Give your formal consent to my marriage with Ralph, and I promise to keep your wicked secret. If you refuse, I will go straight to Lord Roseford and beg him to find some other home for me than Harrington Hall.'

'You undutiful child, how dare you speak to me so!' moaned Mrs Harrington, quailing before the flashing eyes of her step-daughter.

'It is your own fault. If you had not tried to ruin the man I love, I would have waited

three years for him. Now, I mean to marry him in three weeks.'

What could the unhappy woman do? Gladys was thoroughly roused; she was quite capable of making an *esclandre* that would be the talk of Grass-shire for years.

In the end Mrs Harrington did what most women in her position would have done—gave in; and Gladys kept her word. Three weeks later the following advertisement appeared in the first column of the *Times*: 'On the 17th July, at Harrington, RALPH CUNNINGHAM, M.A., late Fellow of St John's College, Oxon., to GLADYS, only daughter of the late Giles Harrington of Harrington Hall, Grass-shire.'

And Mrs Lamprey said to Mrs Smalman: 'What a dreadful *mésalliance*; but I always knew what would be the result of Mrs Harrington's imprudence in throwing that Mr Cunningham with poor, dear headstrong Gladys!'

SOME OLD TAVERN WAYS.

Shall I not take mine ease in mine inn?

THE spread of luxury and comfort, so strikingly apparent nowadays, is nowhere more so than in those establishments which take the place of the inns and hostleries wherein our forefathers tossed off their sack and canary, swore royster-ing oaths, and exchanged many a broken head. The modern 'restaurant' or 'wine-bar,' or even plain 'public' with its garish mahogany, stained-glass and gilding, its plenitude of tankards and glasses, its imposing array of gas-lamps, or it may be electric light, and last, but by no means least, its bevy of sirens skilled in the arts which captivate the lounge, are strikingly different from the old-world tavern with its gable roof, innumerable apartments, paucity of furniture, and busy lads in white aprons. Our ancestors were evidently made of sterner stuff. They went to a tavern to drink, and cared little for surroundings provided the wine were good and the service ready. Take for example, the inventory of the 'stock in trade and furniture of a tavern in Bishopsgate' in 1612, a house boasting the appropriate sign of 'The Mouth,' and a very thirsty mouth too, no doubt. First come the drinkables: '7 hhds. of Orliance wine, £17, 10s.; 1 butte of Malligo, £17; 1 runlett of sherry sacke containing 16 gallonde, 32s.; 1 hhd. of old clarett, 16s.; 2 dusson and 8 bottles of ale, 5s. 8d.;' and so forth. Next the contents of the various rooms: 'The Percullis: 1 long table with a florine, one oyster table, one little cubbord table and one court cubbord, one old wyne stoole, and a payre of playing-tables, 24s. 8d. The Pomgranatt: 1 olde table with a florine, 3s. 4d. The Three Tuns: 1 little standynge carpenters table with 2 stooles, 2s.;' and so on, with little variation through the 'Crosse Keys,' 'The Wyne,' 'The Kings Head,' and other chambers. The 'boarded partitions' belonging to these apartments are valued at 20s.; but in strange contrast to these beggarly appointments we read of '15 small drinkyng bowles of silver, one brode bowle and 2 beakers, one greate saulte, a trencher saulte and 2 silver spoones weighing 154 ozs. at 3s. 10d., £37, 4s. 4d.'

To sit on a hard bench in a room whose sole

remaining furniture was an equally bare and unsightly table, and drink out of silver goblets, strikes one to-day as a strange anomaly. In 'The Barre' are found the measures of the hostelry: '2 gallon pottes, 5 pottle pottes, nyne quarte pottes, 8 pynte pottes, one half-pint potte and a gylle potte.' Only one solitary half-pint measure to nine of a quart capacity! Truly, an indication that 'short drinks' were not much in favour with the gallants who frequented the 'Mouthe,' swaggering in with a clatter and noise much at variance with the semi-maudlin state in which, if contemporary chroniclers are to be trusted, they staggered out again after their repeated potations.

The custom of naming the different rooms is familiar to all who have read our Elizabethan writers. Who does not at once recall those immortal scenes at the 'Boar's Head' in which that magnificent old scoundrel Jack Falstaff played so prominent a part? How the madcap Prince and his companion Poinso so sadly perplexed the unfortunate Francis with his everlasting 'Anon, anon, sir,' and his interjected orders to 'Look down into the Pomegranate.' It was customary, it seems, to have small windows or loopholes between the various apartments, for what reason it were perhaps hard to say, unless to facilitate that interchange of compliments customary between parties who were using different chambers in the same tavern. These courtesies usually took the form of the present of a piece of sugar wrapped up in white paper which the waiters kept ready to hand. Our forefathers were fond of correcting the acidity of their wine by this addition, and it was quite the correct thing to send by the drawer one of these packets to the neighbouring apartment if any friends or acquaintances were there.

There is a story anent 'Rare Ben Jonson' worth giving here. He was at a tavern when Bishop Corbet came into the next room. Ben called for a quart of *raw* wine, and gave it to the tapster: 'Sirrah,' says he, 'carry this to the gentleman in the next chamber, and tell him I sacrifice my service to him.' The fellow did so. 'Friend,' says Corbet, 'I thank him for his love; but prithee tell him from me that he is mistaken, for sacrifices are always burnt'—an allusion, of course, to the practice of heating wine, so frequently met with at this time. The spectacle of the bishop and the playwright exchanging compliments and bandying jokes in a tavern shows that the union of 'Church and Stage' was not such a far-off dream even in those early days. Manners differ, however; and it is scarcely likely that we shall hear of the Bishop of London and Mr Irving discussing the question over a bottle of wine at a Strand bar.

It seems to have been expedient, if not necessary, to cultivate a certain acquaintance, not to say familiarity, with the 'drawers'—attendants whose duty, as is obvious from their title, was originally to draw the wine from the casks, but who were probably after a time merely waiters, fetching and carrying to and from the cellar. Dekker, in his *Gull's Hornbook*, says: 'Your first compliment shall be to grow inwardly acquainted with the drawers to learn their names and dive into their inclinations. The use which you shall make of this familiarity is, that if you want

money five or six days together, you may still pay the reckoning with the most gentlemanlike language: "Boy, fetch me money from the bar." Does not Prince Hal declare: 'Sirrah, I am sworn brother to a leash of drawers, and can call them all by their Christian names. They call drinking deep, dying scarlet. But sweet Ned, to sweeten which name of Ned I give thee this pennyworth of sugar, clapped even now into my hand by an under-skinker.' Bishop Earle, in that curious little collection of satires which he calls *Micro-cosmographie*, has a satirical word to say of the tavern and its attributes. 'The drawers are the civilest people in it, men of good *bringing up*, and howsoever we esteem of them, none can boast more justly of their *high calling*.' He is very severe, though not unduly so, judging from many other accounts we have of the habits of Jacobean times. 'The tavern is a degree above an alehouse, where men are drunke with more credit and apologie. It is a broacher of more *newes* than hogs-heads, and more jests than *newes*, which are sukt up here by some spungie braine. Men come here to make merry, but indeed make a noise. A melancholy man would finde heere matter to worke upon to see heads as brittle as glasses, and often broken. A house of sinne you may call it, but not a house of darknesse, for the candles are never out.'

What was chiefly drunk in these bare and comfortless rooms, with more mirth and laughter perchance than accompany our more decorous meetings? Sack—that favourite beverage, whose identity has puzzled almost every commentator on the period—of course comes first. The word at once brings before us the 'fat knight,' that mountain of ribaldry and wit, who towers above all his compeers on a footing not to be easily shaken; dissolute, dishonest, unctuous, plausible, yet withal jolly and lovable Jack Falstaff. He seems to have been everlastingly imbibing sack. Was he not tauntingly called 'Sir John Sack-and-Sugar?' (An epithet, by the way, bestowed in certain parts of the country on an evil spirit in the times when witchcraft and devilry were believed in.) Did not the tavern bill surreptitiously abstracted from his pocket contain nearly eight shillings debited to the account of his favourite beverage, while bread was ignominiously dismissed for a solitary halfpenny! 'Oh, monstrous,' indeed.

What, then, was this 'sack?' From the constant mention of sugar in connection therewith, one may not unnaturally conclude it to have been an acid wine; but beyond this, there is little to go by. Its price some two years after Shakespeare's death was, according to Peacham, two shillings a quart; but its precise character seems veiled in obscurity as thick as the fumes to which it doubtless often gave rise in the craniums of too ardent devotees. We know that the Bard has committed an anachronism in allowing Falstaff sack at all, since, until the time of Henry VIII., the vintners sold no wines but 'white and claret,' all others being dispensed by the apothecary for medicine. This, however, is but a trifle compared with the gain we have in those glorious scenes from which we have quoted. It has been supposed to be a corruption of *vin sec*; or so called from being carried in a sack, 'as the Spaniards do;' or, according to Ritson, 'a liquor

compounded of sherry, cider, and sugar.' But whatever it may have been—and space precludes such discussion here—certain it is that it held high favour for generations, and quenched the thirst of many a noble gentleman and many a ruffling blade from Tudor to Stuart. Claret, Alicante, Brown, Bastard, were all favourite drinks of the time, the first-named apparently little esteemed, judging from the low price.

The use of sugar and spices with wine was not confined to sack. Our worthy ancestors were very sweet-toothed old fellows, and loved to modify the taste of the grape by infusing all manner of appetising accessories. Here are a couple of receipts for compounding tasty beverages, both taken from an unpublished manuscript of 1611: 'Raw wine prepared with honey and spices, called Clared, is made often of ten parts of whyte wine, one part of honey with a sufficient quantitie of cinnamone and ginger.'—'Raw wine prepared with sugar and spices, called *Vinum Hippocraticum*, commonly Hippocras, is usually made of ten parts black wyne, five of white, one of sugar, cinnamon, ginger, cloves, and a little musk(!). This kynde of artificiall wyne is a very pleasant drink, and is to be drunk after meat.' What digestions they must have had!

But such devices were legitimate, and indeed looked for. The tavern customer of the seventeenth century liked to have his palate tickled by these mysterious concoctions; what he did not bargain for were some of the nefarious and artful manœuvres resorted to by the unscrupulous vintner, of which we will briefly notice a few. Does not our old friend the hero of Gadshill exclaim with indignant emphasis: 'Here's lime in this sack too! There is nothing but roguery to be found in villainous man.' Putting lime into the wine seems to have been a pretty constant practice, as one finds it frequently referred to by the old authors. Sir Richard Hawkins notices the fact that 'since Spanish wyne came into vogue, they are for conservation mixed with lime;' which caused dropsy and other dire disorders, not forgetting our old enemy 'the gouttes.' It seems also to have been used with ale, judging from Robert Greene's remark that 'a Christian exhortation to Mother Bunch would not have been amiss, that she should not mixe lime with her ale to make it mightie.' When Bardolph desired an engagement as tapster from Dame Quickly, do we not remember that he quoted in his own favour his ability in 'frothing and liming?' the former process consisting in surreptitiously introducing a modicum of soap into the glass or tankard, in order to produce a goodly 'head' on the liquor.

But these are by no means all the dodges practised on unwary tipplers. There is extant a curious little tract of great rarity, called: 'In Vino Veritas, or a Conference betwixt Chip the Cooper and Dash the Drawer, discovering some Secrets in the Wine-brewing Trade,' which, though somewhat later in date (1698) than the period we have been glancing at, may serve as a fairly accurate picture of the state of affairs for some time previous to its publication. Under the influence of the contents of their master's cellar, these two gentlemen give some very instructive and curious hints as to the mysteries of their craft. We learn how good

wine was 'lowered' and eked out with 'Freeze, a sorry cider;' how raw beef was thrown into 'fretting wines' for them to feed upon; how a 'Brother of ours that lives not far from Ludgate Church, boasted that he had drawn Champagne, Burgundy, Chablais, and other curious and costly wines out of the very same cask!'—a feat reminding us of the conjuring entertainments of our boyhood, when that wonderful gentleman in evening dress poured all sorts of liquors from a single bottle.

Then, too, it seems to have been the custom to 'tip' the drawer a few pence to procure better wine, 'whereas, alas! we must draw such as our master orders;' so the too generous drinker might have kept his money for some better purpose; and no wonder the speaker confesses that 'a brazen face is essentially necessary to our profession,' and that 'we drawers laugh loud and long at those poor animals that resort to our houses.'

To give the vintner his due, however, we must take it that his customers also had their faults, and that the trade was not without its drawbacks. Dekker's advice, that 'no man counterfeit himself drunk to free his purse from the danger of the shot,' points to a rather shabby custom of trying to obtain refreshment at the very low price of nothing, a custom prevalent, he says, 'amongst gentlemen.' It is to be feared he was rather a bad judge of the article. He gives two other admonitions—namely, 'Not to look at the bill, look only at the total;' and 'At your departure, to kiss mine hostess or to accept the courtesy of the cellar' (that is, a complimentary glass); with which recollection of social amenities as practised in the days of King James, we take our leave of the subject and close these notes.

THE OLD STUDIO.

By THOMAS ST E. HAKE.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I. THE MASTER.

A CERTAIN house, standing on the Thames' bank above Battersea Reach, was a noted landmark for many years. From its pointed gables and stacks of crooked chimneys, down to its terrace by the river-side, it showed signs of antiquity, and with it neglect. There were deep cracks and wrinkles in the brick walls; and the terrace balustrade was crumbling, like a row of old teeth, and fast falling to decay. A green mossy coating covered the stonework; and in the crevices there were weeds and coarse blades of grass. At the corner of the terrace was a notice-board leaning over the water as on crutches; and upon this board was written, in washed-out letters, 'To be Let on Lease.' With the light of the sunset upon it, exposing all these weak points to view, the house would scarcely seem to have a long lease to run. Its windows were thickly coated with dust, except the two large terrace windows. These were as scrupulously clean as the spectacles on the face of an old person.

When the sun had set and the remaining light upon the river was fast ebbing like the tide, these terrace windows were thrown open. The interior, as it now appeared, was a large and lofty studio—a studio crowded with pictures—some in their frames and some without; some turned towards

the walls; and others partly hidden by pieces of antique furniture and statuettes. Standing in the midst of this *débris* was a tall handsome man of forty or forty-five. His sensitive face—indeed, his whole attitude—showed him to be deeply absorbed in giving the last touches, with hand and soul, to the life-size picture of a young girl. His look was fervent: it expressed something more than artistic ardour for the work almost achieved. He seemed to worship the picture as much as though there were actual life in the eyes, half shadowed by their own dark lashes; in the half-parted lips that seemed on the point of speaking. The pretty head in this painting was thrown back, and rested on the high arm of an old chair into which the girl had sunk. The hands were clasped behind the head, and the white arms were half hidden by the masses of auburn hair. This figure was so delicately draped, so masterfully conceived in every detail of light and shadow, that it seemed to symbolise the twilight that still lay in the western sky.

The last touch had been given; the brush had been thrown aside. A troubled look now came over the artist's face. He turned his eyes towards a corner of the room where a quantity of drapery was arranged, where a quaint oaken chair stood in the foreground with tigers' skins lying about. It was the look of one who saw something beyond the old chair and the drapery around it: it was the look of the poet who in his fancy had placed the figure there, just as it reposed in the painting before him. He stood with his head bent and with a look of tears in his eyes before this empty chair, as though something that he loved was gone out of his life and yet was in some way present. A knock at the hall door startled him. It was now dark, and he hastened to light the chandelier and to draw the heavy curtains across the windows. This done—though not before the knock had been repeated—he went out to open the door. A young fellow came quickly in, and received a warm welcome from the artist. As they crossed the hall—a dark echoing place, with a great winding staircase—the artist placed an arresting hand playfully on his friend's shoulder and said: 'Stay, Fenwick; not so fast. You are always so impatient'—

'Of course I am, Millward,' was the reply. 'I have come on purpose to'—Fenwick stopped abruptly; they had entered the studio while speaking, and the picture had caught his eye.

'Who is she?' Fenwick said at last, and in a tone almost of supplication, as he glanced at the artist and then round the room.

A slight shade came over Millward's face, but he made no answer.

'I recognise her,' Fenwick went on, his eyes resting once more upon Millward's painting, 'in nearly all your pictures; and I have often asked you who she is.—Ah!' he added, laughingly, 'she's some lady of title, I suspect—some lovely princess, whose incognita you have sworn to preserve; for you seldom show any one except me any work that has this face in it!—Have I made a shrewd guess this time?'

Millward shook his head and drew a deep sigh, which he made no effort to conceal.

'Then why not introduce me to your beautiful model? Why, she must have been here a thousand times! How is it I've never seen her?'

Millward laughed in rather an odd way, as Fenwick thought, and raising the window-curtain, looked out eagerly upon the river, but only for a moment. Sinking back into a seat, he replied: 'My dear Fenwick, what motive could I have for keeping you and any model of mine apart?'

Fenwick was on the point of answering, when the sound of oars on the river, close under the window, reached his ear. Millward had risen, and again drawing a fold of the curtain aside, glanced out, and then turned to his friend. 'Excuse my leaving you,' said he, hurriedly. 'It's old Gunning come to take me on the river.'

'You won't be long?'

'No.'

'Then I'll amuse myself while you're away,' said Fenwick, 'by studying your picture.' He threw himself as he spoke into a chair in front of Millward's painting and lit a cigarette. 'By the bye,' he added in his laughing way, 'why not bring back the model with you?'

He regretted his words the moment they were uttered, they appeared to produce such a painful effect upon Millward. His face grew deeply troubled; he looked round the studio distractedly, tried to speak, then turning away, went quickly out.

Fenwick watched him cross the terrace. It was now bright moonlight on the river. A boat had dropped alongside, and a man who looked like an old sailor was securing the boat against the strong ebb-tide. Millward took his place in the stern, and the boatman began to pull up stream. Fenwick noticed that his friend looked eagerly about him as the skiff made gradual way against the current. Re-entering the studio and again seating himself before the picture, Fenwick looked at it long and earnestly.

For some years past John Fenwick had been Millward's pupil; and ever since the day he had come to him, and had caught glimpses of this lovely face peeping out among the many pictures that had always crowded the studio, he had felt great curiosity about the original. But the pupil could never persuade the master by any device to even speak of this model; and Fenwick would long ago have been convinced that the model had no existence—none outside the artist's brain—had not some new picture periodically filled him with wonder and unutterable delight. For Millward constantly reproduced her, not only with all the maturing beauty of face and form—just as a young girl would mature as days went by—but he seemed to gain greater mastery over his art. The girl that Fenwick now looked upon in this picture was a maiden of twenty or twenty-one, in all the perfection of her womanly beauty. But a strange surmise—a very strange one on Fenwick's part—had suddenly come to him. He had often watched the master, when he knew him to be too deeply abstracted to be conscious of being observed, giving some life-touch to a painting of this mystic girl; and then it was that the thought flashed upon him, as Millward's far-off look would return to the canvas, that the spirit of this beautiful model was in the studio, visible only to the master.

Fenwick sat there, before the painting, pondering these things. If he could but conjure up such a vision—if such a beautiful shadow-form

would only but once appear to him! This picture of Millward's, this marvellous work, had awakened in him a deeper and more passionate love of art. This was his ideal—the model he sought for everywhere. With such a model to paint from, he might even aspire, some day, to produce a masterpiece, as Millward had done.

He took up a pencil and opened a sketch-book, seized with a sudden and irresistible impulse to make some beginning; and he soon became so absorbed in his work, so impressed with the idea of a spirit-model wandering about in this old studio, that he never heeded when the sound of oars came faintly in from the river. A momentary thought occurred to him that Millward was coming back; but as the sound gradually ceased, the recollection of it also ceased, and this pencil-sketch held possession of his fancy. It was soon finished—an excellent conception, one that might develop on canvas into a work of art in which the master would discover something, perhaps, more than mere promise of future greatness. But how could it ever come to that—ever come within sight of his ambitious design, unless a model comparable with Millward's could be found?

Impossible! He threw down his pencil and sketch-book in despair. He had half risen from his seat with the intention of lighting another cigarette, when a slight movement of the window-curtain caught his eye. In another moment a young and shapely hand, with long expressive fingers, grasped the folds and held them back. And scarcely had Fenwick decided to conceal himself behind one of the numerous objects of art that encumbered the studio, when the curtain was lifted still higher, and the figure of a girl with a face like the one in Millward's picture came timidly in with the moonlight.

AT A NORTH-COUNTRY HORSE-FAIR.

NOTWITHSTANDING the inroads of modern monthly auctions and the facilities of carriage to city markets, the ancient institution of local fairs for the sale of farm-stock of all kinds still survives and flourishes in certain districts of Scotland. Regularly yet, as the accustomed day returns, farmers and dealers from far and near gather at their immemorial place of meeting to do business or to see what is going on. One may wonder how the date is remembered. No advertisement of the approaching function appears to be made; nevertheless, as if by intuition, early on the morning of the wonted day the roads of the neighbourhood begin to be alive with wayfarers of all sorts making for the wonted spot, and the fair never fails. It can be understood how the recurrence of a great gathering like Falkirk Tryst on Stenhousemuir should be memorable enough; some of the stock which appears there for sale has to be on the road for weeks beforehand. But lesser gatherings are attended with as much regularity, and the fact would seem to illustrate how far habit in a quiet existence may become a second nature.

There are sheep-fairs and cattle-fairs and feeding-fairs, the last being a half-yearly market for the engaging of servants. But a character all its own belongs to the horse-fair. Its tone is racier than that of the others, horse-dealing being pro-

verbially a business requiring peculiar shrewdness, and affording plentiful opportunity for sharp practice. Half an hour at a gathering like that of the Moss o' Balloch gives one a glimpse of some curious customs and some odd types of character, with a breath of an atmosphere quite of its own sort.

A noisy scene it is, between the shouting of rustic jockeys, the neighing and trampling of beasts, and the vociferations of the motley crew of camp-followers who manage to make a livelihood at such gatherings in a hundred nondescript ways. One has to keep his eyes about him, or in an unsuspecting moment he may be knocked over and trodden into the turf by some wildly-galloping cart-horse exhibiting its action. Since early morning the constituent parts of the fair have been coming in. First of all, the refreshment vendors—decent innkeepers of the neighbourhood who have obtained a field-license for the day—busied themselves with erecting their canteens of rough boards. Then the amusement providers, some of whom had encamped on the ground all night, began to set up their rough booths and stands of all sorts. Presently the beasts began to arrive, rough-coated nags mostly, in strings of a dozen or twenty, each string led by a wild cateran of a groom, mounted without saddle on one of the steeds. Last and most important, the sellers and possible buyers themselves put in an appearance—old farmers jogging along comfortably behind easy ponies, and young fellows, vain of their turn-out, who endeavoured to come upon the ground with some show and dash—and by eleven o'clock the business of the day is in full swing.

Foremost in the field are the dealers, a race of quick, sly wit, shrewd and voluble, leading a somewhat rough and haphazard life. Worth more, as a rule, than they seem to be, some of these loud-voiced, broad-shouldered men tramping about heavy-shod and whip in hand among their beasts, may be tenants each of half-a-dozen farms, and be able to put upon the market six or seven score horses of all sorts. Each man's turn-out is ranged by itself, generally a motley array. Every other minute some one of the steeds will be picked out from the row and sent trotting, galloping, and capering about the field, to show its paces before a possible customer, a good deal sometimes on a lucky day being made by the ragged hangers-on who act as grooms and jehus. Horses for sale are known by the fact of their wearing rope halters; while a wisp of straw plaited into the tail intimates that an animal has changed owners.

It is somewhat amusing to watch a couple of dealers or a dealer and some bluff old farmer on the point of completing a bargain. The intending purchaser has cautiously gone over the points of the horse—lifting its feet one after another to inspect the hoofs, examining its teeth to make sure of its age, and finally watching it trot and gallop down the field. As the animal is being led back at a walking pace the farmer turns slowly round. The dealer's hand goes up in the air: 'Twenty-five pound! Say the word.' 'Twenty-four,' says the farmer doggedly. 'Split the difference—twenty-four ten and she's yours.' 'Done, then!'

The dealer spits in his palm, and the two men's hands come smack together, the bargain being

completed by that occult proceeding. Forthwith the money is paid, the expectant groom receives his 'consideration,' and the steed is led away by its new owner.

All bargains of course are not quite so promptly concluded. Occasionally the two men will be seen standing for several minutes, each with hand in air ready to seal the transaction, but haggling over the difference of a few shillings, and perhaps doing no business after all. Sometimes, though not so often as might be supposed, an adjournment to one of the neighbouring canteens assists or celebrates the changing hands of stock.

As might be expected, the gentler sex is conspicuous by its absence from the field. Exceptions to the rule, however, there are. A good woman here and there, a widow perhaps, carrying on her husband's farm, may have come to purchase a dairy pony. With skirts tucked well up out of the mud, these managing women, pretty certain as to what they want, may be seen stepping energetically out and in among the animals, taking no advice unless themselves assured of its reason, and by no means getting the worst of a bargain when it comes to actual business.

A few gentlemen's coachmen may be observed making purchases for their masters' stables; and, investors of a very different class, hucksters of the countryside and small 'merchants,' here and there hang about to pick up anything cheap enough for their purpose. One of these, a coal-merchant, one year bought a steed for a pound; but afterwards considered himself badly aggrieved, as he purchased one at next fair for seven-and-sixpence.

But besides the actual sellers and buyers in such a scene, there is always a motley crowd of hangers-on, the peculiar race who make it their business to attend fair after fair in continual succession throughout the country, practising devices of familiar antiquity, and getting a living by their wits anyhow. There is the 'cheap-jack,' whose voice can be heard all day from his cart hectoring his crowd of rustic customers with a strident 'Sold again! 'Alf a crown for the next lot!' who sells or 'gives away' more watches in an afternoon than many jewellers do in six months, and whose rapid transference of hard-earned money from other pockets to his own in exchange for utterly worthless trifles affords a striking illustration of the advantage possessed by brains over mere muscle.

There are shooting-galleries, presided over by young ladies of fascinating aspect, insinuating address, and picturesque if somewhat faded attire—young ladies who, amid all their rude surroundings, are perfectly well able to take care of themselves. 'Aunt Sally' is in evidence in all her glory, ready to undergo any amount of ill-treatment for a modest consideration, even rewarding, woman-like, her most skilful attackers with gifts of brown-paper cigars and other valuables. There is the invariable cocoa-nut man, ever ready to demonstrate the ease with which a nut may be thrown through the hole in his board, and equally ready with a consolatory and encouraging word to his customers when they miss. And wandering minstrels of all sorts—tatterdemalion pipers, fiddlers, and penny-whistle players—seeking to inspire at once the patriotism and

the generosity of the crowd, are to be both seen and heard about the field.

Naturally at a horse-fair there is not so great a gathering of the showman element as at a feeing-fair, the great patrons of the shows, the farm-servants, being present in fewer numbers, the inspiring influence of their sweethearts being lacking, and the occasion altogether being a less jovial one. Nevertheless, somehow, a sprinkling of the minor caterers of amusement always appears, and without the presence of these the function would want one of its characteristic features.

A strange rude life they lead, these Bohemians of the hedgeside and the country byways; and the peep behind the scenes which is here and there afforded by their rough-and-ready camping arrangements suggests curious speculation upon the advantages of a contented spirit. Something of romance still lingers about these people and their ways. Among them yet, mingling with the various flotsam and jetsam of civilisation, is to be found a remnant of the Ishmael Romany, that dreamy-blooded, passion-haunted race, doomed to wander the earth with a destiny unfulfilled and to disappear. And under the primitive rag tent and within the curious houses on wheels lingers yet in actual fact the material of many a strange story.

People travel far to east and west every year to study types and manners; but in many a corner like this near home, if time were given to the study of it, it would still be possible to discover things sufficiently quaint, interesting, and suggestive.

A SUMMER SOLITUDE.

BROAD slopes, robed regally in purple ling,
Where green moist moss and scented thyme lie hid;
And harebells hang the wind-stirred grass amid;
And ferns and foxgloves fringe the peat-stained spring.

Here flames a yellow tuft of furze, and there,
A narrow patch of vivid colour shows
The ant-built hillocks where the cistus grows;
And ruddy bracken starts up everywhere.

The scattered sheep stray singly o'er the waste;
Above, the plover sounds his plaintive pipe;
Out yonder rise a pair of startled snipe,
And seek fresh shelter with a timid haste.

And far out west there gleams the wide gray main—
A silver glory where the sun-sprite spills
His subtle charm—and 'neath the northern hills
Faint smoke goes up of cities of the plain.

A silent solemn place and holy ground,
Where God speaks in a still small voice, which they
Hear not who hurry by; but those who stay,
And hearken, catch the tender whispered sound,

And hearing, gain a strange, strong peace of heart;
A new sweet patience for the pains of life;
A calmer courage for its stern fierce strife;
A conscious power to do a nobler part.

G. DUNCAN GREY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 390.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 20, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

LESSONS, MY DEARS!

BY MRS WALFORD.

A FAMILIAR figure of the present day is the pale-faced, lanky, all-shoulder-and-elbow school-girl just entering her teens. Her frocks are in a chronic state of requiring new 'false hems'—the modern substitute for the tucks to be let down, which were the bane of the last generation—and between her faintly-discernible waist and obtrusive waistband there exists a vast and hopeless gulf. She is tolerably sure to have cold feet and hands. She almost invariably runs to a pink nose, if not to pink eyelids. Usually, she is rather silent. If not haunted by the ghosts of Lessons past, she is brooding over the looming shadows of Lessons to come; if not chewing the cud of good or bad marks already received, she ponders deeply over what of these the future may have in store. Away from the desk or the piano she has no real existence.

Moreover, as her mind seldom wanders outside the narrow precincts which bound her own little world, she is—unless possessed of an exceptionally forcible character—still less of a listener than a talker.

See her at the luncheon table, for instance. At luncheon she appears; it is her dinner, and too often her one solid meal in the day—but it is not honest hunger—would it were!—which prevents her finding anything worthy of her attention in the conversation held by her elders. We will suppose—it is rather a wild supposition, but still it does sometimes happen that the luncheon table is the centre of really interesting talk on notable topics—we will suppose that it has chanced to become so on an occasion; does our solemn-visaged little wiseacre pay any heed to what is being said? Not a bit of her. It is not her business. She has not been given that conversation to learn; and she is stolidly averse towards acquiring knowledge in any other form than through the legitimate channel of

her daily tasks. Those she has got to worry through, and that is enough for her.

Enough? It is a vast deal too much, and that is the simple truth about the matter. The poor little head and brain are already fully charged to the brim—the intelligence as it were met and provided for. The girl is being 'taught' everything, and nothing is left for her to learn of herself. Is it likely that she can manifest the slightest desire to put forth hand or foot in devising paths on her own account, when she is being made to march in the regulation step from morn to night along the hard highway?

She is 'being educated'—that is to say, she has been put into a mortar and is being pestled into shape. From that shape every original bias has to be eliminated. It is like the gristle which the careful cook picks out and throws away when mincing her beef; your true-born *chef* wants none of it, neither does the parent nor guardian want any girl-gristle; they want a nicely minced-up young lady, moulded to pattern. All extraneous interests, all curiosity regarding the great world or its ways, all unorthodox sympathies, all special yearnings and aspirations, come under the head of 'gristle' in the process now being gone through—in the drone, drone, drone of 'Lessons' from one hour to another.

'Lessons, my dears,' is read in the eye of the governess, as morning by morning she sails out of the dining-room at the conclusion of family prayers; and 'Lessons, my dears,' the same eye announces again in the first pause at the close of the luncheon-dinner. Meekly the poor preceptress departs, and meekly follow the little flock. *They* have no digestions to be considered; no pause for health's or pleasure's sake need be thought of for *them*.

Oh yes; they have their daily walk—an hour in the morning, an hour in the afternoon; perhaps in the summer-time they may even stroll outside again in the cool of the evening. But Lessons must be *first*, of course. So says mamma,

with calm unconscious air. Your British matron is so very unconscious, so absolutely innocent of committing the very slightest offence against her own flesh and blood, nay, she is so entirely convinced that she is doing the very best she can for them in every possible way, by thus ordaining and inculcating the doctrine that 'Lessons must be first, of course; that it is almost a hopeless task to endeavour to undeceive her.

Lessons must be first—before everything. Well, perhaps not before religion; but certainly before food, exercise, fresh air, sleep. The drowsy head must be shaken up from the pillow at an early hour—long before papa, or mamma, or any elder folks in the house are astir; and the fretful, shivering, starved, and only half-roused school-girl set to practise in a room in which, if it be mid-winter, a fire has just been lighted; or at other seasons has not been lit at all! In some exceptionally careful households there may be accorded before this ordeal a glass of milk—cold and heavy on the stomach at that hour; but the good, warm, nourishing breakfast which should always precede brain-work in the case of every growing girl, is either delayed until she has accomplished her hour's study, or not given at all. The mind is gorged—the body is starved.

And so on throughout the day. The parent who considers that during the brief hours of winter sunshine it is as well to curtail the morning tasks to a single hour or so, and postpone the principal tuition to the afternoon, by which time the sky is apt to cloud over and raw mists to steal over the face of the land, has, in the eyes of her acquaintances who are *educationists* proper, a very poor idea of developing mental culture. They 'wonder at her'—behind backs. They consider she 'does not do her daughters justice.' And one speaker will narrate how many hours a day her dear girls are closeted with their 'Fräulein;' and another will cap the recital with the extra dose administered by her 'Mademoiselle;' while the pale drawn faces and the round stooping backs of the unfortunate objects of their tenderness, count for nothing as compared with Adela's proficiency in music, or Ethel's fluency in French.

The doctor, he knows. He knows the meaning of those listless movements and lack-lustre eyes. But of what avail is his knowledge? He may gently hint at the necessity of the chest expanding and the muscles developing; but he will be met by the cold rejoinder, 'My daughters have abundance of exercise; they have a backboard in the schoolroom: they are not great eaters by nature!'

It is hard in the teeth of 'Lessons, my dears,' which is written on every line of the matron's visage, to insist on it that the slow, formal walk is *not* exercise, that the backboard is *not* rest, that healthy hunger has to be inaugurated—sown, as it were—and is not a genuine product of poor enfeebled soil.

Now, that the girl in her teens has much to learn, and that she has arrived at the age for receiving instruction, no one will think of denying. She ought undoubtedly to get rid of a certain amount of ignorance through the direct medium of schoolroom routine; but may a word be here put forth to suggest that it is but a very

small portion of knowledge which can be deliberately, as it were, injected into the young, and that the real, the useful, the principal lessons they need, and by which their future lives will be guided, are not to be found under the head of 'Lessons, my dears?'

A girl ought to be taught to think, to observe, to reflect; but if she is given no time wherein to exercise these powers, if every day and every hour is so filled up, so portioned out, and so settled for her by authority, how is she ever, in homely phrase, to 'feel her feet?' Her powers both of mind and of body are undermined by the constant wear and tear of endless tasks. She is enfeebled and incapacitated. Her faculties are warped. Intelligence itself, when driven between the shafts unceasingly along one beaten track, will cease to gaze with any interest elsewhere. Turned loose upon a common full of flowers and grasses, the same becomes straightway no better than a wilderness.

Holidays bring but a partial benefit in the above cases. The body may recuperate itself, but the mind cannot. What is the little maid to do? How shall she pass the time? She cannot be always at play; she wearies of doing nothing; yet she has no energy for doing anything. To read would be purest drudgery: to draw, to sing, to cultivate a single accomplishment would all savour of the hated 'Lesson' hours. She can fancy nothing—settle to nothing.

Hard-worked and hard-driven as she has been throughout her young career, she has never been taught one thing, and that is to *employ herself*; with her it has ever been either 'Lessons, my dears,' or else—idleness.

Is there anything to be done? There is this. Curtail the hours during which schoolroom rule is all in all. Permit some intervals of real leisure—not enforcing *anything* to be done in these. Leave them to be dealt with by their owner herself. Surely she has a right to own some little bits of her own life here and there. When not worn out by ceaseless tasks, she will fill them sensibly enough, if she is a sensible child; and if not, she will at least fill them as well as you, her guardian, could do in such a case. Don't take all the 'go' out of her with endless supervision. She wants to go her own way and follow her own bent, at times. Consider that the time will come when she will *have* to do this, and why not prepare and train for such a time? You will not always be at her elbow; draw away from it once in a while, now.

And as for that eternal 'practising,' can anything be said to check or moderate this pest? In how few cases is there any real result; how few are musicians by nature.

It may of course be replied to this that even a little musical ability may be useful in after-life, may cultivate the ear, and teach appreciation, if nothing else. Granted, but that is not the point. Enough musical tuition to acquire these can be surely gained without hours and hours spent in drumming scales, and rendering and re-rendering difficult passages of 'pieces' never destined to delight any mortal ear. It makes one's heart ache to see the victim to these going through her daily drudgery, and to know how valueless it is.

As for the hideous folly of enacting that it

shall be gone through fasting, and at an hour of the day when Nature is at her lowest ebb, requiring a fillip instead of a drain, this is a matter which requires stronger language and more eloquent denunciation than the present writer dares to give.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXVII.—MEDICAL OPINION.

THE great London doctor to whom Haviland Dumaresq submitted his case in due form next day, shook his head gravely when the famous thinker detailed his symptoms to him with some very small mental reservations. For we none of us tell the whole truth to doctors. Even a philosopher can hardly be trusted to make a clean breast of it to his medical adviser; and Dumaresq, though he admitted in part the opium, glided gently and gracefully over that painful part of the subject. But Sir Anthony Wraxall (for it was no less a man than that celebrated physician) didn't need to be told to what extent his patient had persevered in the baneful practice. 'Even you, Mr Dumaresq,' he said with a smile, 'who know so well how to regulate the lives of all the rest of us, can't be trusted at a pinch to regulate your own! Why, I quote you every day to my lady patients as the great authority on these questions of nerve; yet your own nerves have gone to pieces bodily. "Physician, heal thyself," is a very old cry. I feel its sting myself.—Well, well, we must see what we can manage to do for you.'

'Not much,' Haviland Dumaresq answered gloomily.

Sir Anthony gazed hard at him from those keen small eyes of his—eyes like a ferret's, overhung with the heavy black beetling eyebrows,—eyes that seemed to peer through you outright into the profoundest depths and recesses of your being. 'You're right,' he answered. 'Quite true, Mr Dumaresq. With you I may drop professional reserve. No use in prophesying smooth things to the thinker who worked out the scheme of the Encyclopædic Philosophy. I won't pretend to give you the little prescription which in rather less than no time will make another man of you. You're very well aware that broken-down machines can't be restored by pouring a few drops of oil on their bearings. You're one of us in all essentials, and you know far more about your own case, no doubt, than all the rest of us put together. I can only aid you by my diagnosis. And I'm afraid I can tell you very little in that respect that's likely to please you.'

Haviland Dumaresq's lip trembled. It was curious to him to note, however, even in this moment of deep despondency, how much more everybody thought of himself and his work in proportion as they approached nearer to his own high level. A country doctor would have treated him at best (if indeed he knew the cosmical philosopher's name at all) as a mere dabbler with some superficial knowledge of animal physiology: Sir Anthony Wraxall, the greatest London consultant of his day, treated him at least with the deepest respect as a high collateral authority on

his own subject. Dumaresq smiled a grim smile of satisfied appreciation. Recognition is dear to the very greatest of men. 'I thought as much,' he answered, in his calm impassive way. 'I felt, myself, things couldn't go on like this much longer. The machine's worn out, you say. Then you don't hold out much hope for my life? The mechanism can't work at such low pressure for any time worth speaking of without stopping altogether.'

Sir Anthony Wraxall shook his head ominously. 'Not for three months certainly,' he said, 'if you still continue to ply it with opium.'

'But I've left off opium,' Dumaresq answered with perfect confidence.

'Since when?' Sir Anthony asked, peering deeply once more into his patient's widely dilated pupils, which still bore evidence of a recent overdose.

'Since yesterday,' Dumaresq replied in his coldest tone and with consummate gravity.

If any other man had said such a thing to him, Sir Anthony Wraxall would have laughed outright, and been amply justified in so laughing. But the voice in which Dumaresq uttered those simple words, with all the earnestness of his stoical nature, meant a great deal; and Sir Anthony understood it. 'I see,' the great consultant answered with a very grave face. 'You have promised, no doubt?'

And Dumaresq, nodding his gray head solemnly, made answer with infinite weight: 'I have promised.'

'In that case,' Sir Anthony said more cheerfully, taking it for granted at once from the man's mere look that the resolve was enough, and that Dumaresq would do exactly as he intended, 'I think I can guarantee you, with moderate care and a change of climate, from eighteen months' to three years' respite.'

Dumaresq's face was statuesque in its repose; he never changed colour or moved a muscle. If sentence of death had been pronounced for that day, he would never have betrayed it in his facial expression. But his heart was very sore for poor Psyche, for all that. If he must die so soon—and leave Psyche unmarried—he would feel he had indeed thrown his life away for nothing. But still, three years is a very long time. Much may be done, with energy, in three years. Psyche had still the world to choose from. How many men would be pleased and proud to wed Haviland Dumaresq's daughter, and his guileless Psyche!

'What climate?' he asked with Spartan brevity, sparing his emotions, to economise the great doctor's rigid quarter-hour.

Sir Anthony rubbed his hands together reflectively, as if grinding out wisdom from his palms between them. 'What you want,' he said with oracular calm, 'is rest, change, variety, an open-air life, sun, sea, and freedom. "The palms and temples of the South," you know, and all that sort of thing; you languish for the purple seas, as our other great man has somewhere phrased it. The Riviera's not exactly the place for you; overdone, overdone; too much noise and bustle and vulgarity. What you want, with your highly-strung nervous temperament, and your wide delight in natural contemplation, is Egypt or Algiers; quiet, solitude, novelty. The Oriental

world will perhaps be new to you—though you seem to have exhausted universal nature.'

'I have never been in the East in my life,' Dumaresq answered gloomily; for how he was to raise the money to go, without trenching on his tiny reserve for Psyche, he hadn't at that moment the remotest notion.

Sir Anthony's face brightened up. 'That's well,' he said, with professional cheeriness. Your great doctor makes a point of putting the best face on everything. 'The newer the scene, the more likely to suit you. Novelty and stir of Oriental life—camels and Arabs and sands and date-palms—pyramids and temples and sphinxes and Memnons—the bustle of the bazaars, the calm of the desert—that's the kind of thing to rouse and stimulate you. Hire a dahabeeah and go up the Nile; or rent a villa at Mustapha Supérieur. Don't work, don't think, don't write, don't philosophise. Let that teeming brain of yours lie fallow for a while. Ride, drive, play whist, talk gossip, drink tea, skim the *Saturday Review*, or the last new novel—I can recommend Ouida—and don't bother yourself in any way about anything or anybody. A good French cook, generous diet, sound champagne, and a comfortable carriage, will give the machine a new lease of life for an extra twelve months or two years at any rate.—You've been living too sparingly of late, I feel sure. Pulse is low and circulation feeble. Change all that; make yourself comfortable wherever you go, and treat yourself to every luxury you've a mind to.' He snapped his mouth to and looked very wise. 'Tis a professional way of announcing to your patient in polite pantomime that (with a little formality of cash transfer) this interview may now terminate.

As for poor Haviland Dumaresq, in his Spartan poverty, he fingered in his pocket those hard-earned guineas he was to pay so soon for this sapient advice, and wondered to himself where Sir Anthony thought the money was to come from for the dahabeeah and the villa and the comfortable carriage, the champagne and the cook and the generous diet. Did he really believe the Encyclopædic Philosophy was a modern Golconda, or was it a part of his stereotyped professional humbug to treat every patient as a potential Midas? Dumaresq and Psyche had come up to town that morning by third class from Petherton; and by third class they would go down again to their home to-morrow. A dahabeeah was to them as practically unattainable as a royal yacht; a villa at Algiers was as far beyond their means as Windsor Castle or the Winter Palace.

Sir Anthony glanced at him once more with inquiring eyes as he stood there doubtful. 'But mind, no opium!' he added sharply in a sudden afterthought.

The old stoic stared back at him with profound majesty. 'I have spoken,' he said, and made no further answer. Sir Anthony saw his mistake at once, and with practised tact bowed a hasty apology.

Dumaresq laid down the guineas on the table, and went out again to Psyche in the bare little anteroom with his heart very sad and his spirits sinking. He knew, of course, it couldn't possibly be Egypt; but somehow or other he must manage

Algiers. He had only three years left to settle Psyche in! That one thought alone monopolised his soul. No time to waste upon foolish flirtations with penniless painters now! He must find some rich man to make his darling happy!

'What did he recommend, Papa?' Psyche asked, all tremulous, as they went sadly down the steps together.

'Ten thousand a year and a brand-new constitution,' her father answered, with an unwonted touch of cynical bitterness. 'These great doctors are all alike, Psyche. They could cure us at once, if only we'd be millionaires of twenty-five to please them.' And in deference to his medical attendant's advice, he hailed a hansom—an unheard-of luxury—and drove off at once to the famous oculist's.

The famous oculist, in his turn, after examining Psyche's eyes from every possible point of view, dismissed the poor girl herself to the waiting-room, and held back her father with a courteous waive for a moment's consultation. 'Mr Dumaresq,' he said in a very respectful tone, 'of course you know as well as I myself do what's the matter with this poor young lady. It isn't her eyes themselves, properly speaking, that are at fault at all. It's mere functional disuse of the optic centres. The retina and lenses are as right as ninepence. All she needs is to rouse herself—to rouse herself. Internal causes—I call it that. With an effort of will, she could see as well as ever she saw in her life again, I assure you.'

'So I thought,' Haviland Dumaresq answered, still unmoved, but trembling inwardly in every nerve. 'As this is professional, I won't hesitate to mention to you, in strict confidence, that my daughter's affections have been very severely strained of late.'

'I guessed as much,' Dr Godichau replied, letting his *pince-nez* drop with a sudden movement from his eyes gracefully. 'Well, we all know the two best prescriptions medical science can propose for that. First, change of air. Next, change of affections. A new scene, in fact,—and a new lover.'

Haviland Dumaresq drew himself up stiffly. He approved the advice, but not the expression. 'I propose to take my daughter abroad,' he answered somewhat curtly, with his grand air. 'I wish to give her change of scene and fresh ideas. I shall take her out into an unaccustomed society, where she may have opportunities of forgetting her unfortunate fancies, whatever they may have been, and of forming perhaps new friends and new attachments.'

'One nail knocks out another,' Dr Godichau answered with French sententiousness.

Haviland Dumaresq wondered in his own soul why all oculists have invariably a distinct want of sensitiveness. Could it be, he asked himself, because they have so often to operate painfully on the eye, and the eye is the most delicate of human organs? 'Well, I'll try to throw her into fresh surroundings,' he went on coldly, unheeding the specialist's ill-timed remark. 'Sir Anthony Wraxall, whom I've just been consulting on my own account, advises me to spend the winter in Algiers. Would Algiers, do you think, suit my daughter?'

'The very thing!' Dr Godichau exclaimed

with the common medical air of profound conviction. 'What the young lady wants is rousing—taking out of herself: engaging in the concerns of humanity generally. If once you can persuade her to use her eyes—to look about her and feel an interest in things—it'll be all right. Her sight'll come back again. Nothing's more likely to have that result than a totally new Oriental society. At Algiers, she'll be compelled, against her will almost, to look at the Arabs and the mosques and the fresh forms of life that unfold themselves like a panorama before her. The young lady's never been out of Europe, perhaps?—No; I thought not. Then nothing could be so good. I was going to advise a trip to Italy or Spain; but Africa's better, Africa's better. Take her there by all means. And if you can find a new nail to knock out the other, so much the luckier of course: so much the luckier.'

Haviland Dumaresq went back to his shabby little hotel in the Strand that day fully determined in his own mind upon two things: to go to Algiers, though the trip should cost him the savings of a lifetime; and to find that rich husband for Psyche within the next eighteen months, before he himself should be finally incapacitated for providing for her future.

And all this time, the senior partner in the firm of Burehell and Dobbs, family solicitors, was going about London chuckling silently to himself at the untold wealth already potentially possessed, under the will of the late C. A. Linnell, deceased, by that lucky young woman, Miss Psyche Dumaresq.

But as for Psyche herself, she felt almost happy when her father told her they were to go to Algiers, for then she wouldn't be separated for the winter from Geraldine; and Geraldine was now her only confidential and sympathetic friend in her great sorrow.

LAMP OILS.

THE introduction by the Home Secretary of a Bill entitled 'The Inflammable Liquids Bill,' dealing with the storage, transit, and sale of Lamp Oils, has brought into prominence the extraordinary development of the trade in petroleum, paraffin, naphtha, and other hydrocarbons. When Mr Gladstone, in the course of his last visit to Midlothian, inspected the works of the Pumpherston Oil Company, near Uphall, and was shown the method of extracting pure white oil from flinty rock, and of utilising by-products formerly considered waste and unprofitable, he said that in the political world it was common to speak of revolutionary movements, but that when he learned what was being done in industrial centres, he felt the phrase would be much more apposite if applied to the changes continually going on in trade and commerce. The remark is a true one. The growth of national movements, which sometimes culminate in revolutions and the fall of dynasties, undoubtedly attracts more attention than the discovery of a natural law, or the application to the service of humanity of substances of which the great round world is composed;

but in the long run, it is by those who 'scorn delights, and live laborious days' that the most lasting benefits are achieved. It is not necessary to depreciate the labours of others when we claim the laurel wreath for those who in solitary places, or amid the din of industrial life, have worked out great problems, or devised means for increasing the commonweal, and hail them as heroes and benefactors. Caxton, Stevenson, Arkwright, and others are the real revolutionaries; and the works they planned have done more to affect the lives of the people than all the acts of statesmen from Magna Charta to the present day.

We speak of mineral oil as if it were a new discovery. This is only partially accurate. It is certain that its properties were known in the days of Miltiades (490 B.C.); and it is conjectured that it was largely used in times much more remote. In Persia it was employed in the temples of the fire-worshippers and the palaces of the wealthy. Large quantities were sent to distant countries, and an export tax imposed, from which the Government derived a considerable revenue. The legend of the fire which came down from heaven and lit the altars of the Zoroastrians probably had its origin in the discovery of a naphtha spring.

But it is only during the last forty years that the development of the trade in petroleum or rock-oil has taken place. In 1847 the late Dr Young ('Paraffin Young' he was familiarly called) had his attention drawn to a curious liquid exuding from the ground at Alfreton, Derbyshire. He distilled a portion, and obtained an oil suitable for burning in lamps. The supply was soon exhausted; but the experiment he had made led him to believe that a similar product could be obtained from the distillation of coal. A few years later he experimented with a rich gas-coal found near Bathgate. He was successful. It was afterwards proved that other chemists had preceded him; but he was undoubtedly the first to construct apparatus for the manufacture of oil on a commercial scale. In course of time, shale, which had been often met with, but was looked upon as a mineral of no value, was used in place of coal. Since then, the industry has increased by leaps and bounds, and has now become one of the most important in the country.

In 1859 petroleum was discovered in America and Canada. It was obtained in liquid form by boring. Some of the wells were extraordinarily prolific, the oil rushing into the air in a stream so powerful as to defy the control of those engaged in searching for it. One illustration may be given. While drillers were at work, an unexpectedly strong rush of oil occurred. In vain they endeavoured to stem the torrent, which shot into the air in a solid column forty feet high. Every light was promptly extinguished save one, four hundred feet distant, from which no danger was apprehended; but the spirit or benzene, which is always present in crude petroleum, was ignited, and immediately converted the column into a roaring pillar of fire. An appalling catastrophe was the result. Every one within a certain radius was literally burned up. The owner of the well was by the explosion thrown a distance of twenty feet. He was with difficulty rescued, but only lived a few hours.

The experience of thirty years in the oil dis-

tricts has taught drillers how to deal with gushing wells; and accidents which were frequent in the early days of the trade are now scarcely known. In the process of refining, the light inflammable spirit is removed and Lamp Oil thereby rendered comparatively safe. By Act of Parliament all imported petroleum must not flash—that is, give off inflammable vapour—under seventy-three degrees Fahrenheit close test, which is equivalent to one hundred degrees Fahrenheit open test. As the temperature of oil in this country could not under normal conditions reach one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, the risk of explosion is not great. There is, however, danger to be apprehended from the storage of large quantities in populous centres, such as the banks of the Thames and the Mersey. In the event of fire breaking out in one of the warehouses adjoining a petroleum depôt, the consequences might be terrible, particularly as the ordinary means of extinguishing flames are useless when burning oil has to be dealt with.

Thirty-two years ago oil was 'struck' in Pennsylvania. The output was two thousand barrels. In the following year the quantity had increased to five hundred thousand barrels; and a year later to over two million barrels. In 1862 Canada became a producing country with a contribution of nearly twelve thousand barrels. Until about 1870, drilling operations in the States were confined to New York and Pennsylvania, and the output from the wells was five and a quarter million barrels. West Virginia, Ohio, and California then entered the lists; but there is not any reliable information as to output. The combined production from these sources was probably from one hundred and fifty thousand to two hundred thousand barrels yearly. Down to 1882 there was a steady increase in the supply of oil. That year the output from the Pennsylvania and New York wells reached the gigantic total of thirty million barrels, or a daily average of 82,303. It was the culminating point in the history of the trade. The decline was rapid; and in 1888 production had fallen to seventeen million barrels. To many it seemed that the days of American supremacy as an oil-producing country were at an end. Meanwhile, mineral oil had found its way into every European country, and by its superior illuminating power had driven off the field the more costly animal and vegetable oils which, outside large towns, had been in universal use. It had even become a formidable rival to gas, which owes its survival to the ease with which it can be lit. The trouble connected with the filling of lamps and the trimming of wicks is the only reason which has prevented mineral oil from supplanting gas everywhere.

In order to meet the increasing demand of the world for lamp oil, large quantities of petroleum had to be taken from the accumulated stocks held by the pipe-lines. In January 1883 these amounted to thirty-five million barrels. At the close of 1889 they were eleven and a half million barrels, or less than one-third. In 1890 there was a change in the position. The drilling area was enlarged and important additions made to output. The average daily production, which in 1888 had declined to 46,700 barrels, rapidly increased until it touched eighty thousand barrels.

This largely arrested the continuous drain upon stocks, although down to the close of last year the daily supply was never quite equal to the demand.

The immediate effect of the discovery of petroleum was to check the progress of the paraffin-oil trade in Scotland. To drill a well for petroleum was much easier than to sink a pit for shale. The American producer had also the advantage of obtaining his oil distilled; while his Scottish rival required to erect costly retorts and do in an imperfect manner what nature in America had already done in her secret laboratories. In the early days of the trade, high prices were obtained for lamp oil. In 1865 crude petroleum realised eight dollars per barrel. In December 1886 the market value had fallen to a little over two dollars; and in 1879 it was under one dollar. Since that time it has fluctuated between sixty cents and one dollar. As American quotations controlled the price all over the world, Scottish manufacturers found it necessary to reduce the cost of production or retire from the contest. It has been a long and sometimes apparently hopeless struggle against overwhelming odds. In parts of Midlothian and Linlithgowshire the land is covered with mounds of rubbish on which scant patches of grass and weeds are trying to find a home. They are the ruins of what were once brilliant hopes and the mementoes of wasted effort. But still the trade survives; and while the conflict is not yet over, the future is fuller of hope than at any time since 1885.

Second only in importance to the American oil wells are those of Russia. Long before the rich deposits of Pennsylvania were discovered, the naphtha springs of Baku were known and worked. Marco Polo, who visited Armenia about the end of the thirteenth century, tells of a fountain 'whence rises oil in such abundance that a hundred ships might be at once loaded with it. It is not good for eating, but very fit for fuel, for anointing the camels in maladies of the skin, and for other purposes; for which reason people come from a great distance for it, and nothing else is burned in all this country.' At first the oil was put in goatskins and carried on the backs of camels to the villages in the interior. At a later date barrels were used, and in them the oil was shipped from the port of Baku to the towns on the shores of the Caspian Sea. The exploitation of the American oil-fields had the effect of infusing some life into the primitive workers on the peninsula of Apsheron, and of mildly agitating the phlegmatic rulers of Russia. It was not till 1878 that, mainly through the efforts of Mr Nobel, energetic measures were taken to utilise the enormous deposits known to exist in the country. In 1880 the output was three and a quarter million barrels; and two years later it was five million barrels. From that time progress has been great, and during recent years production has nearly equalled that of America. Some of the wells have yielded supplies far in excess of the richest 'gushers' ever drilled in Pennsylvania. From one of them it is estimated the flow was fifty thousand barrels in twenty-four hours. But this was not long maintained, and ultimately it ceased altogether. From Baku to Batoum, on the Black Sea, a railway

has been constructed across the Caucasus—a distance of about six hundred miles—and by means of it the refined oil is conveyed for shipment to Europe on the one hand and to the distant East on the other. A pipe-line has been recently laid a portion of the way, and on its completion the cost of transit will be much reduced.

The greater part of the petroleum exported from America and Russia is carried in tank-steamers. This method was only adopted a few years ago, and is found to be much easier and cheaper than the barrel system. The ocean steamers exclusively engaged in the trade number over seventy; and one hundred and fifty additional are employed in the Caspian Sea. The larger vessels carry from three to five thousand tons. When a steamer arrives in port, the oil is pumped into tanks on shore. The tanks are usually underground, and when properly constructed, reduce the danger from fire to a minimum. Still, the absence of regulations as to their situation and construction is considered unsatisfactory by those responsible for the public safety, and the London County Council and other public bodies have petitioned Government to frame suitable provisions for dealing with the industry. The response of the Home Secretary is the Inflammable Liquids Bill, and he is desirous of having it referred to a Select Committee, who would be empowered to take evidence, and to remove provisions which were shown to be unnecessary, or which would press with undue severity on any section of the trade.

As illustrating the extent of the business in lamp oils, the following figures, which deal exclusively with the United Kingdom, may be interesting. The importations of petroleum and petroleum spirit or naphtha during the years 1888, 1889, and 1890 were—

	Petroleum Oil in Barrels.		
	1888.	1889.	1890.
London.....	892,376	927,365	948,420
Liverpool.....	449,284	501,103	563,972
Bristol.....	163,704	142,683	167,161
Hull.....	...	...	102,623
Clyde and Leith...	104,222	113,952	6,038
Dublin.....	...	...	35,979
Southampton.....	...	...	2,104
Totals.....	1,609,586	1,690,103	1,826,297

	Petroleum Spirit in Barrels.		
	1888.	1889.	1890.
London.....	37,302	45,393	43,692
Liverpool.....	23,284	25,316	30,645
Bristol.....	...	...	17,416
Hull.....	...	...	...
Clyde and Leith.....	9,870	21,221	8,045
Dublin.....	...	...	...
Southampton.....	...	...	...
Totals.....	70,456	91,930	99,798

While most of the oil was imported in bulk, the figures given above show the equivalent in barrels. The production of Scotland may be taken at five hundred thousand barrels of oil and spirit combined; and as comparatively little is exported, the gross consumption last year from all sources was nearly two and a half million barrels, or one hundred million gallons. There

are few industries which in the space of forty years can show a progress so marvellous, or have added more to the material well-being of the nation.

THE OLD STUDIO.

CHAPTER II.—THE MODEL.

FENWICK could have scarcely felt more surprise at this lovely apparition, if the girl now before Millward's picture had actually stepped out of the canvas. It was the same face, the figure too, only needing more repose, and a few expressive folds of drapery to perfect the resemblance. Standing before what seemed her own portraiture, and staring at it with a half-indignant recognition of its merits, the girl's eyes were wide open, the lashes curving upwards, the eyebrows slightly elevated, and the lips laughingly apart. After a while, she began to look round the studio with intense interest and wonder. Every painting, statuette, or piece of furniture, of which she could get a glimpse from where she stood, seemed to awaken the liveliest curiosity. Her expression reminded Fenwick of a child in a toyshop greatly puzzled which 'work of art' to play with first. Her eyes rested at last upon some transparent drapery thrown carelessly over the back of the great oak-chair. She took it delicately in both hands, looked at it with a roguish smile and then at the painting. Then laying her hat aside, she flung the gauzy scarf over her shoulders and sank back into the chair, selecting the attitude Millward had chosen for his picture.

Until now, Fenwick had watched her with a dread lest even the sound of his breathing should reach her ear from where he was hidden—where he was studying her pretty features with something more than artistic appreciation in his gaze. Her great beauty—a beauty which surpassed the ideal which had taken shape in his mind from a study of Millward's many paintings—had roused in him unbounded admiration. And if it were possible to fall in love with a face, one that had grown familiar to him on canvas, Fenwick had fallen in love with hers: the face which he had persuaded himself existed only in his friend's brain. And now this picture still more, as it seemed to him, represented merely a beautiful vision; for now that the living model was seated there—the superb reality—the master's great work seemed to want life; and the quaint thought recurred once more to Fenwick that only the disembodied spirit, not the girl herself, could have hitherto inspired Millward in his paintings. This picture, which critics had pronounced to be his master-piece, was only the foreshadowing of a great work: the master-piece had not yet seen the light.

Fenwick could no longer resist the impulse to speak, to express his sense of pleasure. An exclamation escaped him. The spell was now broken: the girl sprang up out of the chair, the drapery uncoiled and fell on the tiger's skin at her feet, and next moment her hand was upon the window-curtain where she had entered not many minutes ago.

'Stay! I am Millward's friend.—Did I frighten you?'

She looked more attentively into his face. The expression of alarm gradually left her: it seemed to change into one of lively recognition. Could she possibly have seen him before?

He wheeled a chair invitingly towards her. 'Mr Millward,' said he, 'will be back soon.'

A shade of uneasiness crossed her face. 'He is still on the river?' She put the question with an eager look for confirmation.

'Yes; with old Gunning.—You know who *he* is?'

The girl gave him two or three quick nods.

'They must have gone, I think'—but Fenwick's manner was doubtful—'to look for you.'

'How can that be?'

Fenwick reflected for a moment; then he said: 'He will not rest until he has found his model.'

'You cannot mean me?' said she, with a quick shy glance at Millward's picture.

'Yes; I mean you. You *are* his model; are you not?'

'I am nobody's model. I was never inside a studio'—

'Not even in the spirit?' Fenwick laughingly interposed.

Her look wandered round the room. 'I've been *here* in the spirit—if you choose to call it so—hundreds of times.'

'Lately?'

'Yes; quite lately.'

'Then you must have seen me?'

She gave him a smile. 'Yes; you are Mr Fenwick.'

He looked at her in blank surprise.

'I've seen you on the terrace,' the girl went on, 'smoking cigarettes.'

'With Millward?'

'Yes; and often trying,' said she, 'to make him laugh. He never laughs,' she added; 'does he?'

'I think not.—But tell me,' said Fenwick with growing interest, 'what are you called?'

'Niobe.'

'Ah! who gave you that pretty name?'

'I don't know.'

'Your fairy godmother, perhaps?' Fenwick suggested.

'I don't know. It was given me, you see, before grandfather found me on the river-bank.'

'A naiad? You were born, then, among the lilies?'

Niobe looked up and laughed. 'Ask grandfather. I can't remember.'

'Grandfather? Who's he?'

'Don't you know? Why, old Gunning, as you call him.'

'Old Gunning?' cried Fenwick. 'Then you are my friend's model, after all?'

'No,' she persisted.

'Then who and what are you?'

Niobe sat down, and leaning forward with her small hands expressively clasped, she answered: 'When out in the boat—grandfather and I—we have many a time passed this house; and many a time I have asked him to tell me something about it. For it has always seemed to me—ever since I can remember—such a queer-looking place. He told me at last that it was Mr Millward's house—that this room, with the only clean windows, was the studio; and that you'—

'What of me?'

'That the gentleman who smoked cigarettes, and never did any work,' said she, with shy twinkling eyes, 'was Mr Millward's pupil.'

Fenwick laughed. Then suddenly growing serious, he said: 'What else do you know of Millward?'

'Nothing.'

'You have never spoken to him?'

'No; he has never seen me in his life.'

'Never seen you?'

'Never, that I know of,' said the girl. 'Indeed, grandfather always kept in mid-stream, afraid that he or you might speak to me when we passed by on the river.'

Fenwick expressed surprise. 'Why shouldn't we speak?'

'I will tell you.' She paused for a moment with a thoughtful look.—'When I mentioned being here in the spirit,' the girl then explained, 'I meant that I had frequently pictured this studio to myself. I longed to come here and see what it was like.—At last,' she added, 'I made up my mind.'

'Well?' said Fenwick, lighting a fresh cigarette.

'I made up my mind that unless grandfather brought me, and very soon too, I should come alone. He was always putting me off,' she said with an impatient stamp of her pretty foot—'always ready with some excuse. He owned to me at last that Mr Millward had refused to admit any one into the studio except a few intimate friends. If he hinted at bringing me here to look at the pictures, Mr Millward might be seriously offended. And grandfather cannot afford,' she added, 'to run the risk of giving offence to so good a customer.'

'So you resolved to come alone?'

'Yes.—Do you think Mr Millward will be very angry?'

Her naïve question amused him. He looked with increasing concern at the girl. 'What pleasure could you possibly find,' said he, 'in paying this visit to a dusty old studio?'

'I would go any distance,' she answered with a brightening look, 'to see a picture! I've been crazed on the subject of pictures ever since I was quite little.' Then turning with a still more earnest look towards Millward's picture, she asked: 'Is it difficult to paint?'

'No. The great difficulty is to be a master,' said Fenwick. 'In order to be that,' he added, answering her inquiring glance, 'you must be a true lover of nature: you must understand light and shade—have colour, drapery, and metaphor at your fingers' ends. A poetic imagination is likewise indispensable, and a dozen other qualifications.'

'Is smoking cigarettes one of them?' said she with a sly look.

Fenwick blew a cloud of tobacco into the face of a Cupid that stood on a pedestal at his side, by way of answer.

There was a moment's pause.

'You are not a master,' the girl then timidly inquired—'are you?'

'No.'

'Why not?'

'I have no model,' said he. 'I need some one like yourself to inspire me.'

Niobe made no reply. She regarded Mill-

ward's picture for a while in silence; then she said: 'Your friend can paint without a model. Why can't you do the same?'

'I should fail, as he has done.'

'Do you call this a failure?' said she, still looking at the master's work.

'No. But Millward will call it so, when he comes to see you.'

The girl laughed shyly, and said: 'You are given to flattery.'

'No, indeed! I was never more in earnest,' was the answer. 'Millward must have caught a glimpse of you somewhere—it must have been you! And by some magic power of the imagination, which I confess is beyond me, he has reproduced you in his pictures; just as though you had each time wandered into the studio, as you have done to-night, and sat for him as you were seated when I startled you out of the arm-chair a moment ago.'

Still looking at the picture with a thoughtful face, the girl remarked: 'It does seem strange.'

'More than strange.—And just fancy,' Fenwick went on, 'how troubled his thoughts must be! He is conscious of his ability to produce a great picture—the shadow of it haunts him night and day—but he needs another glimpse of the model in order to give that one touch which means perfection.'

In the moment of silence that now followed, for the girl stood pondering Fenwick's words, the sound of oars reached their ears. She now looked up quickly into the artist's face. 'They are coming back,' she whispered.

'Yes,' said Fenwick with laughter in his eyes, 'so you cannot go to your boat. You would be caught.'

'But there is the front door,' said the girl, moving from the window. 'Won't you let me out?'

'No,' said Fenwick playfully. 'You have come to pay Millward a visit. You cannot object to see him now.'

'To-night? Pray, don't detain me,' said she distressfully; 'grandfather would be vexed beyond measure.'

'Have no fear,' replied Fenwick reassuringly, as he gave her a hand-lamp and opened the studio door. 'Take this light and amuse yourself about the house. You will find pictures in nearly every room, on the staircase, and along the corridor overhead. Leave me to put matters right with grandfather.—Come; won't you trust me?'

She looked up smilingly into his face, took the lamp from him, and went out.

Fenwick now began to pace the studio in an ecstasy of delight. He had found the model for whom he had fruitlessly sought ever since he had been Millward's pupil. He had met her to-night: he had met the woman whose first look had kindled the love that he knew would come the moment that the ideal in Millward's pictures crossed his path. He had not only seen her; he had spoken with her; he had learned that her uncultured love of art had brought her to the studio. And she had seen him, many a time, as she had confessed; and in her glances he had read to-night, as he imagined, her secret thoughts of him. He loved

her. She would one day be his model—one day, perhaps, be his wife! He would realise his dream: he would reach fame after all.

'If an artist would become a great master he must worship his model,' was one of Millward's sayings.

Then the thought came to him she was not Millward's. He had no right to love her, perhaps—no right even to think of her while this mystery of her strange resemblance to the master's model remained unsolved.

He glanced round the studio. Had this interview been nothing but a dream? Now that the girl was no longer here, his brain was perplexed once more with the thought of Millward's wandering spirit. Had it been here to-night—had it begun to haunt him as it had haunted Millward for so many years?

ST ELMO'S FIRE.

ONCE, in mid-ocean, when the air was charged with electricity, it was our good fortune to be an observer of this beautiful form of Nature's electrical display, from which no damage ever directly results. A weird flickering flame, or luminous brush, was distinctly visible at the topmost extremity of each of our good ship's tapering top-gallant-masts, in consonance with the description of this natural phenomenon which Falconer has left us in his grand old nautical poem entitled *The Shipwreck*:

High on the masts, with pale and livid rays,
Amid the gloom, portentous meteors blaze.

Some say that such startling displays are not uncommon at sea during thunder-storms; but we are of opinion that mariners may be years afloat without witnessing one; so that when seen it is as well to make a note thereof, in accordance with Captain Cuttle's advice. Terrestrial objects when seen,

Bespangled with those iles of light,
So wildly, spiritually bright,

have never failed to arouse the superstitious awe of mankind in remote ages; but the cause of this lambent luminosity remained unexplainable until modern philosophers demonstrated that it was merely an example, on a more extended scale, of the brush discharge of an electrical machine.

It is said that flames played about the heads of Castor and Pollux during a violent storm which arose when the Argonauts set sail; and inasmuch as a calm followed this remarkable apparition, the two heroes were looked upon as succouring divinities. Whenever these flames glowed upon a ship's spars at a later date, it was believed by the old-time navigators that Castor and Pollux had come to aid the toilers of the sea. They deemed it a forecast for favourable weather and a quick passage if two flames were visible at the same instant; but the omen was unpropitious if only one flame made its appearance; and the simple sailors viewing this solitary sign with displeasure, called it after Helen, that fair one whose frailty proved so

disastrous to the welfare of Troy. These natural electric lights are now spoken of indiscriminately as St Elmo's Fires, or Corposants.

St Elmo's Fire is not peculiar to ships at sea, although Camoens in his *Lusiad* has termed it 'the living light sacred to the mariner;' for it has often been observed upon church steeples, branches of trees, and even on the projecting parts of men and beasts. Cæsar has written that one night a dense cloud suddenly formed, followed by hail, and on the same night the points of the spears of the fifth legion commenced to glow spontaneously—'Eadem nocte legionis quintæ cacumina suâ sponte arserunt.' Shakespeare, in *Julius Cæsar*, causes Casca to address Cicero in the following words:

A common slave—you know him well by sight—
Held up his left hand, which did flame, and burn
Like twenty torches joined; and yet his hand,
Not sensible of fire, remained unscorched.

Seneca affirmed that a star settled on the lance of Gylipus while sailing towards Syracuse; Livy said that the spears of some soldiers in Sicily seemed to be on fire; and Pliny is even more explicit. He had seen stars rest upon the points of spears borne by soldiers keeping night-watch upon the ramparts. 'Corposants' had also been seen at sea upon the extremities of the yards and masts of a ship. They changed positions and emitted a rustling sound 'like the fluttering wings of birds.'

Coming down to more recent times, we find in the Philosophical Transactions for 1745 that a Roman Catholic priest marvelled that on several occasions, while travelling on the highest mountain peaks of Chili and Peru, both men and beasts shone with a bright light from head to foot. Lichtenberg in 1768 observed a vivid display of St Elmo's Fire upon the steeple summit of St Jacques at Göttingen; and ten years later many sacred edifices of Rouen were similarly illuminated during a violent storm. In 1822 the extremities of the branches of trees at Frey Viry glowed with a faint flame of a blue tinge. In 1825 some mountaineers became involved in threatening thunder-clouds at an altitude of eight thousand two hundred and fifteen feet. Their hair and the string of their caps stood on end like 'the quills of the fretful porcupine,' and a buzzing noise was heard around them.

The Rev. Mr Pindar, Principal of Codrington College at Barbadoes, in 1831 saw two negroes making the best of their way across the college garden during the height of an awful cyclone that devastated the sugar plantations of the island. Electric flashes were passing from the bodies of the negroes, whereat they evinced extreme terror. In that year, also, several officers of the French army, stationed at Algiers, were walking with uncovered heads in the open air on the terrace of the fort during a storm. Each saw the other's hair assume a perpendicular position, and every hair appeared to be tipped with a tiny luminous

tuft. The finger-tips also glowed when their hands were elevated.

Travellers have not infrequently evinced great concern at seeing their garments lit up by St Elmo's Fire. A French physician, surprised by a sudden storm of wind and rain, discovered that the stiff rim of his hat emitted a lurid light. Unthinking, but in haste, he jumped to the conclusion that his head-covering was on fire, and raised his hand for the purpose of quenching the flame. Straightway this member became luminous, and the doctor knew that his startling visitation was St Elmo's Fire. A cartload of straw has seemed to be the abiding-place of myriads of glow-worms, and the driver's whip was well illuminated with electric streamers. Like the bush seen by Moses, it appeared to the astonished rustics to burn with fire, but to remain unconsumed.

The electricity of the atmosphere varies with time and place. The late Professor Loomis, the well-known American meteorologist, read a most amusing paper in 1857 before the Mathematical and Physical Section of the British Association. It dealt with the electrical phenomena of the United States, and more especially treated on the curious experience which dwellers in New York houses have in the winter-time, when the rooms are heated by stoves to such a degree that the woodwork becomes dangerously dry and all the furniture shrinks and creaks. Electricity is so powerfully present that it is only necessary to shuffle across a floor which is covered with a woollen carpet of moderate thickness in order to convert the shuffler's body into an electrophorus or electrical machine, so that he may not touch a piece of metal without suffering a sharp shock of electricity.

La Nature has recently related the experience of a traveller journeying with a caravan in the vicinity of Teheran. The atmosphere was so highly electric that neither steel nor match was required to discover a pin or a piece of money dropped upon the ground, inasmuch as the metallic bodies became self-luminous. The glimmer which accompanied the dislocation of the fibres of a sheet of paper torn across slowly was sufficiently intense to cast a lively brightness around the spectators. While on the march one moonless night, sheaves of sparks flew from the tails of the long-suffering mules every time that they lashed their flanks with their caudal appendages. A curious crackling noise was also audible.

Columbus, in October 1493, during his second voyage in quest of a new world, was under the influence of a storm of wind, rain, and thunder, when, following the quaint diction of his translator, St Elmo appeared on the topgallant-mast with seven lighted tapers. Good churchman that he was, his thoughts naturally reverted to the shrine at home. His mariners were convinced that this unwonted display proceeded directly from the saint's body, and they forthwith commenced to sing litanies and offer up thanksgivings, because these rude seamen held that the worst part of the storm had passed over their labouring caravel as soon as St Elmo appeared. Magellan's sailors were possessed with a similar superstition. Dampier has left a well-drawn word-picture of St Elmo's Fire that he observed during a storm near

Canton River in 1687. 'About 4 a-clock the thunder and the rain abated, and then we saw a "corpus sant" at our maintopmast head, on the very top of the truck of the spindle. This sight rejoiced our men exceedingly, for the height of the storm is commonly over when the "corpus sant" is seen aloft; but when they are seen lying on the deck it is generally accounted a bad sign.' Such a belief is without foundation; and, moreover, their fond anticipations were not realised, for the gale subsequently blew harder than before the appearance of St Elmo's Fire.

In 1696 a ship sailing by the Balearic Isles was caught in a heavy thunder-storm, when more than thirty corposants were seen in full play at one time. An especially shining specimen, situated on the mainmast vane, was more than eighteen inches in length. This would seem to be within the limits of probability, for Mr Buchan, in his *Handy Book of Meteorology*, quotes an instance of a display at Orkney in 1837 when a flame one foot in length was seen streaming from an iron spike at the top of a mast. The ancient mariner referred to above was of a curious turn of mind. He sent a man aloft, who brought down the iron wind-vane; but the flame now shone at the masthead without any diminution in intensity, until it eventually died down when the electricity had ceased its influence. In January 1749 the newly-built wooden ship *Dover*, trading between Liverpool and New York, had three very brilliant corposants at her mastheads, which looked like very large torches.

The ship *Southern Cross*, Captain Howe, was in fifty-eight degrees south, seventy degrees west, one night in the month of September, when the celestial concave was starless and intensely black. The crew were awe-struck witnesses of such a strange sight as seldom falls to the lot of man. The gallant ship was plunging heavily, burying her bows beneath the boisterous waves, caused by a savage storm which battled against her with all its fearful fury. Suddenly the Aurora Australis, or 'Southern Lights,' became visible. Ship, sea, and sky were illumined by a deep crimson glow, as though an awful conflagration was not far distant. The mysterious luminous balls of electric origin rested high aloft on the extremities of her spars. It was a panorama surpassing in its terrible grandeur anything that the most vivid imagination could depict.

In August 1881 the large iron ship *Oimara*, Captain Roy, when in fifty-eight degrees south, sixty-two degrees west, had a heavy gale, accompanied with snow-squalls. About two o'clock in the morning she was most brilliantly illumined by corposants. St Elmo's Fires burned brightly at each masthead, looking for all the world like an artificial electric light of many candle-power, but softer and of a bluish tinge. All her yard-arms on the side nearer the wind, from the lower topsail upwards, along the lifts and footropes, up and down the topmast and topgallant rigging, together with the windward side of her massive masts, were closely covered with small star-like lights. Larger lights lingered on the ends of her gaffs; and the chains supporting the gaffs were literally lined with lesser lights. One of her seamen, in default of a more appropriate simile, asserted that the *Oimara* was as well illumined as any music hall in London.

This remarkable display lasted for about the space of twenty minutes, and was the precursor of very bad weather.

About twelve months ago the large iron ship *Candahar* of Liverpool, under the command of Captain W. P. Hughes, experienced squally weather accompanied with rain and lightning in thirteen degrees north, ninety degrees east. She had St Elmo's Fires on all three of her mastheads, and they were distinctly heard to emit a loud tick similar to that of a large galvanic battery. We presume that the sound was likened to that given out by one of those electric machines which are often to be found at the street corners of our large cities.

The Cunard steamship *Cephalonia*, Captain H. Walker, when off Cape Cod, on the Atlantic seaboard of the United States, had a terrific thunder-storm in the early morning of October 7, 1888. Lightning ran down her rigging and about the deck like molten silver. St Elmo's Fires at her mastheads and yard-arms were preternaturally brilliant.

We have known some shipmasters refer to St Elmo's Fire as *ignis fatuus*, than which no two manifestations can have a more totally distinct origin. The former is an electric display; whereas the latter is due to the combustion of a gas, a compound of carbon and hydrogen, derived from the decay of vegetable matter.

THE CREEPING PLANT.

A STORY.

POOR Hammond managed to get a month's leave at the same time as myself. That was how we came to join hands and arrange for the trip to Formosa. I wish I had worked on for a year longer now, with all my heart.

We crossed from Amoy to Taiwan, a big town on the west coast of Formosa, and made our preparations for getting well into the wilds. You see, we had both been in China a matter of ten years, and could pass muster very well with our knowledge of two or three dialects of the dreadfully profuse language of the Empire. And so we expected to get along all right—I to shoot a variety of strange quadrupeds and feathered creatures, and Hammond to enlarge his already very copious collection of plants and grasses.

I never knew a man more enthusiastic about his hobby than was Hammond about his specimens. It cost him many a groan to leave them on the mainland. But for the infinite annoyance they would have cost us both, he would have carried them with him to Formosa. They filled eight boxes as big as American travelling trunks—what with their layers of wool and thick blotting-paper, and the camphor-wood cases in which the different species reposed apart from each other. Poor old chap! he might have pleased himself in the matter. I wish he had, for his interest in the things might have kept him from the craze that killed him.

For a week we had a very agreeable time in the bungalow of a certain Scotch missionary whose

name will be a familiar memory to every European who has stayed awhile in the island. He was—indeed is—a very remarkable man, and a credit to the Anglo-Saxon race. If every man had his due, he ought to be acknowledged as Governor-general of Formosa; though I doubt he would refuse the dignity. This by the way. And yet I ought to mention him if only for the earnest warning he gave us about the vermin and reptiles of the interior. We spent two days in journeying from his house to the woods in which we proposed to camp for a fortnight, as happy as Adam and Eve before the Fall.

The forest scenery was magnificent, but the brake of brambles and flowering creepers which matted themselves between the tree trunks made progress very slow. We did not stick to the tracks: otherwise, of course, it would have been different. And we were repaid for our labour by the strange creatures I shot, and by many a grass and flower which Hammond was as elated over as a mother with her first child.

Two more days passed, and we pronounced our holiday a success. Then Hammond sickened of a fever or a sun-stroke, I could not determine which. He became delirious, and I feared he would die. I must say the native Formosans, for all their savage look—they were all but naked in this part of the island—were very kind. They brought me various juices and simples, which they urged me to use upon the invalid. But I was afraid to do that. I preferred to rely upon cold sponging and the quinine in our medicine chest.

On the seventh night of his illness, when he was so quiet and improved in tone that I thought I could leave him in charge of Wan Tan, our little native aide-de-camp, and get a good sleep myself, I was suddenly awoke by the boy with the words, 'He has gone!' True enough, Hammond had evaded his guard and run off into the woods in his 'pyjamas.' I was dreadfully alarmed. Without loss of time, however, the boy and I set out in pursuit; and after about half an hour we caught him up as he was returning with bent head and puckered brow, but looking as free from delirium as man could.

'Why, my dear fellow,' I said, 'what in the world led you to do so mad a thing?'

Hammond gazed at me indifferently for a moment. It was just as if he had not yet got his senses fully after a bad night. Then, with a good deal of excitement, he bade me congratulate him.

'Upon what?' I asked.

'Do you not remember,' he replied, 'how we two have talked about the possible existence of plants that move from one spot to another with the same freedom as we conceited bipeds? Well, I've solved that problem. They do exist. But I can't—I really can't—make out satisfactorily whether they do it by the exercise of volition, or whether they are transported in spite of themselves. It's not a bit of use troubling the British Association on the subject until we have settled that—is it?'

I was half disposed to laugh at him when he said this. But the mysterious and quite unusual kind of earnestness in his expression while he was speaking not only deterred me, but even again made me feel uneasy about him.

'You are not serious, Hammond?' I said. 'And besides, old fellow, it's very wrong of you to run away in this fashion. Not to speak of the fright you gave me, you'll catch a chill, and we shall have that fever business all over again.'

'Fever business! What do you mean?'

'Why, you know you have been ill, and you're not well yet; and so come right along to bed again.'

He said nothing to this, but allowed the boy and me to take care of him. I must say he looked a strange object wrapped up in the blue blanket which I had seized for the purpose when we went after him, and especially when the moon shone upon him through the teak-trees of the forest. The scurrying among the branches overhead seemed to imply that the monkeys also found him a spectacle too strong for their nerves.

He was better in the afternoon, and talked of the service and other matters in a perfectly rational manner. It seems he had written to Pekin, begging to be removed from Amoy; and he discussed the chances of a favourable reply to his letter rationally enough, though with a disregard for the bereavement that I in that case should suffer which puzzled me. For he was naturally the most unselfish of men; and he had over and over again said he would never leave Amoy without me, and that he would never be left in it if I was appointed Vice-consul elsewhere.

Towards sunset he became excited. I did not like the metallic glitter in his eye. It recalled to me in an ugly manner a certain visit I had paid to a Chinese madhouse a little time previously. He was irritable, moreover, and would not let me touch his pulse. When I wanted him to come into the hut for the night, he objected.

'No, Randolph,' he said, 'not till the moon there also goes to bed in the antipodes. I particularly mean to be awake to-night.'

'Why?' I asked.

'Because I am as sure as I stand here that I saw one last night, and it was when the moon was high. I reckon it went at about the rate of a yard a minute. I mean to secure it; and I should very much like to photograph it before nabbing it.'

'What are you talking about, old chap?' I asked again, with the dismal fear at my heart that the fever or sun-stroke had affected his brain.

'The creeping plant, Randolph. It was, as well as I could guess at it, nine feet long, with flowers all the way along it—the calyx a bright blue. I never saw anything so odd since I was born. Do you know, I almost lost my senses in a sort of excitement over it; and I suppose it got away in the meantime, for when I tried to find it again, I couldn't!'

I could only stare at him in bewilderment. He was certainly not joking; and yet the idea of a plant of this description was to my unobservant intelligence perfectly ridiculous.

But poor Hammond did not like my incredulous look. 'You don't believe me, I see!' he exclaimed pettishly. 'That's ever the way with you practical fellows. I am thankful I'm not practical. Anyhow, too, I mean to get it this night, alive or dead—that's a clear thing.'

'No, no; please, don't think of it,' I entreated. 'Wait till you're a bit stronger, and then if you

like, we'll do nothing else but hunt this crawling beanstalk, or whatever it is.'

'I am as strong as ever I was, if I may judge by my feelings, and so you may as well make up your mind to my going. Remember, Randolph, that I'm your senior in the service, and I won't put up with dictation from you or any other man of your time of life.'

I could only shrug my shoulders, and suggest to him as casually as possible that of course I had no right to interfere with his movements, but that for his own sake he ought not to go off in 'pyjamas' again, as he did before.

'Yes, that was indiscreet,' the dear old fellow observed with a smile.

We humoured him for the rest of the evening, and at length he fell asleep in his bamboo couch-chair, and we covered him lightly and arranged the mosquito curtains to protect him as much as possible.

But I had no intention of going to bed. Somehow or other, I fancied he would wake and start off into the woods, just as he had done before. At the back of my mind I confess, too, there was a thin phantom of curiosity about the shape nine feet long, with flowers upon it, which had fitted so well with Hammond's ideal of a creeping plant.

Accordingly, I lit my pipe and read the *North China Herald* until I began to feel drowsy. The paper had dropped from my hands, and I was pondering weakly about the likelihood of some good-natured senior in the service resolving to retire or to die for the good of his juniors, when I heard a rustling. My eyes opened sharply. Yes; it was as, with electrical promptitude, I had surmised: Hammond was bolt upright, staring at the moonshine outside, and pushing the curtains away from him. I did not move, but watched him between my half-closed eyelids.

Consciousness seemed to come upon him all in a moment. He bounded from the chair and made for the door. Then, with a look I shall never forget, he turned back and snatched up the same blue blanket I had wrapped him in before. He flung it over his shoulders and sped into the open. I followed him. And I had to be brisk, or else I should soon have lost sight of him; for the dark limbs of the trees were thick enough to hide him for a quarter of a minute at a time. It was a strange chase, this in the murmurous night, with ever and anon the startled cry from a parrot or a monkey resounding in the air. A barred tailed pheasant shot over my head with a whirl that would have made a man unused to such noises wonder what was happening. Bats, too, went to and fro in the moonlight, now and then eclipsing the planet completely.

I don't know how long I followed the poor fellow; I know only that I was much torn by the thorns on the rose-bushes which impeded my movements. How sweet was the perfume of these blossoms in the cool, humid night-air, I can recall at this moment distinctly.

It was almost by accident that I at length came upon Hammond. He was stooping and peering here and there about a small spot of common grass with holes in the ground and a thicket of bramble and clematis at one side. I did not notice it at first; but there was a woof

of passion-flowers hanging from one of the boughs of a tree just over him. One of the flowers was a superb specimen with a dazzling corolla.

Standing in the shade, I watched him. He began to poke among the brambles with a bit of stick. Then there was a movement, and with an exclamation of 'Did I not say so!' Hammond stepped tenderly aside while—a great snake crept forth with an angry hiss and a poise of its head. I had time to see that its body from the shoulder was beautifully marked much as Hammond had described his plant; but time for no more. The poor fellow had bent down and made a snatch at the reptile; at the same instant the snake had darted at him and bitten him over the eye. And when I had rushed to the place, the snake had gone, and Hammond was holding both hands to his face and looking about him with an awfully dazed expression. The shock had brought him wholly to his right mind!

On our way back, he commented on his folly as if it had been the action of some one else. But the pain of the venom in him had already begun to tell. Between us we had done what we could as precautionary measures, though this was little enough.

He was prepared for what followed—so much prepared that he made me write his will for him the moment we re-entered the hut. I did it on a piece of common tissue-paper, the only available material. The swelling all the time was getting worse and worse; nor was his agony in the least abated by the fat and oil which Wan Tan rubbed upon it.

The poor fellow died at eleven o'clock, after suffering fearfully. Almost his last words were these, with an attempt at a smile that nearly set me crying: 'What an ass I was, to be sure, old fellow!'

Before I left the place, and when we had buried him, I made my way again to the spot where he had met his doom, and pulled down the spray of passion-flower which had drooped over him when he was bitten. This flower, dried, and under glass, is one of various articles that serve as mementoes of incidents in my career—incidents, I am glad to say, not always so tragical as this.

THE WESTMORLAND STATESMEN.

WESTMORLAND, though one of the smallest, is one of the most interesting counties in England. It is celebrated not only for its mountains and lakes, which attract tens of thousands of visitors every season from the Continent and America, as well as from Southern England and Scotland, but also for its antiquarian relics, such as Arthur's Round Table, and the Druidical Circle at Maybrough; its grand feudal fortresses of Brougham Castle, Brough, Pendragon, and Egremont, the strongholds of the great old families who ruled the north with almost regal authority; its picturesque Halls; the scenes immortalised by the finest poems of Wordsworth; and, not least, its Statesmen, or hereditary proprietors of land which they farm themselves.

The yeomen of Westmorland and the adjoining county of Cumberland receive the designation of Statesmen to distinguish them from the ten-

antry who rent the land which they cultivate. They occupy a position in society immediately below that of the Squires. Their estates vary in size at from eighty to two hundred and fifty acres, and they have also extensive common rights, which add largely to the value of their property. In the olden times—indeed, down to the union of the kingdoms, the defence of the Borders against the Scottish moss-troopers, who, as Camden says, 'had no measure of law but the length of their swords,' mainly depended upon the Statesmen. For this purpose, they had to be armed, horsed, and ready to fight. In the rental attached to a decree in the Court of Chancery, it is stated that the Statesmen had time out of mind 'held their several tenements by serving upon the borders of England, over against Scotland, at their own proper costs and charges, within the said West Marches.' In order that they might be ready to perform this service, each of them was required to keep 'such a nagge as is able at anye tyme to beare a manne twentie miles within Scotland and backe againe without a baite.' They were to be provided with 'a jacke, steale-cap, sword, bowe, or speare;' and were to be ready 'to serve the Lord Warden or their officers upon sixe houres warning, in any place where they shall be appointed to serve.' They were also required to appoint a watch over their farms by day and by night.

The Scottish freebooters, however, were not the only assailants against whom the Statesmen had to defend their property. Shortly after the union of the Crowns, King James, with his characteristic unscrupulousness and greed, set up a claim to the lands of the Statesmen on the plea that they were merely the tenants of the Crown. They met, however, to the number of two thousand at Ratten Heath, between Kendal and Stavelay, where they formally resolved that 'they had won their lands by the sword, and were able to hold them by the same.' The monarch, on hearing of this meeting, made no further claim to the lands of the Statesmen.

As might have been expected from the condition of the country while England and Scotland were separate kingdoms, the houses of the Statesmen were constructed for defence as well as for residence. They were protected by strong doors and gates, and had small windows crossed with bars of iron. Adam Pringle, in his 'General View of the Agriculture of the County of Westmorland,' published in 1794, says: 'The principal structure is a barn, which, while it has a stable and cowhouse on the ground-floor, is frequently large enough to contain the whole produce of the farm.' These securities against assailants have of course been long dispensed with, and the subsequent dwelling-houses of the Statesmen usually consisted of four rooms on the ground-floor, and two on the second story. The front door was covered with a low porch, from which a passage, nearly four feet broad, led to the back door on the other side of the building. Beside it stood

the 'doun-house,' which was open to the rafters. Here the baking, brewing, washing, and other domestic work were performed. The dwelling-house, properly so called, was lighted by two small windows in front and one behind, and was the common apartment of the family at meals and in the evenings. On the ground-floor there was also a pantry, and a chamber called the Parlour, in which the master and mistress slept. The children and servants slept in the loft, which was unceiled. The fire was lighted on a hearth slightly raised from the ground, as was the custom in Scottish farmhouses of the same class. The buildings, which were of stone, were covered with thatch of heath or straw, and, in the western mountains, with a sort of heavy blue slate. With the exception of a few modern conveniences, no change has taken place in the houses of the Statesmen for at least a century.

The furniture was solid and substantial. The chairs were of heavy oak, with high arms, and carved on the back, but narrow, upright, and uncomfortable. Three-footed stools were, however, the most common movable seats. The bedsteads, too, were of oak, with carved testers of the same wood. There were large presses or 'aunries,' in which the food was kept; and strong clumsy chests, the fronts of which were ornamented with carved borders, for the custody of the family clothing. The general sitting-room of the family, which was known as 'The House,' contained a long oaken table, with a bench on each side of it, where the whole family, master, children, and servants partook of their common meal, as was customary in Scotland a century ago. 'Come in,' said a tenant to his landlord one day. The landlord went in amongst the family, the servants, and the labourers, who were about to 'set to.' Near the end of the table was a large hot-pot containing beef or mutton cut into pieces, and put into a large dish, along with potatoes, onions, pepper, and salt. The farmer, after helping himself, thrust the dish towards the landlord and said: 'Noo ye man help yersel, and *hock in!* There's plenty meat at bottom, but it's rayther het!' The Statesman's household subsisted entirely on the produce of his farm. Porridge and milk, oat cakes, cheese, and potato-pot, formed the staple of their food, varied in winter by salt beef, or mutton and bacon. Wheaten bread was used only on special occasions. Each family brewed its own ale from a species of barley called 'bigg.' 'The clothing of the men,' says an old county historian, 'was of the native fleece of the county, homespun, and woven by the village weaver; the wool of a black sheep, slightly mixed with blue and red, was the favourite colour of this cloth, which was thick and heavy, and of which the coat and waistcoat were made; the breeches, if not of the same, were of leather, generally of buckskin. The women's apparel was of the finer sort of the native wool, woven into a kind of serge, dyed of a russet, blue, or other colour, and, like the man's, made up by the tailor at the wearer's own fireside. Clogs or wooden-soled shoes still continue in common use, and are well adapted to a mountainous and rainy country.' The linen worn by the family—shirts, shifts, sheets, and towels—was made of the flax grown on almost every farm in the county. The close resemblance of this

state of domestic affairs to that which existed among the farmers and minor gentry of Scotland a century ago is very striking and instructive.

The intrusion of manufactured goods into these districts has produced a certain amount of change in the apparel and living of the Statesmen, but much less than might have been anticipated. This change is most apparent in the lower and more cultivated districts, where the inhabitants come more immediately into contact with the outer world. At the same time, they are regarded as of a sturdier character, with more mother-wit and backbone than their more secluded brethren. The Statesmen of the mountain districts are still a very primitive class of people. Their chief occupation is tending their large flocks of sheep, which are never taken into the farmyard. Their land is seldom entailed, but it is a point of family honour that it should descend from father to son. Hence, not a few estates have been held by the same families for four centuries, and in several instances, men are now in possession of the very farms which their ancestors cultivated eight hundred years ago. It has been said of them by one who knows them well that 'they know nothing of the rate of discount, or the price of gold. They have enough of this world's gear to serve their purpose. They are uncorrupted by modern luxury. They are content and happy to enjoy the golden mean of Agur. They pass a simple and inoffensive life amongst the lonely hills that surround them. Their hospitality to strangers is open-handed and liberal. "Go," said one of these Statesmen to a tourist whom he had entertained for several days—"go to the vale on the other side of yon mountain; you will find a house belonging to a Statesman; enter it, and say you came from me. I know him not; but he will receive you kindly, for our sheep mingle upon the mountains."

These men have no inclination to change, either in their life and customs, or in their sheep-farming. An old farmer who was asked why he did not take any steps to improve the very bad breed of sheep on his estate, answered: 'They were such as Providence had put on the land, and it was not for the likes of him to change them.' With regard to the Statesmen of both districts, it can be said with truth, that they are not only satisfied with their social position, but proud of it; and though not rich in money or land, they are rich in character and healthful contentment. They are still as they have always been, a sturdy, outspoken, independent race. The late Sir James Graham, the well-known statesman, justly said of the cavalcade of mounted Statesmen who accompanied Mr Blamire into Carlisle on his appointment as High Sheriff, that they were 'a body of men who could not be matched in any other part of the kingdom—that they were the finest and purest specimens of a set of men who in all periods of its history had been the strength and pride of their country.' It is a singular fact, mentioned by Brayley, that the courtesy titles in use among Statesmen differ widely from those employed in ordinary society. The mistress of the house is termed a Dame; the eldest son of a Statesman is the Laird, or Lord, or, where there is no son, the eldest daughter enjoys the title of Lady.

Thus, while the Statesman himself was at the plough, the Laird was driving the cattle to market, or attending it with vegetables, and the Lady was working at the churn.

In respect to education, however, a change has taken place for the better among the Statesmen. In the olden time, there were three excellent grammar-schools in Westmorland, which sent to Oxford and Cambridge a number of learned divines, conspicuous among whom was the great Biblical scholar, John Mill; but with these seminaries the Statesmen had, of course, nothing to do. The local schools in which the children of the agricultural population were educated were of the most unsatisfactory kind. Any man who was physically disabled from earning his bread by manual labour, or too indolent to do so, was thought quite fit to be a teacher. Not a few of them were intemperate in their habits. A clergyman who had experienced the lifeless teaching in one of these schools at Bolton-Gate, enforced by caning and whipping, says: 'Dull tradition and immobility are very conservative in isolated country-places like Bolton. The curriculum consisted of the three *R's*, with spelling. I have no recollection of learning anything like grammar or parsing. One other thing, however, was carefully taught—the Church Catechism. In Lent, every year, we spent much time in committing it to memory, and on the afternoon of Easter Sunday we were publicly examined in it by the clergyman in the church, in presence of the largest congregation that assembled on any day of the year; for the parents were there, wishing to hear their children acquit themselves well.'

Now, however, thoroughly educated and well-trained teachers are to be found among the hills as well as in the dales of Westmorland; and the influence which they are exercising on the manners and customs of the rising generation, as well as in giving efficient instruction in the elementary branches of education, is highly satisfactory. In no county in England is so small a number proportionately unable to write. The gratifying result is that while the eldest son becomes a Statesman like his father before him, the younger members of the family are fitted for the duties of business life, and not unfrequently rise to eminence as clergymen or merchants and manufacturers. Professor Sedgwick, the eminent geologist, was the son of a Statesman, and prided himself on that distinction more than on being a Cambridge Don; and so was George Moore, the successful merchant and celebrated philanthropist.

At the beginning of the present century, about two-thirds of the land in the shire was held by what is called 'customary tenure' in properties which at that time were worth from fifteen to thirty pounds of yearly rent, and had been in the possession of the same families for centuries. During the course of the last fifty years the number of these small proprietors has considerably diminished, but the value of their farms has greatly increased. Much regret has been justly expressed that these small holdings have been passing out of the old families, and been absorbed in large estates more rapidly than formerly. As Dr Lonsdale has said: 'Many "a canny house" whose yeomen had for centuries

kept their rule, taught their sons and grandsons the traditions of their home, no longer shelters the "weel-kent folk of other days." But in not a few instances the sons of Statesmen, who have been successful in business, have returned to spend their closing years in their native dales, so that the number of small properties in the county has not been materially diminished.

A KNOT OR NAUTICAL MILE.

How much is a Knot? This question is asked, we believe, in every sea-passage by some passenger or other, and never meets with a clear reply. Sailors themselves do not describe it distinctly, and books of reference differ as to its dimensions. We purpose to answer the question here.

A knot is one-sixtieth of a mean degree of the earth's meridian. This definition requires explanation, and also numerical computation. The earth's meridian is commonly described as any circle whose centre is the centre of the earth, and whose circumference passes through the Poles. This is not exact, because the meridian is not a true circle. Evidently, it would be a true circle if the earth were a true sphere; but the earth is not a true sphere—it is a spheroid, its diameter measured on the axis being less than its diameter at the equator. Hence the circumference of a section of the earth by a plane passing through its centre and the Poles, which circumference is a meridian, is not a true circle, but an oval. Bearing this in mind, it will be easy to understand the meaning of a *mean* degree of the earth's meridian.

If three hundred and sixty separate degrees be set-off from the centre of a perfect circle, it is evident that the circular measure of each degree measured on the circumference of the circle will be the same. But if they be set-off from the centre of an oval, the measurements on the circumference of the oval will not all be the same. That this is the case any one may demonstrate for himself by drawing an oval and its minor axis, and then, from the centre of the oval, with radius equal to its semi-minor axis, inscribing a circle in the oval. If, now, degrees, or rather, for convenience, equimultiples of a degree, be set-off from the common centre, the geometry of the figure will show at once the variation in the circular measurements on the circumference of the oval.

Now, a *mean* degree of the earth's meridian is the average length of these three hundred and sixty unequal measurements, and it is obtained by dividing the length of the meridian by three hundred and sixty. Astronomers have measured the earth's meridian and found it to be 131,259,287 English feet. Dividing this by three hundred and sixty we get 364,609·13 feet as the length of a mean degree of the meridian. One-sixtieth of this, then, is a knot; and thus, by division, a knot is found to be 6076·818 feet, or 2025·6 yards, or one mile 265·6 yards.

It will now be convenient to notice that a knot being 6076·818 feet, and a mile being 5280 feet, the proportion of a knot to a mile is very nearly as 6076 is to 5280, or, dividing by four, as 1519 is

to 1320, which is very nearly as 15 to 13. So that, for ordinary purposes, knots may be converted into miles by taking thirteen knots as equal to fifteen miles, and *vice versa*.

A SUMMER THOUGHT.

Dazzling the landscape lies;
Blue, gold, and green—
Even to tear-stained eyes
Beauteous, I ween.

Blue sky, wide-spreading trees,
Green, still, and tall;
Sunshine in golden ease
Slanting o'er all.

Happy hearts wandering,
Sun on them too;
Streamlets meandering
Fair meadows through.

Presently sinks the sun
Crimson to rest;
After his work is done,
Seeks he the west.

Homeward the happy hearts
Stroll o'er the lea;
Silent the stream departs,
Bound for the sea.

Hushed stand the lordly trees,
Sentinels strong;
Whispers the evening breeze
Gently along.

Gray-tinted shadows creep
Over the sky;
Deep in a dreamless sleep
Soon all things lie.

Sorrow seems lost in rest,
Care in repose—
Wrapt in oblivion blest
Earth and her woes.

Only I linger still,
Loth to depart
From these calm scenes that kill
Pain at my heart!

ETHEL IRELAND.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 391.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

A SUMMER DAY IN THE ISLE OF AVALON.

THE Isle of Avalon, like the Isle of Ely and many another geographical misnomer, is endeared to the lovers of the picturesque not a little by the charming inconsistency of its not being an island in sober fact at all, but a peninsula formed by the tiny river Brue, in conjunction with a still smaller rivulet which is nameless. It is truly a region of enchantment and mystery, for on this historic soil stand the crumbling walls of Glastonbury Abbey, the noblest ruin in all England. The history of Glastonbury is a curious instance of the survival of legendary lore interwoven with long-established traditions, and with the recorded facts of a most eventful and romantic chronicle.

The story of the renowned abbey reaches back to the very early days of the Christian era, when a wattled church stood upon the site, and when Joseph of Arimathea (according to the legend) visited the isle and struck his staff into the ground near Glastonbury. This saintly staff—most ancient of crosiers—took root, and grew into the Holy Thorn, which bloomed miraculously every Old Christmas-eve for many hundred years afterwards. The fact remains, in local archives, that a very ancient tree of the medlar genus was cut down in the yard of the abbey church at the time of the suppression, and slips of it were planted in the neighbourhood of Glastonbury; and the trees grown therefrom continue to put forth bloom in early winter whenever the circumstances of the season are favourable. A mild winter is almost invariable in this most interesting district, for it is to be noted that the climate of Somerset is the most equable in the kingdom, as the county is one of the fairest.

It is a beautiful story, this early legend, and it lends additional grace and charm to the singular topography of the Isle of Avalon. Pity it is that ever a doubt should arise as to fact or fiction in the matter—to dissipate the glamour of the monkish tale rather than to think it 'An old and

moving story, that suited well that ruin wild and hoary.'

The ecclesiastical tradition of the abbey is older than the history of the town, Glastonbury market-town being of Saxon origin. It was the 'Glastingaburh,' or Glastings' borough of the West Saxons. The Isle of Avalon itself, a central spot in an eminently fruit-producing county, may possibly be named from the British 'Avilla,' signifying apples. But whatever story of saint or sinner may linger around the sacred precincts of Glastonbury, the most striking of all is the tradition, apocryphal or not, of the burial of the great early British monarch, King Arthur: Arthur of Lyonesse, the great Pendragon of splendid fame, and of many an old-world romantic tale. It has been told that his body was borne hither after the great battle 'among the mountains by the winter sea,' and reverently laid in earth by his faithful Round-Table Knights.

In later times, it is stated, the stone coffin was exhumed by the direction of Henry II., who, according to a quaint description in an old book, caused a deep excavation to be made, laying bare a tombstone with a large plate of lead fixed upon it, which showed the following inscription: 'HIC JACET SEPULTVS INCLITVS REX ARTVRIVS IN INSVLA AVALONIA.' Nine feet below this stone was discovered a coffin made from a hollowed oak-tree containing human bones, which on being examined—so runs the story—were identified as those of the Christian king. What more fitting resting-place could have been found in all the land for the mortal remains of British Arthur!

The magnificent abbey which was subsequently built upon the hallowed ground had already, at the time of Henry II. and Thomas à Becket, attained great repute. It seems to have increased century after century in influence and power, the community of Dominican Friars becoming the wealthiest monastic institution in the kingdom, the head of the house being specially styled Lord Abbot, with a seat in parliament, second in rank only to the Abbot of Westminster. The abbot's rule in Avalon was well nigh supreme, spiritual

and temporal; and no one might enter the isle except by his special permission.

This immense acquisition of wealth and power conduced at last, as with so many others, to an ultimate downfall at the Reformation, when Abbot Richard Withering stoutly refused to acknowledge the king's supremacy or to surrender the abbey and some £3311, 7s. 4d. per annum.

This courageous abbot, so worthy of a better fate, was tried for his high offence before King Henry's commissioners at Wells, and condemned with two of his monks to be hanged—a ruthless sentence. At this sad and significant audit it was shown that these unhappy churchmen had concealed a vast amount of abbey treasure; and when that terrible day of reckoning came, had utterly declined to account for it. This triple execution took place on the summit of an adjacent hill—the Torr—in the presence of a concourse of sorrowing people, sadly bewildered, no doubt, at the turn of events. Upon this hill stand the ruins of an ancient church, and sculptured on the front of its lofty tower is a singular representation of the Archangel Michael weighing in a pair of scales a copy of the Holy Scriptures against the Evil One, and showing Satan to be greatly wanting when thus tried in the balance. From this historic Torr is to be viewed one of the finest landscapes in England.

At the period of the Reformation the beautiful abbey, in addition to the disruption of all else, was unroofed and otherwise dismantled, remaining in picturesque decay a memorial of misdirected or over-carried zeal. The grand proportions and beauty of the Gothic stonework are still in evidence in the ruins; but the greater part has gone for vulgar building purposes, much of it actually being used to form a roadway some two miles across a morass to Wells—a sacred way, truly.

To Wells Cathedral went the old abbey clock, which was one of the wonders of Glastonbury and of Europe. In a transept of the cathedral it is still to be seen in good working order. This very curious piece of antiquity is placed some thirty feet high in the interior of one of the lofty side-aisles; and close at hand in an alcove sits a painted effigy of a manikin with its feet dangling over a silvery-tongued bell upon which the manikin's heels ring out the chimes. As the moment for striking the hour approaches, a premonitory clicking is audible from within the clock, and presently a remarkable spectacle is beheld. From behind the old dial emerges a procession of armed knightly figures on horseback, moving two and two in stately military fashion upon a semi-circular platform; and as the foremost pair arrive at a certain point in their march, the outside knight raises his lance, and with trenchant blow strikes his comrade down to the saddle-bow. Instantly, within the clock a bell is struck and *one* is sounded. Thereupon, the stricken horseman quickly rears his crest aloft, and the procession passes behind the dial. This process is repeated until the required number of strokes has been given and the time of day is told.

The impression left on the mind of the spectator witnessing this performance, perhaps unexpectedly, is one of astonishment, and of admiration of the ingenious mechanical contrivance, the work pro-

bably of some devoted artist of the fifteenth century. Certainly a wonderful clock; telling its tale of fleeting time in the dreamy calm of the cathedral aisle, amidst the woful monitions of brief mortal life laid all around in graven brass or sculptured marble.

The silent streets of Glastonbury, with two or three fine old inns—one of them an ancient *hospitium*—a medieval cross, and here and there a dim relic of domestic masonry, suggestive of the architecture of the abbey hard by, are of old-world interest. It is a picture of still-life there, seeming more still than the hush of minster cities, because more melancholy; and not even the near approach of the railway can effect much change or rouse the old place quite to the ordinary standard of life, even where most secluded, of the nineteenth century. The noble ruins everywhere visible in the little town forbid the thought. Clad in a robe of kindly ivy, they appeal to the imagination like an endless sermon—in stone. Ivy-clad, but not concealed! Beateous still!

Some little distance from the abbey is the Abbot's Kitchen, a stone-built edifice, remaining much as when the bustling cooks had left it, and reform had quenched their fires. An enormous smoke-stained cone it is, and a striking object enough in the village landscape. One thinks, in walking round its ample space, of the merry times that have been there—of the hospitality to rich and poor of which it is the token. Time was not out of joint then; and the world's work had scarcely begun. It is saddening, withal, to view this grotesque temple of the culinary art rearing its solitary sombre dignity in that fair Somersetshire meadow, with the gentle kine and wistful-faced sheep browsing or nibbling on a joyous summer morning around its frowning walls, and to think of all that has departed with the last wreath of smoke from its vanished fires!

The time-worn truism that good and evil are very much mixed in the world is surely abundantly exemplified by those old monkish relics of feasting and almsgiving. For the latter, modern society has substituted the workhouse; and that consummation, if nothing else, induces the regret that when necessary reform should, in the natural growth of events, become due, whatever of good may be coexisting with the abolished evil should be swept away also, and for ever.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—QUESTIONS OF INHERITANCE.

ABOUT the same time, Reginald Mansel, Esquire, of Petherton Episcopi, happening to be up in town on private business, had occasion to call on his father's old friend, that distinguished sailor, Admiral John Antony Rolt, of the Senior United Service.

'So the heiress lives down your way?' Admiral Rolt observed, puckering up his small eyes at the end of some desultory conversation—and always eager, after his kind, to improve every possible source of information. 'Miss Psyche Dumaresq, I mean: precious odd name, Psyche: rather pride myself, as an old salt, on knowing

how to pronounce it. There was a *Psyche* in the Navy List once, I remember, a wooden gun-boat—on the Pacific station, when I commanded the *Skylark*; though she went to pieces at last in the China seas—poor M'Nab sank down to Davy Jones's locker in her—and was never put together again. Smart craft, very: and *this* Miss *Psyche*'s a tidy young lady, too, I'm told: taut, neat, and clipper-rigged. Well, she comes into all Charlie Linnell's money.'

'Impossible!' Mansel answered with promptitude. 'I've never heard a word of it. She's a great friend of my wife's, and a very nice girl in her way, no doubt; and Linnell fell in love with her: but she wouldn't accept him. He's left her nothing. If he had, I'm sure we'd have been the first to hear of it.'

'Well, it's a very odd case,' the Admiral continued, pursing up his little pig's eyes even smaller than before—'a very odd case as ever I heard of. She isn't to know of it for another year, but I'm sure I'm right. I've been talking it over to-day with Linnell's half-brother Frank—the parson in Northumberland: and Frank doesn't quite see his way out of it. Precious awkward for the parson, there's no denying it.'

Reginald Mansel started. 'Why, I thought the half-brother was dead,' he exclaimed in surprise. 'Killed in a railway accident. My wife certainly told me so.'

'Ah; that's just where it is,' the Admiral answered, rubbing his fat hands with profound gusto. 'As fine a muddle as ever you saw in your life. A perfect godsend for the Court of Chancery. Killed sure enough: so he was—in the newspapers: smashed to atoms in the Doncaster collision, they reported at first. You remember the accident—pig-iron and so forth. But you see, when they pick out a lot of bodies, pell-mell, from a jolly good smash, and stack 'em along in the hospital, they're not so very particular, just at the first beginning, whether any one fellow among 'em happens to be still breathing, or whether he doesn't. So they telegraphed up to London post haste, in the list of killed, "Reverend Francis Austen Linnell, Vicar of Thingumbob-cum-Whatyoumaycallit, Northumberland." Correspondents are in such a precious hurry nowadays to supply the very latest news to their particular print, that you can't expect them to hang dawdling about in a ward, on the watch till the breath's well out of a man's body.' And the Admiral chuckled low to himself, musically.

'Then you mean to say the fellow isn't dead after all?' Mansel exclaimed, astonished. 'It was a mistaken rumour!'

'Dead! my dear sir; why, I tell you, he was lurching with me at the Pothouse—you know the Pothouse?—my other club—not its official name—only this very morning. And a prettier muddle than those papers made of it you never heard. It was three whole days before they plucked up courage to announce their little error, and state that the Reverend Frank was not quite gone, only seriously wounded. Meanwhile, Sir Austen and the painter man went off in a hurry to Khartoum without seeing

the correction; and to the day of their death, never heard at all that the parson had turned up well and alive again. It was really most unfortunate. Frank Linnell believes those papers have done him out of all the Linnell money—Sir Austen's and the other man's. Only, you see, he doesn't quite know how he can go to work to get it all back again. It's a ticklish job, I admit; but I wouldn't give much, all the same—with a parson against her—for Miss *Psyche* Dumaresq's chances of the property.'

'Surely, though, if Linnell left his money by will to Miss Dumaresq, she'd get it, in any case,' Mansel objected incredulously.

The Admiral stared hard at him, and smiled a knowing smile. 'You don't understand the glorious uncertainty of the law,' he answered, enchanted. Then, with all the intense enjoyment of the male old woman, he proceeded to detail to his country acquaintance the whole long story of the Linnell family, and their various complications—*Bellerophon*, *Cockatrice*, Sally Withers, the Dean's daughter, and the rest of it—exactly as it all envisaged itself in full to his own lively and by no means too scrupulous imagination. Mansel listened with profound attention; but when the Admiral had finished, he ventured to put in cautiously: 'Still, I don't quite understand how all this can interfere with *Psyche*'s inheritance of Charles Linnell's money—if, as you say, he's really left it to her.'

'Why, here's the point, don't you see?' the Admiral answered cheerily, button-holing his listener and enforcing his argument with one fat uplifted forefinger. 'Charles Linnell, as I understand, came up to town from your place, Petherton, on the very day after his half-brother Frank was declared dead in the morning papers. So far, so good. But that same night, as I learn from one of the witnesses to the deed, he made his will, and Sir Austen signed it—said will leaving everything he died possessed of to the young lady, unknown, of the name of *Psyche*. Now, Frank Linnell's contention is that Sir Austen and Charles arrived at an understanding, *under the impression*, and the Admiral brought down his fat forefinger on his knee to enforce his point: '*under the impression* that he, Frank, was dead and done for; which of course in actual fact he wasn't. Therefore, he argues, the will is accordingly null and void, and he himself ought to come into the money.'

'But how can he,' Mansel inquired, smiling, 'if he's really illegitimate? By law, as I'm rightly informed, he and Charles Linnell are not considered to be even related.'

The Admiral shrugged his shoulders and pursed his mouth firmly. 'Well, I haven't quite mastered all the ins and the outs of it,' he answered with candour. 'It's a trifle confused for an old salt like me; but I believe the learned counsel who understand the law get at it something like this, d'ye see. It all depends upon which of the two, Sir Austen or Charles Linnell, was killed first at Khartoum. If Charles was killed first, then the Reverend Frank asserts—you understand—this will being null and void, owing to unsound mind, errors of fact, want of proper disposing intent, and other causes—that Sir Austen, as next-of-kin and sole heir-at-law, inherited the pill-money. For that, he relies upon

Charles Linnell's legitimacy. But on the other hand, Charles Linnell being now well out of the way, and unable to prove or disprove anything, the Reverend Frank also goes in, as an alternative, for claiming that he's actually legitimate himself, and denying proof of Miss Sally Violet's marriage. On that point, there's nobody now who can bring up good evidence. So he stands to win either way. If he's legitimate himself, he's a Baronet anyhow, and he comes in to the reversion of Thorpe Manor. If he's not legitimate, he's no Baronet, to be sure, and the entail fails; but the fun of it is, he gets Sir Austen's personal estate for all that, through his mother, the Dean's daughter, who was Sir Austen's second cousin, twice removed, or something of the sort, and whose case is covered by Sir Austen's settlements. The old father did that—the Peninsular man, you know—after the bigamy came out. He insisted upon putting in Frank Linnell by name in the settlements, as heir to the personality, irrespective of the question of his birth altogether. And in the personality the Reverend Frank now asserts he reckons in Charles Linnell's pill-money.'

Mansel drew his hand across his brow confusedly. 'It is a trifle mixed,' he answered with a puzzled air. 'But it's decidedly clever. I should think it ought to prove a perfect mine of wealth to the Inner Temple.'

'Mine of wealth!' the Admiral echoed with a snort of delight. 'I believe you, my boy. Golconda or Kimberley isn't in it by comparison. The whole estate won't cover the law charges. For you see, there's the lovely question to decide beforehand, *did* Sir Austen or his cousin die first?—and till that's settled, nothing fixed can be done about the property. Well, Frank Linnell doesn't mean to let the question drop. He has a twelvemonth to spare, during which time he's going to work like a nigger to prevent the lady with the classical name from coming into the property.—Of course you won't mention a word of this to her? I tell it you in confidence.—That's all right. Thank you.—So Frank thinks of going to Egypt and up the Nile this very next winter, as ever is, to see if he can collect any evidence anywhere as to which was killed first—his half-brother Charles, or his cousin Sir Austen. And between you and me, sir—if only you knew these Egyptian fellows as well as I do—the Reverend Frank must be a much more simple-minded person than I take him to be if he doesn't get at least half-a-dozen green-turbaned, one-eyed sheikhs to swear by the beard of the Prophet, till all's blue, that they saw Charles Linnell with their own eyes lying dead at Khartoum, in any position that seems most convenient, while Sir Austen sat in a respectful attitude, shedding a decorous tear or two above his mangled body. An Egyptian, sir,' the Admiral continued, blinking his small eyes even more vigorously than was his wont—'an Egyptian would swear away his own father's life, bless your soul, for a tin piastre.'

'Then you think whatever evidence is wanted will be duly forthcoming?' Mansel asked, dubiously.

'Think? I don't think. I know it, unless the Reverend Frank's a born fool. But even after he's got it, don't you see, there's a lot

more still left to prove. Yet even so, he stands to play a winning card either way. If he's legitimate, he's a Baronet of Thorpe Manor; and if he isn't, he's heir all the same to Sir Austen's personality.' And the Admiral chuckled.

Mansel looked at him with a curious air of suspended judgment. 'After all,' he said slowly, in his critical way, 'you're taking a great deal for granted, aren't you? How on earth do we know, when one comes to think of it, that either of the Linnells is really dead at all? How on earth do we know they aren't still cooped up in Khartoum, as O'Donovan was in Merv, you recollect, and that they mayn't turn up unexpectedly some day to defeat all these hasty surmises and guesses? You can't prove a man's will till you've first proved he's dead; and who's to say that either of the Linnells is dead, when one comes to face it?'

The Admiral threw back his head and laughed internally. 'Dead!' he answered, much amused. 'Of course they're dead. As dead as mutton! As dead as a door-nail! As dead as Julius Caesar! Do you think the Mahdi's people, when once they got in, would leave a Christian soul alive in Khartoum? My dear fellow, you don't know these Egyptians and Soudanese as well as I do—I was out for a year on the Red Sea station. They'd cut every blessed throat in the whole garrison. There's not a Christian soul alive to-day in Khartoum.'

CHAPTER XXIX.—FRESH ACQUAINTANCES.

It was with a feeling very nearly akin to relief that Psyche found herself, some six weeks later, in a pretty little bedroom in a Moorish villa on the sun-smitten hills of Mustapha Supérieur.

'Why, I know the very place for you,' Geraldine Maitland exclaimed with delight, when Psyche informed her on her return to Petherton that medical authority, two deep, had prescribed Algiers for their joint indispositions. 'A dear little *pension* on the Mustapha slope. It's as clean as a pin, and just like a home; and it's kept by an English officer's widow, a Mrs Holliday. It's not so very dear, either,' she hastened to add, seeing Psyche's face growing faintly incredulous. 'They'd take in friends of ours at special rates. Mamma has sent them such lots of boarders.'

And indeed the rates, as quoted to Haviland Dumaresq some days later, in Mrs Holliday's letter, were very special—very special indeed; for a reason which Geraldine Maitland knew best, and which she took care to keep to herself very strictly. 'I should feel *greatly* obliged, however,' Mrs Holliday wrote, underlining the *greatly* with two feminine bars, 'if you would have the kindness to refrain from mentioning these terms I quote to any other of the visitors at the villa, as they are considerably below our usual charges, to meet the wishes of my friend Mrs Maitland.'

Oh the journey south! The rest and change of it! The delight of getting away from the Wren's Nest, with its endless obtrusive memories of Linnell! The calm of travel; the momentary oblivion! Paris, Dijon, the Rhone, Marseilles! For twenty-four hours, Psyche almost forgot herself.

The dear little *pension* on the Mustapha slope,

too, how thoroughly it deserved Geraldine Maitland's judicious commendation! It was very pretty and very home-like. After thirty hours' tossing on the faithless Mediterranean—bluest but most treacherous of all known seas—and that long drive up the dusty road through the vivid town from the quays at Algiers, Psyche was right glad to rest herself at last in that dainty little bedroom, at the Villa des Orangers, and to look out of the arcaded Moorish window at the palms and aloes that diversified the garden.

True enough, as Dr Godichau had confidently predicted, her eyesight came back to her for the nonce at a bound. Wisdom was justified of all her children. Psyche had seen everything all the way up through those crowded streets: she saw everything still with perfect distinctness in the arcades and gardens of that quaint old *pension*.

It was an antique Moorish country-house, all whitewashed walls and horse-shoe arches, planted on the side of a tiny ravine, near the very summit of an Algerian hill, some six hundred feet above a deep blue bay of that treacherous and all too beautiful Mediterranean. Through the jealously barred and grated windows of a deep-set chamber in what was once the harem of the old Turkish proprietor, Psyche's eye just caught faint glimpses westward of a feathery date-palm, a jungle of loquat trees, and a ruddy hillside of basking sandstone, red as the familiar South Hams of Devonshire. Beyond, the ravine displayed in further perspective a tangled cane-brake, a steep road down whose tortuous slope an old Arab countryman was defiling slowly cross-legged on his pannier-laden donkey, and a picturesque wine factory, whose snow-white archways and low stories were all gracefully pinked out along their constructive lines with decorative string-courses of Oriental tile-work. A peep of the dim blue Atlas to eastward across a misty plain completed the view from the windows of that quaintly pretty room—a view which hardly needed the domed and arcaded mansion on the hill-top behind, or the veiled forms of the Moorish women gliding noiselessly down the pathway opposite, to assure Psyche that this was indeed in very truth that wonderful Africa.

Without and within, to say the truth, to Dumaresq and his daughter the Oriental character of house and surroundings was everywhere most delightfully and undeniably apparent. The tiny round-topped slits pierced through the thickness of the massive wall; the floor covered with Damascus tiles and overlaid in part with pretty Eastern rugs; the pale-green dado and light-blue frieze of distemper on the sides, separated from one another by a verse of the Koran in breezy Arabic letters running round the room between them as a continuous border; the graceful hangings and delicately-coloured drapery—all charmed Psyche, weary and heart-sick though she was, with a delicious vague sense of Orientalism and novelty. As she lay on the crimson and blue divan by the open window, rich perfumed whiffs of the Japanese medlars in full flower floated in upon the cool yet summer-like breeze; and the hillside opposite hummed with insects busy among the blossoms of the great African clematis that fell in cataracts over the rocks and branches. For a moment she almost forgot her sorrow; the oculist was right; what she needed was a life of pure perception.

To Dumaresq, the charm of these novel surroundings was even greater and more striking than to his heart-broken Psyche. He admired throughout the house the infinite diversity and picturesqueness of the arches; here a semicircular doorway with richly-carved decorations in Arabesque patterns; there a pointed Moorish arcade of Saracenic type; and yonder, again, a flat-topped horse-shoe arch of peculiarly curved and bulging gracefulness, never to be seen anywhere else save here in Algeria. The long rambling passages, cool and gloomy for the hot African summer; the endless doors and nooks and niches; the grated windows and flat roof; the Oriental terrace; the up-and-down steps and uneven levels of the quaint little garden—formed a very ideal scene for an Arabian night's adventure of the fine old pattern. The gray old philosopher, startled into a momentary fit of imagination, almost expected to see Bluebeard's wife emerge unexpectedly from some darkling doorway, or the One-eyed Calender look in upon him unawares through the deep-set window-holes that gave upon the garden.

Yet it was pleasant to find, in spite of the persistent odour of Islam which pervaded the house, that the villa had been modernised and Anglicised after all in a way to suit the most luxurious English taste. It was four o'clock when they arrived at their temporary home, and at five a smiling little Swiss maid brought in a tea-tray with a steaming pot that reminded Psyche of dear old-fashioned Petherton. Tea and the Arabesque are too much all at once. So much modern comfort seems half out of place, side by side with such delicious antique Orientalism.

Psyche would have liked them to spend that evening by themselves in their own rooms; but her father overruled her wishes in that respect. It was best for her, he said, to go out to dinner: to mix at once with the world of Algiers; to conquer these morbid desires for seclusion; to throw herself as far as possible into the new situation. And Psyche, now clay in the potter's hands, yielded unwillingly to his wishes.

At the table-d'hôte they were shown to seats near the bottom of the table by a Swiss waiter with his hair cut short and a general expression of bland good-nature pervading all his stumpy features. The seats opposite them were already occupied by two tall and very stately girls, accompanied by a young man of an open and naïf but somewhat unfinished type of countenance.

The girls quite frightened Psyche at the very first glance; they looked so queenly and magnificent and awful. Geraldine Maitland herself was hardly half so grand. Their ears were thin and delicately pink; their complexions shone with a transparent lustre; their necks were high and exquisitely moulded; their hands might have come out of a portrait of Sir Peter Lely's. Altogether, Psyche made up her mind at once that the strangers were, at the very least, duchesses: ladies of the *ancien régime* to a certainty, so calm and clear-cut and dainty were their lineaments. They weren't English; she could see that at a glance: there was something very foreign in the cut of their figures and of their rich dresses. Psyche was sure she would never be able to say

a word to them: so much high-born stateliness fairly took her breath away.

Presently, a few more visitors came in, and seating themselves, began to talk across the table with perfect sang-froid to the magnificent strangers. Psyche envied them their boldness of address. How could they dare to approach such aristocrats? 'Well, did you have your photographs taken after all, Miss Vanrenen?' a lady opposite asked with a smile of recognition.

'No, ma'am,' the tallest and stateliest of the beautiful girls answered promptly, with a polite nod. 'We went into the city and had a lovely time, but we couldn't agree upon the currency question. We asked the photographer his lowest cash quotation for doing us in a group under the doorway here in Arab costume, and he gave us an estimate for as much as comes to fourteen dollars. Corona and I don't mind expense, but we're dead against extortion; and we consider fourteen dollars for taking your likeness in an Arab dress downright extortionate. So we concluded to do without the pictures for the present and to save our specie for a better occasion.'

'I reckon,' the second queenly creature remarked with a graceful bow, 'we can be taken just as well on Vesuvius when we go along to Naples.'

'That's so,' the first divine efflorescence answered acquiescent. 'We don't stand out for the Arab dress in itself, you see, ma'am: we only want to be taken somewhere, with something distinctively European or African loafing around in the background—a mosque, or a cathedral, or a burning mountain—so as we can take the picture home and let folks see we're not a fraud; we've really travelled up and down the world a bit.'

'Still,' the brother said, looking round at his sisters with a half-regretful air, 'I must say I wanted Sirena to go the fourteen dollars blind for all that.—You see, Mrs Prendergast, we might have been taken all in a group under the Moorish archway there; and Miss Maitland would have joined us to complete the picture in that elegant airy Arab get-up of hers.'

'You know Miss Maitland then?' Psyche ventured to put in timidly, with the natural diffidence of the latest comer.

'Cyrus don't know anybody else, almost,' the taller girl replied with a smile. 'He was over here alone from Amurrica last fall, and spent the winter by himself in this city; and every letter he wrote us home was a sort of a bulletin about Geraldine Maitland. It was Geraldine Maitland went here; Geraldine Maitland went there; Geraldine Maitland says this; Geraldine Maitland thinks that; till we began to conclude at last for ourselves there weren't any other young ladies at all in Europe except Geraldine Maitland. So Corona and I—that's my sister—we said to ourselves we'd come along this year and inspect for ourselves what sort of a person this girl Geraldine was, before Cyrus brought her home anyway for a permanency.'

'Now, Sirena!' the young man interposed, looking very sheepish: 'I'm a modest man. Don't reveal my blushes.'

Psyche was fairly taken aback at this boldness of speech. She had met very few Americans before, and was little accustomed to so much

freedom in the public discussion of unfinished matrimonial projects; but her awe at the queenly young women outlived even the discovery of their Western accent, and she only said in a very timid tone: 'We know Miss Maitland, too. She's a very great friend of mine.'

'Then I guess Cyrus and you'll get on together,' Sirena said briskly, 'for whoever likes Geraldine Maitland confers a private obligation, I conjecture, upon Cyrus.'

'We're going to have a very great honour here,' the young man Cyrus interposed sharply, with an evident desire to change the conversation. 'Have you heard, sir, that the great philosopher, Haviland Dumaresq, intends to winter in this city?'

At the words, Psyche coloured up to the roots of her hair; but her father, bowing his stateliest and most distant bow, made answer severely, without moving a muscle of that stoical face: 'Sir, my name is Haviland Dumaresq.'

He had scarcely spoken the word, when Cyrus Vanrenen rose from his seat and walked round the table with immense enthusiasm but great deliberation. 'Mr Dumaresq,' he said, seizing the old man's hand in his and wringing it hard, 'allow me the pleasure. Well, now, this is a very great honour, sir. I haven't read your books, Mr Dumaresq—at least to any extent, being otherwise engaged myself in business—but I know your name well; and in my country, sir, your works are much admired and highly respected. In the city where I reside—you don't happen to know Cincinnati? No; I thought as much—we set very great store by your valuable writings. The *Cincinnati Observer*, I recollect on one occasion, described you in one of its editorial columns as "the greatest metaphysician of this or any other age." That was high praise, Mr Dumaresq, from the editorial columns of such an influential print as the *Cincinnati Observer*.'

'I'm glad to learn that I have deserved the commendation of so critical an authority upon philosophical questions,' Haviland Dumaresq answered with grave irony.

But his delicate sarcasm was thrown away upon the honest and innocent young American. That any one could feel otherwise than pleased and flattered at the polite attentions of the *Cincinnati Observer* was an idea that could never for a moment have entered his good straightforward business head. 'Yes; it's a right smart paper,' he went on with friendly communicativeness. 'Largest circulation of any journal in the State of Ohio: and down the Mississippi Valley we go it blind on culture nowadays, I can tell you. Culture's on the boom in the West at present. No journal that didn't go it blind on culture and philosophy would stand a chance of success in the struggle for life in the Mississippi Valley. Survival of the fittest's our rule out there. We're down upon frauds, but we respect live concerns. If ever you were to light out for Cincinnati, Mr Dumaresq, you'd find our citizens very appreciative: they'd be honoured to give you a warm welcome.'

'I am much obliged to them for their vivid personal interest in philosophy,' Haviland Dumaresq answered, going on with his soup, and smiling inwardly.

'And is this your daughter, sir?' Cyrus asked

once more, as he regained his place and glanced across at Psyche.

Psyche bowed, and faltered 'Yes' with very mixed feelings at being thus trotted out before a whole tableful of utter strangers.

'It must be a very great privilege, Miss Dumaresq,' Sirena remarked, in a clear unembarrassed American voice, right across the table, 'to pass your life and receive your education in the midst of such cultured European surroundings. Where did you make your recitations? I suppose, now, you've graduated?'

'I've *what*?' Psyche repeated, very much at sea.

'I suppose you've graduated?' Sirena said once more with perfect self-possession. 'Completed the curriculum at some European academy?'

'Oh no,' Psyche answered, catching at her drift, and blushing crimson by this time, for the eyes of all the table were upon her. 'I—I'm not at all learned. I've been brought up at home. I never went away to school even anywhere.'

'Your Pappa's been education enough by himself, I guess,' Corona put in with a friendly nod over the table towards Dumaresq: from which gesture Psyche concluded that the grand young lady meant to allude obliquely to her father.

'I expect you're a philosopher yourself by this time,' Sirena went on, glancing over at her curiously. 'Corona and I graduated at Vassar, and the philosophy class there read the first volume of the Encyclopædic Philosophy for their second year's recitation.—It's stiff, Mr Dumaresq, but our girls like it. Most of our students accept your fundamentals. They adopt your view of the cosmical substratum.'

Dumaresq twirled his gray moustache nervously. Criticism of this type was a decided novelty to him. 'It will be a pleasure to me to think,' he murmured, half aloud, 'as I approach my end, that my labours are approved of by the young ladies of the philosophy class at Vassar College. Few previous philosophers have been cheered by such success. Descartes and Leibnitz went to their graves unrefreshed by the applause of the young ladies of Vassar.'

'But in Amurrica nowadays we manage things better,' Sirena answered, dashing on, all unconscious still of his undercurrent of banter. 'Our women read and think some, Mr Dumaresq, I assure you. Your philosophy's very much studied in Cincinnati. We run a Dumaresquian Society of our own, lately inaugurated in our city; and when the members learn you're over here in Algiers with us, I expect the ladies and gentlemen of the club'll send along the pages out of their birthday books to get you to write your autograph on them. There's a heap of intelligent appreciation of literatoor in Amurrica: most all of us'd be proud to have your autograph.'

'That's what I admire at so much in Europe,' Cyrus interposed with a pensive air. 'It brings you into contact with literatoor and art in a way you don't get it across our side. Why, lots of our ladies'd give their eyes almost to be brought up in the way Miss Dumaresq's been. In the thick of the literary society of Europe!'

Psyche smiled and answered nothing. Fortunately, at that moment another member of the party intervened, and spared poor Psyche's blushes any further.

As they sat for a while in their own little room before retiring for their first night in Africa, Haviland Dumaresq remarked to his daughter with a slight shudder: 'Did you ever meet anybody so terrible, Psyche, as that awful American man and his unspeakable sisters? Such a quality as reserve seems utterly unknown to them.'

'But do you know, Papa,' Psyche answered half smiling, 'they're really such kind good girls after all. They almost made me sink under the table with shame at dinner, of course; but I've been talking with them all the evening in the salon since, and I find in spite of their terrible ways they're so sweet and frank and natural for all that. One of them—the one they call Sirena—told me I was a "real nice girl;" and when she said it, I could almost have kissed her, she seemed so kind and sympathetic and friendly.'

'Oh, the women are well enough,' her father answered, with masculine tolerance: most men will tolerate a pretty girl, no matter how vulgar. 'But the brother! what a specimen of Cincinnati culture! It almost made me ashamed to think so many of my books had been sold in America when I reflected that that was the kind of man who must mostly buy them. And then the fulsome-ness of the fellow's flattery! Why couldn't he leave poor philosophy alone? What had philosophy ever done to hurt him? I remember Mill's saying to me once: "A thinker should never go into general society unless he knows he can go as a leader and a prophet." That young man would go far to make one say the exact contrary; a thinker should never go at all, unless he knows he can pass in the crowd and remain unnoticed.'

(To be continued.)

NORRLAND AND ITS TIMBER TRADE.

NORRLAND is the northernmost and largest of the three great divisions of Sweden, and comprises with Lapland, which really belongs to it, more than one-half of the whole area of the country. It extends from the southern to the northern end of the western shore of the Gulf of Bothnia; and the northern part of it, which is within the Arctic Circle, is during the greater part of the year a cold and cheerless region. This territory contains a large proportion of the forest-land, and, if we include the adjoining *län* of Kopparberg and the district of Dannemora, nearly all the mineral wealth of the country. And the vast resources of the province find an outlet through the many seaports on the coast to all parts of the world. The population varies greatly, and ranges from the small percentage of about thirty-five inhabitants to the square mile in the south to a merely nominal one in the north, where the meagre fixed population is supplemented by tribes of wandering Lapps.

The timber industry assumes every year a more prominent place in the export list of Swedish trade. Gefle, Söderhamn, Hudiksvall, Sundsvall, Luleå, and other smaller towns on the western side of the Gulf of Bothnia, now annually export many thousand standards of wood to Great Britain, Germany, France, and other countries, including even distant Australia. The

greater part of this wood consists of 'deals' and 'battens'—simply dressed or finished planks of various lengths and sizes. But large quantities of doors, window-frames, and similar manufactured articles are also shipped to this and to other countries. The volume of trade in these goods increases largely every year; and last year the quantity shipped from Stockholm was five times that of 1888. The trade in wood-pulp has also made great strides of late years; indeed, so many factories have been erected for its manufacture that the consequent over-production has sent the price of the article down to a point which is scarcely remunerative to the producer. Gefle, a pretty little town near the southern end of the Gulf, alone exported some one hundred and fifteen thousand standards of wood last year, this quantity showing an appreciable increase over that shipped in the preceding year.

The wood is cut during the winter, and the logs are floated down the rivers in the spring, when the volume of water running seawards is augmented by the melting of the ice and snow. It is collected at the coast-towns, where it is sawn into planks of various lengths. It is then stacked and left to dry, and is exported during the summer and autumn. In Gefle and other timber ports the vessels usually anchor some distance from the town, and the wood is taken out to them in large covered lighters. It is wonderful how little space is wasted in stowing the wood on board. A vessel bound from some timber port with a deck-load of deals frequently ten feet high, which perhaps, owing to her empty bunkers, gives her a heavy list, is a common enough sight in our waters; and the practice of taking these large deck-loads is unfortunately an increasing evil. Each captain piles timber upon his ship in the hope of carrying a larger cargo than his predecessor. In many cases even the safety of the ship is jeopardised and the lives of the crew risked for the sake of a few pounds' extra freight. The owners are mainly responsible for this state of affairs, with which the legislature will sooner or later have to deal. Whether the recent Merchant Shipping Act will do much in this direction remains to be seen.

The forests of Sweden cover nearly half of the whole surface of the country. These forests, which are chiefly of pine and fir, are found in nearly all parts of the kingdom; but many of the finest tracts, extending in some cases continuously for eighty miles, occur in the southern districts of Norrland, the greater part of the forest-lands being situated below sixty-four degrees of latitude. The Government owns some thirteen thousand square miles of forest-land, and sets an excellent example to other owners in the management of this property. On many estates quantities of young trees are planted every year to fill up the ever-widening gaps among the mature trees. But sad inroads upon the forests have been made in the iron and copper districts of Dalecarlia and Dannemora, where the trees have been remorselessly cut down to provide charcoal for the smelting furnaces; and in these localities no effort has been made to continue the supply by replanting.

Sweden, besides its progress commercially, is every year becoming a more frequented 'hunting-

ground' for tourists who are tired of the orthodox routes of European travel; and there are few countries which more fully repay a visit. It is a land of vast lakes and countless islands, and, in the summer, a realm of almost perpetual day. The coast scenery is unsurpassed, whether we sight the sandy shores and numerous church spires of the south, or the wilder and more formidable coast of the Gulf of Bothnia. Here the coast-line is bold and striking; and the many islands which stud this rock-bound shore serve both to relieve its bleak appearance and to form natural breakwaters for the pretty little towns and villages which nestle calmly behind. The brush of a Turner or of a Constable could scarcely do full justice to the simple beauty of many of these little towns, with their picturesque white wooden houses peering timidly out of the dark foliage of the universal pine. The commercial value of this tree is responsible for the only disfigurement which occurs in the otherwise beautiful coast, for it has caused the erection upon every suitable spot of sawmills, the tall chimneys and large stacks of timber attached to which frequently mar an enchanting piece of scenery. But the picturesque, here as elsewhere, has to bow low before the necessities of commerce.

The majority of Swedish towns are still built of wood; but some few there are which, owing to the destruction of the old houses by fire, have been rebuilt in a more substantial manner. In the breadth of the streets of these new towns and in some other matters the Swedish architects have set an example which might with advantage be followed by more southern peoples. One cannot but regret the destruction of the old wooden houses with their strange gables and quaint little windows; but what the antiquary has lost the people have no doubt gained in improved sanitation and such-like things.

Gefle, the largest town in Norrland, and the third commercial port in Sweden, which was burnt in 1869, has been almost entirely rebuilt, and is now, for a modern town, as pretty a little place as one could wish to see. The partly land-locked bay, whose shores are covered with pine-trees and a luxurious undergrowth of ferns and moss, forms a natural harbour for the many vessels visiting the place. This bay, and, in fact, the whole of the gulf from here northwards, is usually frozen over in December, and is not open for navigation until May. The mails and merchandise are taken across to the opposite shores of Finland in sleighs, and skating is resorted to as a necessity, as well as a pastime.

Within an easy ride from Gefle, although not strictly in Norrland, is the purely mining town of Falun, in the district of 'Stora' Kopparberg (great copper mountain). It contains copper mines which the natives say are the oldest in Northern Europe, having been worked for upwards of six hundred years. The entrance to the mine is an immense abyss some twelve hundred feet across. The surrounding district is arid and the vegetation scanty, owing to the destructive nature of the fumes from the smelting furnaces. One of the local sights is the grave of a young man, who was lost in these mines so far back as 1670, and whose body was not found until 1719. Romantic tradition says that it was identified by an old woman, who had been the unfortunate

man's sweetheart, and that on being exposed to the air the body became to some extent petrified. It was afterwards placed in a glass case, but gradually crumbled to pieces, and was finally buried in 1740.

The old-fashioned and picturesque Swedish costumes are still to be met with, particularly in the districts of Dalecarlia and Dannemora. The former is probably the wildest and, in many respects, the most interesting part of Sweden, with its bold scenery and the old-world customs and pursuits of its inhabitants, who claim to belong to a race distinct from the more southern Swede. The Lapps, who are fairly numerous in the north, are also an interesting people. Their nomadic habits would cause distraction to the census-taker, whilst their primitive costumes of reindeer skin accentuate their claim to being the most uncivilised race in Europe. Not only is the Lapp's dress primitive, but his ideas about washing and many other civilised customs are also extremely hazy, and one who in a weak moment partook of his cookery would afterwards have ample cause for reflection. The Swedish Lapp is scarcely so civilised as his brother who lives on the Norwegian side, probably from more frequent intercourse with the Russian Lapp, who is the most uncouth specimen of the race extant.

The rural Swede is a contented creature, who pursues his way quietly, undisturbed by Labour Unions and other products of civilisation. In the seaports, on the other hand, the stevedores and labourers are now organised; and at most ports it is impossible to get a ship loaded except through the agency of the local Labour Association. But strikes have so far been averted. The stagnation in the timber trade has for a time checked the export of the staple product of the country, but with the enterprise and capital which are now opening up the many latent resources of Sweden, the commercial outlook is anything but a gloomy one.

THE OLD STUDIO.

CONCLUSION.—THE MASTER-PIECE.

FENWICK was suddenly roused from his reflections by the sound of old Gunning's voice; and as he hastened to the window with some sense of uneasiness, Millward came in and sank down upon the lounge with every sign of agitation.

'What is it?'

Millward looked at Gunning, and Fenwick followed his glance. The old boatman was standing near the window mopping his bald head with a red cotton handkerchief, catching at his breath, and glancing out of his small restless eyes from one artist to the other.

'Ask Gunning. Why doesn't he speak?' said Millward, still agitated.

Fenwick looked at the boatman, who still mopped his brow and rubbed his weather-beaten face.

'Ay, ay,' said Gunning cheerfully. 'But wait a bit, sir, till we get righted. Let's be quite clear what passed between us when going against the tide.'

'What can you mean?' said Millward with

increased impatience. 'Have I not made myself understood?'

Gunning nodded good-humouredly. 'Yes, yes; I'm with you,' said he; 'it's Mr Fenwick who doesn't see the bearings.—And we can't make much headway, sir,' he added, turning to the young artist, 'till it's made clear to you which tack we're on.'

Fenwick could not suppress a smile. 'I think, Millward,' said he, 'that I should be better able to follow Gunning if—when you feel equal to it—you would first give me a few words of explanation.'

Gunning's face beamed. 'That's my meaning,' said he. 'A few words of explanation from you, sir, and we shall make headway at once.'

It now became clear to Fenwick that a consideration for Millward was the secret of old Gunning's reserve. He was preparing the master, in his own honest way, for some startling news; and Millward was too absorbed in his trouble to comprehend the boatman's attitude towards him.

The master was standing, as he so often stood, before his latest work. 'She has never been absent from my thoughts,' said he, seemingly speaking to himself—seemingly forgetting for the moment Fenwick's presence and Gunning's too. 'And as I have seen her in my own mind, approaching womanhood, so I have painted her—yes, painted her as I know she would have looked if she had never gone out of my sight!—She is a woman now,' he went on; 'she has grown up under my hand; she has always been visible to me. Her image is here, as I should have seen it had she lived. I shall always see the face in my work, though I have given up all hope of seeing her.'

No one spoke, though Fenwick exchanged a furtive glance with Gunning.

Suddenly Millward crossed the studio with a quick step, and stopped before an easel that took up a great part of one side of the room. A quantity of drapery was thrown over it. 'I will show you a picture now, Fenwick,' said he, 'which you have never—no one has ever seen.'

Fenwick's curiosity was roused. He had not reflected that any work of the master's might lie hidden there.

'Another picture, Millward?' said he.—'But,' he added, 'is Gunning to wait? I thought you were going to tell me what passed between you.'

'So I was,' said Millward, recollecting himself. 'I am always attaching importance to the least sound upon the river: to a single word!—I was telling Gunning—and I intended telling you months ago—that I lost a child—my only one—before she was five years old. She had been left alone in a boat,' he went on, trying manfully to steady his voice, 'on the river bank below my grounds; and by some accident, or carelessness, the boat drifted from its moorings and disappeared. Whether it sunk or was stolen—whether my little girl was kidnapped or drowned, I don't know. I have had no tidings, and it's now sixteen years ago.'

Catching Fenwick's eye at this point, Gunning nodded to him, as if anxious to confirm Millward's statement.

'I told Gunning about this,' the master resumed, 'because he happened to mention, in a casual way, that he had saved some lives in his time.—But why,' Millward added—'why he suddenly turned the boat's head, almost before I had finished my story, and rowed home in such hot haste, I could not understand. I foolishly thought from his manner—I don't think so now—that he knew something about my child.—But look at this!' And as he spoke, the master detached the drapery from the easel and brought a large picture to light.

Meanwhile, old Gunning had taken a pair of spectacles from a wooden case and had with difficulty adjusted them. An exclamation now escaped him; for this painting had all the effect upon the boatman, and upon Fenwick too, that Millward could have desired had he premeditated a surprise. For a moment—with such magic power had the master painted every detail of the work—Gunning might well have imagined that Millward had drawn a window-curtain aside, instead of uncovering a picture, and had given them an actual glimpse of the Thames. Not only was the frame of the picture the size of the window-frames, but the whole subject was marvellously realistic. The scene was by moonlight; and in the foreground of the picture was the old terrace, just as it might be seen from one of the studio windows, with the decrepit notice-board, the mossy stonework, and the crumbling balustrade. In the background of the picture, out on the river, was a young girl on the point of drowning. An overturned boat was near at hand, drifting with the tide.

'Now, you know all,' said Millward, with his eyes still upon the painting. 'This is the picture that has haunted me all these years.'

'Ay,' Gunning now broke out in a cheery voice; and having wiped his spectacles with the red cotton handkerchief, he took up one of Millward's smaller pictures. 'But how's this, Mr Fenwick? Why, here she is—asking Mr Millward's pardon—here she is again! And yet he's telling us how she was drowned.' He shook his head incredulously, and selecting another picture went on, holding it at arm's length from him. 'Eight year old here; ain't she? A merry child!' said Gunning criticisingly. 'And like her too—like what she would have been, leastways, had she survived.—Dear me,' he added, 'what a pity it was, Mr Fenwick, no one was by to save her; no old boatman such as me, cruising about! What a pity!' He took up another painting while he spoke, and turned it about. 'Why, she's ten now,' said he—'or might it be eleven?'

'Eleven years old,' said the master, 'when I painted that.'

'And here she is when twelve!' exclaimed the boatman in the same cheery tone.—'And this is her, I'll be bound, at fourteen. Why, she has had her portrait painted, and unbeknown to her, on well-nigh all her birthdays, as it were!' A moment's pause, and Gunning added: 'How she would have enjoyed a glance at herself! Why, it's just like peeping into her own bright looking-glass!—But no,' he concluded, becoming sceptical again; 'she was never drowned.'

Fenwick had been observing Gunning closely.

His honest voice, with something pathetic in its pleasant tone, confirmed him in his surmise—if confirmation were needed. This girl, who was probably peeping at herself in pictures on the staircase, or in the corridor above, was Millward's daughter. And Fenwick now noticed that Gunning's eye had at last met the master's, and that the truth was breaking in upon him too. Seeing that Millward was too overcome to speak, and yet appeared anxious to question the boatman, he said: 'Now, Gunning, what do you know of this business? Let's hear all about it.'

'I will, sir. And it may seem strange to you, said Gunning, 'and equally so to Mr Millward, that I should have never mentioned before what I'm going to tell you now. But I had a reason, as you'll soon see.' He looked at Millward and resumed. 'I've been a waterman, sir, plying in this reach these forty years. One evening, while rowing home after a day's fishing along with a customer, some sixteen years ago, I heard a child's cry. It came from the Surrey bank, as I reckoned, and I pulled alongside. It proved to be an infant, Mr Millward, of four year old or thereabout.'

'Did you,' Millward eagerly demanded—'did you ask the child its name?'

Gunning took off his spectacles, nodded at the master, and replied: 'I've no thought of deceiving you. Her name as she told it to me was Niobe. I rowed the child home in my boat,' he concluded; 'and my own daughter, who had lately got married, took her in tow. We've called her Niobe ever since.'

Millward sank into a chair, and for a while Gunning's words seemed to deprive him of the power to speak. But he recovered himself at last, and rising, went towards the door. 'Take me to her,' said he, 'to your house, Gunning—wherever she is'—

Fenwick now interposed. 'Millward,' said he, 'stay one moment! The story which you began—which Gunning continued—I can finish. You will remember my asking you—and I even fear my thoughtless words must have pained you—to bring your model back with you to-night?'

'Yes; I remember.'

'She came of her own accord,' said Fenwick. 'She has been here since you went out, not an hour ago.'

Millward placed his hand upon Fenwick's arm. 'Where is she?'

'My dear Millward,' answered Fenwick soothingly, 'she's safe enough. Pray, let me go on.'

The master sank back in his chair, and seemed indifferent to all that his friend now told him.

'I saw her resemblance to your picture the moment she came in,' said Fenwick, with a glance at the painting. 'It is like her; though nothing could be so beautiful as she is! She stole in here,' he added, 'knowing you were away. She came to look at your work. She has a passion for pictures; she has inherited your love of art.' And he related in a few words all that had happened during the master's absence on the river with old Gunning. But scarcely had he finished, when Millward hurried into the hall. There was a gleam of light on the staircase, and he hastened to the landing overhead. Here he stopped, and would have fallen had not Fenwick been at hand. A mist had gathered over the

master's eyes ; but through the mist he saw a figure coming slowly down the corridor towards him, with the lamp raised above her head.

Fenwick glanced from this figure into Millward's face ; and the far-off look which he had so often observed—the look that had suggested a spirit-model to the young artist's fancy—was a visionary look no longer.

'Is she not beautiful?' whispered Fenwick, with enthusiasm. 'Millward!—what a masterpiece you will paint!'

Millward stretched out his arms towards the figure. 'Bring my child to me,' said he, impatiently. 'I have done with art now.'

THE IDENTIFICATION OF CRIMINALS BY MEASUREMENT.

A VISIT TO M. BERTILLON.

MUCH has been said recently about 'Anthropometry,' but few people understand exactly either the system itself or its object. Let us explain the latter first. When the police lay their hands on a criminal or a suspect, it is obviously important to know his previous record, and whether or not he has been convicted before. Previous offenders make this as difficult as possible by giving false names and denying everything. Sometimes, no doubt, they are recognised ; but this can only happen in comparatively few cases, and is never a really trustworthy means of identification, for personal appearances change and the memory is treacherous. Many people have been hanged and imprisoned through mistakes in recognition. Photographs, again, are open to the same objection, and further, they accumulate in such enormous numbers that it is impossible to look through them. At the Préfecture de Police in Paris, one hundred thousand have been collected in ten years. Now, supposing a man is arrested for theft and gives a false name ; he may be an old offender, and his photograph together with particulars of former offences may lie there under another name in the pigeon-holes among all the rest. To look through them would take a staff of men eight days, and then it might be missed. But by M. Bertillon's system of measurement you can lay your hand on that particular photograph with absolute certainty in five minutes. Or, supposing that the man has not been up before, and that there is no photograph or record of him in the archives, you can establish this fact with equal certainty in the same short time. How it is done may be best explained by describing a recent visit to the Préfecture de Police.

The Measuring Room.—Escorted by an eminent French detective, we were shown up into the room where the measurements of prisoners are taken and the *fiches* are kept. The *fiche* is a card about eight inches by six inches, and on which are the prisoner's name, his measurements, any distinguishing marks about him, the particulars of his offences, &c.; and also his photograph in two positions—full and side face. The chief object of

the side-face is to get the shape of the ear, which of all features is the one most truthfully given by photography. These cards are disposed in small drawers, which stand on shelves, like those of a library, and are arranged in sections according to the measurements. Thus, one main section contains the cards of all individuals with a certain length of head. It is subdivided according to the breadth of head ; the subdivisions are further subdivided according to the length of the middle finger ; and so on. The measurements are written outside each drawer, so that they can be read at a glance. This will be further explained later on.

The Theory of the System.—Presently M. Bertillon, who had been informed of our visit, and kindly offered to expound his system in person, entered the room. He is still a young man, and the very type of an accomplished savant, speaking both English and German. The identification of criminals is carried out here under his direction by an able staff of assistants. The theory of the system is as follows : Certain bones can be measured in the living subject easily and with extreme accuracy. The dimensions vary in different persons within very considerable limits, and they do so in no definite ratio to each other. Consequently, if you take a sufficient number of them, you get an aggregate result which is true only of that particular individual measured and of no one else. During the eight years in which anthropometry has been used in Paris, it has been found that no two individuals have the same measurements throughout. The results obtained from a new subject in no case agree with any one of those previously taken, be they never so numerous. In fact, no two people are alike. Further, in the adult these dimensions are stable, changing little or not at all in the course of years. They therefore form a means of absolute identification at any time. The most important are the length of the head, its breadth, the length of the middle finger, that of the forearm, of the foot, and of the little finger. But to be of practical use the results must be classified. This is done by dividing each set into three groups—Small, Medium, Large. For instance, three sizes of the head lengthways are made thus : (1) Those less than 184 millimetres (= $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches). (2) Those between 184 millimetres and 189 millimetres (= $7\frac{1}{2}$ to $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches). (3) Those of 190 millimetres (= $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches) and above.

Suppose, now, you have a man measured, and want to see if he has been up before : you have to find his card among, say, ninety thousand. Take the length of his head : a glance shows that it is 187 millimetres, and consequently comes under group 2. You at once put aside groups 1 and 3, or sixty thousand out of the ninety thousand. Then take the breadth of the head in the same way ; this will reduce the remaining thirty thousand to ten thousand. And so on until you come down to a mere handful, when an examination of the minutest differences leads you with unerring certainty to the very one you are looking for. By the arrangement of the drawers in groups, already mentioned, the whole search is reduced to a matter of two minutes.

A Striking Illustration.—Having explained the

system, M. Bertillon proceeded to illustrate it. A young man, who had been arrested that morning for theft, was called up and measured then and there. The process is carried out by two men, one of whom applies the instruments and calls out the figures, which are entered on a card by the other, precisely as in a tailor's shop. The subject is barefooted and bareheaded. Ten measurements are taken in four minutes; they include those already mentioned, together with the height standing, the height sitting, the length of the arms extended, the length and breadth of the ear. This finished, M. Bertillon, card in hand, interrogated the prisoner:

'What is your name?'

'Albert Felix.'

'Have you ever been up before?'

'No, never.'

'Quite sure?'

'Perfectly sure,' with jaunty confidence.

As the young scoundrel was the leader of a band, this seemed highly improbable.

He was removed, and we proceeded to the search. Section after section of the drawers was rapidly eliminated by comparing the figures on them with those upon M. Felix's card. At last we came to a single drawer, and then down to two cards. If he was there at all, it must be one of these. A look at the first at once showed discrepancies of one or more millimetres under some of the headings, and as the bony measurements are accurate to a millimetre, it could not be this one. There remained one card. M. Bertillon took it up, hiding the photograph on it. All the figures corresponded exactly with those just taken of Felix. He was recalled, and again questioned. He repeated his former statements, but obviously with less confidence. M. Bertillon uncovered the photograph, and there the fellow was to the life, as he stood that moment before us. It was most startling. But the original of the photograph was called Alfred Louis Lemaire, and he had been in jail two years before. The card bore details of certain scars and marks on hand and body; they corresponded exactly with those on Felix. Our friend the detective edged up and watched the prisoner with professional delight. Again questioned, Felix stuck to his story; but his composure was gone; his eye was troubled, his lips trembled, and the muscles of his face twitched. The photograph was shown him. 'Who is that?'

'Not me, some one like me'—but very shakily.

'This is Alfred Louis Lemaire, and he was arrested, &c.'

The fellow was down in an instant, as limp as wet paper. 'Oui, c'est mon nom,' adding, 'I knew you would find it.'

The astonishing thing was that out of that great roomful of cards, not a single one corresponded, or anything like corresponded, with the measurements of the youth before us, except that particular one—his own. Mistake is impossible.

The system has been used in France for eight years, and found to be of infinite service. Russia and some other countries have adopted it; but its full value will not be apparent until it is employed everywhere, and especially in England and America—the two great refuges of criminals

—for of course measurements can be transmitted by telegraph, and thus identification of suspects established without trouble or delay—a thing impossible now.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

MR GEORGE BADEN-POWELL, M.P., in a letter to the *Times*, dated May 13, states that on that day there had been consummated an event of far-reaching importance, in respect that mails from China and Japan had been delivered in London within twenty-five days of leaving Yokohama, and inclusive of three days' unnecessary delay at New York. 'The Shanghai letters,' says Mr Baden-Powell, 'have been actually thirty-two days and the Japan twenty-five days in transit; and, had there been an Atlantic steamer ready, they would have been delivered in twenty-nine and twenty-two days respectively. These mails were delayed three full days because, after arriving at Montreal, on Saturday, May 2, there was no fast steamer across the Atlantic from New York until Wednesday, May 6. The trip across the Pacific was most successfully accomplished by the new *Empress of India* in ten and a half days, although she encountered a cyclone; and the Canadian Pacific Railway Company ran the mail-train three thousand miles across the continent in ninety-one hours, a feat in long-distance railway travelling, I believe, quite unprecedented.' The effect of this marvellous shortening of the distance between the East and the West is of immense political and commercial importance. Japan is thus placed within three weeks of England, whereas it is distant five weeks by the next quickest—namely, the Suez—route.

Among the various schemes for cutting ship-canal which are now before the public is one for making an efficient waterway to connect the Forth and the Clyde. Most persons are aware that a Forth and Clyde Canal already exists, indeed, it is one of the oldest in the kingdom; but it is so small as to be only available for barges and vessels of limited draught. The original cost of this Canal was about half a million sterling, and for many years it paid a handsome dividend. To enlarge it so as to make it available for ocean-going ships and steamers would involve a cost of fourteen million, and this discovery has led to the consideration of alternative routes. There is no immediate prospect, however, of any decision being arrived at, and the promoters of the scheme would have some difficulty in showing how enough traffic could be relied upon to pay a moderate interest upon the enormous capital required for construction.

A novel form of lucifer-match has recently been patented, and it may to some extent be regarded as a safety-match; for the two elements necessary for ignition, and which usually are placed the one on the match, and the other on the box, are still kept separate. The chlorate

composition is at one end of the splint of wood, and the amorphous phosphorus at the other end, and before the match can be used it must be broken in half, so that the two prepared ends can be rubbed together.

Mr J. Henniker-Heaton, who has always been an energetic champion of postal reform, now suggests that the parcel-post system should be extended and cheapened so as to enable householders in our cities and large towns to obtain direct from the producers fresh butter, eggs, poultry, and garden produce. The rate which he proposes is one penny per pound with a minimum of threepence. There is little doubt that if such a system were established it would be of incalculable benefit to a number of thrifty householders. In London, for instance, it is impossible to purchase a fresh egg, even in the early summer when eggs are plentiful, under three-halfpence, although in many remote country places their market price at the time is a shilling a score, or even less. A similar disproportion between the retail price paid in our towns and that paid to the producer is found in all garden stuff. We trust that the Post-office authorities will see their way to giving Mr Heaton's proposal a fair trial.

The Naval Exhibition at Chelsea is perhaps the most entertaining as well as the most instructive of all the great shows which London has devised within the past few years. The relics and pictures alone would reward a visitor, even if his visit had cost a long day's journey. But perhaps the chief charm to be found here is in the contrast between what was and what is. One can explore a full-sized model of the old *Victory* as she was on that famous day 'in Trafalgar's bay,' and can then turn to the huge guns and other modern appliances in readiness for warfare at the present moment. It is difficult to realise that these guns, with their monster projectiles and huge charges of powder, are of such recent date, until one sees by their side the sixteen-pound bag of gunpowder which formed the maximum amount used for one discharge so lately as the Crimean War. The most cynical of mortals in passing through these wonderful galleries must own that there is some excuse for the boast about Britannia ruling the waves.

The destructive power exerted by a projectile from the one-hundred-and-ten-ton gun is shown by a full-sized diagram more than forty feet in length which traces the path of the huge conical bullet through various obstacles, the diagram professing to be a correct representation of an effect which actually occurred. The projectile itself is depicted embedded in a mass of brickwork into which it has penetrated three feet; but before finding itself at this end of its journey, it has made a hole first through a twenty-inch steel plate, then through eight inches of iron. It next tore its way through twenty feet of oak-timber, five feet of granite, and eleven feet of concrete, still having sufficient impetus to bury itself in the brickwork, as already described.

We know that the occupation of the fisherman is both a dangerous and uncertain one, and that many a toilsome cruise is undertaken with very meagre results. But sometimes the fisher is rewarded for his pains by extraordinary success, and he contrives to net so many fish that he

cannot find a market for them. Two such cases were lately recorded in the *Zoologist*. One was the capture of no fewer than twelve thousand gray mullet, the fish realising eighteen shillings per score, and the other a phenomenal catch of mackerel, forty-eight thousand fish, which sold for three hundred and sixty pounds. It is noteworthy that both these magnificent hauls were made off the Cornish coast; the first in that beautiful little bay near Land's End known as Sennen Cove; and the other a few miles south-west of the Lizard Point.

The pleasant and refreshing odour which is emitted by garden soil after a summer shower is one which most of us have learned to appreciate. This aromatic odour has lately formed the subject of scientific examination; and Dr Phipson has published the fact that twenty-five years ago he, too, endeavoured to solve the problem of tracing its origin. After a considerable number of experiments and examinations of soils of various kinds from different localities, Dr Phipson came to the conclusion that the odour is due to the presence of organic substances closely related to the essential oils of plants. He believes that the porous surfaces, in hot dry weather, absorb the fragrance emitted by thousands of flowers, and give it out again when rain penetrates the pores and displaces the various volatile substances imprisoned therein, which are only very sparingly soluble in water. In certain chalk rocks of Picardy the property described seemed to be so remarkable that Dr Phipson endeavoured by experiment to isolate the substance to which the odour was due, and by means of an aqueous solution of bromine he found that he was able to arrest it. Upon afterwards evaporating the bromine solution at a low temperature, he obtained a yellowish product soluble in alcohol, and having a strong odour of cedar-wood.

In a recent Report by the United States Consul at Barcelona, some interesting particulars are given concerning the cork industry. We first of all learn that the cork forests of Spain cover more than half a million hectares, the hectare being equal to about two and a half acres. The cork is better in localities where the trees are exposed to the north, and it is seldom found growing in chalky soils, preferring that in which felspar abounds. The plants are chiefly cultivated by sowing in ground somewhat manured, and they develop in soil having very little depth, the roots of the trees being frequently seen on the surface of the ground. The first growth of bark called 'virgin cork,' is not of any use for the manufacture of corks, but is devoted to other purposes. The secondary cork is the more valuable, and when removed from the tree is piled in heaps. It is then submitted to a boiling in water for about an hour, during which operation the tannin and other soluble matters are removed from it; it gains in thickness and elasticity, but loses from twelve to forty per cent. of its weight.

A correspondent of the *Illustrated Carpenter and Builder* gives a recipe for castings by means of a sawdust composition, which may be useful for decorative purposes when a light material is advantageous. The directions are as follows: Take equal parts of sawdust and common wheat-flour, and to every half-gallon of this mixture add half a cup of molasses; moisten this with a jelly-

paste made by combining equal parts of glue and rye-flour, and knead the whole into a stiff dough. The moulds should be treated with neat's-foot oil, and the composition well pressed into them and allowed to remain twenty-four hours in a dry place, after which the cast will easily separate. This should now be baked in a moderately hot oven, and when cold, painted or varnished. The result is said to be equal in effect to carved wood.

A new use for ramie fibre has been found in the manufacture of steam-pipes. The employment of a vegetable product for such a purpose would at first sight seem to be impossible; but the fibre has been rendered fit for the work by being previously subjected to hydraulic pressure. The material so treated is said to possess a tensile strength greater than that of steel.

A useful little appliance for artists has been invented by Mr E. P. Widell, of Portland, Oregon, and is called 'The Perfect Stretcher Key.' To understand its use and object, it is necessary to examine the back of a framed canvas prepared for oil-painting. At each corner of the woodwork, a mortise-hole is cut for the reception of a wedge of hard wood, and these wedges have to be tapped with a hammer to keep the canvas taut. With Mr Widell's arrangement, the wedges are dispensed with, and a little metal shoe which grasps the mitre of the frame on both sides takes their place. The invention is a distinct improvement on the older arrangement.

That our coinage is subject to a constant loss from abrasion in its transfer from hand to hand is a well-known fact, and we know, too, that the art of artificially removing some of the metal fraudulently has been practised, and is known as 'sweating the gold.' This is done by placing a number of sovereigns in a long bag and continually urging them from one end to the other, until by rubbing they part with an appreciable amount of gold-dust. It has been recently stated that careful experiments made at the United States Mint have disclosed the fact that every time one million dollars is handled five dollars' worth is lost by abrasion. For this experiment the gold was placed in bags containing each five thousand dollars, and it was found that the mere lifting to a truck of the two hundred bags making up the lump sum resulted in the loss stated. It is difficult to believe that the loss can be so great; but then it is equally difficult to understand how a coin in moving from pocket to pocket can in the course of a few years lose its superscription and half its original weight by mere wear and tear.

An American paper asserts that one of the best cures for the incrustation of boilers through the use of hard water is found in an Extract prepared from the leaves of the eucalyptus. This extract can be prepared in a very simple manner by boiling fifty pounds of the leaves in one thousand gallons of water. Three gallons of this Extract will keep a locomotive boiler free from scale for a trip of one hundred miles, leaving the boiler in such a condition that any deposit from the water can be readily washed out. The same solution will effectually soften the incrustation already formed in a boiler, and will cause it to soften and fall off in large pieces. The worst boiler can be cleaned in this manner with about two months' treatment.

It is said that cigar boxes as well as their con-

tents are now made the subject of adulteration. Spanish cedar-wood, which is the right material to use for cigar boxes, is somewhat scarce; and so West Virginia poplar, or other white wood, is employed instead after being dyed and treated with cedar extract to give it the proper colour and odour.

Since that very clean and pleasant vehicle called vaseline has come into use, doctors have largely employed it in the preparation of ointments, in place of the far less agreeable lard which was previously utilised for the same purpose. But the question has lately arisen whether absorption into the skin takes place in the same manner with two such different agents, and this inquiry has formed the subject of certain experiments upon animals, which are described in a French medical paper. By mixing lard with a given salt, having strongly-marked effects upon animals, and applying such a preparation to the shaved skin of a dog's head, it was found that the expected effects of the drug manifested themselves within a very short time after application. But when the same experiment was repeated with an ointment of similar strength, but made with vaseline as a vehicle in lieu of lard, the drug employed had no effect whatever. The authors of these experiments conclude that with vaseline ointments no absorption whatever takes place if the skin be intact.

It seems a curious fact that the clearer the water from a spring or well the more may its purity be suspected; but that is the inevitable conclusion which must be arrived at if certain experiments conducted by Major Powell of the U.S. Geological Survey can be relied upon. That gentleman tells us that these experiments were undertaken with a view to determine economic methods of precipitating the finely-divided clay contained in many waters supplied to cities. He found that there were many mineral substances which would cause precipitation if added in small quantities; but the one which produced the result by the most minute addition was sewage.

Professor Munroe, in a recently delivered lecture upon Gun-cotton, described that explosive as the safest to use, provided that it was correctly prepared and handled with intelligence. Gun-cotton becomes dangerous only when the materials composing it have not been thoroughly purified, or when the union between acid and cotton is incomplete. Proof was given that a workman can cut it with a saw or chisel, or can work it in a lathe while in a compressed state, with impunity. It was also stated that two thousand pounds of gun-cotton had been burned in a bonfire without explosion. Curious it is that letters stamped upon the blocks of compressed cotton are impressed upon an iron plate upon which the cotton may be exploded. If the marks on the block are in relief, their reproduction on the metal plate will be raised, and *vice versa*. Another curious circumstance is that if a delicate piece of lace or a leaf be placed between the gun-cotton and the metal, its delicate markings will be reproduced on the iron, although it will itself be annihilated by the explosion.

A critical examination of the weather which we experienced during the past winter formed the subject of a paper read before the Meteorological Society by Mr F. J. Brodie. First we have a reference to the prolonged frost which

lasted from the end of November to the end of January, in addition to which it was found that when the wind was not absolutely calm, it was sure to blow from a cold quarter. The barometric pressure for the whole winter was about a quarter of an inch above the average, while the rainfall over the greater part of the British Isles was less than half the normal amount. The number of foggy days with which Londoners were favoured was twice as many as are customary during the winter-time. It was further stated in this paper that almost every element in the British weather was influenced to an abnormal degree by the remarkable prevalence of high barometrical pressure.

POACHERS AND THEIR WAYS.

THE Poacher resembles Prince Charles Edward in being surrounded by far more generous sentiment and imaginative glamour than any personal merits of his own have fairly earned. The popular mind is fascinated by the picture of the hard-working villager burning with a love of sport which the law forbids him to gratify, stealing forth from his cottage at the dead of night, and hurrying away to the haunts of the hare and the pheasant, regardless of the perils of assault at the hands of night-watchers, and weeks of cruel imprisonment in the county jail at the hands of partial magistrates. Still more powerfully is public sympathy excited by the appeal of the man who when charged in court with poaching represents that he was out of work; he would scorn to steal, but his children were starving; and seeing a rabbit, he thought there was no harm in taking it.

But, alas, most of this sentiment is misplaced. There may be cases where men take to poaching from pure love of sport, or are driven to it by destitution; but in general, poaching is a sordid occupation; and the poacher either an idle loafer or a designing thief. No doubt, there are poachers who do not figure in courts upon other charges. But no one with a knowledge of rural life will dispute that the poacher is seldom blameless touching all other matters, seldom a creditable member of the village community, seldom a sober, hard-working, God-fearing peasant. He may be above ordinary theft; but he is one of the most constant customers at the village public-house; his children are in rags, and he is seldom six months in the same employment. Even this is a favourable specimen of the poacher. All poachers are not thieves; but in a country district most thieves are poachers; and the miscellaneous-goods merchant who receives poached game, and the cadger who takes it to market, are generally ready when required to be equally obliging in the disposal of stolen property.

The poaching fraternity admits of classification with some particularity. One broad line of division is between the rural poacher and the urban poacher. The former, again, are of two classes—the amateur and the professional. The

amateur or occasional poacher is a farm-labourer, a miner, or other manual worker, engaged in more or less regular employment; but occasionally at night, and not seldom on a Sunday, he turns a penny by doing a bit of poaching either on his own account or in company with one or two friends. The professional or constant poacher, on the other hand, is in no regular employment. Occasionally he does a little work as a day-labourer, and he is engaged in the fields at harvest-time. But for a great part of the year he can give no account of himself. When an orchard is robbed, he is not far away; and reynard sometimes gets credit, which the beast hardly deserves, for the disappearance of sundry fowls from the neighbouring farmyards. The dog, the ferret, the bag-net, the gate-net, the trap, the snare, and occasionally the gun, are the stock in trade of these rural poachers, whether of the amateur or the professional class. Ground-game are their chief quarry, though nothing comes amiss. They destroy much game, but they seldom make a great haul at one time. They lack the numbers, skill, and organisation to use drag-nets and capture coveys of partridges or grouse or a dozen hares at a single cast.

This last is one of the favourite instruments of the urban poacher, who is altogether a much more skilful and more deadly enemy of game than his rural brother. Urban poachers, like rural ones, are of two classes—amateur and professional. The former is a masterful poacher, and depends for his escape not upon skill in eluding game-watchers, but upon *vis major* if he is encountered. This class of poachers, hardly known in Scotland, abounds in England. Great gangs of men accustomed to rude manual toil issue from some large manufacturing or mining centre, swoop down upon a well-preserved district of country, and sweep all before them. Proprietors, keepers, and policemen, hardly apprised of their approach until they are upon them, are powerless to stay their progress. They 'clean up the country.' It is singular that, whilst a band of this kind if encountered with force will show the most determined fight and not stop even at murder, yet a crowd twenty times as numerous and composed of roughs of the same class, when gathered on a Sunday morning to witness a prize-fight, will melt like mist on the appearance of a single policeman. Nets, both drag-nets and gate-nets, dogs and sticks, are used by these poachers. Their incursion is most fatal to hares and rabbits, for they have not time, and make too much noise, to 'negotiate' winged game successfully.

The professional urban poacher is the most skilful, and perhaps the most dangerous of all. In the game season, half-a-dozen of them will settle down in some market-town near the centre of a well-preserved country. These poachers proceed with great deliberation. They prospect the country carefully, not grudging a longish railway journey for the purpose when that is necessary. Often one of them is the owner of a horse and cart; or, failing this, they initiate into their gang some local cadger who is therewith provided. The drag-net and the lantern are the favourite instruments of these poachers. They seldom use the gun or the snare, for these are too tedious and too dangerous. Winged game suffer severely

from their depredations. A covey of grouse or partridges are slumbering in security, when a slow dog with a lantern round its neck makes a point within a few yards of them. The poachers make a detour, and draw the net up towards the face of the dog, probably netting the whole covey in this way with a single cast. Pheasants, again, are seen against the sky roosting on the boughs of pines, and are quietly lifted down with the hand. It is to this class of poachers that the public are indebted for the grouse which appear in the poulterers' windows early in the forenoon of the 12th, and for hosts of immature pheasants on the 1st of October. The only way to rid a country district of such a gang, as magistrates know, is to break their bank. Small fines upon individuals are of no account, for the party have a common purse, or make one on such an emergency. That purse, however, is not often a very heavy one; and a few rigorous five pounds with expenses will generally break up the band and rid the district of their depredations.

The protection of the law was first accorded to game in order to preserve it for the sport of the sovereign and his friends. But for several centuries the right to kill game has been recognised as an incident of private property belonging exclusively to the owner of the soil. But for the protection thereby afforded to it, game would doubtless have been long ago extinct in this country, as is the case in those continental countries where no restrictions are placed upon the right of sport. There are many statutes dealing with the offence of poaching, some of them of very ancient date, as the old Scots Acts against killing hares in time of snow. But the Acts which in practice are generally appealed to are all of the present century. An important distinction is recognised by the law between day-poaching and night-poaching. The latter is a much more serious offence than the former, and on a third conviction the poacher is liable to penal servitude. It has been explained by the courts that the Night-Poaching Act is a measure not primarily for the preservation of game, but for the protection of the public peace and of the lives and limbs of the lieges. Experience has shown that night-poaching is often attended by scenes of shocking violence, and not unfrequently leads to murder. The law accordingly deals with this offence with a stern hand. Under the Night-Poaching Acts of 1828 and 1844, night-poachers, whether found upon the land or upon the roads during the night—namely, from one hour after sunset to one hour before sunrise—may be seized by officers, or by the proprietor or his servants, and are liable to three months for the first offence, six for the second, and penal servitude for the third. Where weapons are used, or where three or more are armed with weapons, the penalties are much more severe.

Under the Day-Poaching Acts, 1831 for England, and 1832 for Scotland, the day-poacher is much more leniently dealt with than his nocturnal brother. If he give his name and address, he cannot be apprehended unless there be good grounds to believe these to be fictitious; and the penalty is only five pounds. Where five or more go out together, or where violence is used, the penalties are more severe.

These statutes were not found sufficient to check poaching, for, once the poachers got off the land unobserved, there was no means of apprehending them. It often happened that a policeman met men returning to town in the early dawn with a cart or bags which he was morally certain contained game taken by poaching; but he had not seen the men on any land, and he had no warrant to apprehend them, and so they could laugh in his face. To meet this difficulty, the Poaching Prevention Act of 1862 was passed, under which constables are empowered without a warrant to seize and search any persons, though found on the public highway, if there be reason to suspect them of carrying poached game or poaching instruments.

The game laws are not popular; but those who condemn them are seldom as severe in their logic as in their censure. Very few go so far as to profess a desire to see game extirpated in Britain. But this would certainly follow if all protection were withdrawn. Nor can it be said that the present protection is too stringent, for, in spite of it all, poaching still abounds. There is more reason in the argument that the exceptional character of the legislation is objectionable, and tends to foster the opinion that poaching is in a different category from all other criminal offences, and involves no moral turpitude. It has been suggested with some plausibility that the whole of the Acts against poaching should be swept away, and a simple enactment substituted providing that game is the property of the man on whose land it is found, and that the taking of it without his permission is theft. Such a law would have been harsh and oppressive so long as there were many wild unenclosed tracts throughout the country where game roamed at pleasure dependent upon no man's care. But now in this country, with its dense population, its advanced cultivation, and its numberless enclosures, game is an industrial rather than a natural product of the soil, and in any case is as dependent for its existence as are the flowers of his garden upon the care and protection of the owner or occupier of the soil.

TEARLESS GRIEF.

At last it is the peaceful night, and I,
Weary and fretted with the noisy fray
Of Life's incessant tumult, can allay
My spirit's thirst for peace. The moonlit sky
And shadow-circled Earth are still. No cry
Of passion-burdened hearts disturbs the gray
Impressive calm; and though the late gone day
Left me a Life's regret, my eyes are dry.

For tears are nought but Summer's healthful rain,
That, falling from storm-clouds, leaves far above
A clearer blue. I bear a deeper pain
Than can find ease in weeping; so, dear love,
Forgive my tearless grief. Perhaps you guess
My heart's unmitigated bitterness.

ETHEL IRELAND.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 392.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE ART OF HAPPINESS.

BY MRS LYNN LINTON.

SOME of us in one form—skating, let us say, on rough ice ; some in another—running uphill, vainly emulating the goats ; and others dashing headlong down the slopes leading to the fathomless abyss below—but all in our own special way pursue that mocking shape we call Happiness—that iridescent phantom hovering before our eyes, close to us, so close that we can almost touch it, and yet keeping just beyond our grasp. We pursue, and for the most part the more vigorous our chase the farther we are from the capture. With happiness, as with sleep, the consciousness of effort destroys its own success. It must come unbidden, stealing softly through the dim pathways of the night, and holding us securely possessed before we know that it is there. All our tumultuous efforts to secure the one or grasp the other fail ignominiously, for both are states, not things, and these states are not to be captured by force, like fortresses or three-deckers. And yet the acquirement of happiness is an art ; and an art, perfectness in which is not gained by every one alike.

Some put their faith in Pleasure, and dance along the highway hand in hand with that handsome *Mænad* whom they call Happiness, at least for the time. Now the two, Pleasure and Happiness, are foster-sisters, but not twins—not identical—like and yet unlike. At first sight and while we are young, perhaps they are indistinguishable the one from the other, but after closer scrutiny how different they are ! The eyes of Happiness are soft and bright, and the eyes of Pleasure are hard and glittering ; the smile of the one is sweet and tender, and that of the other is often cruel and maybe vacant ; the hands of Happiness are cool, and when not purposefully employed are still and quiet, while the hands of Pleasure are burning, dry, and restless. Happiness does not grow old and wrinkled as Pleasure does. Happiness does not live on stimulants and intoxicants, and Pleasure does. Happiness goes afield with

Love and Work, and the companions of Pleasure are Dissipation and Idleness. No ; the two are emphatically not the same ; but sometimes, as has been said, Pleasure masks herself to look like Happiness, and the purblind call them twins, and the hopelessly blind absolutely one and indivisible. Only when the mask wears thin by time, showing the true face underneath, or when it falls off altogether in the day of sickness or the hour of death, only then do the poor self-made dupes find out their mistake—and then it is too late !

Others make Fame and professional Success their synonyms with happiness, and think if they can get either of these they are safe. But they, too, find they have caught the shadow and lost the substance, and that their frantic rush uphill has landed them midway and not at the top at all. Take Fame, the most glittering of all those simulacra of happiness which hover before us, like foam flung off from the mirage—which is not the living lake—what real happiness does it give ? The man set on a pedestal by those who do not know him, understands to the faintest line the falsehood of his presentation, and how it is not he himself, but only something made into a rough-hewn likeness of himself, to which the people intone their hymns of praise and shout aloud their huzzas. Crowned and sceptred as a king, he alone knows the shape of those pointed ears, vibrating under the gold and gems. He, the glorious statue of burnished silver, hides beneath his shining robe the feet of clay which are the measure of his worth. When his worshippers bend before him as the sheaves of corn in Joseph's dream, he may for a moment feel that thrill of pride which makes a man his own God and seems to give him his charter of superiority. But it passes. He is himself ; not the finer phantasm he is assumed to be. A thousand variously-coloured lines modify the one uniform tint which is all that outsiders see. He knows all about these subtle modifications, either for good or ill ; and the world does not. When he is exalted beyond his merits his own conscience abases

him; when he is reviled beyond his deserving his consciousness of purity of intention supports him. For as little as indiscriminating praise gives him happiness so little does undeserved blame give him true misery. But surely to a man who has any real grit in him none of all this blind adulation brings that loveliness of mental condition we call happiness. To be our own God is but a poor kind of religion; and when we feel superior to the majority, all we can say to ourselves is—What a poor lot that majority must be! From all of which it comes about that the proud man, the vain man, the adulated man, even the successful man, is not necessarily the happy man. He is elated truly; he puffs out his chest; holds his head high; stands with feet far apart, enlarging his base the better to bear his heavy weight of supremacy; but that sweet-voiced, dewy-eyed spirit does not stand on his right hand. The winged Victory, Nike, the serving-maid of the gods may; but Nike was not Happiness.

Nor is excitement the *alter ego* of this dear spirit. Excitement is not real happiness, no more than was that handsome Maenad, Pleasure. That restless activity which must be always doing something and going somewhere, confuses thought and destroys the very beginnings of stability, as the rushing north-easter nips off the buds of growing plants. It destroys, too, regret and repining. So far we must confess. No one who is always in a whirlwind can mope and fret any more than he can think or foresee. Those busy bustling philanthropists, for example, who turn the world upside down that they may send out blankets to Central Africa and churns to the poor dear Hindu dairymaids, these know no more what they are doing, and see no more where they are going, than so many blind puppies crawling to the top of the cellar stairs. Perhaps you will say they are happy in their ignorance. No, they are undisturbed in their self-consciousness; which is another thing altogether. If they and all their breezy restless kind are to be called happy, it is as if you should say that an oratorio and a *charivari* are the same things. Both are noises made by instruments; but the one is a noble melody and the other a hideous discord; the one has art, science, knowledge, in its method, with grandeur and beauty as the result, and the other is—a *charivari*. So this tumultuous excitement, this palpitating unrest, this noisy violence of energy and avoidance of dullness, may be the grave of many mopings, but it is none the more happiness—and it is not even permanent.

Are we happy when we go off the line and defy the conventions of that society wherever we have to live? Doubtful. Even love, elsewhere so divine, does not give us the thing we want when it is taken beyond the safe borders and cherished in the salt desert of the Uncovenanted. For figs we gather thistles; and for the juice of grapes we brew our bitter portion from the purges and the sage bushes, which are the only flowers our arid garden bears. Besides, this kind of thing is always companioned with cruelty. Some one has to bear the scourge of blame, and some one is robbed of a good. And no real happiness exists side by side with any form of selfishness. The undisturbed placidity of selfish enjoyment is not happiness. Satisfied vanity, fulfilled desires, the want of disturbing sym-

pathies, the purring gratification of a warm sleek well-fed cat—all this is not happiness; and those who are the most given up to selfishness know the difference.

Where, then, is the art? What is its name, its nature, its literature, its craft? How can we learn it? How, when learnt, can we practise and ensure it? If in the power of one to acquire, why may we not all be past masters in the art? and why should the heavens re-echo with the cries of the drowning when each living soul has a plank whereon to sit securely and weather out the storm? In a world where treachery, death, disease, and loss are thick as autumn leaves in Vallombrosa, how can we be happy? For is not man born to sorrow as the sparks fly upward, and are not happiness and sorrow foes to the death? Too true! And yet even in the worst of our chances we can save something from the wreck, and that divine Art of Happiness is never wholly lost. In that dignity of patience under the inevitable, which, whether we call it resignation or philosophy, has always the same power to still those frantic cries, to quiet those futile reproaches, we find the first beginnings of the art, even when apparently we have nothing before us but despair. If the disaster is reparable, we experience some kind of happiness in the brave struggle to mend it. Certainly, there will be none in that cowardice, that supineness, which folds the hands and lets circumstance overcome endeavour. In patience, then, under what we cannot repair nor restore—in energy of endeavour when this can mend matters—the first tender seedlings of happiness, that true Tree of Life, spring up, even under the cold shadow of sorrow, loss, and stress. In unselfishness and love, in activity, and content with what we have—making the best of things—we find the perfected growth.

Those who live for Self live in a barren round—like the Egyptian snake circle, ending where they begin. They get no farther on their way, and they enclose no fertile ground as they go. How should they? What progress—what life is there in selfishness? As much as there is in brooding over a chalk egg and watering a dead stick. But those who have the wisdom to be content with what they have and cannot better, and those who have the generosity to sympathise with others, seize the life of life and compel it to their service. There is no happiness, properly so called, in the indifference of selfishness. Is the dead dull granite boulder happy? The lost child weeps, and the weary wayfarer faints beneath its overshadowing mass, and the granite boulder is unmoved. Is that greater happiness than the good Samaritan knew when he poured oil and wine into the wounded man's gaping sores, and by the fellow-suffering of sympathy helped him out of his strait? What joy equals that of giving joy and bringing solace to the afflicted? Half the exquisite delight of love is in this divine power of giving; and those who feel only the pleasure of receiving, love themselves, truly, but no one else. In fruitful work, too, if not in the coarser wilder excitements of pleasure and general unrest, we find these same seedlings grown now to well-sized saplings. So in independence of thought and action, while keeping clear of that queer country of eccentricity where every one is held to

be bad or stupid who does not live up to that special lot of blue china. So long as we are the slaves of another we cannot be happy. We can give reverence and obedience out of the fullness of our own souls, but that is not the same thing as the slavery of submission—the craven abjectness of fear—the self-dishonouring concordance of snobbery. No man can be happy who has a thousand masters of whom he is afraid—one for one season and the other for another. A soul that burns to say its faithful word in the cause of truth and justice, and that dares not for fear of offending some one in the back parlour—some one in the street—what pain! what humiliation! Can anything be worse?

Again, happiness can exist only with a good conscience. If the past be peopled with spectres of sin and the shapes of shameful deeds hover on the horizon, ever ready to close in upon the miserable sinner, happiness is as far off as sleep to the hag-ridden, restlessly tossing in his bed. But the stainless past ensures the peaceful present, and only then do we meet the day as our friend, feeling glad to be alive, and to have yet our chances and our hopes. To err is human, as we all know; but we err in stages and degrees; and though there do not exist the men or women who could proclaim from the house-top all they have ever done or said, still we are not all beset by those shapes which destroy peace, security, and happiness in one. So, then, in the good old-fashioned virtues, in fruitful activities, in respect for duty and obedience to its laws, in content, in sympathy and love for others, we must all find our happiness—these being in truth the elements of the art.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

By GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXX.—PSYCHE IN AFRICA.

FOR some time after her arrival in Algiers, Psyche seemed to improve a little on the air of Africa. In the first flush of the new Oriental life, her eyes grew stronger for a while, as Dr Godichau had confidently predicted. There was always something fresh to look at that roused for the moment her passing attention. And to have her attention roused was exactly what Psyche now most needed. Even a broken-hearted girl can't be placed for the first time in her life in the midst of that wonderful phantasmagoria of Eastern costume and Eastern manners without being momentarily excited and interested. Psyche wished to see, and she saw accordingly.

The three Vanrenens and Geraldine Maitland accompanied her everywhere on her first walks among those enchanted African hill-sides. From the *pension* itself, to be sure, the sea was invisible; but a few hundred yards along the cactus-bordered lane that leads to Ali Cherif's villa brought them full in sight of that exquisite bay, and the high snow-capped summits of the glistening Djurjuras. With a little cry of surprise, the first time she went there, Psyche stopped for a moment and gazed entranced at the endless variety of that beautiful panorama. Straight below them, on its three rounded peaks, the town of Algiers, with its dazzling white houses, basked and glowed in the full African sunlight. The whole mass

rose up sheer like a series of steps from the water's edge to the mouldering citadel of the Deys that crowns the hill-top. In the antique Arab quarter, each house stood square and flat as a die, white-washed without, though doubtless dirty enough within; and clustering as they did in tiers one above another with their flat roofs, on the steep slope, nothing could be quaint or more artistic in effect than their general outline. All round, the suburbs spread over the ravine-cut hills, each French château, or Moorish villa, or Arab palace, gleaming apart, surrounded by its own green stretch of olive orchard or pine-grove.

To Psyche, all these southern sights were new and surprising. She had never set her foot before beyond the four sea-walls of Britain. The tall cypress hedges, the waving date-palms, the scrubby vineyards, the canes and aloes, which to most of us only recall that familiar Riviera, were novelty itself to the untravelled Petherton girl. The glowing white houses with their green tiles, the mosques and minarets, the domes and cupolas, the arcades and the Arabs, the brown-legged boys and veiled women on the road below, all showed her at once she was indeed in Islam. She sighed profoundly. So this was Africa! This was the land where her painter lay buried.

But it was beautiful, too, undeniably beautiful. She felt as she gazed something of that calm subdued pleasure one might naturally feel in some sweet garden cemetery where one's loved ones slept among bright clustered flowers. The first poignant anguish of disappointment and loss was over now, and a tender regret had grown up in its place which was almost pleasant. Psyche's heart was fading so gently away that she could look with a certain half-tearful joy at that exquisite view over the sweeping blue bay and the clambering white town that ramped and climbed in successive steps from the purple harbour to the green summit of the Sahel.

Gradually, however, during those first few days in Africa, it began to dawn upon Psyche that the Vanrenens were wealthy—enormously wealthy. And gradually, too, as the same idea came home to Haviland Dumaresq's mind, Psyche noticed with a certain little thrill of horror that her father began to make excuses and apologies for Cyrus Vanrenen's brusque American manner. 'The young man's really a good-hearted young fellow,' he said more than once to Psyche, 'though of course uncultured. But I daresay he might be brought into shape after a time. Young men are plastic: remarkably plastic.'

One of those days, as Psyche and Geraldine returned from a country walk, they found Haviland Dumaresq, in his gray morning suit and his rough woollen cap, engaged in examining the Arab wares which a couple of tawny pedlars in turban and burnous had unrolled from their pack and spread on the ground under the open piazza.

The scene was indeed a curiously picturesque one. On one side stood the great European philosopher, tall and erect, with his pointed gray beard and his luminous eyes, the furthest artistic development, as it were, of the Western idea in costume and humanity. On the other hand, lay stretched the two lithe and graceful Orientals, in their flowing robes and not unbecoming dirt, with their oval faces and big melancholy eyes, reclined at their ease on their own Persian rugs,

flung down for sale on the tiled floor of the piazza. All round stood piled in picturesque confusion the quaint bric-à-brac which forms the universal stock-in-trade of all these lazy and romantic old-world packmen. Coarse hand-made pots of red and yellow earthenware; tortoiseshell guitars and goat-skin tambourines; inlaid brass trays, with Arabic inscriptions in silver lettering; naive jewellery, set thick with big beads of bright red coral and lumps of lapis lazuli; swords and daggers of antique make; embroideries rich with silver and gold; pierced brazen lamps stolen from desecrated Tunisian mosques; haiks and burnouses of Tlemçen workmanship. All lay tumbled on the ground in one great glittering mass, and Haviland Dumaresq, with attentive eyes, stood propped against the parapet of the arcaded balustrade and glanced at them hard in philosophic reverie.

'Hello! Pedlars again!' Cyrus Vanrenen exclaimed with boyish glee as he opened the door and came face to face with them. 'They've set up store in the front piazza!—Been making any purchases to-day, Mr Dumaresq? The one-eyed calender there' (for the younger of the Arabs had lost an eye) 'he knows how to charge; he's a rare old rascal.—How much do you want for the ostrich egg, mister? Combien l'œuf, mon ami—comprenez-vous—combien?'

He took the thing up in his hands as he spoke. It was a half-egg richly set as a cup in Kabyle metal-work, and suspended from three graceful silver chains to hang from the ceiling. 'Fifty francs,' the Arab answered in French, showing all his teeth in the regular melancholy Arab smile.

'Here you are, then,' Cyrus said, taking out his purse. 'Tenez; vous voici.—May I offer it to you for a little souvenir, Miss Dumaresq? It'd look real pretty hung down from the gas in the centre of a parlour.'

'Oh, Mr Vanrenen,' Geraldine cried, aghast; 'you oughtn't to pay what they ask, offhand, you know. You'll spoil the market. You should offer them half. You ought to *marchander* for everything with the Arabs. If you'd *marchandé* for that, you'd have got it easily for at least thirty.'

'I guess so,' Cyrus answered with a careless air, handing the egg over to Psyche, who took it half irresolutely. 'But time's money, you see, across our way: a fact which these gentlemen in the bare legs don't seem to catch on at; and twenty francs ain't worth standing and bargaining about in the sun for half an hour.'

'Oh, thank you ever so much,' Psyche said, admiring it. 'Do you really mean I'm to take it, Mr Vanrenen? How very kind of you!—Isn't it lovely, Papa? It'd look just sweet hung up in the recess over the sideboard at Petherton.'

'It is pretty,' her father said, taking it from her with evident embarrassment. 'Extremely pretty in its own curious barbaric way—though, of course, it exhibits the usual extravagant barbaric tendency towards reckless profusion of ornament over the entire field. In the best decorative art, the ornament, instead of being lavished on all parts alike, is concentrated on important constructive features.'

'Oh, you look here, Cyrus,' Corona cried, gazing up at the wall, where the Arabs had

hung an exquisite embroidered satin *portière*. 'Ain't that just lovely? Ain't the colours sweet? Did you ever see anything prettier in your life than that now?'

'And wouldn't it look elegant,' Sirena continued in the same breath, 'hung up in the archway between the drawing-room and the anteroom at Cincinnati?'

Cyrus put his head on one side and eyed it critically. It was indeed a charming piece of old Oriental needlework, torn from the spoils of some far inland mosque. The ground was of dainty old-gold satin; and the embroidery, rich in many tints of silk, was thoroughly Saracenic in type and colouring.

'Combien?' Cyrus asked laconically after a brief pause. His stock of French was remarkable for its scantiness; but he beat it out thin for active service, and made each word do the utmost duty of which it was capable.

'Douze cent francs,' the Arab merchant answered, holding up the fingers of both hands, and then two over, as an aid to comprehension.

'Je vous donne six cent,' Cyrus observed, tentatively, well warned by Geraldine's superior wisdom.

'C'est à vous, Monsieur. Prenez-le,' the Arab answered as he bowed and shrugged his shoulders with perfect coolness; and Cyrus, pulling out the twenty-four pounds in good French gold, handed it over at once, and seized the *portière*.

'That's for you, Sirena,' he said, laying the thing lightly across his eldest sister's arm. 'You can hang it in the archway when we go back to Amurrica.'

'You're real good, Cyrus,' Sirena answered, kissing him fraternally before the scandalised faces of those disconcerted Arabs. (The conduct of these Frank women is really too abandoned!)

'That's just like Cyrus!' Corona said, laughing. 'He don't know how to get rid of his dollars fast enough. If he went into the market and took a fancy to a camel, I guess he'd purchase it to take across to Amurrica. Yes, sir; he's a first-rate hand at spending money, Cyrus is. But then, you see, he's a first-rate hand, come to think, at making it.'

'It's easier to make a dollar in Amurrica than a shilling in England,' Cyrus answered apologetically; 'and it's easier to spend it than to spend sixpence. That's what I always say when I come across this side. A man's got to work pretty hard at his spending, hereabouts, or he finds the money accumulate inconveniently in his waistcoat pocket.'

'I've never been inconvenienced in that way myself,' Dumaresq murmured with grim irony.

'No, sir, I reckon you haven't,' Cyrus answered with refreshing American frankness. 'But then you've never put your brains into the business, or you'd have struck it rich. You've been otherwise occupied. You've made what's better than money—fame, reputation, an honoured name in the world's history. Why, I'd rather have written the *Encyclopædic Philosophy* any day, Mr Dumaresq, than boss the biggest and most successful pork concern in all Cincinnati!'

Haviland Dumaresq shrank into his shoes. Great heavens, what an ideal of earthly success! And yet—the man was evidently rich. Besides, Americans have the plasticity of youth. Young

communities resemble in some respects young individuals. As is the mass, so are the units. There's no knowing what you may not make out of an American, if you catch him young, take him in hand firmly, and expose him consistently for two or three years to the mellowing influence of a fresh environment. Americans have plenty of undeveloped tact: it needs but intercourse with more refined societies to bring that latent faculty visibly to the surface.

BEAM-TRAWLING.

ONE of the most interesting industries born of the enterprise of recent years is undoubtedly that which reaps the harvest of the sea by means of Beam-trawling. This industry has made wonderful progress in Aberdeen during the past eight years. Then, one small vessel, named the *Toiler*, was purchased by a few merchants and was started to trawl from that port. Its efforts were crowned with success; and to-day over sixty first-rate trawlers bring fish from the best fishing-grounds in the North Sea.

A large quantity of the fish so caught is daily despatched per rail to various parts of the kingdom, and brings a high price in the metropolitan and other southern markets. Especially is this the case with flat-fish, such as turbot, brill, lemon soles, craig flukes (known as whitches), and plaice, which are the especial product of the trawl.

In early days the trawling system met with much opposition; and even yet, in spite of the rapid progress of the trawling industry, many retain an unaccountable prejudice against trawled fish. A few words on the subject may help to remove some of these objections.

To begin with the boats. A steam trawler—to take an example from the most recently-built vessels—is a steel boat, of about one hundred and twenty tons gross register. The dimensions of a vessel of that size would be ninety-five feet in length, twenty feet in breadth, and ten and a half feet in depth. The engine-room would be fitted with a compound condensing engine of fifty horse-power nominal, and would have telegraphic communication with the bridge. There would be ample and comfortable cabin accommodation, cooking-range, and other conveniences. It would also have a fish-room, divided into a number of compartments, known as 'ponds.'

But the great feature of trawl-boats is the 'gear,' as the net and its appendages are called. The newest boats contain two sets of gear, so that if one set meets with an accident, the other is ready for use. The apparatus consists (1) of a huge beam of oak about fifty-four feet in length, supported at either end by upright iron frames called 'trawl-heads' or 'irons'; (2) the net, the upper part of its mouth attached to the beam, the lower part, which drags on the bottom and gathers in the fish, being fastened to the 'ground-rope,' a strong rope over one hundred feet long; and (3) a steel rope, one hundred and fifty feet long,

termed 'the bridles,' attached to each of the trawl-heads, and uniting in the form of a bridle, are fastened to the 'warp,' by which the whole is towed.

The trawl-heads are something like a pear in shape, and move along the bottom of the sea just like a sledge. The beam is attached to the upper side of the trawl-heads, and is thus raised four and a half feet from the ground. It has been alleged that this heavy beam destroys both fish and spawn—that, in fact, it kills more fish than it catches; but it will be seen that this is impossible, seeing it never touches the ground. As the gear moves on after the boat, the ground-rope stirs up the fish, and the current of water raising the 'square' of the net, they swim into the single part or belly. Should they try to escape, and go up into the pockets, the flapper acts as a trap-door and keeps them fast. The best water for trawling in is from twenty to thirty fathoms deep, with a bottom of mud or sand. The gear is secured to the boat by the 'warp,' composed of two hundred fathoms Manila rope and one hundred and eighty fathoms wire-rope.

The trawl-nets differ in size; but one belonging to such a boat as we have described would be about ninety feet in length, with a mesh of two and a half inches square. This net is like a huge jelly-bag with part of the front cut out. It is made of tarred Manila twine.

In addition to the 'square' or single part, there are the 'batings,' which run down to the end of the square, diminishing in size as it goes, to make what may be described as the pointed end of the jelly-bag; the 'belly,' which is made of heavier twine; and the 'wings,' which run down each side, and connect the belly with the top.

To the top of the square are attached the 'beam' and 'trawl heads,' and from the ends of the top of the square, round all the front of the lower part, is the ground-rope. At the extreme point is the 'cod-end.' The inside is divided into compartments called 'pockets,' covered with 'flappers.'

Having got his gear all properly in order, the skipper lays in a stock of coals, ice, water, and provisions, sufficient for several days; and, with his crew of seven or eight men, steams straight for one or other of the fishing-grounds within a reasonable distance, choosing from his chart the one most likely to repay his efforts. It is a fine sight to see the brave little crafts steaming out of the harbour, the skipper at his post on the bridge, the crew—with the exception of the engineers—overhauling the nets, or waving kindly farewells to friends on the pier.

On arriving at the fishing-ground, preparations are made for 'shooting away the gear.' The net is tossed overboard, the beam and trawl heads follow; and as the boat, which had stopped for a little, moves slowly onward, some one hundred and fifty or one hundred and eighty fathoms of rope are unwound by the steam-winch, in order to allow the trawl freedom of action.

The usual time for allowing the gear to remain down is four hours. Should the trawl get 'fast,' however, as not unfrequently happens when trawling over a rocky bottom, it is hauled up at once.

While the net is down, the vessel moves round in a circle at a moderate rate of speed. During

this period, the crew have their time pretty much at their own disposal; but they must hold themselves in readiness for duty at any hour of the day or night should the gear get damaged. For this reason, they seldom undress, but pull off their sea-boots and 'turn in' for some hours' sleep, often to have to start up after a few minutes. This uncertainty is one of the greatest hardships of trawling life, especially in winter, which season is the trawler's harvest.

At the expiration of four hours, the cry 'Up trawl!' brings the whole crew on deck, to assist in the important work of heaving up the gear. The men don their oilskins; the steam is put on to the winch, and the trawl-rope is slowly wound up. Then the bridles—which are of a V-shape, one end of each meeting at the end of the trawl-rope or warp, to which they are attached, and the other ends being fastened to each end of the beam—make their appearance.

The beam and trawl-heads next come to the edge of the boat, to which they are securely fastened. The single part of the net is then hauled up by hand; and a final effort of the winch and derrick brings the cod-end containing the fish high above the deck, looking more like a full jelly-bag than ever. The rope at the bottom is untied, and down the fish fall on the deck, all alive, and in splendid condition. The gear is then 'shot away,' and all hands are presently busily employed in storing the fish. The turbot and other large fish are bled by cutting the main artery, and the haddocks, &c., gutted. Those requiring cleansing from sand or slime are washed in a trough of sea-water, and the whole 'shot' is then handed down to the fish-room, and placed in the ponds between layers of ice, covered with deals, there to remain till the market is reached.

By this mode of treatment the outer air is completely excluded, and the cold air from the ice keeps the fish cool, fresh, and firm. Besides the edible fish, various curios are brought up by the trawl, such as jelly-fish, cuttle-fish, star-fish, sea-hedgehogs, sea-snails, and rare and beautiful seaweed. The trawlers also bring up large quantities of dog-fish, and monks or fishing-frogs, which devour enormous quantities of spawn and fish. These monsters are seldom caught by the lines. By catching so many tons of these creatures, the trawlers render good service to line and herring fishermen.

The theory, once so popular, that trawling destroyed the spawn of fish is now quite exploded. Special inquiries were made; and the result was that, according to the scientists engaged in these investigations, it was found that most spawn floats and vivifies near the surface. Moreover, the supposed spawn brought up by the trawl was proved to be nothing but gelatinous inhabitants of the sea.

After the marketable fish are disposed of, the refuse is shovelled overboard, and the decks are then scrubbed with an abundance of sea-water, pumped up by the donkey-engine. This process of shooting away the gear, heaving it up again at the hour's end, or sooner if necessary, storing the fish, scrubbing the decks, and of course mending the nets when they get torn, which constitutes the routine of trawling life at sea, is repeated till the skipper considers he has enough of fish to clear the ship's expenses and remun-

erate himself and his crew for their arduous labour. When the last haul is brought on board, the order, 'Full speed ahead,' is given; and the trim craft is soon dashing through the waves 'homeward bound.'

On reaching the Fish-market wharf, the fish are discharged in baskets, swung on shore by the derrick, and laid in rows, or placed in boxes on the concrete floor of the market, to await the daily sales. It ought to be noted that the boats invariably arrive in the morning to catch these sales, which last from eight to ten or eleven, according to the supply of fish.

The ringing of a bell announces that a sale is about to commence. Fishermen and women, curers, clerks, and others interested, gather round the salesman, who, with wonderful despatch, disposes of hundredweight after hundredweight to the wholesale buyers. Large quantities of the best are packed in ice and sent off at once by rail; and the rest are carted to the fish-shops, or retailed in the streets by the hawkers. When they are all disposed of, a deluge of water, turned on by a hose, renders the floor clean and sweet for the following day's sales.

The trawlers meanwhile have moved off to the loading jetty, to lay in stores before again proceeding to sea.

A word as to their food must close our sketch. Each boat carries a first-rate cook, and the daily bill of fare is substantial and varied. That it should be so is a necessity of trawling life. The work is arduous, and the exposure to all sorts of weather great. Strict temperance is the rule on all the Aberdeen boats—in fact, the use of spirituous liquors is prohibited by the owners. Coffee or tea is supplied at the end of every four hours, accompanied by fried fish or some such solid; and dinner, as a rule, consists of three courses—soup, meat, and pudding or tart.

Trawl fishers are a brave, kindly class of men, who toil hard, year in, year out, to win daily bread for themselves, their wives and families, and also to supply cheap and wholesome food for the people. Their pleasures are few, for life at sea is monotonous, especially in their line of life; but their spirits are light amid all their hardships, and they are always ready to give a hearty welcome on board their boats to those who take an interest in their work and desire to penetrate its mysteries. Trawlers, as has been already hinted, are paid by results.

On some of the boats, after the ship's expenses are cleared, half of the profits are divided amongst the crew, the skipper of course and the first-fisherman getting the largest share, and so on downwards. A year's pay among a crew of eight men would amount to something like a thousand a year. If a boat brings in fish to the value of from three to four thousand a year, it is considered to be doing well. Of course it may exceed this figure by a large sum. The skipper is often a shareholder in his own or other boats, which of course increases his income proportionately.

Two kinds of ice are used in the fish-trade, Norwegian and manufactured. A company for the preparation of the latter already exists in Aberdeen, and another is being formed.

It may be interesting to state that, according to statistics obtained from the Fishery Office,

the amount of trawl-fish brought to Aberdeen for the year ending 31st December 1890 was 172,175 hundredweight, the value of which was £135,047.

THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER.

BY LYDIA M. WOOD.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

THE London season was over; the last At Homes and dances were quickly becoming things of the past; and the fashionable world was preparing for its usual flight to 'fresh fields and pastures new.' Already the ranks of youth, wealth, and beauty, which had thronged the Park during the hot June days, had thinned considerably; blinds were drawn down in a good many mansions; and a general air of deserted loneliness pervaded the streets as you turned west. In short, Town—that paradise of the wealthy and high-born—was getting positively unbearable. So at least it appeared to Humphrey Standish, as he gazed idly out of the window of his mother's drawing-room in Wilton Street, looking and feeling decidedly bored by the general uninterestingness of everything. He was a tall handsome fellow, of about seven or eight and twenty, possessed of an ordinary supply of brains, and enough money to enable him to live very comfortably without the least exertion on his part—a fact which his relations were wont to deplore, being old-fashioned enough to prefer a young man with some object in life. Object, so far, he had none, except to make himself generally agreeable, and occasionally 'dabbling' in a dilettante fashion in Art. On these occasions he invariably assumed a velvetreen coat of extraordinary cut, and ruffled his hair till it stood on end like a furze-bush, as is the wont of amateurs of a certain class.

To-day, however, the garb of Art had been laid aside, probably on account of the heat; and he looked a very modern young man indeed, as he stood there in the bright sunshine, his brow somewhat puckered up, as if he were endeavouring to solve some hard problem. And so he was—the problem of where to go for the month of August. His mother, a gentle sweet-faced woman, who loved and trusted her tall son entirely, knowing more than others did of the sterling qualities which underlay his apparent indolent good-nature, had left it to him to decide their destination; and the decision was a difficult one. Of course there was always the shooting to fall back on; but he did not particularly care for that just then; besides, he preferred going by himself in September. His mother had suggested a trip abroad; but that was slow. They had been so often; and it required such a fearful amount of exertion to speak those abominable jargons. No, no; France for the French, and England for the English, was his motto.

Suddenly a light broke across his face, and turning to his mother, who was reading on the sofa, he cried joyously: 'I know what we will do, mother! I've just thought of it.'

Mrs Standish laid down her book and looked up inquiringly. 'Have you, dear?' she said. 'What is it, then?'

'Why, you remember that little village Sanfield was talking about the other day, on the north coast somewhere, you know—well, it's just struck me that that would be the very place for us—nice and quiet, and lots of fishing and boating, to say nothing of sketching.—What do you think? Shall we go there?'

'It would be the very place, if you don't think you would find it dull without any companions but your stupid old mother. Nay'—laughingly, as Humphrey was about to speak—'I know what you would say; but all the same, I know that I, or indeed any elderly woman, would not be very lively company for a young man like you. However, of course, if you don't think you will find it stupid, I shall be only too glad to go there, instead of to Scarborough or Spa or any of those dreadfully crowded places. And perhaps, after all, we may meet some very nice people there; one can never tell.'

And so the great problem was settled; and the next week saw the little house in Wilton Street shrouded in a death-like stillness, like its neighbours; and the few people who still remained in town told each other, not without secret feelings of envy, that 'the Standishes had gone off to bury themselves in some nameless out-of-the-way little fishing village,' instead of following the tide of fashionable folks who were bent on repeating in a different way the various successes and struggles after Pleasure which they had been sustaining during the past season.

But Mark's Cove—in appearance, at least—amply compensated for any longing they might privately have had after more civilised society. Situated as it was on one of the wildest parts of the eastern coast of Scotland, surrounded on three sides by ranges of hills, backed by distant rims of purple mountains, and on the fourth lying exposed to the restless expanse of open sea with its ever-varying features of storm and sun—the little town, with its quaint ruggedly-built houses and straggling by-streets, was indeed a gem from an artistic point of view, and both Humphrey and his mother were delighted.

'That fellow Sanfield knows what's what,' the former would cry enthusiastically as he rowed his mother gently up and down the bay in the bright afternoon sun, 'or he would never have recommended this place. The only wonder is more people don't find out about it and come.'

But no one seemed to know about it, or else considered it beneath their notice, for their

landlady said that 'gentlefolks wasna just very plentiful thereabouts, at least they hadna been in her time;' and it certainly seemed true, for they had been there over a fortnight without seeing any one of their own class, except an occasional tourist who passed through on his way farther north.

It was therefore with no small surprise and excitement that one evening, as they were sitting down to supper, they saw a cab laden with luggage draw up in front of a small house on the opposite side of the way. Regardless of *les convenances*, Humphrey jumped up and went to the window just in time to see two figures—one an elderly lady, well muffled up, and the other a young girl, in a long gray cloak and close-fitting little cap—enter the house-door. They were followed by a third, evidently a maid, who was superintending the disposal of the luggage.

'I declare I'm not sorry some one has come to share our solitude!' he cried as he returned to the tea-table. 'I only hope they are nice. The girl looked rather jolly, as much of her as I could see in the uncertain light; but the old lady seemed rather forbidding.'

'Well, we are sure to see them soon to speak to, and then you can judge more correctly;' and Mrs Standish drew back the curtain as she spoke and looked in her turn across the dusky street. But all was still again. The cab had turned away round the corner, the green door of the house opposite was closed as firmly as ever, and save for a fresh light in the front window, everything looked as before.

The next morning Humphrey was up betimes. He had arranged to go out fishing that morning with his landlord's son; and the two swallowed a hasty breakfast and were away on the calm sunlit water long before the blinds in the opposite house were drawn up. It was a splendid morning; and the little craft, rowed by the four stout arms, danced along as if she had been alive; and it was not long before they reached their accustomed fishing-ground, where, dropping their anchor, they let down their lines. Fishing, as all who have tried it know, is terribly engrossing work, especially when you make anything like a good catch; and it was eleven o'clock before either of the young men thought of turning. Then Humphrey, looking at his watch, suddenly recollected that he had promised to take his mother out for a short row that morning; and hastily pulling in their tackle, he and his companion made swiftly for the shore.

There, on the narrow strip of shingly beach upon which the boats were moored, sat his mother, and by her side the elderly lady whose advent the previous evening had caused such excitement. The girl was standing some little way off with her back towards them. As he leaped out of the boat, tossing the fish into a shining heap upon the beach out of reach of the waves, Mrs Standish called to him. 'Humphrey, come here; I want to introduce you to a very old friend. This is Miss Marchmont, who used to be a school-fellow of mine.—Amelia, this is my son Humphrey.'

The young man bowed politely, apologising as he did so for not shaking hands. 'That fishing is such awfully dirty work, you know,' he said, smiling.

He was just turning away, when Miss Marchmont said kindly: 'Allow me to introduce you to my niece.—Avice, dear, this is another acquaintance for you.'

The girl thus suddenly addressed turned sharply round, showing one of the most lovely faces Humphrey had ever seen, crowned by masses of wavy hair of the intensest black. Her complexion was perfectly dark, like that of a Spaniard, and the eyes which glanced up at him with a smile of greeting were half hidden by their thick veil of curly dark lashes. The eyes themselves, strange to say, were of a dark blue.

'I am very glad to make another acquaintance,' she said, as she extended a dainty little hand, which Humphrey had much difficulty in refraining from accepting, 'for I certainly thought we were the only people here, until we met your mother.' Then catching sight of the silvery pile of fish at her feet, she cried joyously: 'Oh, how delicious! You fish, do you?—Oh auntie, do let me go too. I love fishing.'

'Really, my dear,' expostulated Miss Marchmont with a comical sigh, 'you should not get so excited. Supposing Mr Standish did not wish to take you, what a very awkward position you would place him in!'

A slight flush tinged the pure olive cheek, and she was looking up with an expression of penitence, when something in the intense amusement depicted on Humphrey's face struck her, and instead she went off into peals of light girlish laughter.

The young man laughed too, and murmuring something about being 'most happy,' disappeared up the beach.

Thenceforward the days passed very quickly, and the new-comers had been at Mark's Cove a whole week before they had half realised that they had been there two days. It was now the second week in August, for the Standishes had left town the third week in July, and the weather was perfectly glorious.

'I never knew such weather before,' said Humphrey one day as he and Avice sat sketching and chatting on the top of one of the braes. 'You must have brought it with you; for I'm sure it was not half so fine before you came.'

'It has certainly been splendid,' she replied, throwing down her paint-brush in despair of ever catching the peculiar tints of sea and sky—'too splendid to last, I'm afraid. And then we've been having such a delicious time of it, boating and fishing and all that, and do you know it makes me half uncomfortable.'

'Uncomfortable!' echoed Humphrey, bending his head critically to one side, as if to scrutinise his own drawing, but in reality to catch a glimpse of his companion's—'uncomfortable! Why?'

'Well, I don't quite know,' Avice returned, half shyly, 'except that when one has been having an extra good time of it, it always seems as if some misfortune were sure to follow it—by way of balance, as it were.—Don't you ever think that?'

'The only evil which I see imminently impending,' said Humphrey, 'is the danger of your rolling neatly over the top of the cliff into the water below; and to avoid that catastrophe I should advise you to come a little more inland. It will be safer at least, if less romantic.'

But his warning came too late. Turning round sharply at his words, Aviee insensibly advanced nearer the edge, and the next instant she was over.

'My God!' burst involuntarily from Humphrey's white lips as he rushed forward to the spot where she had disappeared—'How shall I save her?' As he uttered these words, he looked down the dizzy height, and saw the girl's slight form hanging as it were betwixt sea and sky, her progress arrested, for the time at least, by a bush of yellow furze.

'Aviee!' he cried, steadying his voice with difficulty for fear of alarming her, 'do you think you can hold on till I come?' But there was no reply, only the murmuring splash of the cruel waves below as they lashed themselves angrily upon the rocks and beat high against the foot of the cliff, as if hungry for their prey.

Humphrey set his teeth firmly together and prepared to descend the steep side of the cliff. A sickening dread seized his heart as he did so. Suppose he was too late—suppose she were dead? He dared not stop to think; but began slowly, carefully descending, catching for support at anything which came in his way, and knowing well that one false step would hurl him down, too, on to that terrible mass of wave-worn rocks below. At last, after minutes of wary clambering, which in point of extent seemed to him like years, he reached the bush with its precious burden. Steadying himself carefully with one foot on a firm ledge of grass-grown rock, and the other leg bent into a kneeling position, he leant forward and endeavoured to raise her. Slowly, painfully, for she hung like a leaden weight in his arms, he managed at last to get hold of her, and then commenced the return journey. If the descent had been dangerous, the ascent was still more so, especially to one laden as he was with a human burden, and every moment he seemed to feel his foot slipping backwards, and terrible visions of their joint fate in such a case rose before his mind.

How he managed the climb he never could remember; but at last he stood once more on the breezy hill-top, the scent of the salt water mingled with the fainter one of wild thyme blowing round him, and the bright August sunlight gleaming over the white unconscious form at his feet.

That she was merely unconscious, and not dead, he had perceived when he first touched her as she hung from the golden thorn-bush; and now kneeling down by her side he chafed her cold hands in his strong warm ones and sprinkled the water in her little tin painting-can over her white face, until at last the heavy lashes were raised and the eyes below gazed wonderingly up into his face.

'What is it?' she murmured, half raising herself on her elbow. 'Why do you look so frightened, and why does my head feel so queer?'

'You have had a bad fall, Miss Marchmont,

and must keep quiet,' replied Humphrey. 'Thank Heaven! it is nothing more,' he added in a lower tone, thinking again of the awful sight he had witnessed.

'Let me see. I fell, didn't I?' she inquired, looking up into his face. 'Oh yes; I remember now. I went down, down, ever so far, until at last all became dark, and I remember nothing more until I saw you standing by me and felt all the water trickling down my neck.' And sitting up, she tried to dry her face and neck with her handkerchief.

Thankful to find her so little the worse for her adventure, Humphrey helped her as best he could; and then, rolling his coat up in the form of a bolster, bade her lie still while he collected their joint materials and made them ready to take home.

'It is very funny, you know, that I should just have happened to roll off the cliff at the time when I was prophesying some misfortune,' remarked Aviee, as at length they turned their steps homeward again. 'I little thought my words would have such a swift fulfilment.'

'The moral thereof is, don't prophesy evil, and especially not on the edge of a cliff. At anyrate, please don't do so in my company. You don't know what a fright you gave me.'

Miss Marchmont was naturally a good deal alarmed by the account of what had happened, and surveyed Aviee critically from head to foot through her gold-rimmed spectacles to make sure that no bones had been broken.

It was with difficulty that they could persuade her not to put an entire veto on all rambles of any sort from that day forward; and before Humphrey retired across the road, she had succeeded in impressing him very strongly with a sense of his utter unworthiness—in her eyes at least—to escort Aviee into dangerous places.

One thing more that day's work had done for Humphrey Standish—it had revealed to him the state of his feelings towards Aviee Sacharty. Hitherto, he had not thought of her otherwise than as a friend—a very dear one, but still merely a friend, a girl with whom he had associated on much the same terms as he did with the other girls with whom he was thrown in contact. Henceforth, he must regard her as the woman of his choice, a woman to be wooed earnestly and won at any cost, one whose slightest wish was more to him than any law yet framed—in short, Humphrey Standish was in love. The feeling was a novel one, for he was not one of those youths who have a fresh amour every month. He had never cared much for the girls he had met in society. They were all very well to talk to, very bright and lively, some of them—clever even, often enough; but there was a something lacking about them—a want of that which goes to make up true conjugal happiness—an unreality and sham which were totally foreign to his nature, and from which he instinctively recoiled.

Aviee Sacharty had none of this. Living as she had done almost all her life in the seclusion of the country, mixing only in moderation in the county society, there was a freshness and true enthusiasm about her which, unfortunately, seen now to be becoming rarer every day. And then, thrown as she and Humphrey had been so entirely

on one another's society, their natures had gone out towards each other as they could never have done under any other circumstances; so that it was small wonder that, insensibly and, as it were, in spite of himself, the young man should have grown to regard his companion with feelings warmer than those of mere friendship or admiration.

SOMETHING ABOUT EARTHWORMS.

By F. E. BEDDARD, M.A., Prosector of the Zoological Society of London.

THE earthworm is an animal which has not received that attention from zoologists which it deserves, in spite of the fact that its habits and structure formed the last of that magnificent series of volumes with which Darwin enriched scientific literature. And it has not only been neglected by naturalists, but has incurred the bitter enmity of gardeners and farmers. It is true that the gardener has some reason for his dislike, when he sees his carefully-rolled walks and smooth lawns rendered unsightly by the heaps of earth with which the worm diligently covers them. But the farmer has no business to complain, for not only do earthworms form a large part of the food of many birds, which would perhaps in their absence direct their attention more closely to his crops and fruit-trees, but they are of positive advantage in loosening the soil, and so making passages for the rain to trickle down to the lowest roots. More than a hundred years ago Gilbert White devoted one of his letters to the subject of earthworms, and defended them from the accusation of uselessness and injuriousness in the economy of Nature, remarking further, and so to a certain extent anticipating Darwin, that they are often responsible for the formation of new soils.

In this country the earthworm is perhaps the most abundant animal of any size; it would be difficult not to meet with worms by digging in almost any locality; and yet it is one of the most persecuted creatures that breathe. Not only do birds hunt it unceasingly; but the gardener, armed with a watering-pot and solution of corrosive sublimate, slays his tens of thousands. When they seek for refuge deep down in the soil, they are pursued by moles; centipedes and various insects attack them; and, in fact, every one's hand is against them. But, in spite of this general hostility on the part of animate creation, they thrive and multiply. The first and principal reason for this is their great fertility; and the second is their great power of recovery after accidents which would rapidly terminate the existence of more highly-organised creatures. An earthworm can lose a considerable portion of itself without suffering, apparently, even temporary inconvenience; and indeed some of the fresh-water annelids, which are near relations of the earthworm, voluntarily divide themselves into several pieces, each of which becomes a new worm.

A slight acquaintance with the anatomy of an earthworm enables us to understand why this should be the case. The body is divided into a number of rings, or 'segments,' as they are more generally termed; and the internal organs, instead of being distributed among the segments, are for the most part repeated from segment to segment. It follows, therefore, that when the gardener's spade shears off several inches of a worm, the animal is not deprived of one or more essential organs, but only of a less or greater number of parts of these organs. Spalanzani was the first naturalist who made—about two hundred years ago—experiments of this kind, which proved, as a subsequent writer pointed out, that 'by a strange paradox in nature, the most useless and contemptible lives are, of all others, extinguished with the greatest difficulty.'

In addition to these advantages in its construction, the earthworm has a certain amount of cunning, which must enable it to escape some foes. On mild wet evenings, innumerable worms may be seen lying out with the ends of their tails fixed in their burrows; on the slightest alarm they rapidly retire underground. It is a remarkable fact that in two kinds of earthworms, inhabitants of the New World, the little bristles, which are the locomotive appendages, are greatly enlarged in the tail segments. In one of these, which I have described under the name of *Diacheta Windlei*, the bristles in question are enormously enlarged and of a hook-like form, so that the creature must be able to retain a very firm grip upon the soil. These facts are surprising, as an earthworm is perhaps an animal in which we should not expect much manifestation of intellect; but, on the other hand, Mr Romanes' discoveries about the intellectual possibilities of 'Sally' the chimpanzee may be regarded as having moved the whole animal creation up a peg or two in mental calibre.

Besides the active enemies which are continually seeking to destroy earthworms, though apparently with comparatively little effect, these animals have a habit of seeking destruction on their own account, which looks very like a determined effort at suicide. On any wet morning the shallow puddles in the roadways and elsewhere are often occupied by the dead bodies of worms, or by individuals at their last gasp. Have these worms voluntarily sought a watery grave? Or do they represent, as Darwin thought, merely the sickly and dying individuals which have been washed out of their burrows by the rain? Darwin's explanation is probably partly true; but it is also credible that the heating of the puddles by the sun's rays has something to do with the great mortality of the annelids. Cold fresh water seems to be practically harmless, though salt water is rapidly fatal to earthworms. M. Perrier, a French naturalist, who has paid great attention to the group, kept various species submerged in water for months uninjured; and in this country there is one species, and another in the Falkland Islands, which commonly passes its entire life or a great portion of it in streams and pools. The name earthworm is therefore somewhat misleading when applied to these forms,

which have, however, no particular relation to the normally aquatic allies of earthworms.

There is one species of earthworm in Great Britain, known to fishermen as the 'brandling,' which has a peculiar means of defence that does not appear to be at all common in the group. The brandling is very dark brown, with yellowish bands, and when irritated, it can exude a yellowish fluid. This worm seems to be acceptable enough to certain fishes; but the truth of the proverb, 'One man's meat is another man's poison,' is illustrated by the fact that it is not palatable to lizards. I have been informed that they either reject it with disgust, or, if they do taste it, are rewarded for their indiscretion by severe fits of illness. Now, this is a very curious fact; but it is paralleled elsewhere in the animal kingdom. Many brightly-coloured animals—particularly among insects—have been found to be either disagreeable in their taste or positively dangerous to other animals which habitually feed upon their like. And it is noteworthy that these unpalatable creatures have often the most markedly contrasted colours—that is, black and yellow; for example, the wasp and the hornet, the coral snake and the heloderma lizard (the Gila Monster). The theory has been advanced that the conspicuous colours have been developed in order to advertise their dangerous nature, or the unpalatable qualities of their flesh; so that they may escape such injuries as might be inflicted by an animal desirous of experimenting upon them as articles of food. This 'warning coloration' seems to say to the would-be aggressor: 'Don't touch me; I'm poisonous.' It confers a benefit at once upon the oppressor and the oppressed; rendering the one free from attacks, and warning the other that such attacks will probably be followed by serious consequences. It looks very much as if the brandling was another example of this same phenomenon.

A very important fact in the economy of earthworms is their susceptibility to salt water; they are for the most part soon killed by an immersion in salt water, and it appears that their eggs are also incapable of withstanding its influence for a prolonged period. However, the eggs are not deposited singly, but are enclosed in large numbers in an egg case of a leathery consistence, which may be, for a time at least, impermeable to sea-water. It is therefore just conceivable that the cocoons might cross in safety a narrow sea enclosed in a ball of earth upon the roots of a floating tree. But it seems certain that a very long time does not elapse before the eggs in the cocoon are fatally injured by the sea-water. The only exception at present known is an earthworm which is found in heaps of cast-up seaweed on the sea-shores of the Mediterranean and North Sea.

These facts are important, because they show that if we find the same species of earthworm in two countries now separated by the sea, there must have been originally a continuity of land; hence their value in relation to the problems of geology, which are rendered clearer by the geographical distribution of animals. A striking instance of this is shown by comparing the earthworms of Europe and North America; by far the greater number of forms are common to the two continents; and geologists teach us that the

American and Asiatic land-masses have probably only been separated in recent times. A bridge of land once occupied the space where now Behring Strait is, and this enabled the land inhabitants of both countries to commingle. Although the importance of the group from this point of view seems to be obvious, it is curious that it has never been touched upon in text-books which deal with the subject of geographical distribution. This is perhaps partly due to the uncertainty of the data, which results from 'man's interference.' Man has exercised, in some respects, a very injurious influence upon the fauna and flora of the world; the introduction of domestic animals has helped to destroy the indigenous inhabitants in many parts of the globe, particularly in oceanic islands; and the traffic between different countries has mixed up their respective faunas and floras in a way which is heartbreaking to the naturalist. And in no group of animals has this been more felt than in that with which we are at present concerned; the introduction of plants has led to the accidental introduction of earthworms and such small fry. These cases, however, can generally be sifted out; and when we find in New Zealand four or five species which are characteristic of Europe and America, along with a number of others which appear to be confined to those islands, we are fairly justified in assuming that the former have been introduced through man's agency.

But after allowing for these instances, there are other problems of difficulty which await solution. Kerguelen and Marion Islands are 'oceanic islands'—that is, they are not fragments of previously existing continents, but originated *de novo* by volcanic agency. Although they are of old standing, it is very mysterious why there should occur on both of them the same species of earthworm, which has been named (by Professor Lankester) *Acanthodrilus Kerguelensis*. This form is, so far as we know, confined to those islands; but how did it get there, and from where? The floating-tree hypothesis will not do, for the reasons already stated. And it hardly seems likely that there was ever a brisk trade between South Africa—the nearest place where the genus occurs—and these islands in flower-roots!

THE BURGLAR'S GHOST.

I AM not an imaginative man, and no one who knows me can say that I have ever indulged in sentimental ideas upon any subject. I am rather predisposed, in fact, to look at everything from a purely practical standpoint, and this quality has been further developed in me by the fact that for twenty years I have been an active member of the detective police force at Westford, a large town in one of our most important manufacturing districts. A policeman, as most people will readily believe, has to deal with so much practical life that he has small opportunity for developing other than practical qualities, and he is more apt to believe in tangible things than in ideas of a somewhat superstitious nature. However, I was once under the firm conviction that I had been largely helped up the ladder of life

by the ghost of a once well-known burglar. I have told the story to many, and have heard it commented upon in various fashions. Whether the comments were satirical or practical, it made no difference to me; I had a firm faith at that time in the truth of my tale.

Eighteen years ago I was a plain-clothes officer at Westford. I was then twenty-three years of age, and very anxious about two matters. First and foremost, I desired promotion; second, I wished to be married. Of course I was more eager about the second than the first, because my sweetheart, Alice Moore, was one of the prettiest and cleverest girls in the town; but I put promotion first for the simple reason that with me promotion must come before marriage. Knowing this, I was always on the lookout for a chance of distinguishing myself, and I paid such attention to my duties that my superiors began to notice me, and foretold a successful career for me in the future.

One evening in the last week of September 1873, I was sitting in my lodgings wondering what I could do to earn the promotion which I so earnestly wished for. Things were quiet just then in Westford, and I am afraid I half-wished that something dreadful might occur if only I could have a share in it. I was pursuing this train of thought when I suddenly heard a voice say: 'Good-evening, officer.'

I turned sharply round. It was almost dusk, and my lamp was not lighted. For all that, I could see, clearly enough, a man who was sitting by a chest of drawers that stood between the door and the window. His chair stood between the drawers and the door, and I concluded that he had quietly entered my room and seated himself before addressing me.

'Good-evening,' I replied. 'I didn't hear you come in.'

He laughed when I said that—a low, chuckling, rather sly laugh. 'No,' he said; 'I dessay not, officer. I'm a very quiet sort of person. You might say, in fact—noiseless. Just so.'

I looked at him narrowly, feeling considerably surprised and astonished at his presence. He was a thickly-built man, with a square face and heavy chin. His nose was small but aggressive; his eyes were little and overshadowed by heavy eyebrows; I could see them twinkle when he spoke. As for his dress it was in keeping with his face. He wore a rough suit of woollen or frieze; a thick, gaily-coloured Belcher neckerchief encircled his bull-like throat; and in his big hands he continually twirled and twisted a fur cap, made apparently out of the skin of some favourite dog. As he sat there smiling at me and saying nothing, it made me feel uncomfortable.

'What do you want with me?' I asked.

'Just a little matter o' business,' he answered.

'You should have gone to the office,' I said.

'We're not supposed to do business at home.'

'Right you are, guv'nor,' he replied. 'But I wanted to see *you*. It's you that's got to do my job. If I'd ha' seen the superintendent, he might ha' put somebody else on to it. That wouldn't ha' suited me. You see, officer, you're young, and nat'rally eager-like for promotion. Eh?'

'What is it you want?' I inquired again.

'Ain't you eager to be promoted?' he reiterated. 'Ain't you, now, officer?'

I saw no reason why I should conceal the fact, even from this strange visitor. I admitted that I was eager for promotion.

'Ah!' he said with a satisfied smile; 'I'm glad o' that. It'll make you all the keener. —Now, officer, you listen to me. I'm a-goin' to put you on to a nice little job. Ah! I dessay you'll be a sergeant before long, you will. You'll be complimented and praised for your clever conduct in this 'ere affair. Mark my words if you ain't.'

'Out with it,' I said, fancying I saw through the man's meaning. 'You're going to split on some of your pals, I suppose, and you'll want a reward?'

He shook his head. 'A reward,' he said, 'wouldn't be no use to me at all—no, not if it was a thousand pound. No; it ain't nothing to do with reward.—But now, officer, did you ever hear of Light-toed Jim?'

Light-toed Jim! I should have been a poor detective if I had not. Why, the man known under that sobriquet was one of the cleverest burglars and thieves in England, and had enjoyed such a famous career that his name was a household word. At that moment there was an additional interest attached to him. He had been convicted of burglary at the Northminster Assizes in 1871, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. After serving nearly two years of his time, he had escaped from Portland, getting away in such clever fashion that he had never been heard of since. Where he was no one could say; but lately there had been a strong suspicion amongst the police that Light-toed Jim was at his old tricks again.

'Light-toed Jim!' I repeated. 'I should think so. Why, what do you know about him?'

He smiled and nodded his head. 'Light-toed Jim,' said he, 'is in Westford at this 'ere identical moment.—Listen to me, officer. Light-toed Jim is a-goin' to crack a crib to-night. Said crib is the mansion of Miss Singleton, that 'ere rich old lady as lives out on the Mapleton Road. You know her—awfully rich, with nought but women-servants and animals about the place. There's some very valyable plate there. That's what Light-toed Jim's after. He'll get in through the scullery window about one A.M.; then he'll pass through the back and front kitchens and into the butler's pantry—only it's a butleress, 'cos there ain't no men at all—and there he'll set to work on the safe. Some of his late pals in Portland give him the tip about this 'ere job.'

'How did you come to hear of it?' I asked.

'Never mind, guv'nor. You wouldn't understand. Now, I wants you to be up there to-night, and to nab Light-toed Jim red-handed, so to speak. It'll mean promotion for you, and it'll suit me down to the ground. You wants to be about and to watch him enter. Then follow him, and dog him. And be armed, officer, for Jim'll fight like a tiger if you don't draw his teeth first.'

'Now, look here, my man,' said I. 'This is all very well; but it's very irregular. You must just tell me who you are, and how you

come to be in Light-toed Jim's secrets, and I'll put it down in black and white.'

I turned away from him to get my writing materials. I was not a half-minute with my back to him, but when I turned round he was gone! The door was shut, but I had heard no sound from it either opening or shutting. Quick as thought I darted to it, tore it wide open, and looked down the narrow staircase. There was no one there. I ran hastily down-stairs into the passage, and found my landlady, Mrs Marriner, standing at the open door with a female friend. 'Mrs Marriner,' I said, breaking in upon their conversation, 'which way did that man go who came down-stairs just now?'

Mrs Marriner looked at me strangely. 'There ain't been no man come down-stairs, Mr Parker,' said she—'leastways, not this good three-quarters of an hour, which me and Missis Higgins 'ere, as 'ave come out to take an airing, her having been ironing all this blessed day, 'as been standin' here all the time and ain't never seen a soul.'

'Nonsense!' I said. 'A man came down from my room just now—the man you sent up twenty minutes since.'

Mrs Marriner looked at me with an expression betokening the most profound astonishment. Mrs Higgins sighed deeply.

'Mr Parker,' said Mrs Marriner, 'sorry am I to say it, sir, but you're either intoxicated or else you're a-sickening for brain fever, sir. There ain't no person entered this door, in or out, for nigh on to an hour, as me and Missis Higgins 'ere will take our Bible oaths on.'

I went up-stairs and looked in the rooms on either side of mine. The man was not there. I looked under my bed, and of course he was not there. He must have gone down-stairs. But then the women must have seen him. There was only one door to the house. I gave it up in despair, and began to smoke my pipe. By the time I had drawn the last whiff I had decided that if any one was 'intoxicated,' it was probably Mrs Marriner and Mrs Higgins, and that my strange visitor had departed by the door. I was not going to believe that he had anything supernatural about him.

I had no duty that night; and as the hours wore on I found myself stern in my resolve to go up to Miss Singleton's house and see what I could make out of my informant's story. It was my opinion that my late visitor was a whilom 'pal' of Light-toed Jim's, and that having become aware of the latter's plot, he had, for some reason of his own, decided to split on his old chum. Thieves' disagreement is an honest man's opportunity, and I determined to solve the truth of the story told me. Lest it should come to nothing, I decided not to report the matter to my chief. If I could really capture Light-toed Jim, my success would be all the more brilliant by being suddenly sprung upon the authorities.

I made my plan of action rapidly. I took a revolver with me, and went up to Miss Singleton's house. Fortunately, I knew the housekeeper there—a middle-aged, strong-minded woman, not easily frightened, which was a good thing. To her I communicated such information as I considered necessary. She consented to conceal me in the room where the safe stood. There was

a cupboard close by the safe, from which I could command a full view of the burglar's operations, and pounce upon him at the right moment. If only my information was to be relied upon, there was every chance of my capturing the famous burglar.

Soon after midnight, when the house was all quiet, I went to the pantry and got into the cupboard, locking myself in. There were two openings in the panel, through either of which I was able to command a full view of the room. My position was somewhat cramped, but the time soon passed away. My mind was principally occupied in wondering if I was really about to have a chance of distinguishing myself. Somehow, there was an air of unreality about the events of the evening which puzzled me. Suddenly I heard a sound which put me on the alert at once. It was nothing more than the creaking of a board or opening of a door would make in a quiet house; but it sounded intensified to my expectant ears. I drew myself up against the door of the cupboard and placed my eye to the opening in the panel. I had oiled the key of the door, and kept my fingers upon it, in readiness to spring upon the burglar at the proper moment. After what seemed some time I saw the gleam of light through the keyhole of the door opening into the pantry. Then it opened, and a man, carrying a small lantern, came gently into the room. At first, I could see nothing of his face; but when my eyes grew accustomed to the hazy light, I saw that I had been rightly informed, and that the burglar was indeed no other than the famous Light-toed Jim.

As I stood there watching him, I could not help admiring the cool fashion in which he went to work. He went over to the window and examined it. He tried the door of the cupboard in which I stood concealed. Then he locked the door of the pantry and turned his attention to the safe. He set his lamp on a chair before the lock and took from his pocket as neat and pretty a collection of tools as ever I saw. With these he went quietly and swiftly to work.

Light-toed Jim was a somewhat slimly-built fellow, with little muscular development about him, while I am a big man with plenty of bone and sinew. If matters had come to a fight between us I could have done what I pleased with him; but I knew that Jim would not chance a fight. Somewhere about him I felt sure there was a revolver, which he would use on the least provocation. My plan, therefore, was to wait until his back was bent over the lock of the safe, then to open the cupboard door noiselessly and fall bodily upon him, pinning him to the ground beneath me.

Before long the moment came. He was working steadily away at the lock, his whole attention concentrated on the job. The slight noise of his drill was sufficient to drown the faint click of the key in the cupboard door. I turned it quickly and tumbled right upon him, driving the tool out of his hands and tumbling him upon a heap at the foot of the safe. He uttered an exclamation of rage and astonishment as he went down, and immediately began to wriggle under me like an eel. As I kept him down with one hand, I tried to pull out the handcuffs with the other. This somewhat embarrassed me, and the

burglar profited by it to pull out a sharp knife. He had worked himself round on his back; and before I realised what he was after, he was hacking furiously at me with his keen dagger-like blade. Then I realised that we were going to have a fight for it, and prepared myself. He tried to run the knife into my side. I warded it off; but the blade caught the fleshy part of my left arm, and I felt a warm stream of blood spurt out. That maddened me, and I seized one of the steel drills lying near at hand and hit my man such a blow over the temples that he collapsed at once and lay as if dead. I put the handcuffs on him instantly, and, to make matters still more certain, I secured his ankles. Then I rose and looked at my arm. The knife had made a nasty gash, and the blood was flowing freely; but it was not serious; and when the housekeeper, who just then appeared on the scene, had bandaged it, I went out and secured the help of the policeman I first met in conveying Light-toed Jim to the office.

I felt a proud man when I made my report to the inspector.

'Light-toed Jim?' said he. 'What, James Bland? Nonsense, Parker.' But I took him to the cells, where Jim was being attended to by the doctor.

'You're right, Parker,' he said. 'That's the man. Well, this will be a fine thing for you.'

After a time, feeling a bit exhausted, I went home to try and get some sleep. The surgeon had attended to my arm, and told me it was but a superficial wound. It felt sore enough in spite of that.

I had no sooner reached my lodgings than I saw, sitting in my easy-chair, the strange man who had called upon me earlier in the evening. He rose to his feet when I entered. I stared at him in utter astonishment.

'Well, guv'nor,' said he, 'I see you've done it. You've got him square and fair, I reckon?'

'Yes,' I said.

'Ah!' he said with a sigh of complete satisfaction. 'Then I'm satisfied. Yes, I don't know as how there's aught more I could say. I reckon as how Light-toed Jim an' me is quits.'

I was determined to find out who this man was this time. 'Sit down,' I said. 'There's a question or two I must ask you. Just let me get my coat off and I'll talk to you.' I took my coat off and went over to the bed to lay it down. 'Now then,' I began, and looked round at him. I said no more, being literally struck dumb. The man was gone!

I began to feel uncomfortable. I ran hastily down-stairs, only to find the outer door locked and bolted, as I had left it a few minutes before. I went back, utterly nonplussed. For an hour I pondered the matter over, but could make neither head nor tail of it.

When I went down to the office next morning I was informed that the burglar wanted to see me. I went to his cell, where he was lying in bed with his head bandaged. I had hit him pretty hard as it turned out, and it was probable he would have to lie on the sick-list for some days. 'Well, guv'nor,' said he, 'you'd the best of me last night. You hit me rather hard that time.'

'I was sorry to have to do it, my man,' I

answered. 'You would have stabbed me if you could.'

'Yes,' he said, 'I should.—But, I say, guv'nor, come a bit closer; I want to ask you a question. How did you know I was on that little job last night? For, s'elp me, there wasn't a soul knew a breath about it but myself. I hadn't no pals, never talked to anybody about it, never thought aloud about it, as I knows on. How came you to spot it, guv'nor?'

There was no one else in the cell with us, and I thought I might find out something about my mysterious visitor of the night before. 'It was a pal of yours who gave me the information,' I said.

'Can't be, guv'nor. No use telling me that. I ain't no pals—leastways not in this job.'

'Did you ever know a man like this?' I described my visitor. As I proceeded, Light-toed Jim's face assumed an expression of real terror. Whatever colour there was in it faded away. I never saw a man look more thoroughly frightened. 'Yes, yes,' he said eagerly. 'In course I know who it is. Why, it's Barksea Bill, as I pal'd with at one time.—And what did he say, guv'nor—that he owed me a grudge? That we was quits at last? Right you are, 'cos he did owe me a grudge. I treated Bill very shabby—very shabby indeed, and he swore solemn he'd have his revenge. On'y, guv'nor, what you see wasn't Barksea Bill at all, but his ghost, 'cos Barksea Bill's been dead and buried this three year.'

I was naturally very much exercised in my mind over this weird development of the affair, and I used to think about it long after Light-toed Jim had once more retired to the seclusion of Portland. While he was in charge at Westford I tried more than once to worm some more information out of him about the defunct Barksea Bill, but with no success. He would say no more than that 'Bill was dead and buried this three year;' and with that I had to be content. Gradually I came to have a firm belief that I had indeed been visited by Barksea Bill's ghost, and I often told the story to brother-officers, and sometimes got well laughed at. That, however, mattered little to me; I felt sure that any man who had gone through the same experience would have had the same beliefs.

Of course I got my promotion, and was soon afterwards married. Things went well with me, and I was lifted from one step to another. In my secret mind I was always sure I owed my first rise to the burglar's ghost, and I should have continued to think so but for an incident which occurred just five years after my capture of Light-toed Jim.

I had occasion to travel to Sheffield from Westford, and had to change trains at Leeds. The carriage I stepped into was occupied by a solitary individual, who turned his face to me as I sat down. Though dressed in more respectable fashion, I immediately recognised the man who had visited me so mysteriously at my lodgings. My first feeling was one of fear, and I daresay my face showed it, for the man laughed.

'Hallo, guv'nor,' said he; 'I see you knew me as soon as you come in. You owes a deal to me, guv'nor; now, don't you, eh?'

'Look here, my man,' I said; 'I've been

taking you for a ghost these five years past. Now, just tell me how you got in and out of my room that night, will you?"

He laughed long and loud at that. 'A ghost?' said he. 'Well, if that ain't a good un! Why, easy enough, guv'nor. I was a-lodging for a day or two in the same house. It's easy enough, when you know how, to open a door very quiet and to slip out too.'

'But I followed you sharp and looked for you.'

'Ay, guv'nor; but you looked *down*, and I had gone *up*! You should ha' come up to the attics, and there you'd ha' found me.—So you took me for a ghost? Well, I'm blowed.'

I told him what Light-toed Jim had said in the cell.

'Ay,' said he, 'I dessay, guv'nor. You see 'twas this way—it weren't Jim's fault as I wasn't dead. He tried to murder me, guv'nor, he did!—and left me a-lying for dead. So I ses to myself when I comes round that I'd pay him out sooner or later. But after that I quit the profession, Jim's nasty conduct havin' made me sick of it. So I went in for honest work at my old trade, which was draining and pipe-repairing. I was on a job o' that sort in Westford, near Miss Singleton's house, when I see Light-toed Jim. I had a hidea what he was up to, havin' heard o' the plate; and I watches him one or two nights, and gets a notion 'ow he was going to work the job. Then, o' course, you being a officer and close at hand, I splits on him—and that's all.'

'But you had got the time and details correct?'

'Why, o' course, guv'nor. I was an old hand—served many a year at Portland, I have, and I knew just how Jim would work it, after seeing his perlim'nary observations. But a ghost! Ha, ha, ha—why, guv'nor, you must ha' been a werry green young officer in them days!'

Perhaps I was. At anyrate, I learnt a lesson from the ci-devant Barksea Bill—namely, that in searching a house it is always advisable to look up as well as down.

THE DOMADOR.

PROBABLY there is no calling followed by man in which the element of danger to life and limb is more closely associated than in that of the Domador or horse-tamer of the South American Pampas; and certainly there is none in which daring courage, resolute will, and cool nerve are more necessary. There is little in common between the craft of the English horsebreaker and that of the domador. The former may expatiate on the trouble and danger attending the breaking-in of a 'wild young colt;' but after all, the colt springs from a line of more or less domesticated sires, and—according to modern theories—should be a more ductile and breakable animal than the wild descendant of a long line of untamed progenitors bred on the trackless plains of the South American continent.

The fearless daring of the swart domador—half Indian, half Spaniard—can only be thor-

oughly appreciated by those who have been eye-witnesses of the feats he performs in catching, mounting, riding, and taming a young horse of the Pampas. The means employed in trapping and selecting a particular animal are various. Sometimes the 'lasso' or the 'bolas' is used; but more frequently a whole 'tropilla' is driven up from a distant 'potrero' or grazing-ground, to an extensive corral, with an entrance wide enough to admit the passage of only two or three animals at a time. Above this entrance, which is necessarily of great strength, a stout crossbeam is fixed at the height of from six to eight feet above the ground. On this the domador squats himself and waits, cool and prepared, while the herd of wild horses is driven up and urged into the enclosure. This alone requires nerve; for the impetuosity and impact of a tropilla of from fifty to a hundred animals struggling in a mass together would seem sufficient of themselves to overturn the supports of the gates and trample them and the domador under foot. But a wholesome fear of the strange object crouched up above acts as a curb to regulate the struggling to pass the barriers.

Amidst this mass the quick eye of the domador soon singles out a horse suitable to his requirements, perhaps the finest and most vigorous of the whole tropilla. As the animal passes beneath the crossbeam—swift as a dart, unerring as the lasso—the domador drops upon his back and rides on with him into the spacious corral. The terrified brute plunges and rears and rushes madly here and there, rousing the whole herd into a state of excitement and fear. Once free of the danger of collision with the herd, which has fled to the farthest corner of the corral, the domador whips from his arm a large and coarse cloth, with which he promptly succeeds in blindfolding the captured horse, and then begins in a variety of ways to master the proud wild spirit beneath him. The horse will kick out in all directions, plunge and rear, whirl round and round, backwards and forwards, and even roll over and over; but as well might he attempt to shake off his own mane as to rid himself of that terrible incubus, the domador. The latter, of course, takes care that the animal does not roll over him. He simply steps off and stands aside till the brute picks himself up again, only to find that the grip on his sides is there strong as ever. Blindfolded as he is, he cannot see his tormentor, although at times he manages to elude the latter's grasp and attempt flight; but the ready lasso speedily arrests his mad course. As a rule, before the horse has had time to regain his feet the domador has contrived to slip into his mouth the cruel massive bit used all over the Platine countries.

The effects of this new instrument of torture are fearful. Maddened by the pain, quivering with rage and fear, the animal dashes away in any direction, forced by the cruel bit now to this side and now to that, until the domador at length succeeds in forcing him through the gates of the corral out on to the wide open camps. Then begins a mad race for liberty or the mastery of a noble spirit. At a speed to which terror, pain, and fury lend wings, horse and man thunder over

the ground, which seems literally to fly beneath their feet. Foam drops like flying scud on each side of the horse; his nostrils dilated and his eyeballs distended; mane and tail streaming on the wind which their speed creates; the tamer seated cool and grim, hand and eye alert, and every faculty bent upon overpowering the fierce beast he bestrides. Thus they pursue their wild flight for many leagues; and the domador knows that when the brute's mad rage is spent and his strength exhausted, he will slacken his headlong pace more and more, until he almost completely halts; and soon, breaking out into a fit of trembling, surrender for ever the savage freedom of his untamed state. The rest of his education is easy, and need not be told.

Amongst the many accidents to which the domador is peculiarly liable, none is of such frequent occurrence as a crushed leg or a broken knee-cap. Sometimes a horse in rushing from the corral will skim dangerously near to one of the gate-posts; and unless the domador be very active and smart, he is likely to be hurtled with all the brute's force against some projection. I once saw a domador caught in this way. His knee-cap was broken, yet he pluckily refused to give in until he had tamed the fierce animal he bestrode. But he was laid up for six months afterwards.

Occasionally it happens, too, that a horse of unusual mettle and fierceness will get hold of the bit, and then let the domador look out for his life! His means of controlling the animal are gone. All he can do is to keep his seat till the horse has run himself out. Provided the ground before them is clear, there is not much danger to be apprehended; but if, as oftentimes is the case, there is much broken ground, intercepted by burrows and holes of all kinds, the domador needs all his cunning and skill to avert the constantly recurring dangers. As a case in point, there occurs to my recollection the tragic end of a domador called Santiago, who, though an Irishman by extraction, had lived nearly all his life in the southern camps of Buenos Ayres, and had attained a wide renown as a skilful and courageous tamer. Though given occasionally to intemperate habits, Santiago could generally be relied on, and had successfully broken scores of horses without any more serious mishap than an occasional broken limb. One day, however, a few years ago, he mounted a horse 'wid the divil in 'im,' and this tameless brute managed to get the bit between his teeth and bolt with poor Santiago. No power on earth could control or turn him one way or another; he simply tore straight on at an infuriated speed which baffles description. It is rare indeed that a domador in such a situation loses his head. If the worse comes to the worst, he prefers to throw himself off the horse's back and risk breaking his neck that way rather than be thrown. But I fancy that Santiago must have been celebrating some *fiesta* that day with copious libations to the bacchanalian deities, and so become reckless. Not otherwise can I account for his total obliviousness to the frightful dangers that menaced him on all sides. The district through which he was being literally hurled is a wild and barren region of sandhills and ridges, which extends

along the South Atlantic coast from Mar del Plata to Necochea. Just at a point between these two places, called the Loberia, the cliffs or *barrancas* bordering the ocean are of great height, while on the summit there is—an oasis in a desert of sand—a very considerable stretch of comparatively level greensward. It was towards this fatal spot that Santiago and his fiery Bucephalus were approaching at a thundering pace through herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, which they sent scampering in all directions. No human being was within sight, no human habitation anywhere for miles, no witness to behold the awful tragedy about to be enacted in the full glory of the summer sun. Indications discovered some time afterward pointed to the probability that, as they drew near to the edge of the fatal cliff, Santiago must have become suddenly apprised of the magnitude of his danger, and tried with all his power and cunning to make the animal swerve, even on the edge of the cliff; but to no purpose; and doubtless before even the thought of throwing himself to the ground had had time to filter through his muddled senses, horse and man were launched into space, sheer over the cliff, and were dashed to pieces on the rocky shore hundreds of feet below. Their mangled remains, discovered some days afterwards, partly devoured, were the only clue to the mystery of the fate that had befallen the poor domador.

OUR BRIDGE.

FRIENDS dwell asunder, but hearts are near;
Love knows no distance, no there, no here;
Invisible bridges connect souls still,
And spirits cross them at Fancy's will.

The days of old wrought our magic chain;
They wove it of memories, joy and pain;
It lengthens, strengthens, as time goes by;
New links are forging of smile or sigh.

The trackless ocean our Bridge can span;
And mountain ranges too vast for man;
The desert wild cannot break its spell,
Which owns no limit, if hearts love well.

It bridges over the gulf of Death;
Our dead ones breathe with our own warm breath;
Our pulses beat with the same keen thrill;
We see them, hear them, and hold them still.

In the changeless heaven our Bridge takes rise,
Uniting earth with the far-off skies;
Its lights are star-gleams from angels' eyes,
Its echoes the voices of Paradise.

At times, when the night is still and clear,
When earth seems distant, and heaven more near,
Across the stillness there floats this song:
'Hope ever, true hearts; be brave—be strong,
For Time is brief, but Eternity long.'

HELENA HEATH.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 393.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JULY 11, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

A CHESHIRE MERE.

PROBABLY no English shire of the same size can boast the possession of so many good-sized natural sheets of water as the county of Chester. Shropshire has meres not a few; and East Anglia has its lakeland, the district of the Norfolk Broads; but neither furnishes an exact parallel as regards natural features with the Cheshire plain, which is so thickly dotted with lakelets, great and small, that we naturally look about for some explanation of their presence. And here geology steps in with a ready answer; so we must be geological, but only for a moment. Every one knows of the great deposits of rock-salt which underlie this part of the country; and most of us have seen pictures of deserted villages or houses, whose tottering walls, thrown sadly out of the perpendicular, suggest the work of an earthquake. The disaster is of course due to subsidence, the settling down of the ground owing to the mining and burrowing operations which have gone on below. Now, suppose Nature, centuries ago, to have worked some of these salt-beds in her own fashion by allowing the steady infiltration of water—as the saline deposits dissolved, the ground, subsiding, formed the hollows which the meres now occupy. As an item lending support to this theory, we are told that in the depths of one of the deeper meres a kind of fish is occasionally met with which is only found elsewhere in the brackish water of estuaries. If so, there is probably sufficient saline matter remaining in the bed of this particular pool to affect to some extent the composition of the water which comes into contact with it.

The Mere which we know best is one of the largest of the group. It is a fine pool of over a hundred acres, and withal so near to the great Lancashire hive, that half an hour's run, even of the slowest of stopping-trains, brings us within an easy walk of it. It is difficult to realise that we are only a dozen miles or so from one of England's noisiest and busiest industrial centres. The lake lies in a natural hollow, the ground

almost everywhere rising from its margin. No obtrusive new-built villas break the sweep of greensward which stretches down from below the sheltering fringe of coppice to the ripple-marked water-line. Hardly a house is in sight; but, overlooking the head of the lake, a church tower, built strong and square of the red sandstone of the district, just shows amongst elms and aspens. The village just beyond it is unseen; but entering it, we are struck by an air of neatness and quiet prosperity unusual even in a district all of whose villages are pretty. There is no public-house in the hamlet, and one feels that a newspaper less than two days old would be out of place. We enter the churchyard through the old carved lych-gate. Inside the church itself is a chapel, whose marble monuments bespeak the resting-place of members of an old and titled family. The mystery is explained: all around stretches the estate of one of the greatest landowners of the country-side; and to this it is due that the lake lies below us in all its unspoilt beauty. If its surroundings were in the hands of smaller proprietors, the building speculator would be here in a week; so let many-acred landlordism at the worst never want one argument to lean upon.

It was a typical spring day, gusty, with sudden bursts of sunshine, when we paid our first visit to the lake. The pool looked its very best, rippled by a breeze of a softness most unusual for March. The wood which borders its far side still rose dark and leafless above its fringe of gaunt, yellow reed-stems; but below the church, where the stream enters the lake, the poplars and alders were so betasselled with red and yellow catkins, that all their winter bareness was gone. Peewits were crying and tumbling above the fallows; and the hares cantered about in their leisurely, shambling fashion amongst the springing corn, unmindful of a legislature soon to decide their fate. In the osier-carr where the overflow leaves the lake, the first golden willow-blossom shows—the 'palm,' which marks in Nature's calendar that Easter-time is near, as plainly as do the round buds of

marsh-marigold, just showing a glimpse of yellow petals as they unfold 'in swamps and hollows gray.'

And now is the time to renew our acquaintance with the bird-population of the mere, before a new upgrowth of reeds furnishes them with cover which their hidling nature is not slow to take advantage of. Foremost are our especial favourites the grebes, quite the feathered aristocrats of the mere. Fine birds they are, rather longer in the body than a duck, and swimming lower in the water, we think. At a distance we can tell them by their greater slimmness, and by the straight upright neck (a duck always swims with its head between its shoulders), even if we do not catch the glint of sunshine on their snowy breasts. What it is that gives these breast feathers such a glistening lustre we do not know, but in this lies their value as a material for boas and muffs. But the curious headgear of the grebe is, after all, his chief point. A double crest above gives place below the chin to a richly-coloured tippet of chestnut edged with black. The male possesses these ornaments in a larger degree than the female, and in spring we have watched him go through a sort of head-bobbing performance to show them off to the best advantage, expanding his tippet meanwhile to a half-moon shape. His mate swims near by with her head back and crests laid flat, so like a duck, that without the telescope's aid we might take her for such. At this season, too, we hear their croaking call-note almost constantly; and one or other of the pair will flap for some distance along the surface of the water; but we have never seen a longer flight undertaken. To find a grebe's nest we must wade through the reed-beds in June, carefully prying into every heap of vegetable matter we come across, for the nest—quite too complimentary a term, by the bye, to apply to it—is merely a floating mass of decaying water-weeds and sedge. More often than not, it is soaking wet; and we could never persuade ourselves why the eggs do not addle. When newly laid, they are white; but if long sat upon, one would hardly guess it, so deeply ingrained with dirt do they become. This discoloration is partly due to the habit of the maternal grebe of covering them with freshly-pulled water-weeds, should she be forced to leave them.

But there are other elements in the bird-population of the pool. Standing by the lake-side one day in March, we watched a dabchick, a humble relative of the big crested grebes, diving time after time a little way out from the sandy shallows, turning the neatest of somersaults every time he went under. Away over by the side of the wood was a whole fleet of dusky coots, in whose company we note a distinguished stranger, a fine drake tufted duck, who shows his white under-parts as he turns broadside on.

A month later, the merry distich of the chiff-chaff, the first arrival from over seas, resounded through the wood by the lake-side. A few days later, the willow-wrens followed in the track of the hardy adventurer; while the first swallows and sand-martins dipped to make widening circles on the unruffled surface of the pool. As we push our way through the sedge and willows—as noiselessly as may be, for the field-naturalist who knows his business does not advertise his

presence—a startled pair of wild-ducks, the green-headed, ruddy-breasted drake and his more sober-coloured mate, rise with clamour of voice and wings. Amongst the debris of last year's growth of flags and loosestrife is an artless nest, in which a hen-pheasant has laid her ten olive-brown eggs; while two others of different form and colour have evidently been added to its contents by the duck which we disturbed from close by. Such cases of mixed ownership are not uncommon, especially amongst game-birds: a pheasant and partridge have been known in several instances to own such a joint-stock nest.

In early May the wood looked its best, at least so we thought as we waded ankle-deep in sweet-scented blue-bells and tall spikes of purple orchis. In one spot, where tussocks of coarse sedge hid a soft and treacherous bottom, the pale bog-violets grew; and the sweet-gale, smelling like myrtle, had put out its little resin-scented cones. Bird-voices were so numerous that it was difficult to identify any one in particular; but we could pick out the blackcap's clear flute-like notes. There was much to see, too, by the water's edge. A host of newly-arrived sedge-warblers chattered amongst the reeds, which hid many a coot's nest with its stone-coloured, ink-speckled eggs, to give place in a month's time to families of black downy youngsters. They are active little creatures, following their parents out amongst the water-lily leaves and snapping up many a gauze-winged fly. Only a small proportion of those hatched seem to reach maturity. We fancy the big pike, which on a warm day lie near inshore, and dart out through the reeds with a swish as we pass, must account for a good many. Probably the dabchicks and moorhens would also breed here, but for the liability which their unfledged nestlings run of being snapped up by these greedy tyrants of the pool.

The reeds are hardly above the water before the 1st of June; but so rapid is their growth that by the end of the month they are high enough to hide us completely as we wade through them. Now is the time to find the reed-warblers' nests, cunningly suspended between their fluted stems, sometimes by attachment to two stalks only, while at other times three or four are interwoven so as to support the deep cup-shaped structure, beautifully fashioned of the flower of the reed. In this hanging cradle we find the four greenish, darkly-spotted eggs; or, later on, the nestlings, which leave the nest before they are fully fledged, and, by the aid of their strong claws, climb about among the reed-stems. Very noisy and anxious are the old birds, scolding and shrieking at us almost at arm's-length; and bursting exultingly into song—a strange jumbled sort of chatter, delivered *sotto voce* and in the most hurried manner—as we pass on.

Midsummer comes and the year is in its prime. Tall spikes of foxglove have taken the place of the bluebells and orchis; purple loosestrife and yellow iris brighten the wet spots where, earlier on, the marsh-marigolds flowered; and the air is heavy with the scent of the elder-blossom. Honeysuckle and dog-roses are in the hedges; and the first hay is being carried. The hares, once so plain to be seen, are now all but hidden; we can just catch sight of their long

ears amongst the waving heads of the grasses. The mere never looked better; though it makes a fair enough picture in the calm October days while the woods are still leafy and in all their glory of autumnal colouring. Another of its aspects has been described to us, when it is all one sheet of smoothest ice, ringing under the lightsome glide of skates; but it is not every winter which brings a frost of sufficient strength to freeze so large a pool.

Still we are fond of the mere in all its moods; and good it is, as one after another of Nature's outposts is improved into dull and joyless commonplace, to know that she has a stronghold so near where the birds and the flowers still have it all their own way.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXXI.—A NILE TOURIST.

SOMEWHERE about the same time when these things were passing at Algiers, the Reverend Francis Austen Linnell, Vicar of Hambledon-cum-Thornylough, Northumberland, sat with his legs dangling over a huge block of sculptured sandstone, among the massive ruins of the vast and many-chambered temple of Rameses the Great by the quay at Luxor.

The Reverend Francis Austen Linnell, to say the truth, was in a gloomy humour. He revenged himself upon the world, indeed, by hammering with his stick at the crumbling figures of Khem and Isis that covered the huge sandstone block on whose top he was seated. Time and invaders had gently spared those sculptured forms for six thousand years: the Persian, the Greek, the Roman, and the Arab had all swept over the land, and let them go by unhurt: but the Reverend Francis Austen Linnell, with his iron-shod stick, took a malicious pleasure now, like a veritable British tourist that he was, in defacing the nose of the gray goddess whom so many ages and so many conquerors had looked down upon without injury. Things had gone badly with the last of the Linnells on the Upper Nile. He had pushed as far up towards Wady Halfa as the courtesy of the military authorities would permit during those stormy times: he had questioned every real or supposed refugee from Khartoum whom he could find anywhere among the native bazaars; but he had elicited nothing of the slightest importance about his half-brother or his cousin. Their fate remained as absolutely doubtful as the fate of all the other defenders of the conquered city. Vague rumours and surmises there were plenty, to be sure, but of solid fact or certain assurance, not a single item.

So the Reverend Francis Austen Linnell had returned to Luxor in a very ill humour, and had left his dahabeah now moored close under the bank by the Karnak Hotel, while he himself sat disconsolate and alone, chipping bits from the bas-reliefs, among the ruins of the temple.

To be sure, there was some hope of news still; for a strange report went about at Luxor that day. A European refugee, it was rumoured

—a newspaper correspondent or somebody of the sort, who had remained in Khartoum up to the very last moment—had yesterday arrived across the desert at Assouan. Now, if this European refugee turned out a reality, there might still be some chance of learning Sir Austen's fate from a presentable witness. So the Reverend Frank sat and gazed around with a somewhat contemptuous glance at the mass of dust and dirt and rubbish that encumbers the base of that gigantic ruin, and waited impatiently for the expected traveller.

Of course Frank Linnell was not alone. Nobody is ever alone for ten seconds in Egypt. The custom of the country does not permit solitude. A crowd of pestering little native boys, picturesquely arrayed in torn and ragged commissariat corn-sacks, with flies clustering thickly on their bleared eyes, held out their tawny hands, and showed their hideous artificial sores, and clamoured for backshish with true Egyptian persistence. The Reverend Frank regarded them cynically. 'No backshish,' he answered in an angry tone, threatening them with his stick, and laying about him roundly over their naked shoulders. 'Not one penny of backshish will any one of you get from me to-day. Go along, I say. Don't want you here. Leave me alone, can't you?'

The boys fell back for a moment, still crying 'Backshish, backshish!' and regarded the stranger with a suspicious glance. Frank Linnell rose, and strolled idly towards another part of the building. The boys followed him through the deep dust, hustling him as he went with genuine Oriental eagerness. 'Rameses! You want see Rameses? Me very good guide! Me show you Rameses!' they cried in chorus in their broken English, dancing before Frank Linnell's footsteps, raising clouds of dust as they went, and leading the way triumphantly towards the great colossal seated statue. 'Me want no backshish,' one of them insinuated coaxingly with a persuasive air. 'Want to show English gentleman de way. Me very good boy. Dis way for see Rameses, and no backshish.'

Frank Linnell was a hasty-tempered man, and he was also gifted with the common British incapacity for grasping the idea that anybody else should be unable to comprehend his own language, if quite distinctly, articulately, and loudly spoken. So he paused on his march for a second, and leaned his back impressively against the base of one of Amenhotep's great sculptured pylons in the central temple. 'Now, you look here, you boys,' he observed with dignity, in his most didactic tone, holding up one warning forefinger, as if he were addressing his own national school at Hambledon-cum-Thornylough in the county of Northumberland: 'I've seen Rameses the Great fifty times already, in every possible form, shape, and material—sitting and standing, fighting and feasting, on foot or in his chariot, life-size or colossal—till I'm sick and tired of him. I don't want to see Rameses the Great again in any place, position, dress, or fashion, as long as I live; and I hope to goodness I may never more set eyes upon him anywhere. I don't like Rameses—do you understand?—I object to Rameses: I disapprove of Rameses: and I don't care for antiquities. I

came out here in this precious temple this morning to try and get a little peace and quiet, not to be bothered with boys and colossal statues. And if any one of you fellows comes one step nearer me—he drew a line in the dust with his stick as he spoke—“if any one of you fellows dares to step one inch across that line, all I can say is,” lifting his stick suggestively in the precise attitude of the Pharaonic hero—“I’ll give him Rameses across his back and shoulders before he’s another ten minutes older.”

The boys listened gravely to every word of this succinct address, and then, seizing with avidity upon the one word of the whole which they really understood, vociferated once more in chorus: ‘Yes, sah: Rameses, sah: me very good guide: me show you Rameses: dis way, sah, for Rameses de Great: dis way to Rameses.’

The parson from Northumberland poised himself firmly against the half-buried propylon, and resigned himself to a comical look of despair at the little brown ragamuffins, who still held out their eight or ten hands persistently for backshish. As he stood there, the very picture of the baffled Briton in the midst of his foes, whose light infantry proved far too nimble for his heavy guns to disperse, an Arab, as he thought, approached by the door from the opposite direction, and walked straight up to him, with outstretched hand, as if bent on entering into conversation with the usual practical object of obtaining backshish.

The new-comer was dressed in semi-European clothes, with an old red fez stuck jauntily on his head, as is the fashion with temple guardians and other such minor hangers-on of the Egyptian government. Frank Linnell immediately suspected another attempt to rob him of a fee, under pretence of asking for the official permit to visit the antiquities of Upper Egypt; so he waved the stranger aside impatiently with his warning hand, and observed once more very loudly in his native tongue—the only one he could use with fluency—“No backshish: no backshish: I’ve been here before. I’ve feed every precious soul—man, woman, or child—connected in any way with the management of this temple; and not a piastre more will one of you get out of me. Not a piastre more. Understand. Not a solitary piastre.”

To his great surprise, the stranger, instead of bowing low and retreating politely, smiled a benign smile, and answered in English of an unexpectedly flowing yet distinctly Hibernian character: ‘Ye’re mistakent, Mr Linnell.—It’s Mr Linnell I have the pleasure of addressing, isn’t it?—Ah, yes; I thought so. They told me at the hotel a clergyman of yer name had been asking when I’d be likely coming down the river; so I thought I’d just step out at once and see if I could find ye.’

Frank Linnell gave a sudden start of astonishment. Could this be the refugee? ‘You’re not the correspondent they spoke of, who’s escaped from Khartoum, surely?’ he cried in some excitement.

The stranger nodded a courteous assent. ‘Me name’s Considine,’ he answered with conscious pride: ‘one of the fighting Considines of County Cavan. I was correspondent at Khartoum for the *Daily Telephone*.—Ah, ye may well stare, sirr,

for it’s a narrow squeak indeed I’ve had of it. When the city was taken, those nigger fellows of the Mahdi’s, they just chopped me up piece-meal into small fragments; and as I lay there on the ground, in sections, near the Bourré Gate, thinking of me poor old mother in Ireland, “Considine, me boy,” says I to meself, or as much as was left of me, “diamond cement’ll never be able to stick ye completely together again.” But somehow, they dovetailed the bits after all, and took me into the hospital; and I pulled through, by the kind offices of some Soudanese ladies who were good enough to adopt me: and here I am, sirr, a miserable wreck as far as legs and arms go—why, those heathen hacked me to pieces so that ye couldn’t lay a sixpence between the scars on me body, I give ye me word for it—but ready to go the world’s end to help a fellow-countryman in distress, or a lady who stands in need of assistance.—Well, sirr, I’m glad to meet ye, and to make yer acquaintance, for I knew yer brother, and I can give ye later news of him than ye’ll get in the newspapers.’

The Reverend Frank drew himself up on his dignity, a little stiffly. ‘Sir Austen Linnell was my cousin, not my brother,’ he answered with official vagueness, for he could never quite bring himself to acknowledge the existence of the actress-woman’s son, who had deprived him of his birthright.

‘Tut, tut, tut, man,’ the correspondent answered, not without a faint tinge of wholesome contempt in his tone. ‘I knew them both—yer cousin and yer brother—and a finer man or a braver than Charles Linnell, whom ye want to disown, I never set eyes on. Sure, ye needn’t be ashamed of him.’ And seating himself on the broken pillar by the clergyman’s side, Considine began to narrate in full, with much Irish spirit, and many graphic details, the whole story of the siege, and his own almost miraculous escape from Khartoum.

‘But what ye’ll be wanting to know most,’ he said at last, after he’d dilated at some length upon the fragmentary condition in which the Mahdi’s troops had left his various limbs on the ground at Khartoum, and the gradual way in which ‘the chips had been picked up and welded together again,’ as with some pardonable exaggeration he phrased it—‘what ye’ll be wanting to know is how yer brother came out of all this trouble.’

‘Did he come out of it at all?’ the Reverend Frank inquired, with a little undercurrent of tremulousness in his anxious tone. ‘Or Sir Austen either? Have you any accurate information about their fate to give me?’

‘Accurate information, is it? Well, it isn’t just the moment for observing accurately, ye must own yerself, when ye’re lying about loose in pieces, waiting for somebody to pick ye up and put ye together again,’ Considine retorted gaily. ‘But all I can tell ye is this: on the morning when the niggers broke like ants into Khartoum, yer cousin and yer brother were both alive: and if I got away, why shouldn’t they too? They were as clever as I was.’

‘It’s very improbable,’ Mr Frank Linnell replied incredulously, yet much disconcerted. ‘They were both reported “most likely dead” in the newspaper despatches.’

'Were they so, now?' Considine echoed with profound interest.

'Yes. Stragglers and refugees even said their bodies had been identified near the Bourré Gate.'

Considine looked up with a smile of relief. 'They did, did they? Then ye may take it for granted,' he answered, in a tone of profound conviction, 'that they're both this minute alive and kicking.'

'Why so?' the parson asked with a thrill of unpleasant surprise. Family affection didn't prompt him to desire the escape of either of his two respected relations.

'Why, have ye never observed,' Considine answered with great good-humour, and the demonstrative air of a mathematician proving a theorem, 'that whatever's put in the newspapers about anybody ye know yerself is as sure as fate to be utterly mistaken? I'm a newspaper man meself, and I ought to be an unprejudiced observer of journalism. Take yer own case, now. Weren't ye kilt in a railway accident? Didn't the newspapers report ye entirely dead? Well, and when I went to the hotel just now, they told me ye were here. "Impossible," says I; "the man's kilt long ago."—"But he came to life again," says the hotel-keeper: "it was only a railway accident."—"To be sure," says I. "How stupid of me not to have thought of that before. I might have known he was alive—for didn't I see his death meself in the newspaper?"'

'Such cases must be very rare,' Mr Frank Linnell responded with British caution.

'Rare, is it, sirr?' the correspondent echoed hastily. 'Well, then, take me own case again. Wasn't I kilt in Afghanistan, as the *Times* itself announced: and didn't I turn up for all that six months later at Quetta? Wasn't I kilt with Stanley on the Upper Congo: and didn't we all come out again, after all, alive and well, at Zanzibar? Wasn't I kilt in Khartoum the other day, and cut up into sausage-meat for the use of the commissariat: and amn't I on me way down to Cairo now, to offer me services and the remains of me body to me own government for future expeditions? No, no, sirr; depend upon it, if ever a man's kilt in the newspapers, as sure as fate, it's a very good symptom. Why do I give Gordon up, though there are some that think he's living still? Why, just because the newspapers were afraid to kill him. And why do I believe yer brother's alive, and yer cousin too? Why, just because the newspapers, without one quaim of doubt, have got rid of them altogether.'

'But you say you were in Khartoum for three months after its fall,' Frank Linnell objected. 'Did you ever hear or see anything of either of my real or supposed relations?'

'And d'ye think we went paying calls and leaving pasteboards in Khartoum, after the Mahdi's people came!' Considine retorted contemptuously. 'Why, sirr, till the night I stole away with a small body of natives going north on duty, I never dared to show me nose outside me own quarters, where the Soudanese ladies I told ye of were kindly taking care of me—for I flatter meself I always got on with the ladies. But one thing I can tell ye, and that's certain.'

He dropped his voice to a confidential whisper. 'At Dongola I met a water-carrier who'd been in Khartoum to the end, and he recognised me at once when he saw me in the bazaar. And he told me he'd observed a white man, disguised as an Indian Mussulman, in Khartoum town a month after the capture, whose description exactly answered to yer brother's. At the time I thought he must be mistaken; for I saw Linnell cut down, meself, in the great square: but now ye tell me the newspapers have kilt him, I'd stake me reputation it was Charlie Linnell the fellow saw, and that ye'll welcome him home yet some day at yer parsonage in England.'

THE GREAT SEAL.

Seal then, and all is done.

Antony and Cleopatra.

THE use of a seal, by which the Royal Will is signified, to public documents is of somewhat ancient origin. The Romans had no such seals; thus, their edicts went forth to the world unattested by these appendages. The earliest example of the use of a public seal in England is afforded in Offa, king of Mercia, who appears to have made occasional use of one during his reign, extending from 757 to 796. Owing to the art of writing being little known, seals from this period appear to have come into common use, and hence the king, in common with the fashion of the age, adopted a seal—styled 'The Great Seal'—with which grants and writs were signed. It is, however, to King Edgar that the regular use of a public Seal is assigned, although for many years it was generally supposed that Edward the Confessor was the first English sovereign to bring one into common use. In those early times, an officer designated the 'Chancellor' or the 'King's Chancellor' was generally entrusted with its care; but occasionally—says Campbell, in his *Lives of the Lord Chancellors*—the duties were delegated to a Vice-chancellor; and at times, when the appointment of Chancellor became vacant, the Seal, instead of remaining in the personal custody of the sovereign, was more often consigned to the care of a temporary keeper. At length the practice grew of appointing a person to hold the seal under the title of 'Keeper.' In Queen Elizabeth's reign, a statute was passed which directed that the 'Keeper of the Great Seal' was henceforth to have the same place, pre-eminence, and jurisdiction as the Lord Chancellor, thus combining the two offices. But it was not until the reign of George III. that the old and familiar title of 'Lord Keeper of the Great Seal' fell into abeyance; thus, since that time the holder of the Seal has borne the single title of Lord Chancellor.

It is not uninteresting to learn that, amongst the many Lord Keepers, history records one instance of a lady having the care of the Seal, and that Queen Eleanor, wife of Henry III., who was appointed 'Lady Keeper' during the king's absence in France.

Without the royal permission the Seal may not be taken out of the kingdom; and the only instance in which this authority has been set

at defiance is that when Cardinal Wolsey carried the Seal with him into Flanders, an act which formed one of the charges for which he was subsequently impeached.

Curious records are extant of the appointments and emoluments in connection with the office of the Great Seal in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Thus, there was the Clerk of the Hanaper—so called, it is said, because all writs, grants, &c., were formerly kept in a *hamper*—whose duties were to attend the Keeper of the Seal and take account of all patents, grants, commissions, &c. sealed. The fees attached to this office are somewhat quaint; as, for instance: 'For his ancient wage of 6d. per day of 365 days, £9, 2s. 6d. For the wages of a boy under him to keep the horse that carries the wax and parchment for the rolls at 4½d. per day, £6, 16s. 10½d. For 16 yards of woollen cloth at 8s. a yard, to use about the Great Seal at time of using, £6, 8s. Livery for Deputy Clerk of the Hanaper, 13s. 4d. Livery for boy, 6s. 8d. For Winter Livery against Xmas, £1. For Livery against Whitsun, £1. For bags to carry writs, £2. For charges and expenses of himself and deputy for riding, serving, and waiting upon the "Lord Keeper," at 1s. 6d. per day, £27, 7s. 6d.;' and other minor items.

Besides this important officer, there was one styled 'Chaffwax in Chancery,' whose duties consisted in finding the various kinds of wax necessary for the sealing, and in attending the sealings. In addition there was a Sealer, and also a Purse-bearer—an office which we are told had its origin as far back as the reign of Edward III. The duties of this latter officer consisted in carrying the Seal, contained, as it is in the present day, in a purse, and to take care that no document passed under the Seal without proper warrant. It is satisfactory to know that in this nineteenth century most of these offices of sinecure are now abolished.

The earliest Seals appear never to have exceeded the size of three inches in diameter, reaching four and a half inches in the reign of King Edward III.; and since that time they have gradually increased in size, until the diameter of the present Seal in use is now a little over six inches. Most of the sovereigns have had more than one Seal during their reign, Edward III. and Edward IV. having had five, a number which George III. equalled.

One learns little from history of the Great Seal until the period of the Commonwealth is reached. The parliamentary records of that time make constant reference to the subject. In 1643, while the Civil War was in progress, the subject of a new Seal was one of much debate; it being finally resolved—so runs the record—'that Mr Simons be required and enjoined forthwith to make a new Great Seal of England similar to the last, and that he shall have £100 for his pains—£40 in hand, and threescore pounds as soon as he shall have finished his work.'

In 1646, we are told that, in order that there should not be rival Seals, the one in use previous to 1643 was taken to Oxford, where Parliament was sitting, and with great solemnity it was there broken in pieces in the presence of both Houses. But two years elapsed when, Charles I. having meanwhile surrendered himself to the

Scots, by resolution of the House, a fresh Seal of new design was put into use. On one side was depicted a map of Ireland, Jersey, and Guernsey, the arms of England and Ireland, and the inscription, 'The Great Seal of England, 1648;' while on the other side was a representation of a sitting of the House of Commons with the Speaker in the chair. The former Seal having been surrendered, the journals state that a smith was sent for, who entered the House and broke the Seal before the Speaker: the fragments and the purse, having the royal arms embroidered upon it, being given to the 'Lords Commissioners'—as the custodians of the Seal were called during that period—for their fees.

On the accession of Charles II. another new Seal having been made, the Great Seal of the Commonwealth was dealt with as was the Seal of his royal father, the pieces being likewise delivered to the 'Lords Commissioners' for their fees. A curious episode is stated to have occurred in relation to the Seal of this Merry Monarch. It would seem that while in exile he had a Seal prepared for him, which he carried with him into Scotland, when he was crowned there; but at the battle of Worcester he had the misfortune to lose it; and as it was never discovered, his commands were given for the making of a new one.

The Seal of James II. has perhaps the most historical interest attaching to it of any. The king learning of the landing of Prince William of Orange, took much alarm on hearing how closely he was approaching the capital; and thinking, no doubt, to embarrass the Government if they attempted to carry on the affairs of the nation without him, sent to Jeffreys the Lord Chancellor directing him to surrender the Great Seal. On receiving it, the king, on the night of December 10, 1688, accompanied by Sir Edward Hales, stole out in disguise from the palace at Whitehall, carrying the Seal with him; and getting into a boat at Westminster, directed the waterman to pull to Lambeth. On the journey, the king silently slipped the Seal into the river, thinking, no doubt, that he had sunk with it the fortunes of the Prince of Orange. Notwithstanding the loss of the Seal, history records the progress of the revolution, and of the Prince of Orange being, a few weeks later, made king. The historical Seal, a short time afterwards, was drawn up in his net by a fisherman, who, it is related, was much astonished with his find, which eventually reached the hands of the Lords of the Council.

In 1784, the kingdom was startled by the announcement that the Great Seal of England, which had been in use since 1760, had been stolen. The account given by Campbell states that while preparations were being made for dissolving parliament, news was received that on the night of the 24th of March thieves had broken into the house of the Lord Chancellor (Thurlow) in Great Ormond Street, then bordering on the country, and that amongst other things taken from the study was the Great Seal, enclosed in two bags. The thieves escaped with their booty, and although a reward was offered for their discovery, they eluded detection. The Lord Chancellor, on learning what had happened, immediately waited upon the king at Buckingham House

to communicate the intelligence to him; and a Council was then summoned, at which an order was issued for a new Seal. A charge was brought against the Whigs that, in order to prevent the dissolution, they had burglariously broken into the Lord Chancellor's house and feloniously stolen and carried off the Seal. The subject was one that caused a good many witticisms in the journals of the day; the *Rolliad* alluding to the subject in the following lines:

The rugged Thurlow, who, with sullen scowl,
In surly mood at friend and foe will growl,
Of proud prerogative the stern support,
Defends the entrance of great George's court
'Gainst factious Whigs, lest they, who stole the Seal,
The sacred diadem itself should steal;
So have I seen, near village butcher's stall
(If things so great may be compared with small),
A mastiff guarding on a market day
With snarling vigilance his master's tray.

Disputes have sometimes arisen as to who should be the possessor of the disused Seal. Such was the matter of a dispute between Lord Lyndhurst and Lord Brougham. On the accession of William IV. a new Seal was ordered to be prepared, Lord Lyndhurst being at the time Lord Chancellor. By the time the Seal was finished and the order given for using it, Lord Brougham had succeeded to the office. Lord Lyndhurst claimed the old Great Seal on the ground that the transaction referred back to the date of the first order, and that the fruit must therefore be considered as having fallen in his time; while, on the other hand, Lord Brougham insisted that the point of time to be regarded was when the old Great Seal ceased to be the *clavis regni*. The matter being submitted to the king, as supreme judge in such cases, His Majesty equitably adjudged that the old Seal should be divided between the two noble and learned litigants; and, as it consisted of two parts for making an impression, one representing the sovereign on the throne, and the other on horseback, the destiny of the two parts respectively should be determined by lot. His Majesty's judgment, it is said, was much approved; and he graciously ordered each part of the Seal to be set in a splendid silver salver, with appropriate devices and ornaments, which he presented to the two disputants as a mark of his personal respect for them.

Two *bons-mots* ascribed to Lord Erskine show the ready wit of that famous but short-lived Lord Chancellor. He was asked by the Secretary to the Treasury whether he would attend the Ministerial fish dinner to be given at Greenwich at the end of the session; to which Lord Erskine replied: 'To be sure I will: what would your fish dinner be without the Great Seal?' Again, after resigning the office of Lord Chancellor, which he held for about a year, Lord Erskine was present at a dinner-party at which Captain Parry the great explorer was a guest. The explorer was asked what he and his crew had lived upon when they were frozen up in the Polar seas, to which Parry replied that 'they had lived upon seals.' 'And very good living, too,' exclaimed the ex-chancellor, 'if you only keep them long enough.'

It may be of interest to know that the Great Seals have mostly been made of silver, although

they have sometimes been made of gold or baser metal. The wax used in the actual sealing of documents has been of various colours—red, green, white, yellow, brown, and chocolate having from time to time been used. The cords which run through the wax impression are of silver for very important documents, silken for those of lesser importance, and woollen for the common run of documents. The Seal is furnished with a richly embroidered purse, in which it is carried before the Lord Chancellor when he appears in state. This purse is renewed every year, and is a perquisite of that high functionary: thus, if the office of Lord Chancellor is held for any length of time, the purses accumulate, as in the case of Lord Eldon, who, it is said, had so many that his wife caused the hangings of her bed to be made with them.

A few words as to the Seals of the present reign will bring our subject to a close. Up to the present, but three Seals have been in use, each of identical design. The first, which came into use at Her Majesty's accession, bears on one side a figure of Her Majesty in state robes on horseback, wearing on her head the royal crown; while the counter-seal shows a figure of the Queen in her coronation robes, seated on the throne. In the year 1860, it was found necessary that a similar Seal should be made; and again in 1878. In that year, an Act was passed which directed that many of the documents hitherto passed under the Great Seal should for the future be passed under a smaller Seal, styled the Wafer Great Seal. Hence, the use of the Great Seal proper is now restricted to documents of high importance, such as treaties with foreign Governments, &c.

It was thought in official quarters that at the time of the Jubilee Her Majesty would probably have commanded a new Seal to be designed, with a representation of her figure similar to that on the new coinage; but no such commands having been forthcoming, it may be hoped that now many years will elapse before it may become necessary for a new design of the Great Seal of England.

THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER.

CHAPTER II.

THAT same evening, as aunt and niece were seated in the little room which served as dining-room and drawing-room both, they saw the well-known figure of the village postman stopping before their little gate.

'Run, Avice, dear, and see what letters old David has for us,' said Miss Marchmont, looking round at her niece. 'We ought to have one from grandmamma to-day, it is so long since she has written.'

Avice needed no second bidding, and in another moment she was standing by the old postman's side. 'Now, David,' she said coaxingly, 'where are those letters you promised me yesterday? I'm getting fearfully impatient for them.'

David shook his head. 'I'm fearing there's naething for ye the nicht, missie,' he replied, as he held open his scantily-filled bag for her inspection. 'But here's twa for the auld leddy yonder.'

nodding his head in the direction of the window as he spoke, and at the same time producing two square-looking packets from the bottom of his bag. 'Maybe there's some bit letter inside for you.'

Avice shook her head doubtfully; there was not much likelihood of that, she thought, as she returned to the sitting-room with them. 'Two for you, auntie,' she said, as she handed them to her. 'One's from grandmamma, and the other's an Indian letter—from papa, I expect; it's like his writing.'

If she had wanted to know the contents of the last-named letter, she was doomed to disappointment, for Miss Marchmont, after glancing at the superscription, placed it in her pocket and turned her attention to the other one. Her brother-in-law's scrawls were not easy to read, and she preferred deciphering them by herself.

Presently, however, Avice, seeing the Standishes at the gate, went off to join them in their walk; and then pulling the Indian letter out of its resting-place, the elder lady proceeded to peruse it. Apparently the contents did not exactly please her, for her usually placid forehead wore a decided frown as she replaced it in its envelope, and an ejaculation which, coming from other lips, might have been termed impatient, escaped her. 'It's a great nuisance,' she murmured, half aloud, as she gazed abstractedly out of the window—'a great nuisance. If only he had waited until rather later—until October, say, or even the end of September! But to have him coming home just now, when mother and I are both away from home, and Erica too—it is really *too* provoking. However, he'll just have to come and stay down here, if he really wants to see us on business.—Ah, well, I just wish Margaret had never met him. Poor Margaret! it would have been better for her at any rate if she hadn't.' And then the good soul went off into a day-dream, a sad-sweet dream of days which could never return, when her long dead sister, Avice's mother, had been a laughing joyous girl, just as her daughter was now, in the bright careless days before she had met and loved Kilmur Sacharty.

The shadows were growing long and black ere she was roused from her reverie by her niece's merry laugh. She smiled as she watched the girl's deft fingers light the little lamp, 'to save Perkins the trouble;' and sighed, too, as she noted how like every gesture, every movement of the slim figure, was to that of the dead young mother.

'I have had a letter from your father,' she began at last after a few minutes' pause. This was merely by way of introduction, as Avice knew that much already. 'It is not very long, nor is there much in it, except the fact that he is on his way home—ahem, I should say to England, at this moment.'

'Papa coming home! Why, how's that, auntie? He hasn't been abroad more than four years since he was here last. What can be bringing him home?' And Avice turned a look of inquiry upon her aunt.

'That I cannot tell you, for I do not know myself,' returned that lady. 'He merely says it is a matter of business, which he can settle best personally. But you know how erratic his movements are.'

Avice looked puzzled, but not altogether

pleased. The truth was, she also wished her father's visit had been deferred till later, for she had no mind to quit Mark's Cove before the Standishes, and she feared that this might lead to her aunt's returning home at once. So she was not a little relieved to hear Miss Marchmont declare that she had no intention of going back, and that if Kilmur wanted to see them, he could just come down to Mark's Cove.

'That's another fulfilment of my prophecy,' said Avice, as she related the news to her ally Humphrey the next day—'at least, I mean a kind of fulfilment, for of course it is a very nice one, and I prophesied evil.'

Humphrey didn't answer. He appeared busily engrossed in baiting one of the girl's hooks—in reality, he was doubting whether the news were really so good—at least for him, for 'papa' might object to his suit, and shatter all his hopes with one cruel blow. However, it was no good meeting trouble half-way, as he told himself; so, casting all thoughts of parental opposition to the winds, he set to work to enjoy himself as heartily as if no such thing could possibly exist, and the next few days passed more swiftly than those before. Destiny, however, was bringing the much-dreaded father nearer and nearer, until at last one fine day it landed him outside the little green door of Miss Marchmont's rooms, and gave him a friendly push over the threshold.

Humphrey was out when he arrived—by himself, for a wonder—the fact being that he had gone out in a herring-boat, 'just to see what it was like,' as he said; and he did not return until about eight o'clock the next morning.

Mrs Standish told him the news over his breakfast, and also added that she had been introduced to the new-comer.

'Oh! And what is he like?' inquired Humphrey, diligently buttering his bread, as if Kilmur Sacharty's appearance was no more to him than that of the sweep. 'Is he good-looking?'

'Um—yes. I suppose he would be considered rather handsome. But, my dear Humphrey,' in an expressive whisper, 'he is *black*.'

'*Black*!' almost shouted her son, springing out of his seat in astonishment. 'Do you mean to say that Avice Sacharty's father is black?'

Mrs Standish looked a little surprised. She had certainly not expected such an exhibition of feeling, although she guessed that her news would be rather startling.

'Of course, he is not like a nigger, my dear,' she said mildly. 'He is an Indian—but I'm not sure, as it is in Malacca he lives—a man of great influence, and of very high rank there, I believe. And he is not *very* black, not very much more so than Avice herself; and you know she is not particularly dark.'

Humphrey frowned. However noble and powerful the father might be, the idea of a coloured father-in-law was not exactly a pleasant one, even though the tinting were light. But still, as he reflected, intermarriage with foreign potentates and nobles was not considered such a very dreadful thing nowadays. In fact, it was done, well, if not every day, at least sometimes. And then there was Avice herself, so sweet and bright and lovable, with her winsome face, which had learned to brighten at his coming, and her

merry laugh, which rang in his ears like music. Surely, if she loved him, it was worth while submitting to some little disagreeables for her sake. And as he thought it all over, the recollection flashed over him of how that bright face had looked in its deathly pallor that day on the cliffs, when he all but lost her ere she was won; and he shuddered again at the remembrance, and felt firmly and clearly how impossible it would be for him to relinquish her, come what might.

And after all, when he was introduced to Mr Sacharty, he found that—to look on, at all events—he was not at all so bad as he had imagined. Dark he most certainly was, but exceedingly handsome notwithstanding, with clear-cut features, a thin composed-looking mouth, and glossy hair the colour of Avicé's, which waved slightly and most becomingly.

He professed himself charmed to meet his precious daughter's preserver, for as such he most assuredly regarded Humphrey, and offered no obstacle to the free unrestrained intercourse which had all along existed between the two. To be sure, he often made one of the party when Humphrey proposed any ramble or excursion for himself and Avicé; but the astute young man early discovered Mr Sacharty's objection to the motion of the sea, and accordingly increased the number of his aquatic expeditions, much to Avicé's secret joy, for she loved boating beyond everything.

So far there had been no mention of the 'business,' the grave importance of which had brought him to England, and Miss Marchmont was beginning to think of making some inquiries as to its nature, when, to her relief, her brother-in-law started the subject himself. They were alone. Miss Marchmont was sitting by the open window busily engaged in embroidering a pinafore for a little niece in Ireland, when Kilmur suddenly drew up his chair opposite hers and said quietly: 'Amelia, I want to have a little talk with you about the business which has brought me over here, and it seems to me that just now is a very good opportunity for doing so.'

'Well,' returned his sister-in-law, laying down her work, 'I am glad that you have started the subject; for I was beginning to have some very serious doubts as to the existence of any business whatever.'

The Indian smiled—an unpleasant smile. 'Oh yes, it is very real business,' he replied—'very real, I assure you. It is about Avicé's marriage.'

Miss Marchmont started. 'Avicé's marriage,' she repeated, a nameless dread striking cold at her heart. 'Why, she is not even engaged. What is the use of talking about marriage for a child like that?'

'Her mother was exactly the same age when she married me,' replied the other, in his cold measured tones—'exactly the same age, if I remember right; besides, what has age to do with the matter?'

'She cannot choose for herself; she is too young to know her own mind,' began Miss Marchmont; but her brother-in-law interrupted her.

'It is not a case of choosing for herself or of knowing her own mind,' he said quietly. 'It is I, her father, who have to choose; and I have chosen.'

'Good gracious, Kilmur, what do you mean?' Miss Marchmont was not given to the use of ejaculations, but the violence of her emotions forced this one from her.

'I mean precisely what I say,' was the answer. 'I have exercised my parental right in choosing my daughter's husband, and he is one of the richest men in all the Malay Peninsula.'

'And his name?' gasped Miss Marchmont.

'The Rajah Mutwaneé,' returned her brother-in-law triumphantly; 'and he has promised to make her his principal wife.'

'His principal wife! The principal wife—temporarily, of course—of a Malay rajah.'

All Miss Marchmont's ideas of right and honour rose in arms at such a thought. Her brother-in-law must have taken leave of his senses, and she would take upon herself the duty of setting him right. Possessed of a considerable flow of language, she took him severely to task there and then, and poured out the vials of her wrath upon him. But he did not mind. He shrugged his shoulders a little, and then sat patiently waiting, a smile on his thin lips, until such time as her eloquence should be exhausted.

At last she stopped, more from want of breath than from lack of argument; and then he repeated, politely but firmly, his former declaration, that he, as the girl's father, had complete authority over her in all matters whatsoever.

Miss Marchmont was momentarily dumfounded by his coolness. Only momentarily, however, for suddenly bending forward in her chair, the light of triumph in her eyes, she exclaimed: 'Kilmur Sacharty, you have no such authority. You renounced it entirely on her mother's death.—No!' as he opened his lips as if to reply; 'you need not trouble to deny the fact, for I have your formal renunciation in black and white at the lawyer's, and by that paper her grandmother and myself are appointed Avicé's guardians.'

An angry gleam flashed in the dark eyes of the foreigner. 'That paper is not binding,' he cried fiercely. 'In my own land, among my own people, I can snap my fingers at your musty lawyers and their foolish decrees, fit only for the control of slow-blooded Englishmen. We in Malacca do not acknowledge such papers; we do not hold that faith should be kept with infidels.'

A scornful smile curled round the corners of the spinster's lip as he said this. 'You talk foolishly, Kilmur,' she said, rising. 'When you come to think the matter over, you will see that I am right.'

Apparently, Miss Marchmont was right when she predicted that Kilmur Sacharty would think better of what he had said; for the next morning he waylaid her as she was going down to the beach and humbly apologised for his rash and foolish words. She was the more surprised at this, as she knew her brother-in-law to be a man of an intensely proud nature, and for a moment she was somewhat inclined to doubt his sincerity. However, his penitence, although somewhat theatrically expressed, seemed real enough; and after giving him a sharply-scrutinising glance, which he bore without flinching, she graciously accorded him the pardon he sought.

'Only I hope, Kilmur,' she added impressively,

'that you will never entertain such an outrageous idea again. Remember Aviee is not in the slightest degree answerable to you, nor have you any power over her.' With which warning speech she passed on down to the beach, leaving Kilmur to digest her words at his leisure. Had she seen the look of hatred which passed over her brother-in-law's face as she turned away, she might not have felt so comfortable as she did; but she was thinking of other things, and she did not notice him.

The truth was she had remarked for some time past Humphrey's growing attachment for Aviee, and her mind was occupied with the problem, did the girl return his affection, or were her feelings towards him merely those of friendship? She could not tell. Girls were queer creatures, and Aviee in some things was one of the queerest. The only way in which her aunt could judge was by watching her closely when with Humphrey; and even then, as she acknowledged with a sigh, it was very hard to tell.

Matters were in this state when one morning she received a letter from her sister in Ireland begging her to come over and help her, as her youngest child was dangerously ill with scarlet fever, and the two elder ones seemed to be sickening of the same fell complaint. She had scarcely finished reading her sister's mournful epistle, written in pencil by the sick child's side, when Kilmur, who was also engaged in perusing his correspondence, glanced up.

'Can you tell me when the next train goes to London?' he inquired. 'I find I must go at once to Berlin. I have some business there which requires my immediate attention, and I must go to London first.'

A feeling of relief came over Miss Marchmont's heart. If Kilmur were away, she should not mind leaving Aviee in Scotland, to pay a long promised visit to some friends, while she herself went to Ireland.

'There is a train about eleven o'clock,' broke in Aviee's voice before her aunt had time to answer. 'You could catch that nicely, I should think.'

Evidently her father thought so too; and by five minutes past eleven he was slowly steaming out of the Mark's Cove station, leaving Aviee and her aunt to return home and make their own preparations for a speedy departure.

Humphrey pulled a decidedly long face when he heard of their change of plan; 'though,' as Aviee remarked, 'it only made two or three days' difference, after all, Miss Marchmont having all along intended leaving on the first.'

'And to-morrow will be the twenty-eighth,' added the girl by way of consolation.

'Are you really leaving to-morrow, then?' queried Humphrey anxiously. 'So soon as that?'

They were standing by the little green gate, the afternoon sun glinting full upon them when he spoke, and in the soft light Aviee looked more beautiful than ever. The thought of parting from her even for a short time was a painful one.

'Yes, really and truly to-morrow,' she replied, absently pulling off the petals of the crimson rose at her belt.

Was it fancy, or was there really a sad inflection in the bright voice as she spoke? He could

not say, but a sudden impulse made him ask hurriedly: 'Are you sorry to go, Miss Sacharty? Would you have liked to have stayed?'

Something in his tone startled her, and she drew a step or two back through the little gate as she replied: 'Sorry? Well, yes; I am sorry! It has all been so happy, and now it is at an end, and it can never come over again.'

Humphrey looked at her in surprise. 'What do you mean?' he inquired. 'What is it that can never come over again?'

'Why, the summer,' she returned, colouring slightly under his earnest gaze. 'Of course there will be other summers, but then no two are quite alike—do you think so? I always feel that at the end of summer. A year will pass, you see, before the next—and a year is a long time.'

Before Humphrey could reply, Miss Marchmont appeared in the doorway. 'Come in, Aviee, dear—I want your help,' she said, nodding kindly to Humphrey. 'We have a good deal to do,* you know, and Perkins has got one of her bad headaches, and can do nothing.'

Aviee turned away, not sorry for the interruption. Humphrey had looked so strange, she thought, and had evidently not understood her remarks about the summer.

That was the last opportunity Humphrey had of a private talk with her; for, as Miss Marchmont had said, there was plenty to do, and the girl herself left early the next morning. 'Good-bye!' she cried gaily, waving her hand to him as the train began to move. 'I daresay I shall see you soon again!' And then, as the little trio on the platform faded out of sight, she sank back among the cushions of the carriage and prepared to enjoy her book. But somehow or other, its contents failed to interest her. The story—one which she had long wished to read, and which Humphrey had pushed into her hands as he bade her good-bye—seemed for the time to have lost its charm. The words made no sense. Two or three times she read over the same passage, and every time Humphrey's face seemed to come between her and the print, until at last she was fain to declare herself beaten, and shut it up with a bang which considerably startled the elderly lady who was seated in the opposite corner.

Strath Carron, where she was going, was a small place, but a good deal frequented just at that season by visitors, who were attracted partly by the mildness of its climate, and partly by the picturesqueness of its scenery, which was extremely grand and mountainous. Her friends, Major Douglas and his wife, had gone there chiefly on account of the mineral waters, for which the place was celebrated, and they were staying in an hotel near the Well.

'It is so much more convenient than staying in rooms,' Mrs Douglas explained as she led Aviee up-stairs on her arrival. 'One is saved all trouble and bother then.'

She was a pretty, delicate, little woman, of about two or three and thirty, of an easy-going temperament, which made her anything but a strict chaperon, as Aviee quickly found out. Indeed, her husband was much the best chaperon of the two, and had he been there all the time, it would have been better for Aviee. But the day after her arrival he went off to Perthshire

for some shooting, and the girl was left practically to her own devices.

She had been there about a week, or perhaps a little longer, when one morning coming in to lunch she noticed a fresh face at the long dining-table. The new-comer was a dark handsome man of about forty, clean shaven, and so dark in hue that she immediately decided that he must be, if not wholly coloured, at anyrate half-caste.

'Who is he, Mrs Douglas, do you know?' she inquired, gazing curiously at the apparently unconscious stranger; but though Mrs Douglas turned her gold-rimmed glasses full on the swarthy visage opposite, she could not say who or what he was. 'We shall learn his name by-and-by,' she returned carelessly; and Avic's curiosity remained for the time unsatisfied, and she dismissed him from her mind. Presently, however, she felt irresistibly impelled to look across the table at the stranger; and a curious undefinable feeling of uneasiness stole over her as she saw those keen black eyes fixed steadily upon her. She tried in vain to remove her eyes from his face. She looked at his neighbour, at the pot of heather which formed the central ornament of the table, and finally at her own plate; but wherever she looked, her glance seemed compelled to return to him. She gave a half-impatient shrug as she endeavoured to control her eyes, and a smile of satisfaction flitted momentarily over the dark face opposite. Lunch appeared that day an interminable affair, and Avic heaved a sigh of intense relief when at length it drew to a close and she followed Mrs Douglas from the room.

'How oppressive it was in there!' she exclaimed as they reached their own room. And indeed all lunch-time she had felt as if she were being stifled.

Mrs Douglas looked slightly astonished. 'Hot, do you mean?' she inquired, drawing on a pair of dainty driving-gloves. 'Why, my dear, I thought it quite cold. In fact, I made up my mind that a jacket would not be a bit too heavy driving this afternoon.'

'No; I don't mean that it was hot,' returned the girl. 'I mean—well, I can't quite explain; but it felt very horrid.' And she shivered slightly as she spoke, lying back in the easy-chair with evidently no intention of dressing.

Her friend was almost ready by this time. 'Aren't you coming out?' she asked with some surprise. 'We were going for a drive with Mrs Barfelt, you know.'

'Oh, to that place—what do you call it—that old castle near here? No; I don't think I'll come this afternoon. I've got rather a headache.'

Mrs Douglas looked quite distressed. 'What a pity!' she cried. 'Do change your mind, like a sensible girl, and come. You won't have the chance again, perhaps.'

But though she could not herself tell why she refused an excursion to which she had long been looking forward, Avic declined the invitation persistently.

'I've got rather a headache,' she repeated, 'and I should not enjoy it.'

So her friend was obliged reluctantly to depart, leaving her ensconced on the sofa with a novel and a bottle of lavender water by her side.

But less than an hour after Mrs Douglas had started she sallied forth, armed with the book and a rug, to a little glen at the back of the hotel. Why she chose that spot she could not have said, for it was not much frequented by the guests at the hotel, who usually scorned it on account of its nearness. Perhaps it was the cool green shadows of the glen which tempted Avic there that afternoon, or perhaps it was the tinkling music of the little burn which ran through it, and by the side of which she established herself, raising her eyes every now and then from her book to gaze into the clear depths of a pool in which were mirrored a thousand varying tints from the autumn trees above.

The time slipped slowly by, the silence unbroken save by the calls of the birds, the murmur of the brook, or the occasional rustle of some rabbit in the bushes, when all of a sudden, and without the slightest warning, she felt the same odd feeling of mental oppression which had so distressed her at lunch. Glancing up quickly, she saw the tall lithe form of the stranger standing before her.

IRRIGATION IN INDIA.

WHEN irrigation is spoken of in this country, it usually means the application to the soil of sewage. The necessity for running clean water over a field is hardly ever experienced; but in warm countries this is not the case. In countries like India, Persia, and China, the heat is so great, and the rainfall of the rainy season is so capricious, that artificial watering of the fields is required, if the certainty of a crop is to be looked for. In India, irrigation has been carried to great perfection. The water is obtained from canals, wells, and what are called tanks. These tanks or reservoirs are made by damming up the course of a river or stream at a suitable site. In the rainy season a large supply of water is thus stored up, to be used during the next summer. This source of water is but little used compared with that from canals and wells. There are no data to show what extent of land in India is watered from wells, but there is reason to believe that it exceeds that of either canals or tanks.

Canal irrigation existed before the advent of British rule in India. During the reigns of Akbar and Shah Jehan, in the more prosperous period of the Mogul dynasty, several canals for irrigation purposes were made. Indeed, one of the canals now existing, which takes its water from the river Jumna, is the reconstruction of a canal which was first excavated in the fourteenth century. During the last fifty years the government of India has done a great deal in the way of irrigation works, especially by constructing canals both in Northern and in Southern India. These are now, and, as time goes on, will be a still greater benefit to the country. It may be said of these canals that they are a permanent insurance against famine. They also employ a large number of native people, and, like the railways, they do

much to help on the improvement and civilisation of the country.

Before giving a short account of one of these canals, it may be advantageous to give a brief description of well-irrigation as carried on over all India, but especially in the more northern provinces. Nearly the whole of the great plain that embraces the country through which the river systems of the Indus and Ganges run, called the Indo-Gangetic plain, is alluvial in its formation, and water can always be obtained at no great depth from the surface. Indeed, an excavation carried no farther than ten or twelve feet will frequently gather as much water as will suffice for a limited plot of ground, such as a vegetable garden. Generally, however, the wells used for field-irrigation are constructed with care and at considerable expense—the principles of well-sinking being fully understood by the natives of India; and the shaft of each well is carefully lined with a cylinder of masonry.

The site chosen for the well is the highest point in the fields over which it is intended to run the water. But this difference in elevation is very slight in a country so level as the plains of India. To obtain a sufficient height for delivery of the water, it is generally necessary to raise the mouth of the well by surrounding it with a mound of earth, and the masonry cylinder is built up to the top of this mound.

The water is raised from these wells in large leathern buckets capable of holding ten to fifteen or even twenty gallons of water. Attached to the bucket is a rope, which passes over a grooved wheel or pulley, and its other end is fastened to the yoke of a pair of bullocks. These bullocks are driven down an inclined path or gangway, which, beginning at the top of the mound just mentioned, is continued into an excavation specially made for it. If the well is large and intended to water a good many fields, then a double gangway is made, so that two pairs of bullocks may be employed at the same time, one gangway for the downgoing, and the other for the upcoming bullocks. Each pair of bullocks has of course its own driver. A man is stationed at the top of the well, whose duty it is to overturn the buckets into a shallow enclosed space, from which the water flows into the irrigation channels, and is thus distributed over the fields. This distribution has also to be done by manual labour, men being employed to direct the stream over the several plots of land, all of which in turn receive thus a sufficient amount of water. This part of the irrigation process is the same whether the water comes from a well or from a canal.

Irrigation by means of canals is particularly suited to India on account of two of its geographical features. The first is, that at the time of the year when the water is most needed, the rivers in Northern India at least are very full, because the source of these rivers is the Himalayas, one of the longest and loftiest chains of snow-mountains

in the world; and during the intensely hot and dry weather in the months of April, May, and a part of June before the rainy season begins, the sun's heat is very great, and melts the snow on the mountains in enormous quantities; and thus the rivers are filled, not so full, it is true, as they are in the rains, yet containing a splendid supply of water for the crops at a time of the year when they would otherwise perish for want of it.

The second feature is that the land that has to be irrigated is an immense plain sloping gently towards the sea; so very gradual is this slope that it is sometimes difficult to get sufficient fall for the minor irrigation channels. In the main channels, however, the slope is too great; and to obviate the scouring action which a too rapid current would have, the gradient in the bed of the canal is made less by introducing falls at intervals. These falls are constructed of masonry, and they allow the water to make a sudden drop of from fifteen to twenty feet. In this way the too great slope is avoided.

It has just been mentioned that the rivers are full during the dry hot season. Nature thus by itself provides for the irrigation of the country; for a river like the Ganges has fertilised the land for many miles on either side of its course for centuries before a single canal had ever been made. But the water of a river can do far more fertilising work when distributed over the country by artificial channels; and to feed them, a parent canal is required.

Among all the irrigation canals of India there is none that has done so much for its agriculture as that known as the Ganges Canal. This large artificial river begins at Hardwar, in the north-west corner of the North-west Provinces, and ends at Cawnpore, running thus a distance of four hundred and forty-five miles. The notion of a canal in Great Britain is that of those used for navigation, in which the water is still; but in these irrigation canals the water flows like that in a river; yet there is this great difference between these canals and a river: the latter in its course becomes larger, by the contributions of its tributaries; while a canal on the contrary grows smaller as it performs its work of irrigation, so that in the case of the Ganges Canal by the time it reaches Cawnpore there is very little water left.

Hardwar, where the head-works of this canal are, is a very beautiful spot. It lies at the mouth of a wide gorge or valley at the foot of the Himalayas, down which the huge Ganges flows, and here it terminates its connection with the mountains, and begins its long course in the plains, running for nearly a thousand miles in a south-easterly direction to the Bay of Bengal. It is at this place that Sir Proby Cautley and the engineers associated with him determined to construct the dams required to force the water to enter the artificial channel which had previously been dug along the highest level in the country available for the purpose.

To effect this end, the channel for its first twenty miles had to be carried across the natural drainage of the country. In these twenty miles some very remarkable engineering works were

most successfully carried out. The canal was dug so as to run underneath two torrents, called the Ranipur Rao and the Pattri Rao; to cross and mingle its waters with a third, called the Ratmoo; and by a long aqueduct, including a masonry bridge of fifteen arches, it was taken over the fourth torrent, called the Solani. Thus was the water of the canal carried to the town of Roorkee, in the district of Saharunpore, the highest part of the great tract of land it was intended to irrigate.

When once the water had reached the highest level of the country, it was easy to make it flow over all the land that lay below it. This is done by means of distributories or artificial channels, known in India as *Rajbhas*, literally 'regal streams.' These are branched out into smaller channels, and these again into still smaller, and by these last the water is conveyed on to the fields. Before any of these minor channels are taken off, the canal has a width of one hundred and ninety feet, and carries a depth of ten feet of water when required, but between eight and nine feet is the usual depth. The amount of water flowing in the canal at any given time, or, as it is called, its 'discharge,' is constantly varying. It ranges between five to six thousand cubic feet per second. Some part of this water is lost by evaporation from the surface, and by percolation and leakage at sluices, bridges, &c. The evaporation in the dry hot weather sometimes amounts to half an inch in twenty-four hours.

It is not necessary to irrigate a field every day, even in the hottest weather. Moreover, some crops require more, and others less water. When, therefore, a group of fields has received sufficient water, the distributory leading to it is closed, and that leading to another group is opened. A regular rotation for carrying on irrigation is arranged between the canal officers and the villagers, and the latter are liable to be punished if they break through this rotation. In order to carry out these needful regulations, the government invests all canal officers with magisterial powers, so that they can try and dispose of all cases involving a breach of canal law. It is worth mentioning that in European countries where irrigation is extensively carried on, as in North Italy, Spain, and Southern France, it has also been found necessary to invest the canal officers with the powers of a magistrate.

It need hardly be said that the water in the canal does not cease running during the night. The cultivators therefore have to irrigate their fields during the dark hours, when it is their turn to do so; and it is during the night that offences against canal rules are often made, as, for instance, water is taken by a cultivator out of his proper turn, or even when he has no right to it at all. This necessitates the provision of a large number of watchmen or police, whose duty it is to prevent illegal irrigation, and also to bring to justice all offenders against the canal laws. It is to try cases of this kind that makes it needful to give magisterial powers to the higher grades of canal officers. All irrigated land pays a rate to the Government for the use of the water.

If land is irrigated, its fertility is assured; and

if the extent of land irrigated is considerable, it diminishes very much the risks of famine. As India is a country which has been periodically devastated by famines, the Government of India is fully justified in expending money in the making of irrigation canals. Experience has shown that private companies have not been successful in carrying out irrigation works, and the Government has therefore wisely kept them in its own hands. During the last twenty years a very large amount of capital has been sunk in canal works. (Up to 1883 the amount expended in the North-west Provinces alone was £6,890,769, and for this expenditure, between seven and eight million of acres have been brought under irrigation.) Financially also, the canals have been a great success; one canal in the North-west Provinces—the Eastern Jumna Canal—has paid for many years over twenty-five per cent. per annum on the capital employed in its construction; and all the canals together in the same province have paid over six per cent.; and this prosperity will increase as the distributories are extended and more land is irrigated. In the Madras Presidency, irrigation canals have been a greater financial success than even in Northern India.

Irrigation canals are also used for navigation; they are more used for this purpose in the Madras than in the Bengal Presidency. It is not, however, possible to make a canal in which the water runs with some velocity, a good water-way. The boats can go down-stream very well; but the difficulties of getting them up-stream are very great. Towing by means of steam-tugs has not been found to be suitable. On the Ganges Canal, in 1883, there were three hundred and twenty-five boats engaged in traffic. The towing of the boats up-stream is done wholly by men. In this canal, on account of the falls already mentioned, it is necessary that a navigation channel with one or more locks should be provided at every fall. By this means the canal can be navigated throughout its entire length. Although there is a considerable amount of produce taken down country by canal boats, still, navigation can be considered as of secondary importance only.

Still another purpose is served by these canals, especially at the falls on them. At some of these the whole water in the canal suddenly descends fifteen or twenty feet, and as the mass of water falling is over five thousand cubic feet in a second, there is an enormous amount of power generated. As yet, only a small part of this energy has been utilised. In the neighbourhood of the canals in the North-west Provinces a very large part of the wheat and other grains are ground by mills turned by water-power derived from the canals. The compact, but very effective turbine is the form of prime mover employed, with few exceptions, in these mills.

It is a matter of great regret to all the canal authorities in Northern India that more use cannot be made of so much valuable power; but the day cannot be far distant when it will be brought into useful action. It is said to have been proposed to light up New York by electric currents generated by dynamos which are to be worked by the Falls of Niagara. When this has been achieved, the same scheme will no

doubt be found to be applicable to the falls on the irrigation canals of India, so that they, too, may be used to turn machinery for any purpose that may be required.

PHYSICAL TEMPERAMENT OF MEN OF GENIUS.

ONE of the most interesting of studies, and yet one to which but few people direct their attention, is that exhibiting the peculiarities of mind and body which fall to the lot of those endowed with the power of shining above their fellow-creatures in the exercise of certain intellectual attributes—such intellectual attributes as are seen, for instance, in individuals devoted to the pursuits of literature; in great statesmen and warriors; in philosophers, poets, artists, and others. By analysing the minds and the corporeal peculiarities of such men we are enabled to pronounce a more just judgment upon them, and to observe how and how far we may admire and esteem the brilliancy of genius and talent.

Two of the most important phenomena which influence the lives of human beings are sensibility and contractility, both of which have their origin in the nervous system. Sensibility influences the character, the inclinations and affections, the will, the impetuosity or powerlessness of the imagination, the violence or moderation of the desires, and the activity or dullness of the intellect. Contractility always tends to the same end, contraction and effort, and alone acts and reacts.

The nervous system has a very great deal to answer for; and in close alliance with it are all the known forms of Temperament. There are the bilious and melancholic temperaments, and the lymphatic and sanguine temperaments. In some individuals these temperaments are mixed or compounded. Thus, Lafontaine, the learned and amiable Erasmus, and our great lexicographer, Johnson, were all blessed with temperaments compounded of the lymphatic and nervous. Apathy of character, a sort of happy-go-lucky existence, together with an extreme nicety of observation and a superior understanding—two leading features of goodness and greatness—belong to such constitutions.

In many cases the nervous apparatus possesses a vast amount of activity in company with the muscular system. There are men who by vigour of mind and power of muscle are capable of undertaking almost anything and surmounting every obstacle. Plato, whose all-powerful imagination has been the admiration of the intellectual world of all ages, was celebrated for his square herculean shoulders and vigorous bodily constitution. Julius Cæsar, too, that extraordinary combination of warrior, orator, historian, and statesman. Leonardo da Vinci, Ben Jonson, Buffon, Marshal Saxe, and Mirabeau, were all remarkable for their great corporeal strength. Still, men of extensive mind and herculean frame are rare examples.

The direction of the intellectual powers is determined by general modifications in constitutions, the nervous system participating in these modifications. The founder of the sect of Stoics is recorded to have been of the bilious tempera-

ment; that of the Epicurean philosophy of the sanguine. No wonder, then, that their systems diverged so widely. Again, the vivacious verse of Ariosto compared with the meditative pace of Tasso's muse, shows the predominance of the melancholic temperament in the latter, and the sanguine in the former. Corneille and Lafontaine were both great poets; but as the former was bilious, the latter phlegmatic, their genius bore different aspects, as did their verses. The physical temperament interferes with and makes its impress on the evolution of the nervous and intellectual powers, and it is this interference and impress which makes one painter delight in the tracing of the mild and sunny landscape, another in the wild and desolate; another in depicting the horrors of a scene of carnage, and another the joyous revelry of a roadside *cabaret*. The harmony of the nervous system with the other parts of the organism is the origin of the particular modes of physical and moral sensibility and the cause of the hidden impulse of diversified talent—the chances of fortune and of education being always excepted. This harmony exists in infinitely varying notes, and a scale of organic dispositions in exalted sensibility might be established if it were possible to graduate such a scale. These variations are always connected with some particular kind of organisation. Michael-Angelo and Giulio Romano, both of the bilious temperament, always represented similar characters. Raphael and Guido, both of the sanguine temperament, depicted life in all its beauty, purity, and brilliancy. They show us how in the enactment of the same art, the difference of minds, originating in the variety of temperaments, has a direct action on the productions of genius.

Medical men can testify to the heroic fortitude of mentally-gifted men in the most trying sicknesses. The same Rousseau, whom the veriest trifling contradiction or passing suspicion plunged into the most sombre melancholy, supported patiently through long years two painful and incurable bodily diseases. Many geniuses regard physical pain as a necessity of our nature, and are resigned to it; whilst mental agony would seem to astonish, to take them by surprise. The celebrated Pascal, whose mind in the later years of his short life was maintained in a state of enviable placidity by the firm faith he had in the resources of the Christian creed, but whose body was racked by the tortures of protracted suffering, would say to those around him, who were afflicted to behold his agonies: 'Do not pity me; all that I have to do is to submit myself humbly and peaceably.' Hogarth had an aneurism of the heart, which he bore manfully; but the fatal termination of the disease is said, with great probability, to have been hastened by the satire of the poet Churchill called *The Apology*. Even without the contrasted patience of moral and physical pain, there are men of high intellect for whom the latter has no terrors. The chemist Lavoisier was summoned during the Reign of Terror in France to his death: he calmly requested a few days in order to see the result of some experiments which he had in progress—in vain. This great philosopher of his day fell an immediate martyr to the political necessities of the ruthless tyrant Robespierre.

In some temperaments the great excitability of the nervous system necessarily leads to irregular evolution of nervous energy. In this consists the property which some have of passing 'From grave to gay, from lively to severe.' Livy, after stating that the elder Cato possessed a power of mind and strength of body that would have made him illustrious in any nation, adds that he had a versatile and malleable genius; and though serious in thought and stern in resolve, his intellect readily adapted itself to the lighter arts and occupations of life. Hence the power which a great poet shows in uniting himself with the feelings of all his fellow-beings, of partaking of their joys, their pains, their hopes, and their misfortunes; hence his sense of the ridiculous or the burlesque and his 'showing-up' of others' follies and feebleness; hence his enthusiasm for the great and the beautiful. And all these, if the mobility of sensibility is complete, are expressed by the man of genius with a richness of imagination and a grace that is ever varying, ever new. Dante's great mind imaged forth the beauteous Francesca da Rimini and the horrible picture of Ugolino and his sons. Cowper wrote the serious *Task* and the galloping *John Gilpin*; Pope wrote the *Essay on Man* and the *Rape of the Lock*; Byron, in the midst of all the reckless pleasantry of his *Don Juan*, introduces that glorious song to liberty, commencing with:

The isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung;

whilst Germany's great shining light, Goethe, wrote the meditative and terrific *Faust*, and likewise most merry and pleasing songs. This variable property of mind, however, is more prominently marked in the finished dramatist; for, in order to a complete identification, he must place himself in the situation of the person whom he would delineate, indue his character, his inclinations, and his sentiments. By Nature and by Nature's feelings only ought we to judge the merits of a dramatist.

By the same varied forms of physical and moral sensibility we observe how some men may cultivate, and with success, different branches of knowledge. Many who have admired the splendid colonnade of the Louvre are not aware that the architect was none other than Claude Perrault, a doctor of medicine. No Englishman hardly requires to be reminded of the wonderful versatility of genius displayed by the great Lord Bacon, at once a profound statesman, lawyer, and natural philosopher. Cardinal Richelieu, at the very time he was shaking Europe by his political craft, was in the habit of arranging and patronising *réunions* at the Hôtel de Rambouillet in which love-essays were read and discussed. Sir Humphry Davy, though a giant in the science of chemistry, was nevertheless a man of considerable poetical imagination. The varied talents of the art masters are repeatedly instanced in history—Michael-Angelo Buonarrotti, the inimitable sculptor, painter, architect and poet—by turns gloomy, profound, light, and sparkling, we behold him pass from the vast conception of St Peter's Church to the invention of a scaffold; from the tremendous scene of the Last Judgment to the droll tricks of Polichinello.

When we bear in mind this mental and phys-

ical mobility in men gifted with great genius, we can the more readily account for discrepancies of conduct and even of capability. The inequalities that so surprise the world may in great part be accounted for. Statesmen, scholars, and warriors are equally subject to similar alternations of cerebral weakness and vigour. This excess of sensibility produces various effects on the character and habits of those possessed with it, of which the most characteristic are irritability, vanity, and inconstancy of purpose. Pope made many and bitter enemies by his overbearing self-importance. Great actors are frequently found to be great egotists. Edmund Kean's standard of excellence was knowledge of acting; and he disliked the aristocracy because they were very ignorant on the point and could not learnedly discuss his merits. Modesty, however, is not incompatible with genius. There are some men of vast intellect who feel that there is a still far more elevated point than that which their genius has reached, and it is this feeling that accounts for their modesty.

Irritability is of frequent occurrence amongst men of genius. Perhaps those who have shown it in its most inveterate character are the older theological writers, in whom irascibility often settled into deadly hatred, giving rise to the proverbial *odium theologicum*. Abundant proof of irritability of temper may be found in Isaac Disraeli's *Quarrels of Authors*—Pope, Boyle, Davenant, Addison, and others.

The most exquisite productions of the human mind require both brilliant inspirations and profound meditation, as well as a certain exaltation of enthusiasm and a great degree of combining power. Genius as a rule consists in opposite powers, and yet these powers are admirably combined; the discordant mental attributes are harmonised. When we reflect upon the concord of faculties, the balancing of the most opposite powers, and the attendant specific organisation, we cannot but look upon great men as wonderful phenomena, which, like comets, are produced at distant intervals.

SOME SINGULAR SIGNS.

TRAVELLERS in China often derive amusement from the peculiarities of shop-signs there, many of which are couched in the most eloquent and poetical terms. In America, too, may be seen sign-plates of such curious occupations as hose-restorers, artificial-ear makers, child-adopters, salad-mixers, and so forth. But it is not necessary to leave the British Islands in order to find business announcements quite as curious in their way as those in other lands. In the Isle of Man, over the shop of a barber who supplies customers with all kinds of fishing-tackle, the writer was amused to read the following: 'Piscatorial Repository, Tonsorial Artist, Physiognomical Hairdresser, Cranium Manipulator and Capillary Abridger, Shaving and Hair-cutting with Ambidextrous Facility, Shampooing on Physiological Principles.' On a signboard in the town where the writer lives may be read this phonetic announcement. 'Shews Maid and Men dead Hear;' and when we add that it is over a cobbler's shop, the reader may discover its meaning.

A poetical shoemaker hung up the following remarkable effusion on a board over his shop :

Blow, oh, blow, ye heavenly breezes,
Underneath these leafy trees;
Sing, oh, sing, ye heavenly muses,
While I mend my boots and shoes.

Above an establishment in Liverpool not very long ago appeared the legend, 'Rages and Bones.' In another town can be seen the inscription, 'Cole and Wood, dealers in Wood and Coal;' and a street in Clifton is graced by a sign informing the passers-by that the owner thereof is a 'Milliner and Modest.'

A Bristol chimney-sweep once 'dropped into poetry' in this wise :

John Cummins lives here.
He'll sweep your chimneys cheap and clean,
With, or without, the new machine;
And if your chimneys catch on fire,
He'll put them out at your desire.

An inscription on a signboard in Lancashire announces the following miscellaneous articles for sale: 'Bibles, Blackballs, and Butter. Testaments, Tar, and Treacle, Godly Books, and Gimblets, Sold here.'

A shop-sign in London reads: 'Plots for novels or short stories. Prices reasonable.' The occupant of the shop is said to have a rare talent for devising plots, but no great powers of narration, so he is supposed to make his living by selling skeleton plots for stories in cheap papers.

Another singular business announcement over a certain photograph gallery is, 'Misfit photographs for sale.' This, we are told, brings many customers. Mothers, for instance, who have little children, often buy pictures of children with long hair when the hair of their loved ones hasn't grown, and send them round to friends at a distance. Brides' photographs are also said to sell very well.

'Teeth pulled while you wait' is a still more singular sign, said to have been set up by a dentist in Fleetwood.

This curious specimen of orthography was displayed on a house in a street in Marylebone: 'The Mangelling Traid removed hear from the Strete round the Cornir. Threhapense a Duzzen. N.B.—New Milk and Creme Sould Hear. Warentidd Fresh and not Stail evry Mornin'.'

A dealer in ice thus attracted public attention to his cold commodity :

Ice! Ice!! Ice!!!
If you want it pure and n }
And at a reasonable pr } ice
Follow no new dev
But send to me in a tr
At my off

'Irish and English' is the name of a firm in Buffalo, New York. The strangest thing about it is that Mr Irish is English, and Mr English is Irish.

As a precautionary measure, a Clapham jeweller painted on his shutters: 'NOTICE.—In every part of this house there is sure and certain death FOR BURGLARS. BEWARE.'

In a little village near Gloucester there was an inn situated at the foot of a hill, whose double-sided signboard bore the following :

Before the hill you do go up,
Step in and have a cheering cup.

On the other side :

You're down the hill, all danger past;
Come in and have a friendly glass.

At a small inn by the roadside, near a farmhouse called Highgate, can be read on a sign :

Highgate hangs high, hinders none;
Refresh, pay, and travel on.

He must have been a facetious hotel proprietor who hung up this sign in his rooms: 'Indian clubs and dumb-bells will not be permitted in any of the rooms. Guests in need of exercise can go down to the kitchen and pound a steak.'

A notice displayed in a Norway hotel is a curious specimen of 'English as she is spoke.' It reads as follows: 'Bath! first-class bath. Can anybody get. Tushbath. Warm and Cold. Tub-bath and Shower-bath. At any time. Except Saturday. By two hours forbore.' This brings to mind another specimen of foreigners' English, displayed on a notice posted up in an Art Exhibition in Japan to which foreigners were welcomed. Here are a few examples of the rules: 'Visitors is requested at the entrance to show tickets for inspection. Tickets are charged 10 sens and 2 sens, for the special and common respectively. No visitor who is mad or intoxicated is allowed to enter in, if any person found in shall be claimed to retire. No visitor is allowed to carry in with himself any parcel, umbrella, stick, and the like kind, except his purse, and is strictly forbidden to take in with himself dog, or the same kind of beasts. Visitor is requested to take good care of himself from thievery.'

An Englishman in Boulogne saw displayed in a shop window this notice: 'Eating and Drinking Sold Here.'

Doubtless, as curious as any of the foregoing is the puzzling sign in front of a small shoemaker's shop at Caunes. It is in English, and is thus worded: 'Repairs hung with stage-coach.' The visitor for whose benefit this information is intended, may, after much cogitation, arrive at the conclusion that the cobbler only wishes to inform his numerous patrons that repairs are executed with diligence.

A L O N E.

ALONE we tread life's devious pathways, sent
We know not whence, across our toilsome way,
Folded around in mists, uncertain, gray,
Shadows of hope and fear together blent.
Anon, the dull thick clouds apart are rent,
Love wakens, and makes glad the passing hours;
The way leads onward o'er upspringing flowers,
And past brooks murmur of a sweet content.
Yet, as we clasp and think this joy our own,
It fades—again in solitude we stand,
Watching the light wane o'er a darkening land;
The winds sob round us with a wailing moan;
When, all unlooked for, with a grim, firm hand,
Death opes the gate, and we pass out—alone.

MARY NIEL.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 394.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

MUSICAL MYTHS.

By J. F. ROWBOTHAM, Author of 'The History of Music.'

THE legend of Orpheus has been variously interpreted by the exponents of mythology, but however various their exposition, all seem to concur that the existence of a minstrel so accomplished as to make trees to follow him, and stones to move at the sound of his voice, is a fact which needs explaining by some hypothesis or another. A wider view of musical mythology than theorists are apt to take will, however, reveal the fact that not only have there been one Orpheus, but many Orpheuses in the world's history; that the whole chapter of man's imagination, which is mythology, teems with legends of music; and that so far from a scientific explanation being applicable to each, their very multiplicity would be a complete and effectual bar to such an attempt.

Of all the Orpheuses of primitive and savage legend—for the uncivilised races indulge in these fancies no less than their more educated brethren—Amalivaca, the divine minstrel of the Indians of Guiana, is one of the most curious. The whole earth was covered with water, and the rocks were prostrated by the flood; the beauty of the earth had completely disappeared under the chaotic onslaught of the destroying elements; and mankind, or what there was left of them, were in despair at the ruins of their once beautiful habitation, the globe. It was at this time that Amalivaca, the best drummer the world had ever seen, took his drum, made of the finest snake-skin, and beat upon it in time and measure so symmetrical, that the waters gradually sank delighted to the sea, and the rocks arose to listen. In this way, while he continued playing, the materials of the universe gradually sorted themselves until they attained the form they wear at present. Amphion building the walls of Thebes would perhaps be the classical analogy to this exploit of Amalivaca. Amalivaca also invented the first musical instrument which human ear ever heard—the rattle. Divine help was neces-

sary to him towards performing this triumph of discovery, pondering over which the musician wandered restlessly and uneasily about the banks of the Orinoco, not knowing what to do or how to satisfy his desire for music. In those days, says the legend, there was no musical sound in the world beyond what came from the untaught and sweet cadences of the voice of women. Music, with its regular beats and its regular refrains, had no existence; but Amalivaca had conceived the art in his mind. As he was walking down the reedy side of the Orinoco, a female form suddenly appeared from the water, and plucking off a gourd from a tree, gave it him, bidding him form an instrument therefrom. Still more perplexed, the sage pondered on his hard task, but without effect, until a second time the water-goddess appeared, this time bringing with her a handful of white stones from the bottom of the river, which she bade him enclose in the gourd. Thus was made the first rattle—and perhaps the first instrument which human ear ever heard.

So sacred and so miraculous did the South American Indians deem this discovery, that the rattle thus invented became an idol, which, with a worship peculiar to that continent, is adored with the same ceremonies and devotion which other uncivilised peoples pay to a figure of wood or stone. Numerous are the myths connected with this musical idol and its remarkable exploits. In many parts of Brazil it has, or used to have, a regular fraternity of priests devoted to its service, who regulate the ceremonies and enjoy the various benefits connected with their ministry. They consult the musical idol, on the payment of a certain fee by the laity—causing it to rattle so many times, and interpreting its responses with as much credulity and good faith as did the priests of Dodona the cooing of the doves. Sacrifices are offered to the idol at stated times, consisting of flesh and fruits, a hole being made in the side of the rattle to represent the mouth, and the choicest dainties pushed through there to satisfy the appetite of the god. Sometimes even human sacrifices are offered to this musical deity;

and warriors on the eve of a battle pass the night in silent prayer at its shrine.

Music has been used and is still employed by many uncivilised races to predict the future. The drum is the usual instrument appropriated to the office of divination, possibly for the very good reason that primitive peoples as a rule have no other. The Lapland wizards, who to the present day retain their ascendancy over the credulity of their countrymen, paint the luminaries of the sky upon their drum heads, together with figures of the earth, rivers, trees, mountains, &c., pretending that the instrument was the direct creator of the harmony of the world, in the manner of Amalivaca's drum, as we have just described it. This being assumed true, what more likely than that the same drum which reared the structure of the universe shall be able with very little trouble to give information relative to its affairs—in one word, to predict the future. By interpretation of its tapping, the drummers undertake to foretell the weather and the approach of storms, the probable success in hunting, the issue of any trade or barter in which a Laplander may be engaged. The drum serves these professors of its excellence as a sort of divining-rod, not unlike the hazel wand once so famous, by means of which they can discover a lost reindeer, or the whereabouts on the frosty plains of any article that has been dropped from a sledge. Among the Samoiedes and the tribes of northern Asiatic Russia the drum passes almost to an idol. They address it, erect it in their hut, and the priests of the superstition by the aid of the divine instrument effect that magical 'disappearance' which has puzzled all travellers from Sir Hugh Willoughby downwards to account for, and has given rise to as much guesswork at its elucidation as the feats of the Indian jugglers. The Samoiede, after beating his drum and working up the senses of his spectators to a pitch of great excitement, mysteriously vanishes into thin air before the eyes of all. Civilised travellers naturally hold that it is a trick. The Samoiedes themselves declare that the power resides in the drum-idol. The peculiar thing is that neither one party nor the other has been able to explain how the vanishing occurs.

The North American Indians, whose legends are a most interesting mine of strange traditions, make the drum the instrument of the angels. A tired hunter, once lost on the prairie, and overcome with fatigue and despair, lay down on the sward and fell asleep; when, behold, in his dream he saw the heavens open, and a car made of osiers descending from the sky with inconceivable rapidity. In the car were twelve beautiful girls with golden wings, who played celestial music upon drums of gold. Among them was his dead wife, thus sent to him by the Great Spirit to show him the right way out of the labyrinthine prairie. She directed him, pointing with her drumstick in the way in which he should go. The car flew up; the hunter awoke; and the heavens were resounding with the drums of the celestial maidens and of the angels in the vaults above.

A strange pendant to this tale, denoting still more strikingly the sanctity of the instrument, is to be found in another Indian legend supplemented by a practice. At stated festivals among

certain tribes, the elders of the tribe produce four sacred drums filled with water. Into these they affirm the waters of the world subsided after the deluge. They beat upon them, they say, to imitate the action of the Great Spirit, who by this simple musical means divided the earth from the waters, and restored order to the flooded globe.

The Mexicans were at a high point of civilisation at the time of the conquest; and their god of music—answering to Apollo among the Greeks—was Tezcatlipoca, to whom the flute was sacred. Tezcatlipoca was the most beautiful of all deities of the sky, and, in profound compassion for the miseries of man, had brought music from heaven on a bridge made of whales and turtles. These animals, transfixed with rapture at his beautiful song, had joined body to body in an illimitable line, all the whales and turtles in the ocean co-operating to form the endless pile, till the bridge reached from the waves of the sea to the skyey realms where Tezcatlipoca sat. Then the divinity arose, and clad in pure white, with twenty golden bells jingling round his ankles, and at his lips a silver flute, which he played in a most harmonious melody, he descended to the realms of mortal man. He taught flute-playing and the fabrication of that instrument to the Mexican priests, who, in his honour and out of gratitude to him for the boon, instituted the following singular ceremony. Once a year they chose the handsomest youth in Mexico, and dressed him in the same manner in which Tezcatlipoca had appeared to them with the golden bells round his ankles, and the constantly warbling flute in his hand. He was worshipped as a god for the whole year. At the end of that time he was sacrificed on an altar of jasper to the god of music, who required his life. The sacrifice took place on the top of one of the pyramid temples; and on his way up the interminable staircase, the unfortunate youth, followed by a priest carrying a sheaf of flutes, broke one flute against each step, to show that his glory and his delights as the incarnation of Tezcatlipoca were over at last.

The Chinese have extraordinary superstitions relating to music. According to them, the creator of the universe hid eight sounds in the earth, for the express purpose of impelling mortal man to find them out; on the same principle, we presume, that Jupiter in Virgil hides fire in flint and honey in trees, in order to whet the ardour of man's industry in re-discovering the treasures. In stone, in metal, in silk, in wood, in bamboo, in pumpkins, in the skins of animals, and in certain earths, these sounds, according to the Chinese, are hidden. The musical instruments of their orchestra are all made of one or other of these substances, and the naïve credulity of the people hears in the thuds of the gongs and the whistling of the pipes the tones of the eternal sounds of nature and the universe, as deposited in the strata of the earth by the Almighty Father. How was the musical scale first invented? That query, which has troubled the theorists of all lands, and has had its answer hitherto only in mystifying speculations and unintelligible theories, the Chinese will reply to by a legend most ingenious and most apropos, which, they hold, offers a complete explanation of the mystery. In the reign of Hoang-ty, they say, there was once a prince called Lyng-lun, who was the most beauti-

ful man and at the same time the most profound musician in China. He, under pain of a severe penalty by the order-loving emperor, was commanded to arrange and regulate Chinese music on the same principle whereon Hoang-ty had arranged law and politics throughout the Chinese empire. Full of thought, Lyng-lun wandered to the land of Si-jaung, where the bamboos grow. Having taken one of them, he cut it off between two of the knots, and pushing out the pith, blew into the hollow. The bamboo uttered a most beautiful note, to Lyng-lun's intense surprise. Simultaneously, the river Hoang-ho, which ran boiling by, roared with its waves, and the tone was in unison with the note of the bamboo. 'Behold,' cried Lyng-lun, 'the fundamental sound of nature!' Two magical birds then came and perched themselves upon some trees near, and sang one after the other the seven notes of the scale, starting from the tone which had been roared by the Hoang-ho and warbled by the bamboo. Here is a scale, say the Chinese, at once intelligible, inimitable, and easily revealed. Lyng-lun had merely to cut seven more bamboos and tune them to the pitches he had heard, and the scale was made. This he did; and thus was the art of music inaugurated and founded by Hoang-ty's court musician on a firm and unalterable basis.

Passing to the musical myths of European nations, the stories of the Greeks and Romans need not be here recapitulated, as containing little that could come in the shape of novelty. The middle ages were a prolific source of musical myth, and the learned chroniclers who did not hesitate to regard Alexander as a knight-errant who overthrew Darius in the lists, and Julius Cæsar as an emperor elected by the European diet which contained Pompey, Cato, Atticus, Scipio, and Solomon as its five electors, were not at all distressed by the often asked question, What is the origin of music in the world? According to them, there existed at the time of Noah a celebrated king entitled Blegabres. He lived before the Flood, and inhabited a land where, in the manner of a less illustrious namesake of his, King Cole by name, not only did music flow most sweetly, but other things besides of a more ardent nature, notably wine, beer, and mead. There is here perhaps a direct allusion to Noah's intoxication, but nothing is stated thereon in the tale. King Blegabres lived in this happy land, and listened all day long to the strains of cornet, psaltery, sackbut, &c.—in fact, the court breathed eternal music, as, according to Homer, the court of Æolus, king of the winds, is described, no less graphically and mysteriously, as doing. The memory of King Blegabres and his court, washed out by the Flood, was after a while revived by St Julian, the patron saint of minstrels, who, by a divine intuition, was enabled to report concerning the infancy of the musical art.

The Wends, who, we believe, are the ancestors of the modern Prussians, are the centre of many legends. The Pied Piper of Hamelin was a Wend; so also was the piper of the Harz Mountains, who appeared so many days a year, and played unearthly tunes, and whosoever heard at once fell into a frenzy, from which there was no escaping. All these pied and weird pipers assem-

bled once a year at the Brocken, where there was a general carnival, the Arch Fiend leading the concert on a violin, witches rolling round and fiddling on the skulls of horses, and the pipers adding the concert of their unholy instruments.

Most of the legends of the middle ages introduce a diabolical element into the music; and in concluding this short accumulation of musical myths we may remark as strange that the traditions of the art, which in early times and even among savage nations are the holiest and the highest, describing its influence as the diffusion of peace and order, and making gods and angels its expositors, should suddenly, when the middle ages are reached, take such an unexpected turn, regarding music as the direct production of the Evil One, and in every sense of the word sacrilegious and profane.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXXII.—SHOPPING.

A FEW days after her arrival in Algiers, Psyche had so far recovered from her fatigue that Geraldine Maitland arranged a party to go down into the town together.

The winter visitors at Algiers live entirely on the Mustapha hill, at a distance of some two or three miles from the town and harbour. A breakneck Arab path, sunk deep in the soil like a Devonshire lane, leads the foot-passenger in a straight line by tumble-down steps to the outskirts and the shore: omnibuses and carriages follow the slower zigzags of a broad modern highway that winds by gentle gradients round numerous elbows to the town walls at the Porte d'Isly. Psyche and the Vanrenens, under Geraldine's guidance, took the comfortable tram (the horse-car, Cyrus called it) by this latter route, and descended gradually to the ramparts of the French engineers.

Once within the gate, in Algiers proper, Psyche felt herself immediately in the very thick and heart of Islam. Who shall describe that wonderful dramatic Oriental world—ever old, yet ever new; busy with human life as bees at a swarming, or ants when a stick has been poked into their nest; all seething and fermenting in a Babel of tongues, and hurrying and scurrying on every side for no possible or conceivable earthly reason? Algiers is the most fascinating and animated of Mediterranean towns. Dirty, malodorous, African if you will, but alive all over, and intensely attractive and alluring for all that, in its crowded streets and courts and alleys. Psyche was not lucky enough to meet on her entry a laden caravan of solemn long-legged camels, striding placidly out on their start for the desert; but the donkeys, the mules, the Moors, the Arabs, the infinite variety of colour and costume, amply sufficed to keep her attention alive as they threaded their way through that quaint jumble of all Mediterranean and African nationalities.

Geraldine, to whom all this was as familiar as Petheron, led them lightly through the vestibule of the town. Psyche was amused, in spite of her sadness, at the curious jumble of transparent incongruities in that antique new-fangled Franco-Moorish Algiers. Here, a little French *épicerie*,

ensconced half hidden in an ill-lighted shop, where Provençal bourgeois folk served out small odds and ends to bareheaded negresses; there, an Arab café, darker and dirtier still, where dusky cross-legged figures in Oriental costume, innocent of the laundry, smoked doubtful tobacco and tossed off cups of black steaming Mocha; and yonder, again, a little bazaar for Moorish curiosities, where a Barbary Jew in dark-coloured turban, jacket, and sash, ogled them in with oleaginous smile to inspect his cheap stock of Birmingham antiquities. At every step Psyche stopped irresistibly to gaze and smile; the town itself and all its stream of passengers unrolled itself in long and endless perspective like a living panorama before her attentive eyes.

They passed a big square with a well-kept garden of the formal French sort; a theatre that for size and imposing front might almost compare with the finest in Paris; a close-piled insanitary Arab quarter, by no means running with milk and rose-water; a tangle of lanes threading their way steeply up hill in every possible direction except a straight line, for which native architects appear to harbour an instinctive dislike; a narrow courtyard open to the sky; a white-washed mosque, where a respectable gray-bearded native *cadi* squatted cross-legged on the floor doing equal justice by summary process between his Arab neighbours. Railways, tram-cars, donkeys, and omnibuses; a European brass band, and a group of red-cloaked Arabs from the desert; Moorish squalor, dirt, and discomfort; the kiosques and journals and loungers of the boulevards! The main street through which they made their tortuous way was arcaded like Paris; but oh, what a difference in the surging crowd that thronged and filled it in unending variety! Arab, Moor, Kabyle, and Negro; Jewesses with their heads enclosed in tight black skull-caps, and their chins tied up as if they suffered perennially from an aggravated complication of mumps and toothache; and Mussulman women who showed above their veil but their great black eyes, yet coquetted so freely with those and their twitching fingers in the corners of their robes that Cyrus almost ceased to wonder as he passed at their prudent lords' precautionary measures.

They turned round by the brand-new minarets of the modernised cathedral, and entered the narrow little Rue de la Lyre. Ahmed ben Abd-er-Rahman (may Allah increase him!) has a Moorish shop in that dark thoroughfare which is the joy and delight of all feminine sojourners in the tents of Shem. Corona's face lighted up with pleasure. 'Why, we're going to Abd-er-Rahman's,' she exclaimed with much delight. 'That's nice, Miss Dumaresq. I do just love a good day's shopping down here in the Moorish part of the city.'

'Don't call me "Miss Dumaresq,"' Psyche said gently. 'Call me Psyche, won't you?'

Corona drew back in genuine hesitation. 'May I?' she asked. 'Well, I do call that real nice of you, now. I was afraid to be too much at home with Haviland Dumaresq's daughter, you see. But you ain't set up. It's right kind and friendly of you—that's just what it is. And will you call us Sirena and Corona?'

Psyche in her turn drew back, hesitating. 'Why, I thought you so grand when I first saw

you,' she said, taken aback. 'I was afraid to talk to you, almost, I was so dreadfully frightened.'

'Well, I do call that good now,' Corona cried, laughing.—'Say, Sirena, here's Psyche says when she first saw us she was most afraid to speak at table to us!'

'Well, I want to know!' Sirena exclaimed, much amused. 'Afraid of you and me, Corona!'

They both laughed at it as a very good joke; and Psyche, she knew not why, laughed too, for their merriment was contagious. They had reached by this time a darkling corridor in the dingy side-street, under whose gloomy arch Geraldine plunged undismayed, and led them all blindfold into a central court, where Psyche found herself at once, to her sudden surprise, in a perfect paradise of Oriental art, set out in an unaffected living museum of Oriental architecture. The courtyard was tiled and roofed in with glass: round the lower floor ran a pretty open arcade of Saracenic arches; the upper story was also arcaded, but hemmed in by balustrades of pierced wood-work, carved and latticed like a medieval screen in exquisite patterns. All round lay the usual farrago of Eastern curiosities: Damascus lamps, and Persian saddle-cloths, and Morocco jars, and Algerian embroideries, all scattered about loosely in picturesque confusion. In the centre, sat solid old Abd-er-Rahman himself in dignified silence—a massive old Moor in an embroidered coat and ample turban; he rose as Geraldine Maitland entered, and bowed her into his shop with stately courtesy.

'You're tired, dear,' Geraldine said to her friend, as she turned to mount the stairs to the second floor. 'The girls and I'll go up and look at the things in the gallery there.—Mr Vanrenen, you'll stop down here with Psyche, and find her a chair, for she mustn't fatigue herself.'

'Why, certainly,' Cyrus answered, nothing loth. He had a vested interest in Psyche now. He had seen a good deal of the pink-and-white English girl during these last few days—more white than pink, of late, unhappily: and what with Sirena's hints and Geraldine Maitland's obduracy, he had almost begun to consider with himself the leading question whether one high-toned Englishwoman mightn't do at a pinch almost as well in the end as another. So he sat and talked with her with a very good grace, while Corona and Sirena cheapened trays and Koran stands with Abd-er-Rahman himself in the upper gallery.

They waited long, and Cyrus at last began to covet in turn some of the pretty embroideries that lay heaped in piles on one another around them. He turned a few over carelessly with his hands. 'There's a beauty, now,' he said, taking up a long strip of antique Tunisian needlework and holding it out at arm's-length before Psyche. 'I expect Corona wouldn't mind that bit, Miss Dumaresq.'

'It is lovely,' Psyche said, 'as lovely as a picture. How much—an artist—would admire a piece like that now, Mr Vanrenen!'

She said 'an artist,' but she meant in her heart Linnell. Her mind went back at a bound to those old days at Petherton. Cyrus threw it lightly and gracefully round her shoulder. Your American, even though unskilled in the courtesy of words, has always a certain practical gracefulness in his treatment of women. He regards

them as something too fragile and costly to be roughly handled. 'It becomes you, Miss Dumaresq,' he said, gazing at her admiringly. 'You look quite a picture in it. It'd make up beautifully for evening dress, I expect.'

Psyche trembled lest he should buy that too. 'Papa wouldn't like me to wear it, though,' she put in hastily. 'I'm sure he wouldn't let me. It's against his principles.'

Cyrus leaned back on his chair and surveyed her with a certain distant chivalrous regard. 'That's a pity,' he answered, 'for I'd like to give it to you.'

Psyche made haste to decline the kindly-meant suggestion. 'Oh, how good of you!' she cried. 'But you mustn't, please. I'd rather you wouldn't.—Why, you seem to buy everything that takes your fancy. How awfully rich you must be, Mr Vanrenen!'

'Well, I ain't in want,' Cyrus admitted frankly. 'I can afford most anything I feel I'm in need of.'

'I've never known any rich people before,' Psyche said abstractedly, for want of something better to say. 'Papa thinks poor people are more the right sort for us to know.'

'No?' Cyrus murmured with genuine regret. He liked Psyche, and he wanted her to like him.

Psyche played with the corner of the embroidery, embarrassed. She felt she had said one of the things she had rather have left unsaid. 'But he likes *you*,' she went on with her charming smile. 'In fact, we both like you.'

'No?' Cyrus said again, in a very pleased voice. 'Now I call that real nice and friendly of him, Miss Dumaresq.'

Psyche folded up the embroidery and replaced it on the heap. This interview was beginning to get embarrassingly long. Just as she was wondering what on earth she could say next, Geraldine Maitland came down the steps with Corona and Sirena to relieve her from her painfully false position.

'Where next?' Cyrus exclaimed, jumping up from his seat. 'Sirena always goes the rounds of the stores regularly when she comes into the city.'

'To the photographer's,' Sirena said; 'I want some of those lovely views of the ragged boys.—These little Arab chaps are just sweet, Miss Maitland.'

So they went to Famin's in the Rue Bab-Azoun, where Sirena had seen the particular photographs she so specially coveted.

Psyche's eyes gave her no trouble now. She entered the shop and gazed around it fearlessly. On an easel in the corner was a painting of an Arab girl, standing under a doorway in the native town. Psyche's heart came up into her mouth as her gaze fell upon it. She was no judge of art, but love had taught her better than years in museums or galleries could ever have done to know one artist's hand. She recognised in a moment that unmistakable touch. It was a specimen of Linnell's Algerian subjects!

The colour fled from her cheek all at once. She gazed at it hard, and took it all in slowly. Then, all of a sudden, as she still looked, for the first time since she arrived in Algeria, the shop and the picture faded away before her. She

groped her way over to a chair in her distress. Thick darkness enveloped the world. Cyrus, astonished, led her over to a chair. 'Thank you,' she said, as she seated herself upon it. 'Geraldine—my eyes'—She could get no further.

Geraldine understood it all with feminine quickness. She beckoned Cyrus out of the shop quietly. 'Run for a *fiacre*,' she said, herself all trembling. 'You'll find one opposite the mosque in the square. Her eyes have gone again. I know what's the matter. That's one of the pictures Mr Linnell painted. Psyche was very much attached to him indeed, and he died at Khartoum. I tell you this to secure your help. Don't say anything more about it than you can avoid at the Orangers. And tell Corona and Sirena to keep it quite quiet.'

Cyrus nodded assent. 'You may depend upon me,' he said; and he was off at full speed to get the *fiacre*. When it arrived, he led out Psyche with tender care, and placed her like a brother in the corner of the cushions. They drove up in silence, for the most part, Geraldine alone having the courage to make occasional pretences at conversation. By the time they reached the gate of the Orangers, the veil had fallen again from Psyche's eyes. But her father, who met her at the door with his searching glance, was not to be deceived. 'Your sight went again,' he said with awe as he scanned her pallid face. And Psyche, too truthful to try to hide it, answered merely, 'Yes, Papa,' and hid her sorrow straightway in her own little bedroom.

OUR CITY OF NATIONS.

THE cosmopolitan character of London is generally known, but perhaps indifferently realised. Statistics are sometimes presented showing how large an army of strangers is in occupation, and of what curiously mixed contingents it consists. But it is hard to clothe such figures with the interest that would bring about their proper appreciation. And the wonderful, mobile, shifting mass is a marvel from so many points of view, that curiosity is easily satiated without considering details. The great metropolitan hive may fitly be called a 'City of Nations.' Make a leisurely, observant exploration of certain districts, some of which have well-defined boundaries though no Custom-house officer inflicts the ignominy of inspection and no passport is demanded. Talk with the inhabitants. Note how the musical tongue of the far-off southern vineyard, and the *patois* of the mountain, and the guttural speech of the plains between great rivers, 'shadows' in the conversation the troublesome English—fair copy or ludicrous travesty. Study the men and the manners, the dress and the ruling occupations of each separate and contrasted locality. Then come back to the numbers recorded in official sheets, or in an Encyclopedia, and they will be dry and meaningless no longer.

At the head of the list, in point of numbers, of Continental peoples represented are the Germans. A steady stream of recruits from the Fatherland has for many a year poured into English counting-houses. Not every one is pleased by the competition thus rendered more rigorous. Home-bred clerks grumble; they say the bread is taken

from their mouths; and the sense of injury sustained is keen. But the remedy must surely be to win such an equipment as to warrant expectation of success whatever the press of alien applicants. Let our young clerks have as much plodding industry, indomitable perseverance, and concentration of purpose, as the Germans, and get to know as many languages, and their risk of being passed in the race will be much reduced.

Naturally, the tide of German immigration has greatly scattered itself. A cheap home has to be sought by the majority of the newcomers, and they turn east, west, north, or south, as opportunity directs. The room or rooms that suit may be in Islington or Kennington or away at Stratford. There are always means to bring the worker to his work for a few pence.

As the crow flies south from St Paul's, it is no far cast to a true German colony. Here, on the edge of Camberwell, Denmark Hill rises. As the reading world knows, and as Camberwell residents doubtless delight to remember, many of the scenes in *Madcap Violet* are placed in this locality; and Mr William Black incidentally refers in his novel to the prevalence of the German idiom. His heroine waits in Victoria Station, and others are waiting too: 'Friends bound for the same house. They were joking merrily. They were young Germans, and a trifle boisterous.' Well-to-do merchants reside hereabouts, perhaps some of those who figure in the column and three-quarters devoted to the letter Z in the commercial section of the Post-office Directory, and who are German or Polish almost to a man. And near to the station is a little German church, where the Lutheran service is rendered, and the spirit-stirring hymns of the reformer, whose words were 'half-battles,' are often sung.

The number of Kaiser Wilhelm's self-exiled sons and daughters of the Iron Empire in town and suburb, together with London-born descendants of German parents, is reckoned at upwards of sixty thousand. In the war-time twenty years ago, there was of course a great fluctuation; but now the figures may be said to grow daily.

France sends the English metropolis about half as many of her children. There has been a history belonging to repeated arrivals of companies. In bygone centuries they generally crossed Channel in the character of refugees, and they found Londoners uniformly hospitable. The revocation of the Edict of Nantes about the end of the seventeenth century brought over a very great number of resolute Huguenots. They settled in Soho, Leicester Square, and St Giles, in Chelsea, and Wandsworth. The Reign of Terror caused many royalists to seek shelter in the district about Southampton Row, in Somers Town, and elsewhere. The tide never set back again; and others drifted over and joined the descendants of the older and compulsory exiles. At a date now remote, the region around Leicester Square had the fame which it still keeps of a foreign ground within an English city. Here was the true 'Petty France,' though York Street, Westminster, once had the name from its homes of foreign wool-staplers. William Maitland, the topographer, in his *History of London* (1739), says that in this vicinity it was 'an easy matter for a stranger to fancy himself in France.' If the diffi-

culty of such a mental feat has increased, it is because of the greater fullness and variety of the constant traffic current, not through any replacement of the abiding French sights and sounds by purely insular ones. The Gaul is still in these quiet back streets, these noisy short-cuts, these restaurants, these haunts of unfamiliar industries. The shops show at once to the initiated critic the nationality of the common customer. The foreign names are in keeping now with the wares in the windows. The provision-dealers make the many condiments that are so dear to the French palate a leading 'line' in their trade. Small 'generals' are here in profusion, but there is a special stamp upon their stock. The British artisan would be at a loss to know how to use a large proportion of their wares. And then, as has been hinted, peculiar callings are followed in the shabby, heated, evil-smelling back buildings. The man in the blouse, volatile, fierce, given to gesticulation, bends over strange pipe-carving or dresses hats with the true Parisian gloss. If times are bad and the prevailing moods morose or sardonic, the stray inquisitor may hear himself satirised in untranslatable communistic slang.

The Frenchman is not behind his traditional adversary, the German, in fraternising with his fellow-exiles. Social clubs exist in considerable numbers, and have many shades of worth and unworth. They preserve and foster the spirit of nationality. When one of them is in session—of course in a house which is French as to its master, French as to its appointments large and small, French as to its atmosphere, object, and language—the whole might be transported entire, like a piece of stage furniture, and dropped into a niche in some faubourg by the Seine, and provoke no comment by its incongruity.

The Italians in London are fewer; but they also have their colonies—each a small 'reserve' in the big city-state, a subsidiary centre in the great maelstrom. Hatton Garden is such a rendezvous. In the rough square shut in by Gray's Inn Road, Holborn, Theobalds Road, and Farringdon Road, numbers of swarthy street musicians, *chefs*, and art workmen, more or less skilled, congregate. It is not exactly an inviting locality. The streets hint at changed years and lost gentility. Things are not as they were when Wycherley, the author of the *Plain Dealer*, came here to seek for his wife the rich and lovely young widow, the Countess of Drogheda. But given a sunny day and Imagination's kaleidoscope, and patterns of the brilliant South shall be found here. Step into an Italian restaurant and note the sombrero of the Florentine, the high slanting hat of the Savoyard, the gay head-dress of the girl who touches a tambourine with airy fingers and a changeless petition in the sloe-like eyes, and a smile which says: 'Signor, you must be rich here in your London; I want to think that you are also kind.' Observe the jewellery, the bright yet not inharmonious colours, the regular features, the olive complexion of the artist's model, who stands at the first counter paying part of her slender fee for strange oozing cake, the taste for which not less than the making would be a mystery to an English maiden. And others are passing without. See you not the deep unfathomable azure of Roman skies bending over

the white headgear? Is not that a glimpse of the Campagna beyond the Roman plaid scarf? Alas for the girls! it is just Fancy's trick. A few steps nearer the thunder of Holborn, and the illusion fades.

The indicative 'i' is the last letter now over many a window and on many a doorplate. At certain hours and seasons the organ-grinder is much in presence. Frequently he hires his 'machine,' and the bond regularly brings him to and fro. There are people, studious persons particularly, who regard this man as a true Ishmael, with his 'organ'-hand against every man, and would incontinently suppress him. But away in the interminable streets, which are all so like each other, and so bare of colour or of change, he is less unwelcome. The lads and lasses are his patrons. He is the humble minister of some hope that after all the world is not a dead level.

Extreme poverty is the lot of many Italians in London, and in Hatton Garden the hard fact is practically recognised. In Greville Street are the offices of a very useful relieving institution, initiated by the home government of these waifs, and presided over by the Italian ambassador. The Italian Benevolent Society does a good work.

The Dutch dwellers in London number at least fifteen thousand, and the Poles almost as many. Owing probably to the paternal and ultra conservative constitution prevailing as yet in Russia, the subjects of the Czar are less frequently met with. The Greeks, who may some day go into rivalry with the Colossus of the North for the ultimate ownership of Constantinople, are fifteen thousand strong. The City knows the Greek merchants well. On the Mark Lane Corn Exchange they almost monopolise the importation of grain and of seeds from every country figuring in the lists of supply. But the residences of these masters of London's food are often far afield, and not necessarily in the same quarter. As wealth increases, the gregarian instinct seems to lose its power.

There has been another nation settled in the metropolis in the persons of a compact body of representatives from early times; and in many respects this people is the most separate and self-contained of any. Observation would perpetually point them out for a unique race, even if history, sacred and profane, did not bear this witness. They have been oppressed, contemned, persecuted; they have never been absorbed. Beaten into the dust by race-hatred, extermination has always proved impossible. There are believed to be forty thousand Jews in London. The ancient Jewry was in the immediate neighbourhood of the Tower. A peep at its stony records is given in the pages of Stow. Ultimately, the quarter given up to the Jews comprised some part of Spitalfields, of Whitechapel, Houndsditch, the Minories and Bevis Marks. Social and race division located them severely in a sort of Ghetto. Since the temper of the time became tolerant they have spread even into the far suburbs. There is a section of the West where an entirely new Jewish colony has slowly congregated. In spite, however, of this modification of rigorous line and limit, the old spots retain the old characteristics. The nation is itself in its own streets and in its own

callings—both held of prescriptive right. No error can be made concerning the prevailing type by the most completely uninformed wayfarer who wanders into the byways east of the Royal Exchange. Prejudice has said numberless hard things of the seedy-looking men whom you shall see standing at the doors of stuffy shops, or hear cheapening a suit with an obstinate accent that will never be smooth English. But they have also found their defenders. Chronic dinginess and disregard of soap and water have been charged against them. Says Henry Mayhew: 'The Jew old-clothesmen are generally far more cleanly in their habits than the poorer classes of English people. Their hands they always wash before their meals, and this is done whether the party be a strict Jew or "meshumet," a convert or apostate from Judaism.'

And in these districts there are the same distinctive signs in dress, in cast of countenance, in articles displayed in beetle-browed windows or upon street stalls, and in the current gibe and repartee of the thoroughfare, that speak of the stranger possessing his parcel of bricks and mortar within the gates. Pay the people visits at various times, inquire the meaning of much that passes, and a whole world of hidden custom and tribal habit will be brought to light. The Jews of London are not swept into the vortex of change. They are a nation in the great city still, peculiar in the routine of daily life, in feast and fast, in religious observance and the shaping of social ties.

The list of metropolitan nationalities does not close here. From every clime they come—the Turk, the Portuguese, the Spaniard, the Norwegian, the Swiss, the lithe Asiatic, the dusky African. London receives them all, and, alas for the difficulty of wise almsgiving, starves some. Many a foreigner seeks gold, and finds but a grave on Thames-side. There is a profound pathos, as well as a cause for marvel and pride, in the thought of the far ends of the earth gathered into Our City of Nations.

THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER.

CHAPTER III.

LETTING her eyes fall once more on to her book, Avie felt the hot blood surging up into her cheeks. Who or what was this man, whose very presence seemed to fill her with uneasiness, and why had he come into that unfrequented glen? These questions rose unconsciously to her mind as she bent, or rather tried to bend, her eyes upon the printed matter before her until such time as it should please the intruder to pass on. But if she had hoped by her unconscious air to send him away she was doomed to disappointment, for, taking up his stand almost directly in front of her, he said politely: 'Have I the honour of addressing Miss Sacharty?'

The low musical tones and the slightly foreign accent with which he uttered these words attracted her strangely, and with a slight bow she acknowledged the truth of his words.

'Ah!' he cried, seating himself unbidden on the turf near her, 'that is indeed delightful! Your father is one of my greatest and most valued friends.'

Avice did not reply for a moment; she was too much astonished to say anything, until the man's curious dark eyes fixed themselves suddenly on hers with a strange intense gaze and seemed to drag an answer from her.

'You come, then, from India?' she said, idly turning over the pages of her book.

'From India, yes,' he replied, a swift smile parting for a moment the thin line of his lips. 'I am Indian myself, or rather Malay. My name is Tehandar Mutwanee, at your service.—I read your name in the books,' he added by way of explanation, 'and I thought it must be the daughter of my old friend.'

Avice smiled. Somehow, in spite of her first feeling of dislike, the man fascinated her, and she no longer felt the impulse to run away which she had had at first; and for some time they sat on there, under the whispering trees, chatting about India, which Avice remembered but faintly, any allusion to it having always been discouraged by her aunt.

At last the lengthening shadows warned them that time was getting on, and they returned to the hotel, Tehandar carrying the rug and book, which he delivered up into Avice's keeping as she went up-stairs.

'We shall meet again at dinner,' he said with a smile as he turned away. 'I will contrive to sit near you, and then we can talk about India again.'

Avice nodded brightly, and ran up-stairs to seek her friend, whom she found already dressing for dinner.

She looked decidedly astonished when the girl related her adventure. 'Are you quite sure he is what he pretends—your father's friend?' she asked doubtfully. 'It would be so easy for any one, attracted by your name, to fabricate a tale in order to make your acquaintance.'

'Oh yes, I know; but he seemed to know all about papa—things, I mean, which only a friend would know; and besides, he knew Aunt Amelia by name; he asked after her. And he said he had seen me when I was quite a tiny baby.'

'Oh well, I suppose it is all right,' returned Mrs Douglas, examining her hair critically with the hand-glass. 'But do be quick dressing, my dear; we shall be fearfully late if you don't make haste.'

And Avice fled to her own room, which was just beyond, and began making up for lost time, her mind all the while occupied with her afternoon's experiences and Tehandar Mutwanee.

It was not long before she joined Mrs Douglas, and they went down-stairs together. Tehandar Mutwanee was standing before the fire, which, in consideration of the chilliness of the evening air, burnt brightly on the hearth. He advanced to meet them as they entered.

'My friend, Mrs Douglas—Mr Mutwanee,' said Avice shyly, by way of introduction.

The Malay bowed profoundly. 'I am charmed to make Mrs Douglas's acquaintance,' he returned in those soft mellow tones of his; 'and shall feel proud if I, too, may be reckoned among the list of her friends.'

Mrs Douglas acknowledged his greeting with a slight bend of her golden head, and passed on to Mrs Barfelt's side, leaving Avice to talk

to her new acquaintance, who, with no conscious will on her part, fascinated her more and more.

'It seems so strange to meet a countryman and a friend of my father's, here,' she said, smiling, as Mutwanee gallantly led her into dinner. 'Such an odd coincidence, you know!'

A curious smile lit up the dark face of the other as she spoke. 'A pleasant one, too, I hope,' he murmured softly. 'For me, it is, at anyrate.'

Avice did not reply for a moment; then again she felt that obligation to answer. 'Yes, very,' she returned shyly, turning her attention to the *menu* card by her side.

Her companion glanced at it too, with the air of a connoisseur. 'Fish, soup, partridge (roasted), fricassée of mutton—um, um, um. I should recommend some of this, *poulets au riz*,' he said, as Avice laid down the card. 'As an *entrée* it is very good.'

If there was one thing she detested it was *poulets au riz*. 'I don't really think I will have that,' she returned as she tasted the soup; 'I am not partial to chicken.'

Her companion said nothing at this moment; but as the waiter whisked away her plate, he looked quietly at her, saying, more in the tone of one who makes an assertion than of one asking a question: 'You will change your mind, and take some chicken, will you not?'

And then it appeared to the girl as if, after all, she would change her mind; and mechanically, like one saying a lesson, she ordered the waiter to bring her chicken, instead of—as she had at first intended—partridge; and again that curious half-mocking smile stole into the black eyes of Mutwanee.

This little incident made her rather uneasy—a faint vague fear of this strange man, who fascinated while he alarmed her, came upon her, and she was not sorry when they rose from the table.

On the hall table, on her way to the drawing-room, she found a letter from her father. It was dated Berlin, and bore the German post-mark; but in it Mr Sacharty announced that he was returning to England almost directly, and hoped that he might see something of his daughter before long, as he was engaged to stay with friends in the neighbourhood of Strath Carron. He added that he had heard from an old friend of his who was going to Strath Carron—'and who, indeed, will be there ere this reaches you; and I hope and trust that for my sake you will treat him with all courtesy and kindness,' the letter went on, 'for to Tehandar Mutwanee I owe more than I can tell you of friendship and respect.'

The girl's eyes sparkled as she read this. 'How very odd!' she murmured; 'but it will satisfy Mrs Douglas of his respectability.'

And as events turned out, Mrs Douglas was only too glad to be convinced of his respectability and general fitness to be Avice's companion; for she had just discovered an old friend in a certain Mrs Digby Browne, who had arrived that afternoon, and was too busily engaged in chatting about old times to pay much attention to the girl.

'I wonder what Aunt Amelia would think of him,' thought Avice to herself later on that same

evening as she brushed out her long wavy hair. She had a dim consciousness, somehow, that Miss Marchmont would not altogether approve of Tehandar Mutwanee; and yet what there was to dislike in him she could not say. Polished, agreeable, highly cultivated, with a flow of language and store of anecdote which were surprising, he certainly made a most charming companion; and in spite of her half-acknowledged fear of him, Avice drew a fairly-glowing picture of him in her letter to her aunt ere she retired to rest that evening. But one thing she did not mention, and that was the curious manner in which she felt compelled to execute his will in the veriest trifles, and the sense of nervous oppression which seized her every now and then when his eyes were upon her.

It was the custom in the hotel for any visitors who wished to have letters posted for them to place them on a tray put for that purpose on a table in the hall, when they were taken to the post by one of the servants. As a rule, Avice preferred posting her letters herself, disliking the publicity of the hall table; but the next morning, being somewhat in a hurry, and fearing to keep Mrs Douglas waiting, she placed Miss Marchmont's letter on the tray as she went out. It was about eleven o'clock, and all the other visitors had already gone out, either to the baths or on some expedition—all, that is, save one. Tehandar Mutwanee was sitting in the smoking-room as Avice passed through the hall, and seeing her through the half-open door placing a letter on the table, he slipped out as soon as she had gone and proceeded to examine the address. Something in it seemed to displease him, for he gave a low grunt of dissatisfaction, and then, hearing footsteps coming, replaced it quickly and began searching for his hat. The footsteps drew nearer, and soon the red head of Andrew, one of the waiters, appeared round a corner. He looked curiously at the dark face of Mutwanee as he passed, and the latter, who was struggling into a greatcoat of enormous thickness, returned his gaze with interest, until his pale blue eyes were obliged to fall beneath the piercing black orbs.

'Shall I take this to the post for you?' said Mutwanee, politely indicating Avice's letter as he spoke. Andrew, as he knew, was the one generally told off for such errands.

The waiter glanced at him sharply. He was not accustomed to having his work done for him, but neither was he inclined to refuse a good offer. 'Thank ye, sir,' he replied slowly. 'I dinna think there could be muckle harm, if ye're gaun to the town.'

And Tehandar, hastily availing himself of the permission, took up the letter and went his way. But he did not go towards the village; on the contrary, he turned his back upon it; and Avice's letter never reached the post, but lay opened and crumpled in his inner pocket for many a long day.

Days came and went, and Tehandar Mutwanee still stayed on in the little Scotch watering-place, although it was palpable to all that he had not come there for the baths, or even for the waters, for a course of which even the strongest usually went in. He was generally to be seen with Avice and Mrs Douglas—often even with Avice

alone—and besides them, he seemed to have few or no acquaintances in the place. It was pity for his loneliness, partly, and partly also a desire to please her father, which had led Avice, and through her, Mrs Douglas, to adopt the foreigner into their set; and having once been adopted, he had no mind to be dropped again; and thus it came to pass that in all their rambles and excursions he generally made one. He exercised a curious subtle power over Avice herself from the first; and by degrees, it had grown stronger as he became more intimate with her, until at length the girl, frightened at first by the strange unaccustomed feeling, had unconsciously ceased to struggle against it, and indeed seemed almost to court its power.

Two or three days of damp uncertain weather were succeeded by one of such extraordinary splendour that Mrs Douglas declared they ought to celebrate its appearance by some grand expedition; and after much debating and careful weighing of all the pros and cons, it was unanimously decided that they should make up a party and visit a curious old mansion in the next village, which was said to have formed one of Prince Charlie's halting-places during the '45.

The party was quite a small one, consisting only of Mrs Douglas and her friend Mrs Digby Browne; the latter's daughter; a certain Oliver Westall, with whom they had become acquainted through Mrs Barfelt; Tehandar Mutwanee and Avice; and they set off gaily soon after breakfast, determining to lunch at the inn of Inchbothie, returning home for dinner.

Miss Digby Browne, having a decided horror of foreigners in general and Tehandar in particular, established herself under Mr Westall's protecting wing; and as the two elder ladies were deep in the criticism of a mutual friend, it fell out that Tehandar and Avice were left to each other, a state of things which gave the former at any rate deep satisfaction.

'You must explain it all to me,' he said with a smile, as Avice made some remark about the historical interest of the place; 'for I am afraid that I am very ignorant in the matter.'

And though Avice modestly professed herself to be about as ignorant as he was, he refused to be guided about the house by any one but her. It was an old house, built in a variety of styles, and, when the owners were away, quite the show-place of the country-side, full of old ancestral portraits and curious heirlooms, many of them rendered sacred by the touch of royal fingers, or consecrated from time immemorial to none but royal use. There was even a legend that once, during one of his periods of exile, Robert the Bruce had sought the shelter of its friendly walls, and the room was still shown where he passed the night.

'We must go and see that!' cried Avice enthusiastically, as they all stood together in the old oak-panelled hall debating where to go first. 'Come, Mr Mutwanee, you and I will set off and lead the way. The guide-book says it is at the back of the house on the second floor.' And followed by the willing Tehandar, she disappeared through the door.

Oliver Westall gazed after her with a look of grave disapproval, not unmingled with anxiety.

'She is such a charming girl,' he muttered to himself: 'surely she can't be intending to marry that fellow; and yet she certainly does encourage him decidedly.'

The latter part of this statement seemed true enough; for all that day Tehandar never left her side, and she appeared anything but bored by his attentions. It was growing late, and Mrs Douglas was beginning to think of turning home, when suddenly, as he and Avicé leant over one of the battlemented turrets, revelling in the beauty of the scene below, Mutwanee began softly: 'We have known each other quite a long time now, Miss Sacharty.'

'More than a week!' returned Avicé, laughing.

'More than a week!' he echoed, turning his dark eyes full upon her—'to me it seems a lifetime—a life-time of happiness. Oh Avicé, my pearl, my jewel, say you will turn the friendship of these days into the love of eternity! Avicé Sacharty, I ask you to be my wife!'

A cold shiver passed through the girl's frame; it was scarcely due to the September air. 'No, no!' she cried feebly, raising her hands, as if to shut out the power of his gaze. 'No; I cannot, I cannot!'

'Cannot!' he said softly, but with a persuasive accent in his mellow voice, drawing down her hands as he spoke with a gentle but firm persistence against which she was powerless. 'Nay; think again; cannot? Why "cannot?" Let it rather be "can" and "will!"' And as he spoke he bent his gaze upon her with renewed intensity. 'Say yes! sweet one. See, it will be easy!' In spite of the term of endearment and the coaxing tone, the words seemed more like a command than an entreaty.

Again that nervous shiver passed over her, and she was silent. Was it a battle with a stronger will which kept her dumb? Who can say?

Tehandar paused, as if waiting for an answer. 'I am rich, rich,' he whispered. 'In my own country I am a prince—a rajah; but if I have not you I am poor. But you will say yes—yes, I feel it!'

The strong will triumphed. Avicé bowed her head. 'It shall be, then, as you wish,' she returned wearily. 'Yes; I will marry you some day—some day,' she repeated, as if to reassure herself. 'But now, let us go; the rest are waiting.' She turned away, a strange bewildered feeling in her heart; and Tehandar followed her, a triumphant light in his dark eyes.

'Your congratulations, Mrs Douglas,' he said suavely as they parted in the hotel hall. 'Miss Avicé has consented to be my wife.'

Mrs Douglas looked amazed. Somehow, it had never entered her head that Avicé would marry Tehandar Mutwanee—the thing was absurd on the face of it; and she determined to take her young friend severely to task when they got up-stairs, dim visions of Miss Marchmont's wrath disturbing her peace of mind; but the hall was too public a place for a 'scene,' so she smiled her congratulations politely.

One person, however, looked gravely displeased as he noted the Malay's look of triumph, and Avicé's evident shrinking from notice, and that person was Oliver Westall. A student of nature from his earliest years, he had been strangely attracted by Avicé from the first night of her

arrival; and if hitherto we have said nothing about him, it is because he had always been content to stand aside and watch with critical eye the different phases of human life which are so plentiful in a little place like Strath Carron.

Avicé had always greeted him kindly with the bright sweet smile which seemed like a ray of warm June sunlight let loose on the world, and for that reason, more than any other, Oliver Westall took a deeper interest than ordinary in the girl's welfare.

'What a pity!' he murmured, shaking his head sadly as he retired to his own room to dress. 'She was such a sweet girl; and he—— Well, I don't know what her parents can be thinking about!' And later on, as he wrote to his particular chum, Jack D'Arcy, he told him the little episode, with a few cynical observations of his own on the vanity of all human things, intended for his friend's benefit and his own comfort.

In the meanwhile, Mrs Douglas, conscious, perhaps, of having somewhat neglected her duty to Avicé, was satisfying the qualms of her own conscience by reproving the girl severely for her 'rash and foolish engagement,' in a manner not calculated to soothe or calm her decidedly agitated spirit.

Did Miss Marchmont know anything of the affair? she inquired at length, having exhausted all her other arguments—or her father?

Avicé was obliged reluctantly to admit that neither of them knew anything of the matter. Her father was comparatively a stranger to her; and as for Miss Marchmont—well, for some inexplicable reason, she declared that she had not been able to write about Tehandar Mutwanee to her aunt, except once, and then no notice whatever had been taken of her announcement. 'Even though I said he was a friend of papa's!' she added, as if to remind Mrs Douglas that this was the case.

But Mrs Douglas refused to be reminded, and began attacking the first part of her assertion. 'Why couldn't you write to your aunt about him?' she asked in some astonishment not unminged with incredulity. 'It is so silly to talk like that, as if any one were preventing you!'

'That's just what I felt!' began the girl eagerly. 'My tongue—I mean my pen—— Oh!' she exclaimed, 'I simply couldn't write it—that was just what I felt.'

Mrs Douglas began to grow slightly alarmed. Was it possible that the excitement of it all was affecting the girl's brain? Was this man exerting some strange occult power to fascinate the girl, and lure her into his toils? The idea was absurd; but still, Avicé herself was half an Eastern by blood, and Eastern people were very excitable. And her suspicions being confirmed in a degree by the girl's flushed cheeks and unnaturally bright eyes, she promptly sent her to bed, saying as she did so, 'I shall write to your aunt myself to-morrow, and then we shall see.'

But the morrow unexpectedly brought Mr Sacharty to the hotel to see his daughter; and in the private tête-à-tête which Mrs Douglas had with him, he soon convinced her that the match had his entire approbation, and declared that he himself would acquaint Miss Marchmont with all particulars.

To tell the truth, the easy-going matron was not sorry to relinquish the task to him, for she stood in considerable awe of the grave spinster, who was more her husband's friend than her own, and did not care to risk an explosion of her ire. To his daughter herself Kilnur was kinder than he had ever been, and joined his entreaties with those of Tehandar for a speedy wedding. 'It would be so nice, you know, if you could go out with him when he goes back,' he said one day as he and Avice returned from a ramble among the hills. 'He has such a lonely life, poor fellow, and in spite of his wealth is often very miserable, for lack of a woman's help and comfort.'

And Tehandar himself murmured the same in her ear as they sat together under the shade of the pine-trees, or wandered up and down the heathery braes drinking deep draughts of the pure strong mountain air; and his words, so often repeated, yet always with some tender variation, seemed, for all their pleading, like commands that could not be disobeyed, until at last Avice, in spite of herself, was obliged to consent, and promise to marry him soon—yes, very soon; when she did not say, but it should be soon.

She was looking dreadfully ill and worn, poor girl; so much so, that others besides Oliver Westall were beginning to notice it, and to say to each other doubtfully that being engaged did not seem to agree with Miss Sacharty. The fact was that she was perfectly sure in her heart of hearts that she hated Tehandar Mutwanee, hated him with all her soul; and yet she could not, do what she would, shake herself free from the fascination which he exercised over her. She longed intensely to be able to snatch off her betrothal ring, a costly one of curious workmanship, and throw it in his face, retracting at the same time her promise to be his wife—and still she dared not. The power of his superior will seemed entirely to have dominated hers; and with the calm gaze of those unflinching eyes upon her, she felt that had he commanded her to hang herself she could not have disobeyed. 'If Aunt Amelia were only here!' she moaned as she tossed restlessly from side to side in the dark night hours—'or Mr Standish!'

But she would not have been able to tell them anything if they had been, for she had tried many a time to write a statement of the case to her aunt; and every time, as she told Mrs Douglas, an indefinable something seemed to stay her hand, and she could not write it.

It was with considerable surprise one morning that she received a letter from Miss Marchmont, enclosed in one to her father, in which she urged her niece to consent to a scheme which Tehandar had proposed a few days before—that they should be married that very week by special license in the Episcopal church close by.

'It would be so nice,' her aunt wrote, 'for them to spend their honeymoon together in London; and although she herself, on account of the infection, could not be present at the ceremony, she would join them in town, and they would have a few delightful weeks together before they went to India.'

Avice could hardly believe her eyes as she read this unexpected letter. Opposition on her aunt's part had been the one straw to which she had

clung, and now even this had failed her! Well, since things were so, there seemed nothing for it but to submit to fate, or rather to the irresistible will of Tehandar Mutwanee.

'That girl I told you of in my last is going to be married, it seems, on Saturday,' wrote the cynical Westall to his friend the next day; 'and this is Tuesday! There seems something a little uncanny to my mind in such very quick work. Poor little Miss Sacharty—did I tell you that was her name?—she does not seem to thrive on her wooing. Let us hope matrimony may have a more salubrious effect!'

FROM THE MINT.

EVERY year a somewhat secluded Government Department, situated east of Tower Hill, officially reminds the world of its existence and of its activity. It presents to both Houses of Parliament, by command of Her Majesty, and offers to any one not within those august precincts, for a merely nominal sum, an interesting and detailed account of its doings for the past twelve months. And certainly the twenty-first Annual Report of the Deputy-Master of the Mint, just issued, in no way falls behind its predecessors in offering a striking array of facts and figures.

The first hasty glance reveals that in 1890 the good round sum of £9,460,860, 8s. 4d. has been issued to fill the purses of Her Majesty's most liege subjects. This sum comprised coins of all denominations except those little-known and perhaps less needed five-pound and two-pound pieces, which appear to have been cut off as cumberers of the ground since Jubilee year. Over six and a half million of the cosmopolitan sovereign, always and everywhere worth its weight in standard gold, were coined; beside two and a quarter million half-sovereigns, the coinage of which had been practically suspended since 1885; about a million bloated aldermanic crown pieces; and three-quarters of a million of those coins whose heraldic device was so irreverently stigmatised by the *Daily Telegraph* as consisting of a couple of kitchen poker and a tea-tray. For shillings and sixpences there was apparently a considerable demand, no fewer than 8,794,042 of the one and 9,386,955 of the other having been struck. Florins, which some people think could be dispensed with altogether, reached the comparatively small total of only 1,684,737 pieces, which is only just about half that of the half-crowns. Threepenny bits, the 'Jenny Wrens' of our coinage, swarmed to the extent of 4,470,322 pieces. While it may be information to some that silver coins smaller even than this 'wee bit o' siller' were issued from the Mint. Diminutive twopenny bits and dainty pennies (sixty-six weighing one ounce troy), with a certain prescribed number of threepences and fourpences, are distributed every Maundy-Thursday in the Chapel Royal to needy pensioners by the Queen's Almoner, and are consequently known as Royal Maundy Money. These Moneys constitute a privileged class, and seldom,

if ever, suffer the degradation of their plebeian kindred in being bartered over the counter for fat bacon or red herrings. Though sometimes shamefully prostituted to adorn the neckcloths and watchchains of a certain class of society, they are more generally acquired by enthusiastic numismatists, and allowed an unbroken and indulgent repose on the velvet cushions of their coin cabinets.

Bronze coins are in a large proportion, being nearly four-ninths of the total number of pieces (gold, silver, and bronze) coined. There is the inconceivable number of 28,718,145 pence, halfpence, and farthings bearing the date of 1890, representing a nominal value of £89,546, 15s. 5d., and a total weight of over two hundred and eleven tons. This annual coinage of bronze moneys, we are told, is unprecedented in extent since 1861-63, when coins of this description were first issued. The Deputy-Master enlivens his Report by stating that near Christmas last the demand for 'coppers'—as most people still designate those coins that have ceased to be 'copper' these thirty years—was so great that gold and silver were set aside, and the whole Mint strength concentrated upon the out-turn of pence, halfpence, and farthings. The Comptroller of the Mint adds, with quiet satisfaction, as a proof of the remarkable efficiency of his department, that in the fortnight ended 24th December 1890, no less than £20,725 of bronze coins, numbering 6,170,400 pieces, and weighing over forty-eight tons, were supplied to the London district and the provinces.

Reference is made to the abnormal issue of no less than £3,873,576 of silver coin in the two years 1889 and 1890. Its extraordinary nature is easily seen by comparison with the total issue of the previous ten years, 1879-88, which was only £7,298,240, or less than double the value in five times as long a time. These large demands are attributed to three causes: (1) The revival of trade in the United Kingdom; (2) the payment of wages in dockyards and other large Government establishments in silver instead of half-sovereigns; and (3), the arrangement by which the Mint, from the 31st of May 1889, undertook to pay the cost of the carriage of silver coin from the Bank of England to its branches and to provincial applicants.

The figures of the coinages for only the last twenty years are colossal and beyond adequate conception. The total value issued in 1871-91 was £76,051,059, weighing 4589 tons. The pieces numbered 722,503,202, thus representing an average out-turn of two hundred and forty per minute, without taking into consideration various stoppages for repairs and other reasons. Counting one hundred a minute for twelve hours every day, more than twenty-seven and a half years would elapse before the total number of coins would be reached. The value of the gold coined was £58,172,407; of the silver, £16,912,839; and of the bronze, £965,813. The coins included

were 53,200 five-pound pieces; 85,293 two-pound pieces; 43,035,103 sovereigns; 29,501,436 half-sovereigns; 3,188,592 crowns; 2,689,830 double florins; 29,244,248 half-crowns (the coinage of which, suspended from 1851, was only resumed in 1874); 44,049,060 florins; 93,574,800 shillings; 83,025,360 sixpences; 60,646,080 threepences; 456,600 Maundy Moneys; 160,204,800 pennies; 113,612,800 halfpennies; and 59,136,000 farthings. It will be seen that coins of small denominations abound most largely, for the simple reason that more are required to make up equal amounts. The demand for bronze has always been large and continuous. Since the introduction of the bronze currency in 1860, 4790 tons of pence, halfpence, and farthings, numbering 702,250,080 pieces, and of a nominal value of £2,008,623, have been supplied. And only about one-sixteenth of this amount was exported to the colonies, the remainder being distributed in the United Kingdom.

In a Report from the Mint, one would naturally expect to find some information as to the question of the recoinage of British light gold. For it has long been generally recognised that a large proportion of sovereigns, and a still larger of half-sovereigns, are below the legal current weight. Successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, who are also Masters of the Mint in conjunction with that office, have either evaded the difficult problem altogether, or suggested some such unpopular solution as clipping the half-sovereign to pay for the sovereign. The present Government, however, have made a special inquiry into the condition of the gold currency. In the early part of 1888, all gold coins taken at three hundred of the principal post-offices in Great Britain and Ireland on a specified day were forwarded to the Mint, where they were carefully examined as to age and weight. The result, together with other investigations on the same subject, was included in the Mint Report for 1889. Therein the Deputy-Master estimates that out of a total gold circulation in this country of £102,500,000, the total value of the light coins is £52,625,000, or more than fifty per cent. This shows a deficiency of £804,390, which, however, is not surprising, when it is remembered that the life of a sovereign is estimated to be but nineteen years, and that of a half-sovereign only nine; and at the same time there has been no general withdrawal of light gold for forty-five years. At any rate this experiment afforded abundant proof that prompt measures were necessary. Accordingly, the Coinage Act provided that all pre-Victorian gold should be exchanged by the Mint for its nominal value; and on the 22d of November 1890 a Royal Proclamation announced that all gold coin of former reigns would cease to be legal tender in the United Kingdom after the 28th of February 1891. The total amount withdrawn by these means was £2,468,148; and the total value of the deficiency on these coins in weight and fineness proved to be £51,299, 14s. 3d.; or a mean total cost to the Exchequer of 4.998 pence per pound sterling. At this rate the £400,000 which Mr Goschen proposed on Budget night to devote

to this purpose would cover the loss on withdrawing nineteen millions of the £52,625,000 of light gold which Sir Charles Fremantle estimates to be somewhere in the country.

THE QUEEN'S PARDON.

A DACOIT STORY.

WHEN, at the end of the year 188-, I was sent to take up the duties of Assistant-Superintendent of Police at Pyeemana, in the Hantlawaddy Division of Lower Burma, I was told before I left Rangoon that I should find there no lack of opportunity to distinguish myself; and I soon discovered how truly this hint reflected the condition of the district. The country was literally overrun with dacoits, who found it a peculiarly favourable field for their malpractices. The villages were small, far apart, and, comparatively speaking, well-to-do; roads were practically *nil*; and boundless tracts of jungle and teak-forest afforded secure shelter for the light-heeled gang-robbers who haunted them. The police garrisons were few, and consisted entirely of Burman constables, whom their lawless compatriots utterly despised.

Of the numerous gangs which lived upon the peaceable inhabitants, the largest and most mischievous was one led by a man named 'Boh Hlan.' This outlaw was a species of Burman Robin Hood, and he owed his long immunity from capture to his cheap generosity. He was the terror of wealthy cultivators whose houses were worth looting, and the unfailing friend and patron of the poorer classes. What he stole with one hand, he lavished broadcast with the other; hence information which might have enabled the police to arrest him was particularly difficult to obtain.

To compass the death or capture of this man was the chief end of my professional life during the first months of my stay at Pyeemana. For weeks together I hunted his gang from cover to cover and from village to village. Such jungle-work during the hot season is not conducive to health of either white man or native. By the time the 'rains' were due, my constables were completely worn out by the hardships of their life, while I myself was almost incapacitated by repeated attacks of fever, brought on by sleeping out in marshy jungle and living on the poorest diet. At intervals I took my men back to Pyeemana, to let them rest and recruit; but these much-needed holidays from dacoit-hunting never lasted very long. Sometimes an alarm from a remote corner of the district drew us out on a wildgoose chase; or impatient despatches from headquarters asking what was being done, and how I explained the continued paralysis of trade in my locality; or private letters from my superiors, urging me to renewed efforts, drove me out into the forests again with followers scarcely fit to carry their own rifles.

I was thoroughly sick of the whole business, and would have done anything to get rid of the perpetual worry, when I was surprised by a visit from the officer in charge of the Police Department. He had come to Pyeemana to 'inspect,' for which ordeal I was quite prepared;

but besides inspection, he came to give me new and unexpected instructions regarding the attitude I was to assume towards the dacoits.

'The Government,' he said, 'has determined to try what effect an offer of Pardon will produce on these fellows. Do you think any of those who are harrying your district would come in if promised free pardon for past offences?'

I considered the question carefully. Although we had failed to bring down or arrest any of the outlaws, we had kept them so remorselessly on the move that they had had no time to do mischief for the last two months. No man grows tired of his business sooner than an idle dacoit, and Boh Hlan had made no raids worth anything lately. I therefore answered in the affirmative. I believed many would 'come in,' if they could be convinced they might do so without fear of the consequences.

'Very good,' said my chief. 'You are empowered to treat with the dacoits in your district on these terms: full pardon to every man who has not a price upon his head who comes in and gives up his arms before the 31st July next. See what you can do.'

He went away next day, leaving me to my own devices. I cannot say I relished the idea of carrying out these instructions. I was obliged to confess to myself that with the means at my command I could make little headway against the storm of crime; but to offer free pardon looked too much like admission of disability to be palatable to me. However, the order had been given, and I resolved to turn the chance it offered to the best account.

I lost no time. I determined to begin with Boh Hlan, who chanced, quite undeservedly, not to be one of those for whose head a reward had been proclaimed. He was the greatest pest I had to deal with, and, moreover, he had his band so well in hand, that if he consented to apply for pardon I felt certain his entire following would do the same. So, an hour after Colonel X. had gone, I sent an orderly to summon the old *phoongyee* (priest) who was the sole occupant of the tiny monastery outside Pyeemana. The person of a *phoongyee* is peculiarly sacred even to dacoits; and I subjected the old man to no risk in appointing him my ambassador to Boh Hlan.

The *phoongyee* soon appeared, and entered the veranda of my house at the slow stately pace observed by the Buddhist priesthood. He had been a tall man; but now he was bent with age; and the yellow robe which had fallen from his shoulder discovered a frame as gaunt and shrivelled as that of a mummy. With his shaven head, sunken eyes and cheeks, and dry parchment-like skin, he looked a messenger more fitting to carry tidings of Death than of Peace.

Infirm though he appeared, he was still active both in body and mind; and when I had explained what I wanted with him, he readily consented to 'help the Government side.' Could he ascertain Boh Hlan's present hiding-place, and make his way thither? The old man bowed; he had no doubt he could—if he went alone. Then would he attempt it, and deliver with his own lips the message I wished given the dacoit chief? He would, certainly, if I would write the message down.

I did what he required, and begged him to go soon; and having received the old man's assurance that he would start at once, I dismissed him, praying that success might attend his mission.

How or where he found the Boh, I did not think proper to inquire; but five days afterwards, he reappeared, looking if possible a shade more withered than before.

'The Boh,' he began without any preliminaries, and in the matter-of-fact tones he might have used in delivering a casual message from a next-door neighbour—'the Boh is willing to treat with your honour, and names a place of meeting.'

'Very good!' I exclaimed. 'You have indeed done well!'

The old phoongyee smiled at me pityingly. 'Boh Hlan's words were these,' he continued: 'Tell the police officer to come and meet us at Thongway village a week hence. He must come alone and without arms. If he carries any weapon, we shall know his fine words are lies.'

I could not repress a gasp of astonishment and dismay. The phoongyee fairly burst out laughing.

'Of course your honour will not go?' he observed.

'Yes; I shall,' I replied, though my heart was beating like a hammer at the prospect of such an encounter.

'The old man may counsel the young,' said the phoongyee respectfully. 'If your honour go to Thongway, he goes to his death.'

An opinion given by this man was well worth consideration; but continued failures and official 'wiggings' had made me reckless; and I was not in a mood to listen to reason. Here at last was a chance of doing something tangible; it was literally 'neck or nothing!' but I had no idea of missing it. I therefore warmly thanked the old phoongyee for his services and his kind advice; but reminded him that if I declined to meet the Boh even on such preposterous conditions, it would produce a very serious effect on the state of the country. Would he oblige me by seeking out the dacoit leader again, and telling him I would meet him at Thongway on the day named?—My adviser flatly refused; he would help no man to his death.

'Did Boh Hlan say he would be there on Thursday?' I inquired.

'Your honour, he did; but'—

I cut the old gentleman short, and told him he had permission to go home to his monastery. This was Monday, and I had no time to waste in fruitless argument.

I did not grow more enamoured of the plan as I thought over it. Boh Hlan was a thorough scoundrel. I could not forget that I had, in our only skirmish, with my own gun wounded him in the arm; and he was not likely to have forgotten it either. But I was determined to meet him. If he consented to 'come in,' I should score a good mark at headquarters; if he played me false—

Thongway was a small hamlet of notoriously bad repute, lying under the Shan Hills, about fifty miles away. If the dacoits agreed to lay down their arms and give up their business in return for pardon, it would be no easy matter to persuade them to come in as prisoners and

go through the form of trial, as the authorities required: they would never consent to follow me back tamely on such terms. I therefore resolved to take the whole police force I had at command, encamp at a spot I knew of, about ten miles from Thongway, and bring them in under guard; always supposing they meant fair play. I did not care to ponder over the alternative.

I pass over the two days' march to the place I had selected for my police encampment. We arrived there late in the evening, very thoroughly done up by our wearisome tramp in the heat of the sun, and all hands turned in early. The following day was that fixed for the meeting at Thongway, and tired as I was, idle speculations on the task to-morrow had in store kept me awake all night. I was up at daylight, making my last preparations, and giving my sergeant orders to be carried out in event of my non-return; but I did not set out for the rendezvous until the sun was high. The residents of Thongway were to a man friends of Boh Hlan; and if I appeared first on the ground, they were not likely to lose such an opportunity of taking my head as an acceptable gift for their patron. They might have learned from the Boh that their village had been chosen as a meeting-place; but more likely not; and I preferred to run no unnecessary risks.

Giving my sergeant the only orders I could depend upon his carrying out—namely, to return with all haste to Pyemana if I failed to appear before midnight, I took my stick, filled my pockets with biscuit, and started for my destination. The country through which the path to Thongway led was very lovely; open and grassy, splendidly timbered, and wonderfully rich in orchids, whose blossoms gleamed, pink, yellow, red, and white, from almost every bough; while the darkly-wooded hills rose to a height of five thousand feet right before me. I remember the scenery now, though I did not pay much attention to it at the time. I don't think I am more of a coward than most men, but I do not mind confessing that I walked that ten miles to Thongway in a condition of unspeakable 'funk.'

I reached the belt of jungle which surrounded the village at a little distance, about eleven o'clock; and when I emerged on the open paddy-land which lay between me and the cluster of bamboo huts, I paused to pull myself together and try to discover whether the dacoits were true to their tryst. I could see no one in the village save a few romping children; but on moving a little farther to the left, I saw a crowd of men squatting in the shade of a clump of elephant bamboos, a little way on the far side of the hamlet. So far so good. I wiped the perspiration from my face and hands and strode forward. My heart sank a little lower as I drew near, for I saw that every man of the assembly was armed. That did not look as though they intended peace.

The screams of the children, frightened by such a strange monster as a white man, spared me the trouble of announcing my arrival to the dacoits. They rose with one accord and, making very unnecessary display of their *dahs* and spears, began to slouch towards me in twos and threes. I took my stand under a huge tree, and threw up my hands to show I was unarmed, according to agreement. Then, actuated by somewhat mixed motives,

I shouted in commanding tones to the advancing dacoits: 'Lay down your arms! I will not speak with any man who approaches me with *dah*, spear, or gun in his hand!'

The effect of my speech was far from satisfactory; every man stopped, paused for a moment, and then slunk back to the shade, where all sat down again. I did not like this. It denoted that the dacoits were in no good-humour, and I wished myself well out of the place. But having forbidden them to come near me armed, it would never do to retract, and I sat down on the ground to consider my next move. It was not left to me to make one. After twenty minutes of hot discussion the dacoits appeared to have formed some plan of their own. Four men very deliberately set up bamboo tripods and squatted down to rest their guns on them, in accordance with the Burman's practice when he means to take a good aim; then one man, carrying an antiquated carbine, was pushed and scolded out of the group, evidently charged with a message to me. He came very slowly, and I could see he was in a terrible fright; but I was growing painfully anxious to open negotiations, and rose to receive him, holding out my hands and trying hard not to look at those four levelled guns.

'Come here,' I said persuasively; 'I have no arms.'

The man grinned the sickliest grin I have ever seen on human countenance, and stammered out something relative to my *thaynatgalay* (pistol; literally, small gun). As well as I could make out, his friends had sent him to ascertain that I had not a revolver concealed about me. They did not believe I would come without it, and would like to be quite sure.

This was more reassuring. I held up my hands again, and begged the trembling messenger to come and satisfy himself.

'Come!' I said as persuasively as I could—'come, and look all over me.—Look! I take off my coat, that you may see I have no pistol.' I threw my *karkii* jacket on the ground and held up my hands again. The fellow took heart of grace and came nearer.

'Turn round,' he requested. 'They will shoot you dead if you kill me.'

'I can't kill you,' I replied shortly, as I turned slowly round for convenience of inspection. 'I didn't come here alone to kill any one; I came to talk to Boh Hlan about this matter of pardon.'

The man grunted an assent; and having ascertained that the bulky contents of my coat-pockets were nothing more dangerous than biscuit and cheroots, bawled to his companions to 'Come!' Those gentry then laid down their weapons and obeyed, laughing and talking with insolent defiance.

Five minutes more, and I found myself the centre of a tightly-packed crowd of squatting figures, who stared at me as though eyes could kill. I did not feel easy by any means, hemmed in on all sides by ruffians to whom murder was child's play, and whose lives I had been diligently seeking for the past five months. No attempt to hustle me was made; but the expression on every one of the lowering savage faces told how light a word, how slight a slip of the tongue, was necessary to set them at my throat. Now and again I caught some half-jeering obser-

vation as to my helpless condition there in their midst; and I was half tempted to hurl some scathing challenge to them which would ensure my death at once, and leave them an inheritance of bullet or rope. All were talking at once, to me and at me, and my patience was sorely tried before a momentary lull gave me a chance of making myself heard. It came at last after the very worst quarter of an hour I ever spent, and I made my speech. In brief, I explained the terms on which pardon would be granted; insisted strongly on the increase of the Punjaabee Military Police, then in process of organisation; reverted again to the pardon now offered, and exhorted them to take advantage of an opportunity that might not occur again.

'Now, Boh Hlan,' I concluded, addressing the leader, who was squatting almost on my feet, 'what do you say?'

The man ran his finger nervously over the unsightly lumps on his chest which marked the spots where charms had been let in below the skin, and said 'he would like to talk it over.'

'It is good,' I replied, breathing more freely. 'I am here to talk with you.'

'I have here,' said the chief, raising his arm and showing a puckered white scar, 'a wound from your gun. Moung Tsit has a wound on his leg; many of us have received hurts from the police.'

The Boh's reference to wounds was followed by a slight commotion; half-a-dozen men stood up to show newly-healed bullet-wounds, and some, hideous suppurating sores which made me sick to look upon.

'The police guns have made these wounds,' said Boh Hlan, looking at me fixedly.

My rising hopes sank to zero again. An ominous silence reigned over the gang for a couple of minutes, and I did not care to break it.

'The police guns made these wounds,' repeated the Boh as stolidly as before.

The man was evidently playing with me, or trying to work upon the vengeful feelings of his men. If I gave their resentment time to hatch, my life was not worth an hour's purchase. I felt that my voice trembled when I spoke.

'Those men who have been wounded,' I said, 'will be taken into the Government Hospital and cured. Or if they prefer it, they shall have as much English medicine as they please.'

I was unutterably relieved to see the general approval these remarks evoked. The dacoits' brows cleared, and in my heart I gave thanks for the Burman's unshakable faith in the efficacy of 'English medicine.'

I followed up my advantage by lighting a cheroot, and after taking a pull or two at it, I passed it to the Boh; he hesitated a moment, for smoking one cheroot, turn about, is only practised among friends and neighbours; but finally he accepted it, drew a full mouthful of smoke, and handed the tobacco to the man next him.

A better understanding being now established, the dacoits became anxious to hear more about the intentions of the Government. Over and over again I had to reiterate that not a man who gave himself up should have a single hair upon his head cut off; that they would be brought before the judge and pardoned without delay; and that they should have nothing whatever to fear from the police after their release; they

might live wherever they pleased and do what they liked.

After two hours' hard assertion and promise, I drew out my note-book and asked Boh Hlan point-blank if I should write down his name as an applicant for pardon. He hung back a little, but at length gave way; and soon I was taking down names as fast as I could write. I was delighted with the success of my foolhardy errand; but I was not yet out of the wood.

'Now,' I said, closing my book, 'there are still some men who have not asked to come in. I will come back to-morrow and give them one more chance.'

'Where are you going?' demanded the Boh curtly.

'To my camp, ten miles from here,' I answered.

'Are the police there?'

'Certainly.'

A loud murmuring arose from the crowd, and the Boh made no attempt to quell it. Clearly the information that the police were so close at hand disturbed them.

'See!' I shouted at the top of my voice, 'what would it matter though the police were here in this village? They will not hurt you now.'

But the alarm was not to be so easily allayed.

'You must stay here to-night,' said Boh Hlan firmly, turning to me.

'If I do not return,' I answered, 'my men will think I am killed, and will go quickly to Pyemana. The Deputy-Commissioner will then send five hundred men out after you.'

The Boh laughed. 'For how many months have you been trying to catch me?' he jeered. 'But you shall not go. How can I tell but that you will return at once with your police to-night, they being so near at hand? Now you know where we may be found, you will again try to shoot us.'

There was no arguing with such obstinate distrust as this; but the position was exceedingly awkward. I could not go without the dacoits' sanction, and to remain would inevitably bring out an expedition to avenge my imaginary murder. All I had half-done would be undone, and more besides, before matters could be explained.

'I will stay,' I answered, recognising the necessity; 'but you must send two of your men to my camp with the letter I shall write, and those two men must remain with the police as hostages.'

I was agreeably surprised by the Boh's ready consent to this arrangement; and without delay I sat down and pencilled a note to my sergeant, explaining my delay and bidding him detain the messengers.

I did not sleep much that night. I occupied a hut with the dacoit chief and a dozen of his men, who were as wakeful as I was. The outlaws talked all night about my visit to them, and the probability of the Government keeping its promise of pardon. They seemed unable to believe that it was not a ruse to make prisoners of them, and several predicted that their fate would be death or—even worse to the Burmese mind—exile to the Andaman Islands. Some boldly voted that I should be killed as I lay (supposed) asleep, and that an attack should be made on my police camp. This suggestion found several supporters, and for an eternity I lay listening while my fate was shuttlecocked to and fro. In vain I listened for

Boh Hlan's voice; either he was asleep, or held aloof from the debate, for he did not speak a word until, in the advanced hours of the morning, a hot dispute began between some of his band regarding their conduct on the following day. Then he delivered his own decision, straightforwardly enough.

'Silence, you!' he cried. 'Listen! This English police officer is alone, and he cannot take any man against his will. Those who like may run away. I believe the Englishman has spoken truth, and I shall follow him to Pyemana. Those who will may follow me.'

Not another word was said; and worn out with anxiety and fatigue, I fell asleep.

I was up at dawn, eager to start back to camp before the dacoit chief should change his mind. I found that five of those who had promised submission had thought better of it, and had bolted; but Boh Hlan and twenty-seven of his men professed themselves ready to accompany me. I was a proud man when I marched into my camp at the head of this file of dacoits.

I need not linger over the sequel. The gang gave up their arms and assumed the rôle of prisoners with a good deal of murmuring; and their reproaches did not decrease when they were committed to the lock-up to await their formal trial. That ordeal took place almost immediately, and they were set free on promising to be of good behaviour for the future.

The impression this treatment made upon them was evidenced in a remarkable manner. Within a month of their dismissal, pardoned, no fewer than eighty-seven dacoits came in voluntarily and gave up their arms. Thus my trip to Thongway bore fruit more valuable than I in my most sanguine moments ever dared anticipate; but I should not care to go through the experience again.

JULY.

LIKE a fairy enwreathed with the blossoms
That sprang from the footsteps of June—
Like a queen from the realms of the rainbow
Engirdled with rays from the moon—
July comes when the sounds are entrancing
That are borne on the breast of the breeze,
Her glances the hills are enhancing
That smile on the seas.

Beams in beauty the dell and the dingle,
The upland, the garden, the lawn;
Pink flowerets peep up from the shingle,
When wavelets sing welcome to dawn;
And the rocks that for ever look leeward,
Like sentinels guarding the land,
Rejoice when the sun from the seaward
Engoldens the strand.

Her evenings are moonlit and starry,
The hills are in purple of kings,
Tall trees like true knights seem to tarry
Till July her royalty brings.
'Mid the scenes of her wealth let us linger,
And list to the harp that is strung,
Which when July hath touched with her finger,
The aged grow young.

ROBERT S. MUTCH.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 395.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

A NOTABLE HOROLOGICAL INVENTION.

THE Naval Exhibition now open in London contains many interesting relics of other days. To the makers and users of nautical instruments, and to horologists especially, there are exhibits which have a peculiar interest attaching to them. Among these is John Harrison's famous 'Time-keeper,' in view of the unique character of which a few remarks relative to it and its maker at this time will be of special interest, the more so, perhaps, that little information of either of them seems to be possessed by the general public.

It is well known that every ocean-going vessel is equipped with the means of enabling those in charge to direct its course, and also to determine its geographical position at sea, and that one indispensable factor in the latter problem is a time-keeper, or, as it is otherwise called, a ship's chronometer. This, however, was not always so. The route of the earlier navigators across the trackless ocean was not by any means the 'beaten track' it is now. The time has been when a deviation of a few score miles more or less in an ocean voyage was not considered a bad course. Horological science, though of ancient origin, had not, previous to the later half of the seventeenth century, produced any portable timepiece approaching anything like exactness, the erratic performances of all then existing rendering them quite useless for any practical purposes of navigation.

Though Harrison's 'Time-keeper' marked the commencement of a new epoch in horological productions, it is open to question if, without the labours of those who preceded him, his fame as a watchmaker would have been what it is. This is not to be understood as depreciatory of his talents as a mechanic and scientist, for these were without doubt unsurpassed by his contemporaries, but merely as an example of the great law of development.

With a compass, to denote the Poles, and the celestial spheres for his latitude—or distance

north or south from any given place—the ancient mariner, previous to the discovery of America, seems to have had all that he required; at any-rate, it was not till after this event any steps in quest of additional methods are recorded.

The discovery of the New World in the fifteenth century soon caused the problem of the longitude at sea—or distance east or west of any given place—to become a very important question amongst transatlantic voyagers, and forthwith great rewards were offered from time to time by the Governments of various maritime nations for the invention of a method or construction of an instrument to effect that object. Some most absurd projects were offered by those whose learning ought to have guarded them better. Alchemists and other visionaries of that day sought with crafty schemes to obtain the rewards. But the true solution of this great problem could only come from the sound deliberations of the mathematicians and astronomers, who recommended a reliable timekeeper for this purpose. So far so good; but theory without means for its practice availed nothing.

Horology in the sixteenth century had no instruments of sufficient accuracy to offer, and at that time not the least indications existed that it ever would. The Spanish Government for a period of over one hundred years offered and expended vast sums of money in the pursuit of determining the longitude at sea, till about 1626, when they appear to have abandoned the attempt. The Dutch, also, who possessed in those days a splendid fleet on the high seas, and were correspondingly interested, were prominent in the attempt, and at one time offered thirty thousand guilders. France, too, joined in the same search, and offered great sums. These continued rewards elicited many ingenious schemes; but none of them possessed sufficient merit.

But the dawn of better things was at hand, and a step taken in 1656 was the prelude to a series of experiments, which a hundred years later culminated in a success as complete as it was astonishing. This step was the attachment of the

pendulum to the clock by the Dutch philosopher Huygens, and was an immense acquisition to horology, at once giving it a place in the exact sciences such as it had not before held. The clock thereupon became in many astronomical calculations as indispensable as the telescope, and every practical astronomer has since then become more or less of a horologist.

The next important advance was the invaluable invention, about 1660, of the watch balance-spring, by Dr Robert Hooke, the son of a watchmaker in the Isle of Wight, and a most ingenious mechanic. He was also the author of other valuable inventions and improvements; notably the 'anchor' escapement for clocks, now in common use, the germ of the duplex escapement for watches, and some ingenious tools for the making of astronomical instruments.

Previous to the year 1691, watches had only the hour-hand, a disadvantage which was removed by Daniel Quare of London, who added the minute-hand, an improvement apparent to all.

Nine years later, the horizontal escapement in its perfected state, by George Graham, F.R.S., the pupil and colleague of the renowned Thomas Tompion, and sometimes styled the 'Father of English Clockmakers,' was made public; and if not the most accurate, is still made on account of its economy in almost countless numbers. Till the appearance of this escapement in 1700, there was no other in existence—with the exception perhaps of some obscure experiments—than the old 'vertical,' now known as the 'verge' escapement. In the same year the ingenious device of jewelling the parts most subject to wear was introduced into this country by 'M. Facio, a native of Geneva, who came to Paris with this art as a secret; but not being well received, either by the Duke of Orleans, at that time Regent of France, or by the watchmakers there, he repaired to London with it, which was at that time a school where the art of watchmaking was more cultivated than at Paris.'

With these explanations, we now come to the year 1714, when the English Government appointed a Commission for the purpose of investigating the longitude question. One of the members of this body, which was known as the Board of Longitude, was the celebrated Sir Isaac Newton, who prepared an exhaustive paper on the subject, and endorsed the old opinion that a 'true time-keeper' would solve the question. This recommendation was laid before Parliament, and shortly afterwards there was published 'An Act for providing public reward for such person or persons as shall discover the longitude at sea.' Sir Isaac, who was himself deeply interested in horology and in touch with all the latest improvements, was evidently sanguine that a true time-keeper *could* be made, provided the incentive was strong enough to induce any one to devote his time and means to that end. So the reward

was fixed at ten thousand pounds if it defined the longitude to within one degree; fifteen thousand to within two-thirds; and twenty thousand to within half a degree—these distances being respectively, sixty, forty, and thirty geographical miles. At this time, there were then living several eminent horologists, whose well-known abilities, one thinks, might have induced them to claim this honour; yet there is no authentic record of any application till fourteen years after it was first offered.

John Harrison, who invented and made the time-keeper which gained this reward, was born at Foulby, near Pontefract, in Yorkshire, in 1693. Of his early life little seems to be known, further than that he assisted his father, who was a joiner and cabinet-maker; and in addition to this occupation, undertook the repairing and cleaning of clocks and watches. From this fact, it is no doubt traceable that his son John had his great mechanical abilities directed into the channel by which he in after-years made himself famous. When quite young, he seems to have been an enthusiastic worker amongst clocks and watches, and is said to have made some of the former with 'frames of wood.' Although this indicated his constructive and imitative faculties—which in mechanics are indispensable—yet his fame rested on higher attainments than these alone, for, in addition to them, he possessed inventive powers of the highest order, along with a logical mind; and as a scientist in all that related to horological philosophy, his productions are a monument to his talents.

The mere making of the separate parts of a watch or clock does not constitute a time-keeper. Each article is subject to its own laws, which were only understood by a long series of observations and experiments. The expansion and contraction of metals through changes in temperature, the varying fluidity of the lubricant, magnetic disturbances, irregular supply of force to the escapement, want of isochronism in the pendulum and balance-spring, were all elements of disturbance, and to counteract these was the life-work of John Harrison.

It is beyond the scope of this article to give a technical description of his inventions; the principles involved, and his intricate mechanism, make even the attempt at anything like lucidity a hopeless task; and in view of this, the remarks thereon must needs be confined to their popular aspect. Harrison, who was twenty-one years of age when the decision of the Board of Longitude was made public, was then, or soon afterwards, engaged in devising some means to counteract the expansion and contraction of metals by heat and cold, and his efforts were crowned with success by the production of his 'gridiron compensation pendulum.' The reward offered seems to have directed his attention to remedy the same defect in a watch, which defect, in long voyages embracing wide ranges of temperature,

was one of its greatest failings. With this view, then, he prepared drawings of a scheme, including an original escapement, took the same to London, and there showed it to Dr Halley, who was then Astronomer-royal. In principle, the invention depended on a laminated bar of brass and steel fixed at one end, the free end carrying two curb pins embracing the balance-spring; and according as the bar shrunk or expanded, it regulated the length of the spring. It acted, in short, as an automatic regulator. It has since been entirely superseded by more exact methods.

Dr Halley, seeing there was something in the invention, gave its author an introduction to the practical George Graham, who advised him, before applying to the Board for assistance, to get his machine constructed. This was in 1726; but it was not till 1735 that any real success attended his efforts. A time-keeper which he then tested against motion at sea in a river-boat on the Humber answered his expectations so well, that it was taken on a voyage to Lisbon, thus testing its powers of resisting both motion and temperature. The experiment was attended with most gratifying results. For this, the Board advanced him five hundred pounds; and he was advised by them to make another, but on a smaller scale. In 1739 he appeared before the Board with his second instrument; but, for some reason or other, it did not meet their approval. After the lapse of two years he was back before the Board with his third time-keeper, much smaller, and greatly improved; and for this he received the gold medal of the Royal Society.

In 1758 Harrison applied to the Board of Longitude for permission to have his instrument officially tested by sending it to sea in a vessel bound for a voyage that would try its capacities in all conditions. After a considerable and quite unnecessary delay, this was granted; and on the 18th of November 1761, William Harrison, the inventor's son, was despatched with it to Jamaica in the good ship *Deptford*. After being eighteen days out, the vessel, according to the then usual method of determining the longitude, was found to be thirteen degrees fifteen minutes west of Portsmouth; whilst, according to Harrison's time-keeper, it was stated to be fifteen degrees nineteen minutes, a difference which the ship's navigators were not disposed to admit. Young Harrison, however, having confidence in his 'watch,' stoutly stood by its accuracy, and maintained that a certain island would be sighted next morning if it was properly defined on the chart. The captain, to settle the dispute, steered a course necessary to that end; and next morning, to his chagrin and Harrison's joy, the 'watch' was up to time. The same results were obtained as island after island was passed; and on their arrival at Port Royal, after a voyage of over two months, the time-keeper was found to be five seconds slow; and on its return to England, after being away over five months, its error was not a minute and a quarter.

Now, according to the Act of 1714, Harrison was justly entitled to the full reward of twenty thousand pounds, as his instrument had defined the longitude to a point considerably less than the least distance specified by that Act. But Dr Maskelyne, who was afterwards the Astronomer-royal, through some freak, would not consent

to its being paid; besides, some of the other members of the Board thought this astonishing accuracy was merely accidental. It was at length agreed to give an advance of two thousand five hundred; but on Harrison justly remonstrating, this sum was doubled, and the balance promised when all doubts were at rest.

A second voyage was then directed to be made; and on the 24th of March 1764, William Harrison again left the shores of his native land on board the man-of-war *Tartar*, bound to Barbadoes. Every precaution was taken this time that foresight could suggest to prevent misunderstanding. The instrument was placed under three locks and keys—one being kept by Harrison, another by the captain, and the other by the navigating officer, so that, when it required winding, all three were bound to be present. On its return in September of the same year, its performance was found to have quite realised the expectations of its maker. The Board then paid over another five thousand pounds, withholding the balance till he had given full instructions to enable it to be reproduced. Larcum Kendall, who had been an apprentice of Harrison's, accomplished this; but he refused to commence without a sum of four hundred pounds being paid to him in advance.

After several years of delay and many acrimonious discussions with the Board, John Harrison finally in 1767 received the balance of the twenty thousand pounds. He was then in his seventy-third year. His time-keepers, which are still in existence, are the property of the Government, and are officially in charge of the Astronomers-royal in Greenwich Observatory.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXXIII.—A NEW SUITOR.

TIME marched on, as indeed it often does in this prosaic world of ours; and Psyche's life at the Pension des Orangers grew daily more and more like her life at Petherton. The first flush of freshness in the African world wore gradually away; and even as it disappeared, Psyche's eyesight returned once more to something the same deplorable condition as at the Wren's Nest. Only, a general dimness began at last to supervene. Instead of periods of occasional loss of sight, interspersed with periods of perfect vision, Psyche was conscious of a constant decrease in visual power, so that she only saw with clearness and distinctness now when she made a definite effort of attention towards any particular object. The fact was, the change was but evanescent. The cause of her malady still remained untouched. Her sight was failing.

She passed much of her time all those days with Geraldine Maitland: much also with Cyrus, Sirena, and Corona. Geraldine, indeed, did all she could to throw the four together. The girls, she thought, were nice lively companions for poor broken-hearted Psyche: they roused and stimulated her: and Geraldine even cherished some faint hope that Cyrus's good-nature and kindness

of heart might at last engage Psyche's passing interest. For Geraldine had a genuine affection—of a sort—for Cyrus: knowing his profound admiration for 'high-toned' Englishwomen, she would have been delighted—if only she could have handed him over to Psyche.

With this end in view, she had concocted from the beginning a little scheme of her own to create in the genial young American's mind an interest in the pretty and shrinking English girl. Before the Dumaresqs' arrival, she had arranged with Cyrus that he should pay nearly one half their bill at the *pension*, in the utmost secrecy; and so had created a proprietary feeling by anticipation towards both father and daughter in the generous Westerner's chivalrous soul. For Cyrus, though engaged, like all the rest of Cincinnati, in the fluctuating concerns of the wholesale pork market, had a nature as tender as any English gentleman's: and his feeling of protection towards Psyche might easily ripen under these peculiar circumstances into one of a far more intimate and personal kind.

As for Geraldine, her own attitude towards her American admirer was very peculiar. She liked Cyrus immensely; but, as Cyrus himself rightly divined, the money alone stood in the way. She could never endure the world should think she had sold herself for Cincinnati gold. A little wholesome opposition, indeed, on Mrs Maitland's part might have worked wonders for Cyrus's chance of success; but Mrs Maitland, sharp woman of the world as she was by nature and training, was yet not quite sharp enough to perceive that opportunity for carrying her point. Her tactics had less of finesse about them than of sheer persistence. She saw her end clearly, and made for it with most unwomanly directness by what seemed to her the plain straight path. And Geraldine, who could be led but could not be driven, found her mother's advocacy of Cyrus's claims a considerable factor against the honest and manly young American's chances.

A month or two had passed, and Sirena sat one day in the garden on the hillside slope under the pleasant shade of a drooping pepper-tree. The full African sun was pouring down his splendour on terraces rich with rose and geranium. Tall irises flaunted their beauty in the air, and bees hummed busily around the heavy-scented loquat trees. Psyche and Corona were seated on the bench in the tennis court below, watching a set between some others of the visitors: for the irrepressible Briton, wherever he goes, *must* have his tennis lawn. Sirena laid down her novel with a yawn. A shadow from behind fell across the path. She looked up suddenly. It was Haviland Dumaresq.

The old man seated himself by her side with a fatherly air. He had learned to like Sirena by this time; she was always so kind to his precious Psyche. When Psyche's eyes were most seriously affected, it was Sirena who came to her bedroom to read to her: when Psyche couldn't see to guide a pen, it was Sirena who helped her to write her letters. Haviland Dumaresq could pardon for that even Sirena's name; no siren she, indeed, but a simple-hearted, kindly-natured, rough, self-satisfied, self-sufficing Western girl. Besides, was

she not Cyrus Vanrenen's sister; and were not Haviland Dumaresq's ideas for the moment beginning vaguely to fix themselves upon Cyrus Vanrenen's future? Anything on earth, now, to turn the current of Psyche's mind into fresh directions!

'My darling grows no better, Miss Sirena,' he said pathetically, as he glanced at Psyche sitting with that settled resigned air of hers on the bench far below. 'I had hoped much from this trip to Africa. Every day I stop here my hopes grow slenderer. As the novelty palls, the evil increases. She's fading like a flower. I know not what next to try to rouse her.'

Sirena glanced back at him with tears in her eyes. 'Do you think she'll go blind, then, sir?' she asked anxiously.

'Unless we can change the set of her thoughts,' Dumaresq answered in a very slow voice, 'purely functional as the evil is, I begin to fear it. An effort would suffice to make her see as well as ever, to be sure; but she seems incapable even of making that effort. Her will-power's gone. She lacks initiative. She has nothing left to live for, I'm afraid, just now. I wish to God we could find something to interest her in life. At her age, such a want of living-power's simply unnatural.'

'That's so, sir,' Sirena answered, half afraid, for she could never quite conquer her instinctive terror of the famous thinker.

'You know the cause?' Haviland Dumaresq suggested tentatively.

'I guess so, in part,' Sirena answered with what might (for an American girl) be almost called timidity. 'Miss Maitland's enabled me to draw my own conclusions.'

Haviland Dumaresq paused for a moment, irresolute. Then he went on dreamily, in his half-soliloquising fashion: 'It would be a great thing, though, if we could make her take some living interest in something or somebody else, instead of leaving her to this perpetual brooding over her buried grief.'

'It would so,' Sirena assented eagerly.

Dumaresq started at the cordiality of this assent. Her tone, he felt sure, said more than her words. She had thought it over—thought it over before. Here surely was an ally—a ready-made ally. If only the current of Psyche's thought could be turned! It wasn't only for her happiness nowadays, alas! it was for her eyes, her sight, her health, her very life almost.

'Nothing will ever give her a chance now, I fear,' he said slowly, still fixing his gaze on Psyche in the distance, 'except the slow growth of a fresh affection. It would have to be slow: it would have to be long: it would have to be all begun from without: for Psyche herself, in her present frame of mind, would never begin it. She's lost the impetus. Her heart's too much bound up now in that unknown grave.—But if anybody should ever happen to fall in love with her, and to press his suit upon her by gentle degrees—she's young still—nature and instinct are all on her side—it isn't natural at her age to grieve for ever—well, I almost fancy, he might have a chance—he might yet prevail upon her.—And if, however slowly, Psyche could only be brought to feel that some new object in life was dawning on her horizon and growing up before

her, her eyesight, I believe, would at last come back. All the doctors are agreed as to that: all she needs now is power to make the effort.'

Serina looked up at him with a vague wistfulness. 'If Cyrus'—she began: then she broke off suddenly, appalled to herself at her own exceeding boldness.

Dumaresq interrupted her with a sudden return of his native haughtiness. 'Mr Vanrenen,' he said, drawing himself up as if he had been stung, 'is a very young man for whom I have slowly conceived—well—a certain regard, in spite, I will confess, of some initial prejudice. But I most assuredly didn't intend, in what I have just said, to allude either to him or to any other particular person. If you thought I meant to do so, you entirely misunderstood me. It is an inherent, perhaps an ineradicable, vice of the feminine mind always to bring down general propositions to an individual instance.'

He said it in his grand impersonal kingly manner, like a monarch in his own philosophic realm, dismissing for the moment the *pourparlers* of some friendly power on a matter affecting his daughter's interests. His condescension was so evident, indeed, that Sirena herself, unabashed wild Western American that she was, felt constrained to answer humbly in her smallest voice: 'I beg your pardon, Mr Dumaresq. I—I didn't know what I was going to venture to suggest would be likely to offend you.' She was awed by the solemn dignity of the old man's attitude. In her own heart, she felt tolerably sure he meant to hint, in his obscure way, that if Cyrus made love to Psyche, he, for his part, would have no serious obstacle of his own to offer. But she also felt that, penniless and aged as the great philosopher was, a cipher in the worldly society of rank and wealth, he still considered and knew himself a power in the world—a power of a kind that could hardly bear to stoop to the vulgar trivialities of Cincinnati pork-merchants. And he made Sirena recognise his position too. That frank and fearless young daughter of an irreverent dollar-worshipping Western republic yet recognised in her own heart, as she sat there that morning under the weeping pepper-tree, that the gray philosopher in the threadbare coat would be conferring an undoubted honour on her house if he were to admit, however grudgingly, and with whatever reserves, that Cyrus Vanrenen might conceivably pay his court unopposed to so great a lady as Haviland Dumaresq's daughter.

The old man rose, as if to conclude an interview that embarrassed him. Sirena rose too, and moved towards the court, where Psyche was sitting. At the self-same moment, Cyrus and Geraldine Maitland came in sight from the opposite direction.

Cyrus was in a humour particularly disposed to think and hear anything good of Haviland Dumaresq and his daughter; for in truth he had just been conferring a favour upon them. Geraldine had called on her weekly errand of paying the other half of Mrs Holliday's bill, for which Cyrus unobtrusively supplied the money. To him, it was nothing—less than nothing, for he was really one of the richest men in Cincinnati: if out of the superfluity of his wealth he could do anything to make Haviland Dumaresq or his daughter the happier, he was ready

with all good-will to do it, not letting his left hand know what his right hand was doing. Americans are more public-spirited in the use of their money than we are; and Cyrus took to himself no special credit for this graceful act. Society and the world, he had been told, owed Haviland Dumaresq an immense debt: and part of that debt, by the favour of circumstances, he, Cyrus Vanrenen, was privileged to discharge for it. It was one of the many advantages of wealth that money could so bring him into pleasing personal relations, however one-sided, with his natural betters.

Psyche, looking up, was dimly conscious of somebody approaching. She moved aside a little, and made room for the young man on the bench. Cyrus noted the natural courtesy with keen pleasure. She wanted him to sit beside her, then! And she so very high-toned! Such a singular honour from Haviland Dumaresq's daughter!

They sat and watched out the set together, Psyche seeing nothing, and Cyrus talking gaily enough to her about nothing in particular. Yet, she listened gratefully. The full-flowing murmur of his trivialities soothed her. Mr Vanrenen was always so kind and nice: she liked him so much for his simple good-nature.

As they sat there talking idly, Corona brought out a letter with an American stamp on it. Cyrus tore open the envelope and read its contents with a faint puckering of his eyebrows.

'Business slack?' Corona inquired with obvious interest.

'Well, the old man writes, the market's feverish,' Cyrus answered with a faint flush of ingenuous shame. He had never felt ashamed of pork in his life before—in Cincinnati, pork is as fashionable as cotton in Manchester or cutlery in Sheffield—but in Psyche's presence he was vaguely aware of something ludicrously commonplace about that Ohio staple. To hide his confusion he murmured once more—'East-bound freight-rates restored from Chicago.'

'Is that so?' Corona cried, with much meaning.

'That is so,' Cyrus replied; 'and what's more, Futures in lard are described as nervous.'

'You don't tell!' Corona murmured sympathetically. Like all Western girls she was a born gambler. She had ventured her own little pile on Futures.

'Yes, I do,' her brother responded: 'and there's a Corner in December ribs and sides, too: a very dangerous Corner. January opened at 160, and without once receding from that first figure, touched as high at times as 172. "The determination to carry the February squeeze through to the bitter end," Eselstein says in his letter, "makes operators apprehensive of what may occur with deferred deliveries." It's awkward—very.'

'And what'll Mr Eselstein do?' Corona asked, drawing a deep breath.

'Why, I guess the old man'll back the Fifth National Bank blind,' Cyrus answered, smiling. 'He's bound to go it with such a squeeze as that! It's neck or nothing.'

To Psyche, all this was Greek indeed. Squeezes, and Futures, and Corners, and so forth, meant less than nothing. They were talking, to her, a foreign language. Yet she felt vaguely for

all that she was *de trop* just then. She rose, and tried to grope her way blindly to the house. Cyrus, rising at the same moment, led her up to her father at the door of the *pension*. 'Thank you,' she said, turning round to him with rising tears in her eyes. She was really grateful for all these little kindnesses. Cyrus opened the door and ushered her in with a bending head. He looked after her, admiringly, as she felt her way with outstretched hands through the darkling passages. Poor little lady! He would do anything to serve her. She was Haviland Dumaresq's daughter—and so very high-toned!

On the steps, Sirena met him with a hushed face. 'Cy,' she said, looking up at him, 'do you know what Mr Dumaresq told me just now? He told me you were a young man for whom he'd conceived quite a regard!—I assure you he said so.—And I think, Cy,' she went on after a short pause, 'you ought to accept this intimation, and make the best of your position with Psyche.'

Cyrus pondered. 'What'd Geraldine Maitland think?' he said at last, thoughtfully.

Sirena rose to the situation like a born diplomat. 'Why, Geraldine Maitland said to me to-day,' she answered, with deep wisdom, "'What a pity Psyche don't take a fancy to that dear fellow, your brother!'" That's exactly how she said it. And my advice to you is, go in and try for her, Cy. It's something, you know, to be Haviland Dumaresq's son-in-law.'

'They'd stare some in Cincinnati,' Cyrus admitted, stroking his nascent moustache reflectively.

'And you like her, you know, Cy,' his sister continued, returning to the charge and following up her advantage. 'You must allow you like her. I can see every day you like her better.'

'Well,' Cyrus admitted in an apologetic voice, 'it don't seem natural I shouldn't like her, either—being thrown together with her so much, and she so high-toned. Her very misfortunes make a man somehow feel like loving her. If it weren't for Geraldine Maitland'—

'Geraldine Maitland!' Sirena cried scornfully, interrupting him with a contemptuous twirl of her graceful fingers. 'Well, Cy, I'd have thought even you'd have seen Geraldine Maitland don't sit on the same rail with Psyche, anyway. And ever since Psyche came to the house, you've been getting to think more and more of Psyche, and less and less of Geraldine Maitland.'

'That's so, too,' Cyrus assented unreservedly after a moment's thought. 'That's good psychology, as Mr Dumaresq would say. It's no use crying for the moon, you see, Reeney. So I don't deny, one scale's been going up, and the other down, ever since Miss Dumaresq came here.'

'Very well, then,' Sirena said with an imperious air. 'Let 'em balance straight, and go ahead, Cyrus. Just you catch on to Psyche, now you've got the chance, and don't go crying over spilt milk any more with Geraldine Maitland.'

Her advice seemed wise. So for the next three months, accordingly, Cyrus Vanrenen was Psyche Dumaresq's most devoted slave. The simple-hearted, generous, whole-souled young American, having once taken her up, fell easily in love with her, if indeed he hadn't been more than half in

love with her already. He had really persuaded himself now—so blind is youth—that if Psyche could only love him in return, her eyesight would soon come all right again, as the doctors assured them. And for the next three months, with this object in view, he waited upon her as assiduously as her own shadow. As for Psyche, she, poor child, accepted his gentle squiring, all unconscious of its aim, yet not without gratitude. A hand to guide her was a comfort in these dark days; for Psyche herself never doubted now the terrible truth that the end of it all must be total blindness.

Yet when Sirena told Geraldine Maitland the result of her little plot upon Cyrus's heart—a plot already concocted between them in strict confidence—Geraldine's face, to her surprise, fell somewhat. She stifled a sigh, like a woman that she was (and therefore illogical), as if it hardly pleased her to hear that the lover she had taken such pains to shuffle off could give her up in favour of Psyche quite so readily.

(To be continued.)

THE PRAIRIE DOG AS A PET.

ABOUT five years ago a couple of prairie dogs were brought over to our rural parish in the south of Scotland from Colman County, on the basin of the river Colorado, Western Texas. The surface of the prairie-lands in that quarter, which is now being occupied as large sheep-farms, is either nearly level or slightly undulating. In an extensive district, Santa Anna, the highest eminence, only reaches two or three hundred feet in height. The region is fairly open country, here and there a short scrub. It is a flowery land in spring, after which the grass grows high; and if drought set in, there is danger of it taking fire. The climate is so warm and salubrious that for a great part of the year the shepherds can sleep out of doors with immunity. In this region the prairie dog is very numerous; nor is it much liked, for the holes it burrows often trip up the horseman at night. It is frequently to be seen sitting upright near its burrow, barking in its own way at the stranger. Then it bolts, tail quivering, headlong into its hole, turns itself, and peeps out as the wayfarer approaches, thus giving animation to an otherwise lonely region.

Our two prairie dogs were brought over to this country in boxes, and were far from being in good condition when delivered from the irksomeness of confinement. The house into which they were received as lodgers is a humble dwelling of two small apartments, close to the church and churchyard, and occupies the middle of a small row or hamlet. Their appearance was a subject of great curiosity, being somewhat like that of a squirrel, and somewhat like that of a water-rat. They were not so large as a rabbit; had short forelegs, small tails, no external ear, were pretty broad for their length, had long claws, and soft hair, short, and of a dull red colour, which changes to a gray hue. They were very playful with each other, and made excursions to the churchyard, the grass of which they

seemed to enjoy, plucking it out with their fore-paws, and then sitting eating with the greatest avidity that portion of the stem least coloured, nearest the root. At the end of a year the older of the two died. He was supposed to be two months old when first caught. Our remarks now mainly concern the younger and stronger one, Yap, which is still alive and lively, being now at least six years old.

The great trouble with them was to keep them from gnawing the mats, rugs, bed-hangings, and furniture of the kitchen in which they were located. For this purpose they required to be locked up at night. A strong box was procured, provided with a lid that could be locked down. A partition was made in the middle of the box with a hole in it, so as to give each an apartment. One side of the box was made of strong wire; and the wood of the other sides and of the lid lined with perforated zinc. A motley quantity of rags was procured, and they were allowed to make their own beds. It was observed that the stronger of the two mainly occupied himself in arranging the patches within the box, while the other carried them from the floor. An empty tea-chest containing some newspapers was also placed at their service through the day. This was set in the dark under the bed. To this day, Yap objects to newspapers, which he turns out, much preferring the woollen rags. A singular fact in regard to the arrangement of the particoloured patches may be noted. In arranging them, the brighter colours are always turned to the surface, and the red rags are more exposed to view than those of other colours. It takes Yap a long time to make up his bed; but he does it neatly, keeping a hole in the middle, into which he plunges and covers himself well up. When tired, he goes to bed in the tea-chest for an hour or so throughout the day, but likes to get into his strong box near the fire at evening. If the lid be closed, he becomes restless, scrapes at it, stands on his hindlegs, and plucks at the clothes of his friends. His time to go to bed, even when the days are long, is very nearly about the time of Texan sunset, seven or eight o'clock.

Although West Texas is a sheep-country, the shepherds employ no dogs; they trust to stone and sling. When a sheep inclines to bolt from the main flock, they dexterously throw a stone right before, which causes the runaway to back into the herd. The slinging is accompanied by shouting, and by-and-by the sheep understand the shout without the stone. This may account for the fact that Yap has never shown much timidity towards dogs. The dogs, on the other hand, generally bridle up, however loud and swift the assault, whenever they come near him, as if they noticed something uncanny. In Texas there are a few wolves, now getting very wary, and several rapacious birds, having far less fear of man than those in this country. Perhaps that is the reason why Yap is much more terrified for a crow than a dog, and runs quickly into the house if one or more alight in the tree opposite and begin to caw.

With regard to sounds, Yap is capricious, and can never endure that of a barrow passing, although no notice is taken of that of the church bell. His food is strictly vegetable and his diet

light. Dry oatmeal, a bit of oatmeal cake, and oats, are his favourite food. He likes milk, but can never be induced to take porridge. He does not object to fruit, and is particularly fond of almonds. The average temperature of this country being so much lower than that of Texas causes him to be extremely anxious of creeping close to the kitchen fire, where he sits close to the cat, which he fondles, bestowing on her many gentle strokes with his little paws. When out of doors, he is particularly fond of keeping close to the little bantam hen. Of the two persons with whom he resides he prefers the mistress to her husband. Nevertheless, the mistress having left for some time, he sat close to the feet of his male friend at night, and did not wish to go to bed until the master retired to his as far on as eleven o'clock; and, strange to say, when, after a few days' absence, the mistress arrived, it took her some time to regain his affections.

Although his ancestors never were domesticated, he seems capable of a certain amount of training. One strange peculiarity of both dogs was that they lacked the sense of vertical distance. When they got on a table, chair, or window-sill, they stepped from them and fell as if unaware, hurting their face and nose. When they attempted to leap from two chairs a bit apart, they would also miscalculate, and fall between them. They soon got over this, and judged the distance horizontally correctly; but it was a long time before Yap could do the same from a height. Now, however, experience has taught him this also, and he can leap from box to chair, from chair to bed, and *vice versa*, with the utmost precision. Perhaps the nearly level nature of their original habitat may have something to do with this blunt sense of vertical distance.

Yap has intelligence enough to notice any strange piece of furniture or utensil brought into the apartment, never being satisfied until he has smelled and examined it. Once when a new rug was put down before the fireplace to grace the ministerial annual visit, he sat down on it with great enjoyment. But when the old faded rug was again laid, resentment was shown, and he began to gnaw and tear it. The indomitable habit of gnawing is in the way of any of his kind being made a household pet. Even the perforated zinc of his strong box gave way before his incisors, and he succeeded in making a hole through the lid. Here, also, he has learned by experience; and if caught in the act of gnawing any household article, instantly stops, lest a hard word or a cuff should be administered.

He expresses his affection mainly by pressing gently with his teeth the hand of him he loves. If a stranger lay hand on him firmly, he shows no resentment; but should he touch him in a timid hesitating way, he is apt to give him a pinch. Yap, after his companion's death, grew much more timid about going out of doors, and never afterwards ventured as far as the churchyard in which the two together used to play.

During the last nine months Yap has fallen off considerably. He now weighs two pounds, is nine and a half inches in girth, and from the snout to the tip of the tail fifteen inches long. Within the last three months he has developed a taste for meat, which he begs for, holding up his forepaws, and prefers cooked to raw. In this

summer weather he gratifies his instinct, filling up holes with earth, and beating it in with his head as, in the wild state, his kind seal up rattlesnakes should they enter their funnel-like burrows.

THE ROMANCE OF A SUMMER.

CHAPTER IV.

JACK D'ARCY was a universal favourite, and in that respect he differed considerably from his chief friend, Oliver Westall, and closely resembled Humphrey Standish. Perhaps that was the reason why Humphrey singled him out from among all the other guests at Mr Campbell's shooting-box as the one whom he chose chiefly to honour with his society. However that might be, before they had been a week at Inverarran they were the closest of friends, and felt as if they had known each other all their lives.

'Odd thing, isn't it? how different some people's destinies are from what they ought to be,' said Mr D'Arcy one evening, as he and Humphrey sat talking together in his room after they had retired for the night. 'Some people, whom to look at you would say were born for happiness and prosperity, are just the unluckiest beggars on the face of the earth, and *vice versa*. There's a case in point,' he went on presently between the whiffs of his cigar, finding that Humphrey did not answer, 'in something my friend Westall told me in a letter the other day. He says there's an awfully charming girl staying in the hotel he is at—a perfect marvel of everything that's charming, according to him; indeed, if it weren't old Oliver, I should declare that he was in love with her himself. And now, this priceless paragon, this goddess in human form, is going to marry a wretched old foreign fellow—a Malay, or something of that kind—a chap whom everybody seems frightened of, and whom she herself, according to him, detests, or at anyrate does not care two pins about. Now, what the dickens does a handsome girl—one who could marry whom she chose and when she chose, want to go and tie herself for life to a man who isn't even an Englishman—or even a European, but a wretched Oriental, brimful, doubtless, of deceit and underhand ways? Pah! the thing makes me sick.' And he looked very much disgusted.

Humphrey did not say anything. He was thinking of Avicé's mother.

'I only knew one Malay,' his friend resumed, 'and he was a scoundrel. An out-and-outer, I can tell you. His name was Mutwanee, and I never had such a desire to see a fellow-creature hanged as when I was talking to him. He came over in the ship I came from the Cape in, at the beginning of this month—or, rather, it was the end of last. I shouldn't wonder if this were the same fellow,' he added, meditatively; 'and if so, I pity the girl. He has two or three wives already.'

It was growing too late for any more conversation just then; but the next morning, after breakfast, D'Arcy joined Humphrey on his way up-stairs.

'It's the queerest thing I've heard for long,' he cried, glancing at an open letter in his hand. 'You know that fellow Mutwanee I was talking of last night. Well, it seems that he is the very fellow whom this Miss Sacharty is to marry. I wonder her people'—

'Who did you say the girl was?' interrupted Humphrey hoarsely, clutching as if for support to the balusters. 'Miss who?'

'Sacharty,' rejoined the other, startled by his voice and manner; then, catching sight of his white face, he added: 'Why, Standish, man, what's up? You look as if you were going to faint!'

But Humphrey by a supreme effort managed in a great degree to regain his self-composure. 'I'm all right,' he returned. 'But, come in here; I want to hear all I can about it.'

With a rueful thought of the shooting he would miss, Jack followed his friend into the deserted smoking-room and told him all he knew. It did not amount to very much after all, being merely the little scraps in Oliver Westall's letters; but it was enough to draw a low groan of horror from the startled and dismayed Humphrey.

'It is some fiendish plot of her father's,' he cried fiercely. 'Av—Miss Sacharty could never, never have consented to such a thing of her own free will!' Then, after a moment's pause, he went on more calmly: 'Does your friend say whether her aunt knows of it? Is she also in the game?'

'No,' returned D'Arcy, glancing at the letters in his hand; 'there is nothing about an aunt, only a note that the girl herself is a half-caste.—But if you know the aunt, you might be able, if not to stop the marriage at once, at least to delay it till she comes. And remember, I know for a fact that Mutwanee has at least three or four other wives. There was a fellow on board who knew him very well, and I daresay we could get hold of him somehow as a witness. He knows all his past history.'

'Ah,' returned Humphrey gravely, 'I think then I'll go off to the nearest town and telegraph to Miss Marchmont—fortunately, I know her address—and then I shall be able to decide on my course of action. To-day is Thursday, so there is no time to be lost.' Then, after a moment's pause, he added apologetically: 'I'm afraid I've spoilt your day's sport for you, old fellow! What a nuisance you must think me! But you see—I know Miss Sacharty very well, and the thought of her danger!' He broke off abruptly and covered his face with his hands.

D'Arcy looked compassionately at him. 'Never mind the shooting, old man!' he returned with attempted levity. 'Those other chaps can't bring down *all* the partridges, you know. And I tell you what, I'll come down to the town with you; the walk will do me good!'

Humphrey pressed his hand gratefully, and hastily putting a few things into his travelling bag, in case of having to go to Strath Carron, he set off with his friend.

'We'd better stay here till the answer comes, I think,' remarked D'Arcy as they turned away from the telegraph office. 'There will be more chance of a speedy answer then.'

It was not until the afternoon that the reply came, however. Humphrey tore it open with

trembling fingers, scarcely daring to read the scrawl on the pink paper inside. D'Arcy impatiently looked over his shoulder.

'Come, cheer up, Standish!' he cried cheerily; 'the old lady's on your side at anyrate!' And thus encouraged, Humphrey read the message, which ran as follows: 'Delay marriage. S. no power over A. Am starting directly. Rely on your help.'

'Well, now, as you've got your bag here, I think your best plan would be to go off at once to Strath Carron, and, armed with this warrant, to beard the lion in his den.' And D'Arcy set his face in the direction of the station as he spoke.

Humphrey followed him. 'Yes, that would be best,' he returned; 'there's no time to lose.'

There was no train to Strath Carron till eight o'clock. 'And you won't get in till latish, I should say, sir,' continued the station-master in reply to his anxious question. 'The quick trains are all in the forenoon.'

'What time will I get there if I go in the morning?' inquired Humphrey quickly.

'Well, sir, ye'd maybe get there about ten o'clock, if ye took the quarter to seven. That's the best train o' the day; it disna stop but twice on the road.'

'I think I'll wait for that,' said Humphrey, turning to his friend. 'I can't do any good arriving in the middle of the night.'

'It widna be before twelve o'clock,' put in the station-master by way of comment.

'And it might do harm,' continued the young man, not heeding the interruption, 'by putting them on their guard.'

D'Arcy acquiesced in the wisdom of this argument. 'Shall you stay in the town for the night, then?' he inquired as they left the station.

'Yes, I think so. It would be awkward coming in so early, wouldn't it? But I'll walk a bit of the road back with you.'

And they turned away together into the quiet high-road which led to Inverarran.

'It's awfully good of you to have helped me so!' cried Humphrey, when at length they parted. 'I should never have known about it if it hadn't been for you!'

'Pooh! my dear fellow, it was nothing,' returned the other, giving his hand a hearty shake. 'I hope I'm not such a monster as to see a girl sacrificed when I can help her.'

'Poor fellow!' he muttered to himself afterwards as he watched Humphrey's tall form fading away in the distance. 'He's very hard hit, and no mistake.'

The quarter-to-seven train amply justified the station-master's boast, and punctually at ten o'clock Humphrey stepped out on to the bare-looking station of Strath Carron. The hotel—there was only one of any repute in the place—was not far from the station, the porter said; and it was without much difficulty that he found himself at last at its door.

The waiter assured him that Miss Sacharty—he had not dared to ask for her father—was up-stairs; and up-stairs he accordingly went, and, motioning aside the obsequious waiter, entered the room before which he had stopped. Avice, who was seated in a low chair by the window,

raised her head listlessly as he entered; then seeing who it was who had thus invaded her solitude, she sprang up with a little cry of joy. 'Mr Standish!' she exclaimed, advancing quickly towards him—'Mr Standish!'

Humphrey noted with distress how white and fragile she had grown, and how hot was the little hand which he held so tenderly in his. 'Miss Sacharty!' he said sorrowfully, 'what have they been doing to you? You look like your own ghost!'

A sad little smile crossed her face. 'It is nothing,' she returned, with attempted lightness, 'nothing at all. I am quite well.'

'Quite well!' he echoed reproachfully. 'Why should you pretend to me, your old companion of so many delightful weeks, that you are quite well, with a face like that! I suppose next you will say you are quite happy!'

The girl's lip quivered at his words, but she determined to put a brave face on the matter. 'I ought to be,' she returned, her trembling voice belying the words. 'Don't you know that I'm engaged?'

'I have heard so,' he returned gravely; 'but I cannot and will not believe that it is by your own free will. Tell me truly, now, it is not so?' He looked at her eagerly, imploringly, but with a quiet steadfast faith in his own assertion that seemed for the time to nerve her enfeebled will.

'No,' she replied, in a low tone, so low that he could scarcely catch the words—'no, it is not by my own free will.'

'I knew it, I knew it!' he cried joyfully. 'But tell me, how could any one persuade you to take such a step?'

Slowly, bit by bit, with an effort which showed how strong was the influence Mutwanee had upon her, she told him the story of the past few weeks; and ere she ended, Humphrey had decided on his course of action.

'Is your father in?' he inquired abruptly, as she finished speaking. 'No? And Mr Mutwanee?'

'He is out too.'

'Good. Then don't let either of them know I'm here. Remember, whatever that fellow asks you about me, you are to tell him nothing. And be assured whatever happens I will save you!' With these words he left her, and went in search of Mrs Douglas, with whom he had a long and earnest conversation, at the end of which it was agreed that Humphrey should lie perdu in the town until the next day, and that he should allow the marriage to begin before he appeared to stop it. 'Otherwise, they may escape us yet,' he added oracularly.

There were not many people in the hotel who knew of the tragedy which was being enacted in their midst. Sacharty was very close about his private affairs, and Mutwanee had his own reasons for wishing to keep things quiet. The wedding was fixed for eleven o'clock, an hour when most of the visitors were at the baths; and when the time came there were few in the little church beyond the bride and bridegroom themselves. Of course Oliver Westall was there; he considered it his duty to 'see the last of that poor little girl;' and the Digby Brownes had also turned up; but beside them there was no one.

As they walked up the silent aisle, Mrs

Douglas noted how anxiously Avice's eyes glanced from side to side in search of Humphrey; and on pretence of arranging her collar, she managed to whisper: 'It will be all right—only trust.'

The girl answered by a grateful smile, and the ceremony began.

The clergyman, a nervous little man, had concluded the general exhortation, and was beginning the particular charge to the betrothed couple to declare if they knew of any lawful impediment to their marriage, when steps were heard coming quickly up the half-darkened aisle, and Humphrey's voice rang out clearly in Avice's ears and in those of all present: 'This marriage must not proceed.'

The words fell like a thunderbolt on all except Avice and Mrs Douglas, who had been in a measure prepared for them. The timid little clergyman dropped his book in terror and gazed at Humphrey, who was followed by two constables, much as a pigmy might look at a giant.

Sacharty was the first to recover himself. 'Must it not?' he inquired sneeringly; 'and why, pray?' Then, recognising Humphrey's face, he continued with exaggerated politeness: 'Perhaps, Mr Standish, you will be good enough to explain the reason of this most unwarrantable intrusion.'

Without deigning a reply, the young man turned to the clergyman. 'I come,' he said quietly, 'on behalf of Miss Sacharty's legal guardian, to stop this marriage as an iniquitous and illegal affair. This person'—indicating Mutwanee, who stood erect and defiant, evidently determined to brazen matters out as best he might—'this person is not a Christian, and has, as can be proved if necessary, several wives already in his own country.'

Timid little Mr Strachan looked horrified, and edged farther away from the foreigner.

Humphrey meanwhile had given his constables instructions to detain the two confederates, and then taking the trembling Avice by the hand, he led her away, leaving Oliver to take charge of Mrs Douglas.

But Mutwanee had no intention of submitting to his fate without a struggle. Twisting his supple form out of the detaining grasp of the constable, he drew a revolver from his inner pocket and levelled it full at his captor. The constable, quick as thought, sprang aside, and the contents of the chamber were lodged in the heart of the wretched Sacharty, who fell back without a groan. The other constable, thus released from guard, advanced swiftly towards the Malay, who was preparing for a second shot, and suddenly wrenching his weapon from his grasp, slipped a pair of handcuffs on him, and, assisted by his comrade, marched him off to the town prison, there to await his trial for murder and attempted bigamy.

It was with difficulty that Humphrey succeeded in conveying Avice back to the hotel, for the poor girl's nerves were so shaken by what she had gone through that she could hardly stand; and when at last they did gain the hotel hall, she looked so dreadfully ill that he was fain to relinquish her into the hands of Mrs Douglas, who insisted on sending her at once to bed.

As he stood watching her feebly mounting the stairs, Andrew touched his arm. 'Beg pardon,

sir,' he said; 'but there's a telegram come for you a while since;' and he handed him a salver with an ominous-looking envelope on it. Humphrey opened it hastily. It was from Jack D'Arcy. 'Aunt telegraphed, coming Strath Carron this morning about twelve.' It was then about a quarter to.

'Thank goodness!' he exclaimed, replacing the paper in its envelope—'thank goodness!' Then turning to Andrew he said hurriedly: 'Just tell Mrs Douglas that I am going to the station. I shall not be long.'

The waiter turned to execute his order, and he set off.

The train was late, as trains generally are when one wants them to be punctual, and it was fully a quarter past twelve ere it steamed into the station. There were very few passengers for Strath Carron, and Humphrey easily distinguished Miss Marchmont's spare form among them. She looked anxious and troubled; but a smile of genuine pleasure crossed her face as Humphrey greeted her. It changed to a look of alarm when he told her how dreadfully upset Avice was; and as soon as they reached the hotel she rushed up-stairs to see her darling niece. Avice was tossing about in a restless sleep, talking fast and almost incoherently as she turned from side to side. Mrs Douglas sat watching her with a troubled face, which, however, brightened as Miss Marchmont entered. She felt that she could now shift part at least of the responsibility of the nursing on to her.

And a heavy responsibility it was; for the doctor, whom Miss Marchmont had at once summoned in her alarm, declared that the girl was suffering from an acute attack of brain fever, induced by the excitement of the past few weeks, and he could not say what the end might be. 'She may recover,' he said doubtfully as he went down-stairs with Miss Marchmont the next day. 'Yes, with care she may recover; but I tell you frankly that I fear the worst.'

As a rule, Dr Forsyth was a hopeful individual, who preferred looking on the bright side of things, and thus his ominous words struck a chill into the hearts of Miss Marchmont and Humphrey. The latter was hanging about the hall, as he usually was, waiting for the slightest news of Avice; and he walked to the end of the road with the doctor when he departed, trying to win some 'crumb of comfort and hope from him.

When he returned, he found that a messenger had arrived from the police court with a polite request from the superintendent that he would come and speak to him on a matter of grave importance. Sick at heart he set off, and when he got there he learnt to his horror that Tehandar Mutwanee had been found dead in his cell that very morning. A post-mortem examination had been determined upon, as they could find no visible cause of his death. 'And I thought,' continued the official blandly, 'that you might know something of the deceased's habits, something that would give us a clue to work upon.'

But Humphrey knew nothing, and so was suffered to depart. A few days later he heard that the doctor's report had been 'Suicide by poison.' But he did not pay much heed to the matter, for both he and Miss Marchmont were

too much occupied with anxiety about Avice, who was hanging between life and death.

As the doctor had predicted, she had a hard fight for life; but at last, though as weak as a child, she was pronounced out of danger, and entered upon her long convalescence.

It was months before she regained anything like her old health and spirits, and for long the least allusion to the events of September upset her so terribly that the subject was never mentioned. At last one day, of her own accord, she asked where her father was; and then Miss Marchmont gently told her all, and how she need never fear Tehandar Mutwanee again. There was a short pause, and then she went on hesitatingly: 'What was that letter you talked about so often in your illness, Avice, one from me sanctioning your marriage?'

Avice looked puzzled for a moment, then she said: 'Oh yes! I remember.' And for the first time her aunt heard the story of the letter. 'I felt as if my last hope had gone then!' the girl added as Miss Marchmont stroked her wasted hand thoughtfully.

That lady did not speak for a few moments. 'I did not write it,' she said at length quietly. 'Kilmur must have forged it himself.'

And then, since he was dead, and they were loth to speak ill of him, the subject was dropped for ever. Humphrey coming in a little later, found Avice alone, for Miss Marchmont had suddenly recollected an errand she had in the town; and there, in the quiet light of the spring evening, he told her how he loved her; and hand in hand, the glory of the setting sun lighting their faces with its dying rays, they plighted the troth which was to last 'till death us do part.'

MEMORANDA OF AN INVALID.

How many of my readers are acquainted with the sensations of broken and resumed consciousness? On a certain Sunday I went to my usual place of worship, got out my books required in the service, took my seat in my usual corner, heard a small portion of the singing, reading of Scripture, and prayer; and then—I opened my eyes, and lo! I was lying on my back, and the kindly face of my old friend and trusted doctor was bending over me. I said: 'Where am I?' He said: 'In your own library.' All the interval was an absolute blank. Not mist, or fog, or dark night, but uncompromising nothingness, lasting some four hours.

I am told I answered questions on my way home in the ambulance. I am sure that those who say so would not tell fibs, and I can therefore say that something inside me answered the questions for me. I didn't, for I wasn't there. 'Master's out, but we expect him back shortly.' When master came back, he had to be introduced to a 'transmogrified' room. In every piece of furniture there seemed to be a kind of suppressed smile, as if it would say: 'How do you like the look of us now?' Then came the introduction to the trained nurse, a matter in which I hope every afflicted reader of mine will be as fortunate as I was. The comfort of being kindly attended to, and every want or medical direction observed, by a quiet, vigilant, cultivated, educated woman,

who knows exactly what to do and how to do it—one who can talk or read when required, or be quiet if she sees it best for her patient—is so great, that one parts with her at convalescence as a regretted friend. Such, at all events, was my lot. And such nurses should be treated in the family as they deserve. We have known wealthy families who have had no more sense of propriety than to send up scrappy meals to the nurse in a fashion likely to deprive her of what appetite she might possess after fulfilment of her disagreeable duties. In one case a visitor at the house was so disquieted by her host's behaviour that she bought a salt-cellar for the nurse, that condiment having been previously sent up-stairs, I believe, in a piece of paper. We will not enter so far into further particulars as to enable the family to be identified. For ourselves, the nurse had her meals with us, and was a pleasant guest.

Sometimes these trained nurses have to display considerable resolution and moral courage. Our nurse had been recently attending a young lady, whose father, an elderly and crotchety man, had peculiar doctrines about carpets and blinds. He would not have them himself, nor permit them to any one of his household. The patient was suffering from some pulmonary or bronchial complaint, and nurse asked for these needed protections from cold. The autocrat replied: 'I must inform you, nurse, it is a fixed rule of mine that no room in my house shall have carpets or blinds.' To which nurse sturdily replied: 'Then I would have you understand, sir, that I am going to *break* your fixed rules.' And break them she did, despite of the old fellow's persistence and hectoring.

The focus of the invalid's day is of course the doctor's visit. The patient has to be got ready for the doctor. His temperature is ascertained and registered. His face and hands are washed and his hair brushed by the kindly nurse in a way that pathetically stirs up very old recollections of a 'vanished hand,' a mother's hand, in the days of 'long long ago.' But in comes the doctor. 'Well, nurse, and what have you to tell me?' The sagacious nurse in reply tells the equally sagacious doctor as much as she thinks proper in the patient's hearing. The patient has got his little speech ready concerning his aches and pains and his queer sensations, real and illusive (and how queer they can be, when the nerves resolve to have a spree!). The patient, then, after the pulse has been allowed to tell its own story, tries to peep under the doctor's mask to find out what he thinks about the case. It is not well to question your medical man. If he has pleasant news to tell you, he will be quick enough to disburden himself of it. Take your medicine when nurse gives it. Do as you are told and be at rest, as far as your complaint will allow. That is your share.

There are topics of transcendent interest that we cannot dwell upon in a secular journal. We may perhaps be allowed to say that those who have looked far enough onward and upward to be prepared in health for the gravest issues of disease, will find, as the weary head sinks back on the pillow, too weary for thought, that they have already within them a priceless medicine, which cannot be bought at the chemist's, a

celestial anodyne like the blue sleep whereof we read in *Realms*. It was 'a pulpy substance of the most beautiful blue colour,' the finest quality exhibiting a 'choice cerulean blue, which produced the most profound and absolute repose.' The author of *Friends in Council* forgets, however, to give us the address of the vendor of this heavenly jelly. I will venture to say it is only efficacious when home-made. But the recipe is well known to all my readers.

Another discovery that is made by a man who is dangerously ill is, that he is more kindly and generously thought of than he was at all aware. When a man is unmannered by illness and his nerves are jarred, he is allowed now and then to hide his face in his handkerchief, in the instinct of concealing a tear or a sob. And a very frequent incentive to this weakness arises when sickness and peril make breaches in the wall of British reserve, and the invalid is allowed to see a portion of what is usually relegated to the funeral day and the epitaph, and to learn that his depressing under-estimate of himself, and of his little utilities, services, and kindnesses, is—or seems at least, to some sincere friends—not the whole of the truth.

Finally come convalescence and 'the garish light of day,' business, and care, and strife. But he has come within sight of the great Exit Gate, and he is never quite the same man again.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

DR HICKSON'S lecture upon Animal Life on Coral Reefs, delivered at the London Institution recently, dealt with a very fascinating subject. The lecturer asserted that marine animals of all kinds congregate in even greater abundance than is usual in tropical seas in the region that extends from the growing edge of a coral reef to a depth of some ten or fifteen fathoms beyond it. This may possibly be due to the fact that in this region there is plenty of light and heat, and a more or less constant temperature, while there is a plentiful food-supply brought in continually by tidal currents. Many of the animals are protected and concealed by pronounced marks and colours. Besides the numerous sponges, corals, molluscs, &c., which are attached to the reef, and which creep but slowly from point to point, there are numerous swimming animals capable of active movement in pursuit of prey, which must be considered as part of the fauna of the reef. It would seem clear that the animals are marked and coloured because they may match the brilliant surroundings of the reef, and most of these protective tints must be looked upon as concealment colours. A curious feature of this colouring is that the fish in which blue is the prevalent tint are more common in the shallow water, whilst those in deeper water are more frequently red and yellow. It is surmised from this that the blue colour may be a protection for the fish from air-breathing enemies, such as eagles, ospreys, and hawks, and as these depredators can only see their prey from above, the protective colour is confined to the upper portion of the fish. The red and yellow colours which adorn their lower

parts seem to be a protection from animals which approach the fish from the deeper waters beyond the reefs—sharks, perch, and other carnivorous creatures.

A Cold Saw for the purpose of sawing iron and steel has been invented by the General Manager of the Homestead Mills of Messrs Carnegie Brothers & Co., Pittsburgh. This saw is said to be a great success, and is creating much interest among metal-workers. The instrument consists of a circular saw of fine steel of hard temper, which is ground slightly thinner at its central portion, so as to clear a deep cut. Unlike the ordinary circular saw, it is not a fixture, but travels along towards and through the metal which it has to separate. The saw runs at slow speed in a tank of alkaline solution, made up of soap, soda, lard, oil, and water; and the greatest care is necessary in regard to the quality of the material of which this solution is compounded. The cold saw gives a clean cut, and is suitable for severing any thick masses of metal such as armour-plates, &c.

A novel prize competition has been inaugurated by the Dutch East India Government, who offer a prize of ten thousand guilders—about eight hundred and twenty pounds sterling—for the best method of packing salt applicable to that substance as sold in Dutch East India on account of the Government. This Government salt is prepared in much the same way as salt used to be procured in our own country—namely, by evaporation in open salt-pans. This product, after being dried for some time by the heat of the sun, remains in the warehouses for about twelve months. The product is a rough salt, which still has a tendency to absorb moisture from the air and to deliquesce. The method of packing for which the prize is offered must comprise a material which is not acted upon by the salt; and which must not contaminate it in any way, or confer upon it any peculiar taste or smell; at the same time it must possess sufficient firmness for the salt to be kept packed in it for at least two years. The boxes, or cases, must be constructed to hold a definite quantity of salt; and when once closed the contents must no longer be liable to deliquesce. Those who wish to compete for this prize should send in their answers to the Colonial Office at the Hague before the 1st of September next, and some time afterwards opportunity will be afforded to those offering likely solutions of the problem to take part in a competition, in which they can demonstrate the working of the plans which they advocate.

A curious accident recently happened at the terminal office of the New Anglo-French Telephone. One of the officials wishing to communicate with the London office, had rung the telephone bell, and had received the reply signal, when, as he took up the receivers and put them to his ears, he received a shock of electricity of such power that he was thrown backwards and rendered for the moment insensible. Similar accidents, it seems, have before occurred at this same telephone office, and they are attributed to lightning striking the telephone wire, either on the French coast, where the submarine cable ends, or at the terminus of the land wire in Paris. It is said that such accidents could easily be prevented if lightning-conductors were fixed at these points to protect the telephone cable.

For some time past swallows have been trained successfully to do the work of carrier-pigeons. M. Desbouvrie, who has been training these birds at Roubaix, believes that in case of war they would be ten times more useful than pigeons, as he finds them to be more intelligent; they also fly at a higher altitude, and are able to obtain their food while on the wing. In a recent experiment, fifteen of these birds were given absolute freedom, when they flew in different directions, and in about twenty minutes came back and perched on their trainer's hand.

At a recent meeting of the Royal Meteorological Society, Mr A. W. Clayden described some experiments which he had made during a London fog. These fogs, as we all know, were very prevalent in February last; and Mr Clayden spent some time in endeavouring to produce that curious phenomenon known as the Spectre of the Brocken. This, we need hardly mention, consists of the greatly magnified shadow of a man thrown upon mist by the action of the sun. The London fog provided the necessary misty atmosphere for Mr Clayden's experiments; and, in the absence of sun, he used a steady lime-light placed a few feet behind his head, whereupon his own shadow was projected on the fog. He not only made careful measurements of the size and distance of the ghost, but he actually succeeded in taking some photographs of the phenomenon.

At the same meeting of this Society, Mr Shelford Bidwell exhibited a new experiment which showed the effect of an electrical discharge upon the condensation of steam. In the first place, he cast the shadow of a small jet of steam upon a white wall, showing that this shadow was of feeble intensity, and neutral with regard to colour. But when the steam was electrified, the density of its shadow was at once much increased, and its colour became orange brown. This change is explained by the theory that the electrical discharge promotes coalescence of the minute particles of water contained in the vapour, and drops are thus formed which are large enough to abstract the more refrangible rays of light. It is thought possible that this explanation may account for the darkness which so generally accompanies the approach of a thunder-storm, as well as for the yellowness with which the atmosphere for the time seems contaminated.

Mr Edison has done so many wonderful things that it is perhaps natural that he should occasionally be credited with extraordinary exploits for which he is not in any way answerable. An account has recently been published in many of the papers of a machine attributed to the great inventor, and called the Kinetograph. This appears to be a combination between the phonograph and the photographic camera; and it is said that by its means it will be possible not only to register the various sounds at the performance of an opera, but also at the same time to procure a number of successive photographs of the action on the stage. These photographs—taken at the rate of forty-six per second—would be registered on a travelling band of sensitive pellicle, and afterwards, by means of a projecting apparatus of the magic-lantern kind, would be thrown successively on a screen, while at the same time the phonograph gave up its records.

In this way it is said that an entire operatic performance could be reproduced at any time for the delectation of the eye and ear. Those who know anything about the present capabilities of the phonograph and photographic apparatus will know that whatever may be possible when instruments can be perfected, there is at present no reason to believe that the Kinetograph or any other instrument like it can do what is described. In connection with this matter it may be stated that an instrument of this character was patented in England so long ago as 1889 under a somewhat similar name, and it may be the case that this contrivance gave rise to the report to which we have adverted.

A paper was lately read at the meeting of the Shipmasters' Society, London, by Captain Carmichael, on the subject of Liquid Fuel for Ocean Steamers. The lecturer remarked that the use of oil-fuel had not been much taken up by the owners of steamships, partly because coal was cheap, and partly because there was a timidity to adopt the liquid fuel. The advantages of the latter were many, the fires being completely under the control of the engineer on watch, who could regulate them so as to produce any pressure of steam required without being dependent on his firemen. But the great advantage in the use of oil was that the fuel could be carried in space that was now practically wasted—namely, the cellular bottoms of the ships or in the ballast tanks. The consumption of oil was, weight for weight, one-half that of coal; and the storage was both more compact and easier of access. Tank-steamers could always fuel a fleet of vessels even in heavy weather, and the oil is safe on board ship, and can be easily stored on shore. It greatly added to the cleanliness and the comfort of passenger ships, and it could be adapted to any existing boiler either afloat or ashore.

The *Lancet* lately called attention to the subject of mushrooms as food, and the risks of mistaking the poisonous kind of fungi for those which are edible. It points out that it is a matter of great importance that the public should be informed as far as possible of the main qualities which distinguish the two kinds of fungi. But to give a precise definition would be no simple matter. It may be said, however, that as a rule the poisonous fungi are associated with a high colour, scaly or spotted surface, and tough or watery flesh; while the edible species, on the other hand, are seldom highly coloured, scaly or spotted; are usually white or brownish, and brittle on fracture. The poisonous varieties, moreover, generally grow clustered on wet or shady ground; while the edible kinds grow in the open, and generally in dry pastures. As a general rule, those fungi which have a bitter taste, or which burn the throat, or yield a pungent milk, as well as those which on bruising assume various tints, ought to be avoided. The note concludes with the caution that all plants of this class readily undergo decomposition, and should, therefore, in any case be eaten as fresh as possible.

The question, What is the state of the interior of the earth? has always been a fascinating one, which geology has only partly answered for us. Our knowledge of this subject may possibly be increased by a boring which is now being made

at Wheeling, West Virginia. It seems that a well has been driven there to a depth of over four thousand feet, the object being the discovery of petroleum or natural gas. During this boring, a dozen thick veins of coal have been passed, while both petroleum and gas have been struck but not in paying quantities. Gold quartz, iron ore, and other minerals have also been brought to the surface. Great interest has been taken in this boring by the officers of the Geological Survey at Washington, and the boring is to be continued under present auspices until it reaches to the depth of one mile. After this, the Government will take up the work, and the drilling will be continued into the earth as far as practicable, not for the procuring of any particular natural product, but for scientific purposes, and in order to ascertain the thermo-metric and magno-metric conditions.

It is well known that many substances have the property of phosphorescence after exposure to sunlight, and M. Becquerel, the great French scientist, who lately died, made a study of this interesting subject, and gave a list of substances which showed this remarkable property. But as early as the seventeenth century, Robert Boyle called attention to the fact that a diamond will phosphoresce simply by the heat of the hand, and that it will emit light on being rubbed. Some recent experiments made by Mr Kunz, a well-known expert in diamonds in New York, show that all diamonds will emit light when rubbed in the dark on cloth or metal; and it is believed that this property may prove of great value in distinguishing between the true diamond and other stones which imitate it. It is pointed out that the phenomenon is evidently not of an electrical nature, or it would not show itself when the stone is rubbed on metal.

A year or two ago, iridescent glass was commonly seen in our shops, and was welcomed as an agreeable novelty; but in reality there is little novelty about these colours on glass, for if we examine the specimens of ancient glass which are to be found in our various museums, we see that the material is frequently more iridescent than in specimens of modern manufacture. Mr G. M. Hopkins has made a microscopical examination of some of these ancient glasses, and has described and illustrated the results he obtained in a recent number of the *Scientific American*. The examination showed that the surface of the glass is covered with extremely thin transparent laminae formed by matter which has been gradually dissolved from the glass itself. These films are so thin as to float in the air when detached from the surface of the glass, and the colour is produced by interference due to reflections from their front and rear surfaces, by exactly the same law as causes a thin film of oil on water or a film of air between two plates of glass (Newton's rings) to give similar vivid tints.

A French scientific paper describes a platinum mirror which has the peculiar quality of both transmitting and reflecting light, and a formula is given by which the platinum solution for deposition on the glass can be prepared. A mirror of this kind placed in the panel of a door will light up a corridor or dark room,

on the other side forming a mirror; so that any one standing on the platinised side can see through the glass without being himself seen.

That compound of collodion and camphor which is called celluloid is now used for a great many purposes, its most recent employment being, perhaps, for making flexible films upon which photographic negatives can be taken instead of upon glass. It is said that an Austrian chemist has recently discovered a substitute for it, called Hyaline, but which does not possess its inflammable quality. The new material is described as being transparent, tenacious, grainless, and without smell; and it may be drawn into threads or rolled into films. It is said to be composed of different gums, resins, oil of turpentine, and gun-cotton.

The Photographic Society of Great Britain lately organised at their rooms in London a small but very interesting Exhibition. This consisted of specimens of prints in colours, illustrative of the application of photography to chromo-lithography and other processes. The specimens shown did not profess to be anything but examples of the methods with which photography can be wedded to colour by mechanical means, and they may be described as showing the nearest approach—that is possible under existing conditions—to the solution of the problem of photography in colours. Many of the examples shown were equal in effect to fine water-colour paintings; and it may be added that the prices asked for them indicated that the process of manufacture must be both complicated and expensive.

Until we remember the vast extent of Australia, which is twenty-six times the size of Great Britain and Ireland, it is difficult to realise that a large portion of the island remains blank so far as exploration is concerned. This is of course principally due to the circumstance that the central part of the island is to a great extent waterless and sterile. An important expedition was organised in April last to explore thoroughly the unknown regions of the country, and we may therefore hope that the geographical blanks may soon be filled up. Great results are anticipated from this expedition, which has for its leader a well-known Australian explorer, Mr David Lindsay. The expedition includes forty-four camels with Afghan drivers and a native guide. A recent number of the *Proceedings of the Royal Geographical Society* states that the land to be explored mostly lies to the west of the overland telegraph line. One is a tract of country thirteen hundred miles long by three hundred and fifty broad; another measures nine hundred miles in length by two hundred in width; and a third, in a more northerly direction, is a district four hundred miles by three hundred, lying between the telegraph line and the Victoria River.

It is stated that in certain parts of Hankow there is no regular coinage, and that commerce generally is in a most primitive condition. Silver is used as a medium of exchange in the large towns, and for this purpose is melted into lumps weighing about seventy ounces each, the purity being of variable quality. A certain amount of copper coin is current; but its great weight limits its use, and the credit of the native bankers

is not sufficiently established to give any extended currency to notes issued by them. Under these circumstances, opium is found a convenient material in facilitating the exchange of commodities, although pure barter prevails to some extent. The opium has the advantage of being light and portable, easily divided into small pieces representing different values, while at the same time it is universally in demand.

For many years past a register has been kept at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, of earth-currents. Registration is effected by means of reflecting galvanometers which cast pencils of light upon a sensitive photographic surface covering a revolving cylinder. Within recent months, certain variations have been noted which could not at first be accounted for, but which are now attributed to the working of the electrical railway between London Bridge and Stockwell, a line three miles in length. It is found that the time of disturbance of the earth-currents agrees closely with the hours fixed for the runnings of the trains. It is noteworthy that this source of electrical disturbance is about six miles distant from the Greenwich Observatory.

TOO LATE.

THE barque *Eagle* lay in the London Docks, taking in the last of her cargo and getting ready for sea. It was mid-day, and a pleasant lull had followed the din and turmoil of the morning. The huge steam cranes on the quay-side were at a standstill, their suppressed vitality showing itself in little puffs of steam that escaped with a hissing noise from the safety-valves. The ring of the calking hammer was hushed for a while. Stevedores, riggers, painters, and carpenters had gone ashore to dinner, and the half-dozen hands left aboard were gathered for the same purpose in a snug little cabin on the maindeck just forward of the charthouse. Ben, the sailmaker, in his canvas jacket, was a prominent member of the group. He was a man in the prime of life, with a pleasant look on his sunburnt face. His heart and soul were in his calling, for his experience dated from boyhood, and he had a way of telling things that was racy of salt water.

The conversation had turned from the business in hand to the latest bit of shipping news, the loss of a well-known London trader, that had that morning been posted at Lloyd's as missing. Many were the reminiscences brought up by first one and then another touching the skipper and crew of the ill-fated vessel.

'D'ye think there's any chance that some of 'em may ha' bin picked up?' asked one.

'No, I don't,' answered Ben, 'and that's the truth. I'm afeard it's the old story of death in an open boat, if any of them got away from her at all. And that reminds me of something that happened about two years ago, which maybe none of you have ever heard, but which is as true as we're a-sittin' here in this cabin.'

I shipped (said Ben) from the port of Hull

aboard the *Queen of Kent* for a round voyage to Hong-kong. She was one of the 'Bell' Line, and a smarter craft I never wish to sail aboard of. She was well found too, gear, stores, and everything. Well, we made a fast passage out, with fair weather; but because we wanted to be first home, from the time we dropped the pilot until we crossed the line it was altogether different. For days at a time we lived in our oilskins, you might say; the hatches were battened down, and the fo'c'sle was awash. South'ard of the Cape we ran into the worst gale I think I was ever in in my life; and I'm sure o' this, that not many a craft would ha' lived through it. For three days we were hove-to under close-reefed tops'ls, with the wind howling and roaring through the riggin' till it seemed as if every stick must go, and the seas tumblin' over the fo'c'sle and quarterdeck as if they meant tearin' the craft plank from plank. However, she came through it with no worse loss than a set of tops'ls and courses. After that we had a brief spell of better weather; the sea dropped, and the skies cleared, and we were able to make a bit more sail. Well, just about that time, we were washin' decks one mornin' at daybreak, when the second mate, who had the mornin' watch, sings out to one of the lads: 'Go below and fetch the glasses out of my cabin.' Away he goes, and presently comes up with a pair o' these here opera-glass things.

We didn't take much notice o' this, for we thought perhaps he'd sighted a sail in the distance. But after a long look ahead, he calls out again: 'Bo'sun, just take a look through these and tell me if you can see anything ahead yonder. Wait till she dips again! Now! about two points off the weather-bow, low down on the water.—What do you make of it?'

'I see somethin' away there, sure enough,' answers the bo'sun after a pause, 'and looks as if it were about midway between the bow of the ship and the horizon; but I can't rightly make it out, sir, with these. I'll go aloft and take a look round.'

In less than five minutes his voice came from the foretopmast crossrees: 'Below there!'

'Ay! ay!' responded the mate.

'That's a ship's boat ahead there, sir, from what I can make of it; but it ain't no bigger than a man's hand from here,' reports the bo'sun.

'So I thought,' was the mate's reply. 'All right; that'll do.' Then glancing at the canvas aloft, he muttered an oath. 'Confound the wind; it's dying away altogether now.'

And so it was; and by the time the sun had been above the horizon for an hour, there wasn't breeze enough to lift the leech of the royals, and the lower sails beat against the masts and riggin' at every roll of the vessel; for though the surface was like a lookin'-glass, there was a bit o' a swell on that might ha' bin a reminder of some of the heavy weather we'd bin havin', or it might mean a bit of a breeze again before nightfall. Anyway, there we lay with the tacks and sheets hangin' in festoons over the side, and a stretch of blue water lyin' between us and yonder speck, that had got to be covered somehow.

As you may guess, we were all agog at this news, and not a few of the watch below turned out to have a peep over the weather bulwarks. Some said they could see her, or made out that

they could; but for my part, when I came to look, I couldn't for the life o' me make out her whereabouts. But there was no doubt about it, she was there, and maybe half-a-dozen poor wretches aboard of her, wonderin' whether the big ship saw them, or was going to leave them to their fate.

In the meantime the mate had gone below and roused out the skipper, who came on deck lookin' sleepy and not over good-tempered. He had a look through the glasses, and, my word, you never saw such a change in a man all at once. He was wide awake in a moment, takes a turn or two up and down the deck, glances sharply aloft at the idle canvas, and then has a careful look all round the horizon, as if looking for the wind; but never so much as a breath came to his aid. A few words with the mate, and his voice rings out over the deck: 'Clear away the starboard lifeboat.' A dozen hands spring forward to execute the order; and in less time than it takes me to tell you, lads, the lashings were cut and the boat swung over the side.

'Lower away easy there,' comes the next order. —'Now, Mr East, take half-a-dozen men with you, and make the best of your way to yonder boat, and let us know whether there's any one living or dead aboard of her; but don't be longer than you can help, for I believe the breeze'll freshen again soon, and we don't want to lose a day.—Bo'sun, pipe the hands to shorten sail, and clew up your fore and main sail.'

You may be sure I did not want to be asked to form one of that boat's crew. There was a bit of a scramble; but I was the first to drop into her. The number was soon made up; and in a few moments we had cast off, and were pulling in the direction of the derelict.

From her royal masthead to her water-line, our ship looked a picture as we pulled away from her; and the voices of those left aboard, as they bent to the ropes, drifted cheerily over the sea. It was a stiffish pull, I can tell you, for the sun had got a bit o' power by that time, and made things warm all round, and the distance seemed twice as long, for every man was on the tiptoe of excitement, and anxious to get alongside, and kept lookin' over his shoulder to see what way we were makin'. The mate he says nothin' but a few words of encouragement every now and again; but at last he stands up, grasping the tiller ropes in his hand, and with his eyes fixed on the boat we were makin' for. Every line of his face was workin' with excitement; but a moment afterwards, he turned the colour o' the canvas, and said in a husky voice that weren't a bit like his own: 'We're too late, lads! Easy all! Stand by for'ard there with the boat-hook.' And the next moment we were alongside the stranger, to find—a few rags of canvas hanging from a mast, an empty water-breaker awash in the bottom, some pieces of sodden leather, a pencil-case, and a human figure huddled in the stern sheets—dead.

Well, mates, we took the boat in tow and made back for our own craft. The breeze had sprung up at last, and she was coming down to us like a yacht, hand over hand, with every line of her canvas filled, and it was a pretty sight to see her hove-to. There was a row of anxious faces lining the bulwarks as we pulled alongside; but they

disappeared one by one when they saw that we had done no good. That night we stood round the gangway bareheaded while the skipper said the last words over the poor fellow.

Then we made sail once more; and never from that day to this has it ever been discovered to what ship or to what port that boat belonged.

THE LADY SORROW.

THE Lady Sorrow came to me;
Her lips were wan, her pace was slow;
She carried rue and rosemary,
And sad her accents were, and low.

The wind rose in a gust of sighs,
The clouds broke in a storm of tears;
And she too wept, for in her eyes
Were met the woes of many years.

I rose to meet her; and I knew
In that dark hour she brought my doom:
'I know thee by thy gathered rue,
I ask not wherefore thou art come.'

She took my hand; her palm was chill;
She led me on through thorns and mire,
By swampy fen and windy hill,
O'er fields of snow and lakes of fire.

At last she brought me to a wood;
The boughs grew thick, no light came through;
She stayed and kissed me as I stood;
She passed before I saw or knew.

And, with that chrism upon my brow,
Forward I went: the dark grew light;
By firm wide paths I journeyed now,
With snowdrops sown and aconite.

And out into the busy world
I pressed with eager heart and feet;
From cottage roofs the thin smoke curled;
The cock crew loud, the flowers bloomed sweet.

And every worker that I met
Smiled back in answering sympathy—
'Her sign is on thy forehead set;
Who comes to all has been with thee.'

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 396.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE VALUE OF TRAINING-SHIPS.

THE maritime supremacy of Great Britain and Ireland has been so long an established fact that no Briton of the present day doubts it; indeed, we may say that he considers it as a birthright which no foreigner can take from him, strive as much as he may. These are 'prave worts,' and are justified, not only from the experience of the past, but from the position which the ever-increasing numbers of our mercantile navy at present enjoys. The rise of our merchant shipping has been, and is, the largest factor in the commercial and 'shop-keeping' primacy which we maintain against all comers; and it is widely recognised that this form of British industry is as successful against foreign competition as it always has been. Our shipowners have been foremost in taking practical advantage of every scientific improvement and utilising it, even when the origin has been a foreign one. The rise of their reputation has not been sudden; but it has been considerable enough to show to foreign nations that the maritime instinct is as strong now as it was in the days of the vikings, without, let us hope, their savage and warlike desires. Whilst our shipowners have been taking the lead in building ships and steamers and sending them to all parts of the world, they have been heedful of the claims and requirements of their sailors, and have acknowledged the paramount importance of technical instruction by establishing training-ships in various ports of the United Kingdom.

The increased recognition of the value of training-ships and the good they are doing is shown by the fact that there are at the present time twenty-one vessels devoted to the education of those who will, it is expected in the future, man our royal and mercantile fleets. Two of these, the 'Worcester,' stationed at London, and the 'Conway,' at Liverpool, are designed to train and educate boys intended for officers in the mercantile navy; and, by an order of the Board

of Trade, two years' service on either of these ships will reckon as one year at sea. The growth of our shipping and the home and foreign commerce of this country have necessitated the establishment of these two ships in order to give a thorough nautical education to boys who desire to become officers in our mercantile marine service.

The general scheme of education seems to be almost identical on board both ships, and the boys go through the usual course of a high-school curriculum, without the classics; but including navigation, nautical astronomy, chart-drawing, &c. They are also taught French; and, during nautical instruction, are exercised in the duties of a first-class ship, such as every sailor learns afloat, with the addition of the management of boats and practical navigation generally. It will doubtless be news to many of our readers that instruction is also given in the most useful and practical departments of surgery and medicine. How necessary this knowledge is on board ship, when thousands of miles away from a doctor, dispensary, or ambulance, will be appreciated even by careless Jack. The fees for admission on the 'Conway' are fifty-five guineas per annum, which include the uniform, outer clothing, medical attendance, washing, use of books, stationery, &c. Those for the 'Worcester' are fifty guineas and forty-five guineas respectively, according to age, with the addition of ten guineas a year for uniform, medical attendance, and other items similar to those of the 'Conway.' Her Majesty the Queen presents a prize annually to each ship: a gold medal to the boy who shows the qualities likely to make the finest sailor. These consist of cheerful submission to superiors, self-respect, and independence of character, kindness and protection to the weak, readiness to forgive offence, desire to conciliate the differences of others, and above all, fearless devotion to duty and unflinching truthfulness. Her Majesty has also been pleased, with a view to encourage the boys of the 'Conway' and 'Worcester' to qualify themselves for cadetships

in the navy granted by the Admiralty, to declare her intention of offering a prize annually to each ship to the boys who compete for cadetships in Her Majesty's service. This prize will consist of a binocular glass with a suitable inscription, and a sum of thirty-five pounds towards the expense of the outfit of the boy who obtains the prize. Twelve appointments as midshipmen in the Royal Naval Reserve are annually granted by the Lords of the Admiralty for the two vessels. In addition to the foregoing, appointments as leadsmen apprentices in the Bengal pilot service are placed at the disposal of the Committees of the two vessels by the Secretary of State for India. The Committees of both ships, if a boy have completed two years' course of study to their satisfaction, will do their best to obtain a situation for him on board a ship whose owners are known to them.

Another scheme for the education of embryo officers for the merchant service has been inaugurated by Lord Brassey, with the co-operation of Messrs Devitt and Moore, the eminent London shipowners, who have accordingly arranged to adapt two vessels on their Australian line for this purpose. The ships will each carry twenty-four midshipmen, a surgeon, and a naval instructor. This latter officer will teach navigation, nautical astronomy, &c., and superintend their instruction in seamanship and other duties of the profession while afloat or in a colonial port. The reason for the promotion of this scheme is stated to be that boys—say from the 'Conway' or 'Worcester'—under the ordinary conditions of training in the merchant service are apt to forget, in the absence of technical instruction at sea, the knowledge they have previously gained. The project of Lord Brassey will therefore enable boys during their period of service to retain the acquaintance they have gained of nautical matters, and add to it the necessary scientific education requisite before they can obtain a Board of Trade certificate to act as officers. The premiums payable for five voyages to and from Australia—each lasting between nine and ten months—for youths who have served two years in a training-ship are £170, while for boys who have not so served the premiums are £230. In addition, the outfit for each voyage is estimated to cost about £35. The premiums, beginning at £60 and £70 respectively, are graduated, are payable voyage by voyage, and either party is at liberty to withdraw at the close of any voyage.

Whether parents, desirous of sending their sons to sea, will avail themselves of the plan proposed, remains to be seen; although Messrs Devitt and Moore estimate that the amount received by them must be expended in the education and maintenance of the boys. Messrs Devitt and Moore inform us that 'when the first ship sailed on the 18th July the scheme had not been known long enough for her to fill, and she only had four-

teen boys on board. Considering, however, the number of applications we now have, we expect that next year both ships will be overflowing.'

The design of Lord Brassey is practicable, and ought to command success, more especially as it is impossible to exaggerate, in view of the outcry of shipowners for a supply of well-educated and efficiently-trained officers, of whom there appears a serious lack. If the experiment have the effect of inducing parents to send their adventurous boys to sea, under the favourable conditions represented, much will be gained; but much more will be gained if the outcome of the project be a more efficient and highly-trained class of officers.

The other nineteen training-ships possess accommodation for 5370 boys, who are being disciplined as fore-castle hands; and at the end of 1889 there were actually on board 4705 or about eighty-seven and a half per cent. During the last year the committees of the various vessels passed 1340 into the merchant service, and sent into the royal navy 175. A singular fact in connection with these training-ships is the large number of lads who join the army and navy as musicians, and are constantly being requisitioned by officers in the army when seeking youths to fill up the vacancies made in their regimental bands.

The oldest of these associations for the maintenance and instruction of boys as ordinary seamen is the Marine Society, which was instituted so far back as 1756. The history and progress of this Society is interesting as being the pioneer of the training-ship system so largely adopted now for the education of boys intended for the sea. The Society had its origin in the middle of last century, when Sir John Fielding, at the suggestion of a nobleman, collected a number of wretched and distressed boys and sent them on board his majesty's ship 'Barfleur,' then commanded by the Duke of Bolton, who clothed them at his own expense. The utility of this humane design, in rescuing from misery and reclaiming as many as possible of this class of neglected youths from the paths of idleness, and too probably of infamy and ruin, was so obvious, that the plan was immediately followed up by a gentleman who had accidentally met these lads while on their way to join the 'Barfleur.' By a subscription, which he promoted, from three to four hundred boys were in a short time clothed and provided for in a profession most likely to make them useful and creditable members of the community.

The success of these two experiments was so highly appreciated, that in 1756, at a meeting of merchants and shipowners held in the City of London, Mr Jonas Hanway, the well-known philanthropist, proposed that a Society should be formed to clothe boys for the sea. This was the beginning of the Marine Society, which was formally incorporated in 1772 by Act of Parliament, and has, since its inception, sent to sea 60,800 boys, of whom 27,300 have been drafted into the royal navy. It was not, however, until 1786 that a merchant ship named the 'Beatty' was purchased and fitted up as a training-ship. Since then, the Admiralty have accommodated the Society with the loan of government ships, and have replaced them when worn out. The ship at

present used by the Society is the 'Warspite,' lying off Woolwich. She is a two-decker, was formerly the 'Conqueror,' and has accommodation for three hundred lads. The Society is supported by voluntary contributions, and distributes an annual income of about eleven thousand pounds. An admirable adjunct to the ordinary education of the boys is that of swimming—which is also taught on the other training-ships—for the teaching of which the Society possesses a bath at Charlton, where about sixty per cent. of the boys learn to swim. The Committee state that their boys are in greater demand than ever, not only in London, but from other ports; and they express regret that the funds of the Society have been of late years much reduced, with a consequent diminution of the scope of operations. The rules with regard to admission appear to be simple, and are almost alike on similar training-ships, with the exception of those which are appropriated to reformatory boys, or boys under the Industrial Schools Act of 1866 and the Elementary Education Acts of 1876 and 1879. The following are the rules for admittance. Boys known to have committed any act of dishonesty are not admitted. If sufficient town boys do not offer, boys from the country may be admitted; parish boys may be admitted on payment of four guineas each. Boys whose friends appear to be in a capacity to fit them out for sea at their own charge shall not be received. Boys are admitted from thirteen to sixteen years of age; and the minimum height under fourteen years of age is four feet nine inches; above fourteen, four feet ten inches. The average period of training ranges from two to four years. The dietary scale for these ships is both ample and varied, and the daily routine of work and recreation is sufficiently diversified to avoid monotony. Religious instruction is given four times a week, with a morning service on Sunday. There is also the administration of the holy communion once a month and a confirmation once a year. All the other training-ships at the various ports in the United Kingdom appear to have taken the Marine Society's system of instruction and management as their model, altering it, of course, to their varying needs.

The general objects of these training-ships for ordinary seamen are to take hold of homeless, destitute, neglected, and orphan boys, and those in danger of being contaminated with vice and crime, and educate them to become forecandle hands. Five of these ships are supported wholly by voluntary subscriptions, whilst the other fourteen are maintained by government grants, county allowances and subscriptions. Three of the vessels are devoted to Reformatory boys, one of them being appropriated to Roman Catholic lads.

These institutions—we do not speak so much of those ships which educate intending officers—have a high claim upon the sympathies of the public, who have not been slow to respond, as is shown from the fact that but one of these establishments is in debt, and that only to the extent of about twenty-eight pounds. There is no doubt that 'a life on the ocean wave' for spirited and adventurous lads is the most natural and best outlet; for most boys have a predilection for the sea, and on training-ships part of their aspirations is fulfilled. But there are difficulties in the way;

for good sailing-vessels always carry apprentices, from whom are drawn our officers; and steamers seldom carry boys, and even when they do, there are few opportunities for rising in their profession and qualifying for officers. As an instance of the good effected by training-ships, we are informed from the Government Blue Book that ninety-two per cent. of the boys drafted from the training-ship 'Empress,' stationed in the Clyde, are 'doing well.' The percentage of 'getting on' or 'doing well' all round shows that the education given, and the moral training given, have resulted most favourably, while the objects contemplated have been more than carried out.

The cost of feeding, educating, and clothing these lads during their probation on board averages about twenty pounds per annum all told. This cannot be considered an extravagant sum when we learn how much permanent good is done to the boys themselves, while the beneficial effects resulting to the nation are immeasurable. Training-ships are in fact 'nurseries for seamen;' for only a small proportion of the boys afterwards engage in shore pursuits, the majority going to sea in various capacities.

We boast several practical institutions in the way of schools; but there are none which produce such excellent and encouraging results as the twenty-one training-ships round our coasts, where seafaring education and discipline cannot fail to be of advantage in whatever vocation the boys educated on board may follow. After a careful perusal of the Reports, we have come to the general conclusion that more training-ships are required; and we have every confidence that they will be supplied by our mercantile and shipping community, whose policy should be to encourage and support vessels on which our future seamen can be so instructed as to maintain our place as the first maritime power in the world.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

By GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIV.—A VISION OF THE NIGHT.

ALL is not lost even when things look blackest on the surface. About those same days—while Psyche was mourning her lost love in Algeria—away to the south of the African desert, a belated caravan was struggling along on its way northward, bringing with it two weary and footsore Englishmen, refugees from Gordon's conquered force at Khartoum. Both of them were clad from head to foot with scrupulous nicety in Arab costume, and both were to the outer eye of Islam devout Mohammedans of the purest orthodoxy.

After the final assault of the 26th of January, when those two stray Englishmen had been wounded and left for dead among the slaughtered in the great square, their bodies were taken up by the Mahdi's people, and carried some time later into the rough hospital which Gordon had built, with the rest of the sufferers. There, they revived against all hope. One of them, a tall dark man with a somewhat sad Oriental face,

spoke Arabic with the perfect fluency of a native : by his aid, the other, of more European-looking and whiter type, had been recognised by the Mahdi's troops as a good Moslem in the Egyptian service, and spared accordingly from the doom of slavery which was the universal fate of the remaining handful of Europeans left alive in conquered Khartoum. After a month or two of convalescence in the captured city, the two refugees had started with a caravan going westward toward Darfur and the Central Soudan. Considine was right : his companions had escaped with their lives indeed from that carnagole of slaughter. But to get away to Europe was a very different and much more difficult matter. Linnell knew, indeed, how impossible it would have been to force his road northward by the direct route to Dongola and Cairo, or even to seek the Red Sea coast at uncertain Suakin. To do either would be to proclaim themselves at once as Christians, or at least well-wishers to the Egyptian cause. Their sole chance of escape lay, therefore, in accepting both Islami and the Mahdi with perfect resignation, and trying to retreat upon the further interior, where the Khalifa reigned supreme, rather than in attempting to open communications northward with Egypt and the infidel.

The painter's plan, accordingly, was to cross the desert by Ideles and Ouargla, and to come out with the caravans that abut at last on the Mediterranean in Algerian territory.

It was a bold design. The notion was indeed both a difficult and a dangerous one. In order to accomplish it, they had to pass through the midst of a fanatical population, lately excited to the highest pitch of religious frenzy by the Mahdi's revolt, and ready to kill at a moment's notice, without trial or appeal, any man even suspected of being not merely a Christian, but even an orthodox anti-Mahdist Mussulman. The slightest departure from the intricate rules of Moslem ceremonial, the faintest indication of ignorance or unfamiliarity as to the endless details of Moslem ritual, the tiniest slip in speech or manners, would have entailed upon them both instant destruction. Linnell, however, was an old hand at the devices and shifts of Oriental travel : he taught his companion all he knew himself : and by sedulously giving out that they were Asiatic Mussulmans, retiring from Khartoum after having lost their all during the protracted siege, he succeeded in drawing off suspicion from his too dangerous neighbour, who had thus no need to communicate directly with the Arabs at all. To the other members of the various caravans they joined on their way—for they shifted often of set purpose—they were merely Mohammed Ali of Sind, and Seyyid Ben Marabet of Upper India. Mohammed Ali could speak Arabic well ; the Seyyid, as was natural, though skilled in the Koran, knew no language at all save his own local Urdu tongue.

On such terms, the fugitives had managed to make their way by long slow stages as far as Tintellust, whence they were endeavouring now to cross the main desert by the accustomed track to Ideles and Ouargla.

Ghastly as all their experiences of Eastern travel had been, this particular march was the ghastliest and most dangerous of any. Suspicion closed in upon them, they knew not why. The nearer they came to Christian rule, the more did their companions appear to distrust them. On one particular night, during that terrible march, the camels had all been arranged for the evening, the Arabs were all resting in their places in the tents, and the two Europeans in a remote corner sat chatting together wearily and in doubt about their further progress.

'Austen,' Linnell began, in a very commonplace and natural tone, dissembling his feelings, 'don't look at me as if I were saying anything the least out of the way, and don't speak as if you were at all alarmed or suspicious. But there's danger ahead. Things are coming to a crisis. I've been expecting it daily for some time past, and now I'm sure it's actually upon us. You made one or two mistakes in the mid-day prayers, I observed, to-day : omitted to turn to Mecca after the last clause of the Litany of the Faithful—and the Sheikh, I'm sure, suspects you of being a Christian.'

'You don't really think so?' Sir Austen answered, making his tone seem as simple and unconcerned as possible, in spite of the alarm this announcement inspired, for fear the Arabs should notice they were talking secrets together.

'Yes, I do,' Linnell replied, as jauntily as before. 'The position's critical : extremely critical. We must be very cautious how we proceed in future. A word, a look, a movement may lose us all. There's another caravan gone on, you know, towards Ideles yesterday. If only we could slink away safely to that one, where we're not known, we might avoid any further suspicion for the present. But here, we shall be watched with a thousand eyes, and the tiniest new error will seal our death-warrant.'

Sir Austen pretended to look idly around. 'What do you propose to do, then?' he asked with a careless expression. 'Do you think it would be possible for us to give them the slip and steal clear away to the party in front of us?'

'If it's done at all,' Linnell answered promptly, pretending to be deeply engaged in discussing the arrangement of his native boots, which he turned over and inspected with minute care, 'it must be done this very night, not a moment later : delay would be fatal.—Just look at this hole here. Could I sew it up, do you think? Ah, yes, I thought so.—The fastest camels have done comparatively little for their powers to-day. If we took them out by three in the morning, they'd be fresh enough for our purpose, and we might get such a start that the caravan people could never overtake us with their lumbering beasts. And we could easily make the others believe we'd been forced to flee from robber Bedouins.'

'Shall we risk it?' Sir Austen asked, turning over the boot and pretending to be engaged in discussing the ways and means of mending it.

'We will,' Linnell answered. 'It's agreed, then. Good. At three o'clock. We've had many close shaves of our lives together, Austen, and I'm almost beginning to get tired of them now ; but for one person's sake, I'll have a try once more. I want, if I can, to get back with a whole skin to England.'

Sir Austen gathered up his burnous and examined the hem. 'Charlie,' he said penitently, 'this is all my fault. Why trouble yourself with me? There'd be no danger for you if I were left behind. Go on yourself alone, and leave me, if you will, to their tender mercies.'

'No, no,' Linnell answered, hardly repressing his natural horror at such a proposition. 'We've risked it together so many months now, and we'll risk it to the end, come what may of it.'

He spoke as carelessly and as lightly as he could; but his voice even so had a tinge of solemnity that roused the Sheikh's unfavourable attention. 'Mohammed Ali,' he cried, gazing over at him curiously from under his eyebrows, 'what are you talking about with your countryman so much? The servants of the Prophet should rest in peace. It is not well that a noise should be made in the tents at nightfall.'

'I will rest, Sheikh, in Allah's name,' Linnell made answer piously, with an appropriate gesture.—'Not another word, Austen,' he added warningly. 'He's very suspicious.'

'Mohammed Ali,' the Sheikh said again, glaring most ominously at both the men; 'come away from your countryman and sit by my side. Let Seyyid Ben Marabet take his place at the far end in the corner by the baggage.'

Linnell knew better than to demur to this order. He rose at once, with a most submissive air, as becomes a Moslem, and took up his place where the Sheikh beckoned him. Sir Austen also stood up instinctively, and moved to the spot that Linnell's hand pointed out in silence. In such a case, implicit obedience was their only chance of avoiding immediate murder.

Reduced for the moment to absolute quiet, Linnell curled himself up in his thick burnous and tried his best to snatch a little sleep, but found he could not. The terrors and dangers of their situation weighed too heavily on his mind to admit of rest. He waited anxiously for three o'clock to come. He dared not even turn where he lay, for fear of arousing fresh distrust. He held himself in a cramped position for hours at a stretch, rather than wake the Sheikh or the Arabs from their snoring slumber.

Sir Austen was more fortunate. Wrapped up in his rugs he dozed off for a while in the corner where he lay, and refreshed himself against the toil they must necessarily endure before morning. But even he could hardly sleep for excitement and suspicion. His rest was very broken indeed. He turned and tossed with occasional low groans. About half-past two his head moved violently. Some strange and horrible vision was sweeping before his eyes, Linnell felt certain.

And so in truth it was. A strange and very unnatural nightmare. Sir Austen, as he lay on the bare ground, curled up in his burnous, and grasping his pistol, was dreaming a dream so terrible in its way that it might well have made Linnell's blood run cold within him had he only known it.

A ghastly dream—cruel, wicked, horrible! On the sand of the desert, in the early dawn, Sir Austen seemed to his disordered fancy—what will not sleep suggest?—to be leaning over a body—a lifeless body—he knew not whose, or how it came there. A great silence brooded over the

scene: a red-hot sun: a brown hot desert; and full in its midst that mysterious body! It was a bleeding body; bleeding from the head. He looked at it close. Wounded: ah, wounded: a great round wound on the right temple. Shot: but by whom? Sir Austen, turning and groaning, knew not.

His dream paused. He slept. Then he dreamt again. The same dream as ever. An awful mystery seemed to surround that body. Sir Austen, gasping in his sleep for breath, was dimly conscious of some terrible remorse, some awful link that seemed to bind his own soul to that murdered corpse. Ah, heaven, what link? Whose it was, or why he had shot it, he had no idea. Face and form suggested nothing to him. All was vague and blank and terrible. But an appalling consciousness of guilt and crime seemed to swamp his senses. He knew only in some dim, half-uncertain way that the man was dead—and that he himself felt like a murderer.

He turned restlessly once more upon his outstretched rug. With the turn came a change. The light of the oil-lamp was flickering on his eyes. It brought a new chapter in his uncertain vision. His dream melted away to an English lawn. His wife was there—that dear young wife of his—and she read him a letter: an important letter. It was a lawyer's letter about some inherited wealth. He hardly understood at first what it was all about; but in some dim fashion he fancied to himself he had come unexpectedly into a great property. Something about a lawsuit with somebody who claimed to inherit the estate. 'Pooh, pooh,' he heard his lawyer say idly in his dream; 'the girl hasn't got a leg to stand upon.'

He dozed for a while, in a quieter fashion. Then he found himself once more crawling on all-fours on the desert sand. The corpse was there, whiter and more horrible to behold than ever. It lay on its face, weltering in blood. A hideous curiosity possessed his soul. He *must* find out whose body it was. He turned it over, and gazed on its features.—Oh horror, he could hardly believe his eyes! It was Charles Linnell who lay dead and stiff before him!

Then a hideous truth flashed over him like lightning. Murdered! And by him! For his money, his money!

With a start and a cry, Sir Austen awoke. He sat up in his horror and gazed wildly around. Thank Heaven, thank Heaven, it was all a dream! He wasn't a criminal! He wasn't a murderer! There stood Charles Linnell, gazing at him reproachfully, not dead, but alive, one finger on his lip, and one on the watch he held out before him. Sir Austen, remembering where he was and how, took it all in at a rapid glance. It was the stroke of three—and his terror-stricken cry had almost roused the slumbering Arabs. In a second he was awake and all himself again.

Noiselessly and silently they crept from the tent, and stole unperceived into the open desert. Sir Austen's heart beat hard even yet with the horror and awe of that strange awakening; but he stilled it with an effort and stole on by his cousin. They cleared the tents, and reached the camels' tether. Thank Heaven, thank Heaven, it was all a vision.

Yet what awful suggestion of Satan was this

that had come to him all unconscious in his dreaming moments? If Charles Linnell were even now to die— He shuddered to think he could even dream it.

SAVINGS-BANKS AND RECENT FRAUDS.

A SELECT Committee of the House of Commons sat lately, to inquire into and report on the administration of Trustee Savings-banks; the powers, duties, and liabilities of the trustees, managers, and officers of Trustee Savings-banks; the relations of these banks to the National Debt Commissioners; and the alleged assumption, by certain Trustee Savings-banks, of designations calculated to mislead depositors. This Committee, like its predecessor of 1858, was appointed because of the existence of serious frauds, whereby the earnings of the poor were put in jeopardy. Its object was to discover what were the weak points in the system under which such frauds could creep in, and also the amount of security possessed by depositors who left their money under the care of Trustee Savings-banks. There are 380 such banks, with forty-four millions of deposits, and 1,500,000 depositors.

It appears that the number of these banks is diminishing yearly, the Post-office Savings-bank, established in 1861, having proved a formidable rival, its depositors numbering about four millions, with deposits amounting to £66,000,000. Since the most serious case of fraud was discovered in 1886, a large number of Trustee banks have been closed. In 1888, eighteen banks were closed; since then, seventeen more banks have been closed; while fourteen were at the date of the inquiry in process of being closed. Those closed since 1888 represented deposits to about £560,000.

One witness described the Post-office Bank as 'a colder agency,' and said there was a kindly influence constantly going on between his bank (a Trustee bank) and the depositors. 'Poor people's affairs constantly get involved one way or another, and they come to the bank from time to time to ask advice; and it has been a great pleasure to myself and others in our bank to give that advice, and to keep them out of the hands of pettifogging lawyers, who fleece them greatly.' Another witness, an actuary, said many of the people he had to advise were very helpless. They used to bring their family troubles to him, and ask about their wills and family squabbles and things of that kind, which Post-office officials could not be expected to trouble themselves with. One woman who had invested up to her limit called one day, and he suggested to her to buy stock. She appeared to consider it for a moment, and, after a short time, she turned round and said she had no place to keep stock in. She thought he meant bullocks, or something of that kind.

Another objection to the Post-office bank was the want of secrecy attending its transactions. After every operation, an official letter at first,

with O.H.M.S., used to be received by the depositor, although now ordinary envelopes are employed to shroud the operation, if possible. It appears that every transaction with a Post-office bank costs the Government from fivepence to sixpence, for it has to be entered in the books of the central authority in London through the agency of the local office, who forward the depositor's book to London for that purpose. Another point brought out was the delay in paying a depositor what he wishes to withdraw. With the Trustee bank, although twenty-one days' notice can be claimed, the amount is always paid on demand; whereas, with the Post-office bank, communication must first be made with London before payment of a deposit can be made.

But a most important consideration comes into play, and this is the security on which each of these banks is based. If the Trustee Savings-bank is to be continued, as the Committee recommend, it is of vital interest to the community that the security it offers to the public should be well defined. In the case of the Post-office bank, the depositor has absolute security, for the State makes itself liable to the last penny for sums deposited with it, no matter how numerous the frauds of its officials may be. The Post-office bank is thus really the National Security Savings-bank, and was established by Mr Gladstone, because, he said, the mode of improving the constitution of Trustee Savings-banks so as to render them more advantageous to the public at large was a problem which the Government found extremely difficult to solve. The introduction of the Post-office Savings-bank was thus prompted by the desire of the Government to give ample security to depositors.

In the case of the Trustee banks, the Committee report thus plainly as to the position of these banks in respect of security: 'It appears that certain of the Trustee banks have been in the habit of using the words "Government Security," "National Security," "Government Savings-banks," or similar designations, in their books, notices, circulars, balance sheets, or other publications in connection with these banks. It cannot be too widely known that the use of such words is totally unauthorised and misleading, and that the Government is responsible only for such moneys as are transmitted to the National Debt Commissioners from time to time; and they would therefore recommend that every depositor's pass-book shall have clearly printed upon the cover a notification that Government is in no way responsible or liable to depositors for moneys placed in the safe keeping of such banks.'

It was incidentally brought out that the expense of the National Debt administration of the Trustee Savings-banks was about £5500 a year; while the amount of loss through these banks which the State had to make good for the past year was £25,000. It appears that certain weekly returns are furnished to the Commissioners of the National Debt Office, and that the latter exercise a kind of control over the accounts rendered, with a view to maintaining accuracy in the book-keeping. They have never been successful, however, in detecting the frauds that had been committed, the chief clerk plaintively stating: 'I may say that it is very disappointing

to us, after all our trouble, that we have not been the means of discovering any case of the kind. I do not think it has been useless, however, because we have put the trustees on the track of keeping their accounts correctly.'

Another point of importance brought out in the inquiry was as to the investment of money by the Savings-banks otherwise than through the National Debt Commissioners. Power to this effect was given the banks by a section of the 1863 Act, the consequence being that eighteen banks now avail themselves of the section to no less an amount than £4,061,000. This large sum is variously invested in corporation bonds, loans to School Boards and other local authorities, mortgages on freehold house property, heritable bonds, and at interest with Scotch banks. A declaration is usually taken from all the depositors who allow their money thus to be disposed of, and it is really in the form of a contract note, in which they contract themselves out of any liability on the part of the trustees. One of the deposit notes runs as follows:

'Deposit Note, Supplementary Investment Department.—I herewith deposit with the Trustees of the ——— Savings-bank the sum of ——— pounds, and request them to invest a like amount for me conjointly with any other moneys received by them, in the Supplementary Investment Department upon such securities as they in their judgment may deem expedient; and I hereby undertake to hold the said Trustees harmless and indemnified against any loss that may at any time arise under and by reason of any such investment, providing the same be in accordance with the bank's 12th rule. The bank will allow the depositors interest at the rate of $3\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. per annum, retaining the difference of interest received for expenses and contingencies, and deposits will be repayable on three months' notice, unless otherwise ordered by the depositor.' This is signed by the depositor.

The comment of the Committee on these fixed loans was that these investments do not come under the review of the National Debt Commissioners; and the Committee think that a very heavy responsibility is incurred by trustees by investments of this character.

As to the facilities afforded by the Trustee banks—out of 281 whose hours were given, 129 were only open on one day of the week, on an average of two hours weekly; 71 were open on two days in the week, on an average of four hours per week; 24 were open daily, on an average of twenty-five hours weekly; 37 were open on three or more days, on an average of ten hours per week; and 20 were only open once a fortnight or once a month, on an average of one hour per week. So that more than one-half the total number were open from one to two hours per week only. The Trustee bank appears to be the banker *par excellence* of the Friendly and Charitable Societies and penny banks, for the number of these Societies is increasing rather than diminishing. In 1887 the number of Charitable Societies was 15,861, with funds amounting to £759,000; of Friendly Societies, 14,342, with funds £2,500,000; and of penny banks, 2000, with £109,000. The interest allowed by the Trustee banks to the depositors has till lately varied from £2, 10s. to £2, 15s., and is now being

reduced in proportion to the reduction of the interest allowed by the Government.

The matter of runs on savings-banks came up before the Committee; and Mr Meikle, the Glasgow Actuary, stated that at the time of the Western Bank of Scotland failure in 1857, and of the City of Glasgow Bank failure in 1878, there was a run on his bank. He said: 'There was nothing for it but just to stand to your work and pay the people; they usually recover their senses in a day and a half.'

Mr Bartley, M.P., gave a graphic account of a run on his National Penny Bank at all its thirteen offices. He said it occurred in 1887, and began on a Wednesday evening. He had an idea of what was awaiting him, and had laid in a margin of cash against need. He kept his bank open till eleven that night and paid away all his money. Then he asked the crowd to return next day, which they did. At nine o'clock he was besieged; there were present hundreds of people; and about twenty policemen to keep order; and he had a reserve of £40,000 in cash and notes. He had eight or ten clerks, and they paid 1622 persons in twelve hours the sum of £23,000. To his mind, the best way of settling a panic was to pay quickly and so disperse the crowd. The great difficulty in the way was the mechanical one of making payments to so many persons.

We come now to the grave question of frauds by savings-bank officials, which, as we remarked, formed the cause of the Committee's appointment. The Committee report that since the year 1863 there have been a certain number of cases in which serious defalcations have been discovered in the case of Trustee Savings-banks. Between the years 1878 and 1887, serious defalcations were discovered in connection with eight different banks. By Act of Parliament called the Trustees' Savings-bank Act of 1887, a local inquiry can be held into the affairs of a bank on application to a judge of the High Court of Justice under certain well-defined conditions. Under this Act, the Honourable Mr Stanley was employed to report to Parliament as to the state of one of the defaulting banks. The frauds, he found, extended over a period of at least twenty years, and amounted in the whole to £37,000. The money had been stolen in two ways: the actuary used to receive money on behalf of the bank outside office hours without the control of any trustee or manager, and he used to embezzle that money. He made no entry of it in the cash-book. He used also to make false entries in the cash-book of money which he represented himself as having repaid to depositors, who, he said, had come and drawn out money outside the office hours in the absence of the trustees and managers. These frauds were facilitated by the fact that the trustees and the managers were in the habit of allowing him both to receive and to pay money outside the office hours with no check upon him, and even sometimes outside of the bank premises. When money is paid or received by a savings-bank, it is a rule that the transaction should pass through the hands of two parties. This direction, along with almost all the others, was not complied with.

The class of persons dealing with the bank was of the most facile description. 'If I could only tell you how ignorant and helpless these

poor people are, you would see how very difficult it is to protect them. Many of these people could not read or write. Many of them could only speak Welsh, and they took the word of the manager or actuary as quite conclusive.' So said the Honourable Mr Stanley.

The National Debt Office regarded the savings-bank in question as a model bank, and the audit of the actuary's books was made in the most perfunctory way by one of the two auditors appointed for the purpose. The first auditor used to take the actuary's word for the accuracy of any statement, without taking steps to verify it. The second auditor, who acted for about a year, stated that he spoke to individual trustees and managers, and complained of the loose management of the bank; but he got snubbed for his pains. The actuary was in the habit of violating that portion of the Savings-bank Act which prescribes £200 as the limit of individual deposits with interest, and rather encouraged it. When a depositor called attention to the printed rule and said, 'May I?' he was told: 'Yes; you may put in as much as you like: put in until we tell you to stop.' The result was that an amount of £51,000 was accumulated on accounts in excess of the authorised limit of £200 for each account, this state of things being concealed from the National Debt Office.

With regard to the discharge by the managers of their duties, the latter stated that they took so little interest in the affairs of the bank that they would sign any paper the actuary put before them and never dream of reading it. The working trustees who attended at the bank on Saturday and Monday would come to the Board and sign as if they had received the money, doing just what the actuary told them. One unfortunate trustee who lived near the bank was guilty of more irregularities than all the rest; he used to be called in upon the Friday evening, and would then sign for all the money that the accountant told him he had received during the week; he would write that in on Friday evening as though he had received it on the Saturday morning.

The actuary who committed all the frauds never took a holiday himself. If he had been obliged to take a holiday every year, and had gone away for a month, his frauds would have been detected at once.

Regarding other cases of fraud, three of them represented frauds by actuaries. Another which took place was reported on by the Commissioner appointed under the Act. From this Report it appears that for seven years (if not longer) a junior clerk had been able to appropriate annually considerable sums from the funds of the bank, amounting in the aggregate to about four thousand pounds. He effected this in a variety of fraudulent ways, chiefly by tampering with the pass-books, receiving money from depositors without corresponding entries in the ledgers, paying money to himself indirectly on fictitious pass-books, and by falsifying the liabilities of the bank at the end of each year, in order to cover the amount he appropriated. He could not have done this without the greatest negligence and incompetence of nearly every person connected with the bank. The examination of the pass-books with the ledgers was entirely dispensed

with. Had this been observed, the Commissioner reports that it would have been very difficult for the delinquent to manipulate the pass-books.

THE HEIR OF ROTHWELL CHASE.

A STORY.

By T. W. SPEIGHT.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'Good gracious, Therese! whatever is the matter? You look for all the world as if you were going to have a bad illness,' said Mrs Marchmont as she pushed back on its casters the low chair on which she was sitting, and thereby widened the distance between herself and the person she had thus addressed. 'I hope to goodness you have caught nothing infectious. I am told there is a great deal of fever in the neighbourhood just now.'

'It is nothing but a sick headache, madame—nothing but that, I assure you,' was the reply in the quiet, unmodulated tones in which Mrs Marchmont's maid habitually addressed her mistress. 'If madame can spare me, I will mix myself a tisane, and lie down for a few hours. I have had these headaches before, and know how to treat them. Madame may rely upon it that I shall be quite well again by morning.'

Therese Cobran, although Swiss by birth, had resided in England for so many years that only by a slight peculiarity in the pronunciation of certain words could her foreign origin be detected.

'Go, by all means. Of course, it will be very inconvenient for me if you are not better by morning; but, in that case, Dr Marsden had better see you as soon as possible.'

'Madame is very kind—as she always is; but I shall be quite well by to-morrow.'

'You had better go at once. As you pass the nursery, you can tell Fanny Dale to bring me my cup of tea this afternoon, and that she will have to attend me later on while I dress.'

Therese curtsied and left the room. As she shut the door softly behind her, the expression of her face changed with startling suddenness. It was as though a mask had been plucked away. She was no longer the same woman who was in the habit of going about her duties with a general air of self-effacement, and whose manner towards her somewhat imperious and quick-tempered mistress was one of servile, not to say fawning, obsequiousness. The thin hard lines of her mouth curved into a smile of malicious—it might almost be called malignant—triumph; her light-coloured eyes, neither blue nor gray, but an indefinite mixture of the two—which usually looked out at the world from the ambush of their white lashes with such a cold and almost fish-like regard—seemed as if they had been lighted up from behind, and gleamed like two vivid sparks of baleful fire.

'Step number one, *chère madame*,' she said, turning as if to address her mistress, although there was the closed door between them, while nodding her head slowly and meaningly. 'Step number two to-night. Ah, but you shall suffer!—you shall suffer!—you shall suffer!'

Pressing her clenched hand to her bosom, she

stood motionless for a few moments, as if to give time for the fire which had so suddenly blazed up to die down again. Then, with swift and noiseless steps, she went the length of the corridor and opened a door at the farther end. As she did so, a pretty picture met her view. The room, which was a large one, was fitted up as a nursery, with a rocking-horse and a swing, and toys of various kinds scattered about the floor. Its only occupants were a girl of seventeen and a sturdy, handsome, brown-eyed lad somewhere about three years old. The child was Frank Overton Marchmont, grandson and heir to Sir Harry Marchmont of Rothwell Chase; the girl was his nursemaid, Fanny Dale.

At the moment Therese opened the door, Fanny, with a long rein affixed to one of her arms, the other end of which was held by the boy, was slowly careering round an imaginary sawdusted circle, while Master Frank enacted the part of ring-master, doing his best to make his whip crack and shouting 'Houp-la!' in a shrill treble.

'Law, mamzelle, how ill you look, for sure!' exclaimed Fanny, as she came to a sudden halt.

'It is nothing but a sick headache,' replied Therese coldly. 'Madame has given me leave, and I am going to lie down for a few hours. She asked me to tell you to take her a cup of tea at half-past-five; so please not to forget. You will also have to attend her when it is time to dress for dinner. By to-morrow I shall be quite well.'

'All right, mamzelle; I'll not forget,' replied Fanny, who was the essence of good-nature. 'And I'm sure I hope you will be better by morning.'

Therese stared at the child for a moment or two in silence, then nodded to Fanny and withdrew, closing the door softly behind her. 'Me no like Ma'zelle Teyase,' remarked Frank with the outspokenness of his age.

'Why don't you like her, darling?' demanded the nurse-girl.

'Me not like her eyes—they frighten me.'

Therese ascended to her room, which was on the next floor, and having secured herself against intrusion by locking the door, she proceeded to apply a lighted match to the contents of the grate, which had been laid ready for kindling. It was a chilly afternoon in early spring, and Therese always took sensible views where her own comfort was in question. A person in her position was not supposed to need a fire in her bedroom; but a shilling given now and again to the chambermaid smoothed over all difficulties in that respect. The next thing she did was to take off her black dress and her cashmere shoes and put on a comfortable wadded wrapper and a pair of warm slippers. After that she proceeded to let down her hair, of which she had a great quantity, and the colour of which was as indeterminate as her eyes. Then she unlocked a drawer and took from it a square green bottle and a liqueur glass. Twice she filled the glass from the contents of the bottle, and twice she emptied it, sipping the cordial slowly and appreciatively. Her next move was, by means of a sponge and a little soap and water, to wash away the streaks of bistre under her eyes, now

that they had served their purpose. After that, knowing a couple of hours of inaction were before her, there was nothing left her to do save to bask in front of the fire in a chintz-covered easy-chair, with her feet on the fender, and immerse herself in a French romance, which she took from the drawer that held the bottle and glass.

Sir Harry Marchmont of Rothwell Chase was nearer seventy than sixty years of age. He was a widower and childless. His only son, a man of thirty, had died in Italy about a year before the opening of our narrative. There had been a coolness between father and son, owing to the fact of the latter having married in direct opposition to Sir Harry's wishes, and the two had not met for some years till that last meeting of all over Frank's deathbed. The woman whose marriage with his heir the baronet had so bitterly resented was the daughter of an Italian music-master and an English governess; and Sir Harry, who had been quite aware when he left England that his son's condition was hopeless, had been much exercised in his mind during the journey as to the best mode of getting his grandson, who was at that time nearly two years old, into his possession, and at the same time having as little as possible to do with 'that low adventuress,' the child's mother. But he had not been a dozen hours under the same roof with his daughter-in-law before the affair presented itself to him under a totally different aspect. There was no longer any question of separating mother and child. Mrs Marchmont's future home must be at Rothwell Chase. She was a woman whom any man might feel proud to have at the head of his table. That her father had been nothing higher in the social scale than a foreign music-master was a fact known to but few people, and the chances were that it would never reach the ears of English society.

Giulia Marchmont was not merely a very handsome woman, but a very capable one—so capable, indeed, that the late heir of Rothwell Chase, with his stolid intellect and limited range of emotions, had been as wax in her fingers, to be moulded into whatsoever shape might suit her purposes best. She had been fairly well educated, albeit after the somewhat slipshod fashion necessitated by her father's wandering life, Signor Viscari having been one of those restless mortals who can never settle for long at a time in any one place; but what Giulia might lack in the way of book-learning she more than made up for in worldly knowledge. She had lived for a longer or shorter time in nearly every European capital, and having a gift that way, she had not failed to avail herself of her linguistic opportunities to the utmost. In person she was tall and stately, with what is sometimes termed a 'Juno style of figure.' She had inherited her mother's delicate complexion and her father's brilliant Italian eyes, and finely arched but somewhat too prominent black eyebrows. Something else she had inherited from Signor Viscari—to wit, a liability to sudden volcanic explosions of temper, to bring about one of which, the merest trifle that happened to go awry would, when the mood was on her, serve as the requisite spark. Like

tropical storms, they were short and sharp; and scarcely were they over, before fair weather would set in again, to last with all but unbroken serenity till the gradually accumulated forces, no longer to be restrained, would break out once more, and that sometimes after a fashion which Mrs Marchmont herself was afterwards ashamed to recall.

So, poor Frank Marchmont having been laid to rest in alien soil, the baronet, the widow, and the youthful heir journeyed to England by easy stages, and after halting for a couple of days in London to pick up Sir Harry's ward, Miss Edeline Fenton, who had been staying with the Dowager Lady Cosgrave during her guardian's absence abroad, they all travelled down to Rothwell Chase together. Since that time, nearly a year had gone by, and Mrs Marchmont was now looking forward to the day when, with a clear conscience, she could discard her widow's weeds, of which she had long ago grown heartily tired, and be able again to shine forth resplendent in the silks and velvets which became her to perfection.

Edeline Fenton, Sir Harry's ward, was the orphan daughter of a man who had been far dearer to the baronet than any of his own kith and kin had ever been. At this time she was between nineteen and twenty years old, and on coming of age would inherit a fortune of fifteen thousand pounds. Her home since leaving school had been at the Chase; and had she been Sir Harry's own child he could scarcely have thought more of her than he did. She had, however, during the time of her stay with Lady Cosgrave been guilty of a terrible blunder, which, notwithstanding all his affection for her, the baronet found it well nigh impossible to condone. She had allowed herself to fall in love with Evan Marchmont, her guardian's nephew, and the last person on earth whose wife he would care to see her become.

It was not that Evan, either by word or act, had been guilty of anything which would suffice to account for his uncle's hostility towards him; indeed, the two had never met but twice. Evan's sole fault lay in the fact of his being the son of his parents. The young fellow's mother had chosen to jilt Sir Harry in favour of his younger and more attractive brother, and he had never forgiven either her or Godfrey. Although he had afterwards married, he had never cared for his wife as he had cared for Effra Vane; and even now, after the lapse of thirty years, the wound still rankled, the sore was still unhealed. When his brother died in a state that bordered on destitution, if he did not absolutely rejoice, he certainly could not be said to feel any sorrow even in its most mitigated form; and when, a little later, certain timid overtures reached him from the widow, they were coldly rejected. Neither to her nor to her son should the hand of reconciliation ever be put forth by him! The widow had followed her husband to the grave no long time afterwards; and now, at four-and-twenty years of age, their son was filling a responsible position in the offices of one of the largest ship-broking firms in the port of London.

It had been a bitter surprise to the baronet when his nephew called upon him at his hotel in

town and asked permission of him, as the young lady's guardian, to pay his addresses to Miss Fenton. The two were all but strangers to each other; and the elder man, as he stared into the face of the younger, traced in it, or persuaded himself that he did, an unmistakable likeness to the forgotten features of the woman who had so cruelly jilted him. The interview was a brief but stormy one. Sir Harry stigmatised the young man's suit as that of a mercenary fortune-hunter, and utterly refused to sanction his addresses in any way. So long as he retained his powers as guardian over Miss Fenton and her fortune, so long should Mr Evan Marchmont's suit be treated with contumely at his hands; indeed, his last words to him, as he pointed through the window, were: 'I would rather my ward should marry yonder crossing-sweeper than marry you.'

Sir Harry's first impulse after Evan's departure had been to seek an interview with Edeline, tell her what had passed, and bring to bear whatever influence he might possess over her in order to induce her to break with his nephew. But second and wiser thoughts prevailed. What if Edeline—who was a girl of spirit—should refuse to recognise his right to interfere between her and her private affections, and while to a certain extent submitting to his authority during the eighteen months she would remain under age, should avow her intention of holding to her engagement and of taking her own course in the matter, without let or hindrance, the moment her twenty-first birthday should have come and gone? In that case, he, Sir Harry, would be made to look considerably foolish, which he was by no means desirous of doing; in addition to which, he would have created a breach between himself and his ward which nothing could ever wholly heal over. No; he would bring to bear the wisdom of the serpent, if he could not pretend to imitate the gentleness of the dove. He would ignore the whole affair as far as Edeline was concerned; no word as to the interview between himself and his nephew should pass his lips. With Evan hard at work in London and Edeline secluded at Rothwell, there would be little or no opportunity for their meeting again for at least eighteen months to come, and there was no knowing what might happen meanwhile. In short, it seemed to him that opposition, if carried further, might only serve to fan the nascent flame of mutual affection between the young people, whereas, by quietly ignoring it, it might gradually fade and flicker out of its own accord. All this had happened nearly a year ago, during which time Evan Marchmont's name had never been mentioned either by Sir Harry or Edeline.

And now to return to the afternoon on which Therese Cobran asked permission to be relieved of her duties for a few hours on the plea of illness.

Fanny Dale kept a watchful eye on the clock on the nursery chimney-piece. Mrs Marchmont's tea was always taken to her at half-past five, to the minute. Two minutes before the regulation time Fanny quitted the nursery, closing the door behind her, and ran lightly down-stairs to the kitchen, it being the cook's duty to have the tea equipage in readiness. She would not be absent from the nursery more than three or four minutes at most, and no harm could possibly happen to

Master Frank meanwhile. She left him sitting in the middle of the floor, happy over a new toy; the window was shut, and the fire was protected by a guard. The day had been gloomy and overcast, and although the short afternoon was fast closing in, it was scarcely dark enough to light the lamp. The girl told herself that it would be time enough to light it after she should have taken Mrs Marchmont her tea.

After lingering for a minute's gossip in the kitchen, Fanny took the tray up to the small drawing-room. There she found Miss Fenton, who had just come in from riding, and, at Mrs Marchmont's invitation, had agreed to join her over tea. Fanny was accordingly sent down-stairs for a second cup and saucer.

It might be said of the widow and Sir Harry's ward that they were on good terms with each other, without there being any pretence of cordiality on either side. They had too few qualities or tastes in common to allow of their ever being attracted one to the other. They generally met at the breakfast table; but after that meal each went her own way, and they rarely saw anything more of each other till the dinner-bell once more brought them together.

Fanny having brought the second cup and saucer, at once went her way back to the nursery. She had not been gone more than seven minutes in all. The first thing she was aware of on opening the door was that the long window which gave on the balcony was wide open. With an exclamation of dismay, she made a hurried step or two forward and then paused, while her eyes went instinctively in search of the child. Nowhere could she see him! But the afternoon had darkened during her absence, and the corners of the room lay deep in shadow. Frank had a child's delight in hiding himself when nobody was about, and but for the open window Fanny would have felt sure of finding him crouched behind one or another piece of furniture. There were the toys she had given him to play with scattered about the floor, but the boy himself was nowhere to be seen.

'Frankie, Frankie, where are you?' called the girl in frightened accents. 'Why don't you speak, darling?' A moment she stood listening, but save for the wild beating of her heart, all was silence. Even yet she could scarcely realise the possibility of what had happened; but a brief agonised search in every corner and behind every piece of furniture proved to her, a minute later, that her charge was not in the room. Last of all, with a dreadful sinking of the heart, she passed through the open window on to the balcony. Here it was lighter than inside the room, light enough, in fact, to have allowed of her seeing any object out of the ordinary on the gravelled drive some eight or ten feet below. But nothing was to be seen. The drive on its outer edge was bordered by a narrow margin of turf, beyond which spread a dense shrubbery of laurels, rhododendrons, and other evergreens. Not a sign of life was anywhere visible. Leaning over the balcony, the girl, in half-choked accents, again called the child by name, while feeling sure there would be no response. For a few seconds she stood with her hands pressed to her head, striving to collect her thoughts, which kept fluttering and circling round her like a flock of frightened birds

of which she had lost all control. Then she said to herself: 'Perhaps he managed somehow to open the door, though I didn't know that he could, and has hidden himself in one of the empty rooms on purpose to frighten me.' But then came the terrifying question: 'In that case, why is the window open—and who opened it?' The child himself couldn't reach the hasp unless he were mounted on a chair, and the chairs were all in their places.

But it was imperative that action of some kind should be taken, and that without another minute's delay. 'I'll go and tell Therese before saying a word to any one else,' was the distracted girl's resolve. It was the instinctive impulse of a weak nature to seek the counsel and help of one stronger than itself.

ANCIENT REMAINS IN BENDERLOCH.

THE district called Benderloch (Ben-eider-da-loch, the hill between the lakes), which lies between Loch Etive and Loch Creran, is rich in both legendary and historic interest. At Ardochattan, opposite Achnacloich Station on the Callander and Oban line, there is an old priory, founded by the Benedictine monks in 1230, where Robert Bruce is said to have held the last 'Parliament' that was conducted in the Gaelic tongue. And away beyond Ledaig, in the direction of Loch Creran, are the remains of what is considered by some to have been the ancient Pictish capital of Scotland. On 'the Black Moss' of Connel there is a cairn under which the bones of Ossian are supposed to rest; and near the ruined fort or city just mentioned there is a mound, called *Tòrn Ossian*, on which the bard used to repose while meditating his lays in celebration of the might of his father, Fingal, and of all the wonderful heroes of that heroic, if mythical, time.

It was here, also, that the three sons of Uisnach held sway when they came over from Ireland, with the beautiful, wise, and witty Deirdre, or Dathula, of whom the Celtic bards have sung so much that is not easily reconcilable. But whether the Sons of Uisnach first went from Loch Etive to Ireland and then returned to their lovely Highland retreat, or whether they migrated originally from Erin to escape the wiles of King Coner of Ulster, we will not stop to inquire. It is sufficient to realise that in Benderloch we are in a region where myth and prehistoric legend—where poetry and chronology—are blended into a charming if somewhat perplexing tissue.

Entering Benderloch at Connel Ferry—Ossian's Falls of Lora, which are by no means terrifying, but yet sufficiently striking when, at ebb-tide, the waters of Loch Etive rush through the narrow and rock-bedded entrance to gain the open sound—one passes on to a flat tableland, variously called the Plain of Lora, the Moor of Ledaig, the Moss of Connel. Upon this Moor there is a great cairn, called the Baron's Cairn, which Dr Smith excavated, and concluded to have been of Scandinavian origin, and to have been a place where the 'Thing,' or Court, or Parliament, was held. This is interesting to remember, because Queen Hynde, who, according to one of the legends, once had her capital in this district, was very much troubled by the Norwegian king, Eric, who came

with a fleet and wanted to marry her. They stayed some time about the shores of Loch Etive, and were only got away by the intervention of St Columba. This may give a date to the event, and also some foundation to the belief that Queen Hynde was a Christian; but for the rest we are not prepared to guarantee the reality of her majesty's existence.

Further up Loch Etive, across this Moss, there is a still more wonderful cairn, that of Achnacree. It is extensive, and on excavation revealed various chambers; but what is its age and what its origin can only be guessed. It was doubtless meant for a burial-place, and it may perhaps mark the burial-place of Ossian, as many Celtic enthusiasts fervently believe.

It is more easy to believe than that this hollow which is pointed out at Achnaba, close at hand, was made by the cow of Cailleach Bheir when it lay down to ruminate. The hollow is about an acre in extent, so the cow must have been a biggish animal. Cailleach Bheir—or Old Wife Bera—needed most things on a large scale, for she could cross the loch here in a couple of steps, and her head, which is now turned to stone, is one of the great rocks you see on Loch Awe side. The reason she was turned into stone was because she neglected her duty to put a lid at sunset over a well on Ben Cruachan of which she had charge. She fell asleep one afternoon and forgot; the consequence being that the well overflowed, drowning both man and beast, and forming the extensive sheet of water known to the world, and dear to anglers, as Loch Awe. It was the rush of the mighty flood through the hills that formed the stern and wild Pass of Brander.

But let us turn across the Black Moss of Connel in the other direction, towards Ledaig, where lives John Campbell, the Gaelic poet. He is a good, kindly man; a wonderful gardener, who has made the rocky wilderness blossom with roses, and the bare hill-side gladden with luscious fruit, and on whom the poetic mantle of the famous Duncan Ban Macintyre has worthily descended. We must pass his house and round into Ardnamic Bay, commonly called Loch Nell, if we wish to see the site of the ancient Pictish capital, and the remains of the Halls of Selma, or the Fort of the Sons of Uisnach.

For here we are, according to the quaint, but credulous, historian Boece, in the region that first gave kings to Scotland—where they reigned in great splendour while barbarian England was yet undiscovered by the Romans. This was a land, if we are to believe the Aberdonian, where in prehistoric times there was a Court surrounded by men of learning, by sacred Druids, by skilled physicians, and by melodious poets, to whom ambassadors came from Spain long before the Christian era.

The story, condensed from Boece, is this. Three centuries or so before Christ, the Picts, the Scots, and the Britons in the southern parts of Scotland quarrelled; and the Scots sent over to Ireland to ask for aid. In response, Fergus, the son of an Irish king, came across, and was crowned king of Alban, as the western part of Scotland was long called. He made peace with the Picts; but the struggle with the Britons was continued until they were defeated, under King Coile, on the river Doon in Ayrshire—Burns's famous 'banks

and braes.' There Coile was slain, and there we find Coilsfield to this day. This whole district of Ayrshire is now called Kyle after him. After this great victory, Fergus built a castle in Argyllshire, and there reigned. This castle was called Beregonium, and Boece says that it was in Lochaber, but this is a mistake, for do we not find it in Benderloch? King Fergus was drowned on his passage to Ireland, and was succeeded by his brother, Feritharis, who had a peaceful reign, and made a treaty with Charlemagne. Then followed other kings, whose time was chiefly occupied in repelling the attacks of the Britons, until by a great effort of King Reuther, the combined forces of the Picts and Scots drove off the invaders. After that King Reuther went to live at Beregonium, 'where he died in peace, after having introduced into Albion many of the arts and sciences before unknown there.'

Beregonium continued the capital until the time of Ewin, who preferred the other side of Loch Etive. He built a castle, which he called Evonium, on the site now occupied by Dunstaffnage, and he was crowned there on the marble chair brought from Ireland. For a succession of reigns Dunstaffnage remained the capital, and then, with the Coronation Stone, it was transferred to Scone.

We have purposely refrained from giving any dates in this summary, because the chronology, like the story told, is mere myth. But the reader may be interested to have here the note which Bishop Pococke made of the place in 1760. The journal of the Bishop's tours in Scotland has long lain in manuscript, and has only recently been printed for the benefit of the members of the Scottish History Society.

The Bishop writes: 'We went on in the same beautiful country, having Lough Etive to the right, and came to the end of the mountains, which terminate in a perpendicular rock exactly like the ancient Ansur, now called Terracina, in the way from Rome to Naples. This rock was called Dun Vallin Re (the Hill of the King's Town), and by the Cromwellian soldiers, Craig Nuke; and this is the entrance, so the ancient city rock seems to have been called Vallin or Ballin Re (the City of the Kings). In the new map of Scotland it is called Beregonium, and seem'd to have been anciently the Chief City of Scotland; and I was told that Buchanan gives it that name. Cambden calls it Beregonium, a castle wherein the courts of justice were anciently kept; but what foundation there is for this name I cannot form any judgment. . . . A quarter of an English measured mile to the west is a Rocky hill extending a furlong from south to north, and close to the sea; this is called the Dun M'Sneam (the Fortress of M'Sneam). All over it are marks of the foundations of buildings. In the castle, &c., they show the place where the well was, and it is now so moist that Flaggs grow about it. From the other rock to this there is an elevated bank which is supposed to have been a street, and is called the Salt Market; there seem to have been houses towards the sea and to the north; there being a sort of terrace on each side; and to the north is a small bog, which might have been a pond to supply the town with water. There is a long stone on the south side of it. Before I came to the first rock, called Ballin Re, I saw two

cairns, consisting of heaps of stones. From the north end of this on the edge of a bog are signs of another street extending about a furlong to the west, toward another rocky hill, and this is called the Meal Market, which might be a suburb of the town. The sea seems to have left this place, for the ground between this last street and the sea consists of such pebbles as are on the beach. They have a tradition that the Scots from Ireland landed here.

The physical aspects of the place are pretty much as Bishop Pococke saw them one hundred and thirty years ago, although the 'streets' may not be so readily identifiable, owing to the spread of vegetation. But the Bishop is guilty of some confusion. It is not Dun Valanree that is called Beregonium, but the hill which he calls Dun M'Sneam. There was no such person as Sneam or M'Sneam. It is Dun Mac-Sniochan, or Mac-Uisneachan—the Hill of the Sons of Uisneach, or Uisnach.

There is no doubt about 'the tradition that the Scots from Ireland landed here,' and little doubt about the truth of the tradition. Where the doubt arises is whether the Scots from Ireland built this city or fortress, or whether they found it already built by the Picts, and merely occupied and enlarged it. Dr Angus Smith was of opinion that there are distinct indications of at least two separate sets of occupants.

Pennant, in his famous Tour, describes the ruins as that of a city which had been destroyed by a volcano; but that which he took for the effect of volcanic action is merely the artificial burning which is found in all vitrified forts. It shows that the place was built before the days of cement, and when walls were welded together by the application of great heat to fuse the stones.

The rock on which this fort stands is a mixture of limestone and slate; but the walls of the fort are of trap stones, brought from the hills near, which are readily fusible. Of the original height of the walls it is impossible now to judge, and it requires a strong imagination to perceive the lines of streets which some have professed to trace. But thanks to Dr Angus Smith's excavations, it is possible to gather a pretty definite idea of the character and extent of the settlement.

It occupies the whole summit of the hill, which is precipitous on all sides save one, where a gradual slope to what we may call the mainland, is still called the Queen's Walk or Street. On the sea-side it would be, in ancient times, practically inaccessible; and on the land-side it would be easily defended.

The buildings would cover a space about two hundred and fifty yards long by fifty broad at the widest part. On the broadest part, which overlooks the bay, appears to have been the chief's apartments, and probably all the most important dwellings, as it is farthest from the vulnerable side of the fort. These dwellings were planted between natural rock-walls on the north and south; while to the west there is a clear space reaching to the sea-precipice. The central living-place was measured by Dr Smith as thirty yards broad by about forty-five long. The remains of a strong inner wall are to be seen, which was built regularly as a protection to the dwellings in case of the outworks being taken.

Of this inner wall, about six feet in height remains, although the stones are now covered with grass. It was probably much higher. There were two courts, with a narrow passage between, which can still be traced.

So much for the chief's or king's palace; but no idea can be formed of the style of the apartments, now carpeted with moss and grass. All along the edge of the hill are to be found traces of vitrified walls, and on the western part, an inner wall runs along with them, with a space of about nine feet between. The vitrified wall is only built on parts which might be scaled, not on sheer precipices, and it is only vitrified on the outside. From this it may be supposed that the inner walls were more carefully finished, as in modern buildings, and the cross walls are never vitrified.

Among the débris have been found the bones of animals, evidently used for food, an iron brooch, and a piece of enamelled bronze—not much, truly, to tell of a great city such as Boece figured. But then, perhaps, if we were to dig deeper and farther, we might find more!

What has been made out, then, is, that the weaker parts of the hill were walled, and that the outer walls were vitrified; that the wall of the western parts was double; that the walls of the interior, whether cross walls or lining walls, were built without mortar; that the eastern wall of the inhabited portion seems to have been rebuilt by using some of the broken-down material of the vitrified portion; and that the occupation seems to have been continued after the ruin of the chief structure.

The evidences of vitrification explain easily enough the tradition about fire from heaven, as well as Pennant's volcanic theory. Now, Dr Smith says that this is the first instance in which regular dwellings have been found in a vitrified fort, and this fort we see to have been built by men who quite understood how to put dry stones together in layers. As vitrified forts are not common in Ireland, one cannot suppose that this city was built either by Boece's Fergus, or by the sons of Uisnach, who came from Erin.

What then may we infer? This, in all reason; that these ruins occupy the site of a very ancient fort, which may have been the stronghold of the Pictish chief. When the Dalriad Scots came over from Ireland, it is natural to suppose that they would occupy a nice, strongly-fortified town, if they found one ready to hand, and thus Fergus may have taken up his quarters in, although he did not build, Beregonium—at least if this be Beregonium. But as Fergus is somewhat mythical, we will prefer to think that the gallant sons of Uisnach took up their residence in the ready-made Pictish city when they came to settle on Loch Etive. Thus we may find a harmony in all the traditions.

As to the Pictish origin, there is evidence enough in the surrounding country of a considerable Pictish population. Tirefour Castle, on Lismore, is really a Pictish *broch*, and the present writer, in company with Mr Anderson Smith, the accomplished naturalist of 'Benderloch,' recently discovered on the shore of Loch Lianhe, within a couple of miles or so of Dun Mac-Uisnach, and within a still shorter distance of the Bay of Naisi (the eldest of the sons of

Uisnach), a small but remarkably ingenious *broch*, hitherto undescribed, which had probably been in a line of alliance both with that on Lismore, and that of which the Uisnachs took possession.

And then, if the Uisnachs were here, why not Fingal and Ossian and all their heroic throng? The dates are awkward, but then one must not be too critical of the chronology of ancient history. The small cluster of houses adjoining 'Beregonium,' as the natives have learned to call these ruins, is known as 'Selma;' and it is pleasant to think that this was really the site of the Halls of Selma also. This would imply that Fingal and the sons of Uisnach occupied the same fortress; and one need not have much difficulty in believing that, after reading Ossian's lament over the deaths of the three chiefs of Streamy Etha, and the beauteous Deirdre, whom he calls Darthula.

It is enchanted ground, at anyrate; and Picts, Dalriads, and Ossianic heroes alike, must have had a keen perception of the beautiful, as well as of the practical, when they made their camps here. From the heights of Dun Mac-Uisnachan, there is a glorious prospect of mountain, wood, and water; and if we cross the Bay and ascend the tower on the promontory yonder, we shall be rewarded by one of the most extensive and magnificent views in all broad Scotland.

THAT FOREIGN-OFFICE BAG.

I HAD just received an appointment as assistant in a consulate in the Far East, and had assumed an appearance as dignified and important as twenty-one years of age and a slight moustache would permit. The occasional large official letters I got marked 'On Her Majesty's Service,' and sealed with the Foreign Office seal, rendered me an object of the greatest interest in our gossip country village, for every one was dying to know what the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs had to say to me. My happiness reached a climax one bright morning when I saw reposing on my breakfast plate a small white missive also marked 'On Her Majesty's Service,' but bearing in the corner the mysterious word 'Private.'

'By Jove,' I thought, 'this contains some State secret! Must be careful in opening it.'

A death-like silence reigned in our usually noisy family while I carefully slit the envelope with the bread-knife, and all eyes from baby, aged three, to the gov'nor himself were fixed on my countenance. I quickly glanced over the half-sheet of writing, and battled with the hieroglyphic-like signature for a minute or two. It was to the effect that Sir Algernon Chaldecott would be obliged if I would be good enough to call at the Foreign Office some day on the following week.

'Well!' was the universal exclamation, 'what is it?'

'Are you going up to Windsor?' said my younger sister; 'or is it an invitation to dine with Lord Salisbury?'

'Don't be cheeky,' I replied severely. 'You know nothing about it.'

'It is,' I added carelessly, addressing my father, who beamed upon me with a paternal eye of

admiration—'it is only from Sir Algernon Chaldecott—head of the Secret Service Department, I believe—who asks me to call at the Foreign Office, as he has an important communication to make to me.'

I duly went up to town the following week, and soon found my way to the stately pile of the Foreign Office buildings in Downing Street, which I entered, my young bosom swelling with pride, and my head higher in the air than ever. I was ushered into the presence of a grave-looking young man, whom I imagined to be Sir Algernon, and I accordingly made a profound bow, and said, 'Sir Algernon, I presume?' The grave young man smiled, and replied that Sir Algernon would appear presently. Then we talked pleasantly for a few minutes about the weather and the evil reputation of the climate of Carabaya, which was the name of my official post.

Sir Algernon himself suddenly appeared through a side-door, advanced and cordially shook hands—a condescension which thrilled every nerve of my body with pleasure—saying cheerfully at the same time: 'You are Mr Brown, I suppose?—Well, Mr Brown, as you are bound for Carabaya, we are going to take advantage of the opportunity to send by you some important documents, which it would be inexpedient to entrust to the ordinary post.' Here he held up a bulky white linen bag about two feet long, tied with red tape and sealed with an enormous quantity of red wax. 'I need hardly say, Mr Brown, it is your duty to take the utmost care of this bag; in fact, you should not let it out of your sight for an instant, till you have safely deposited it in the hands of Her Majesty's Consul at Carabaya.—Indeed, the State would much prefer you to lose your head than that you should lose this bag,' he added, blood-thirstily, though smiling all the time. He handed me the bag with a lofty air, and I received it with trembling hands.

'I will do my best, your lordship! I—I—mean—Yes, sir!' I stammered in my dread and agitation.

Seeing inexperience of this world traced in my youthful ingenuous features, he also seized the opportunity to give me a lecture on behaviour in general. He quoted something about women and wine which I did not catch—Shakespeare was never a favourite of mine—explained the ratio between steadiness and promotion, descanted on the vagaries of luck in the official world, and finally imparted the cheerful intelligence that promotion in Carabaya was more rapid than anywhere else, on account of the pestilential climate. I was standing all this time with the awkward bag in my hand; and a few minutes later, after Sir Algernon had repeated his awful warning about carefulness, I found myself emerging from Downing Street, at a loss how to carry gracefully a wretched thing which made me look like a grocer's boy with a Yorkshire ham. Not a cab was to be seen, and I walked up Whitehall imagining that the eyes of every passer-by were fixed on me. These feelings were not improved by hearing a gutter imp shriek out: 'Hullo! old chappie! 'Ow much a pound for yer 'am? Chuck us a bit, will yer?'

I hurriedly stuck as much of my burden as I could under my coat and took refuge in a passing 'bus. Here I was more at peace, though several

curious looks were directed towards me, and two young ladies fell into an interminable fit of giggling, of which I had grave suspicions I was the object. However, I reached home at last, and there I was treated with a respect, reverence even, which soothed my wounded feelings. The mysterious bag was minutely examined by every member of the family, and many were the conjectures as to its contents. The parchment label which was attached to the head of the bag with innumerable folds of red tape received a large share of attention. It bore the address of Edward Burleigh Gadfly, Esq., Her Britannic Majesty's Consul at Carabaya, and in the corner, written in large flowing style, was the single word 'Salisbury.'

'What a beautiful hand Lord Salisbury writes,' breathlessly ejaculated my younger sister.

'Oh yes,' I carefully explained; 'he has had so much practice in writing his name that he does it splendidly now.'

All that evening I was a hero in a small way, and did nothing almost but unlock my portmanteau and show the precious bag to successive troops of friends. At the same time I impressed upon them the utmost secrecy, as I had a lurking fear that I was breaking a diplomatic regulation in showing off a despatch bag in this public manner.

The next day I departed on my voyage to the East, and the six weeks of the journey were to me, I can truthfully say, six long weeks of the most refined torture. I was puzzled even how to get the invaluable bundle safe on board at Tilbury. To send it with my luggage, which went separately, was out of the question. I had no handbag into which it could conveniently go; so I ingeniously folded it inside a huge rug which was strapped up along with a lot of sticks and umbrellas. This I carried in my own hand, in defiance of the prayers of importunate porters and the remarks of jeering street boys. I stuck to it manfully amidst the terrible crush which takes place on board our ocean steamers at the hour of parting, even though I was compelled to take it up and hug it lengthwise to my bosom, to prevent the awkward sticks and umbrellas from driving my neighbours to desperation. It is not pleasant to hear some one fiercely mutter behind your back, 'What a deuced fool that long-legged goose is' (I was six feet and somewhat lanky). 'Why doesn't he put his abominable bundle down in the cabin, instead of poking everybody's ribs with it?' No; it is decidedly uncomfortable; but there was some consolation in knowing that it was endured for the sake of my Queen and country. It interfered even in the dreadful agony of parting with my dearest friends. I clasped the rug firmly with my left arm while shaking hands; but to get my handkerchief out I had to support my burden against the ship's side with my stomach, and there I stood huddled up, a picture of misery and despair, the bitter tears streaming down my cheeks, and my handkerchief fluttering mournfully in the breeze.

When my friends had finally disappeared, and I had cheered up somewhat, my next step was to descend to the cabin, bury the despatch bag deep among my shirts and socks, and carefully lock the portmanteau. I then hunted up the

steward, and with every look and movement betokening secrecy, led him into the cabin and cautiously shut the door. Pointing to the portmanteau, I told him that in it were some sketches and drawings which I valued more than my own life—he did not imagine that this was no mere figure of speech—that of course they were of no value to any one else, but I would be particularly obliged if he would keep his eye on the portmanteau when I did not happen to be in the cabin myself. The result of this little confidential chat was that one bright shining sovereign passed from my pocket to the steward's, who retired with many thanks on his lips, but in his inmost heart probably grinning in his sleeve—if such an Irishism may be allowed to express a state of mind.

In spite of this precaution I was still tortured with a vague uneasiness. That bag was on my mind during the day, and at night it always seemed to be on my stomach or tied tightly round my throat. Nightmare was my constant companion, and I often started up at night, banging my head with suicidal force against the bunk above, gasping and struggling for breath. I would see that impish bag get slowly out of the portmanteau, and with a wicked leer in its red-wax eyes, glide on spindle-shank legs up the cabin staircase. I had to rush after it in my *pajamas*, and then would ensue a heart-breaking pursuit round the deck, which generally ended by this fiendish phantasm taking a header over the side and kicking its ghostly heels in derision. I would make one desperate leap, and then would come the real bang on the head, which brought me back to my senses.

By daytime, of course, when reason reigned supreme, affairs were more cheerful. There were even occasions when, flirting mildly with some of the fascinating girls on board, I forgot my responsible position and really enjoyed myself. But these intervals were few and far between, though it certainly was not for want of pretty girls. Stopping at port was always a time of agony, and stoppages are so frequent on the way to the East. There was the 'Gib,' as the passengers familiarly called that grand old rock, Malta, Brindisi, Port Said, Suez, Aden, Colombo, &c. The notices which I saw strewed about warning passengers against thieves in the shape of pedlars, holy pilgrims, and fakirs, and announcing that the company would not be responsible for any loss, did not improve my equanimity of mind. When on shore and trying to amuse myself like the others, I was haunted with a dread that something might happen to that accursed bag, and I was always glad to get on board again and make sure by stealthy inspection that it was all right. At one place, Colombo, which has the reputation of being the worst place for ship-thieving on the whole Eastern route, I could not muster courage to leave the vessel. I announced that I had a severe headache, and went and lay down in my bunk with my portmanteau in full sight.

It was a great deprivation to give up Colombo. Every one was talking about running up the interior to Kandy, the ancient capital; and old travellers were loud in their praises of the magnificent tropical scenery to be seen on the way. I put my head through the porthole, sniffed in

the sweet perfumed breezes, and gazed upon the gleaming white Eastern buildings overshadowed by the waving palm-trees. It was very hard luck, I groaned; but *pro patria mori* was my motto, and in the cabin I remained, meal-times excepted, till the anchor was raised. I had some consolation, too, for my self-imposed confinement, besides that of revelling in my devotion to my country. One of the passengers was taken violently sick after returning on board, and the doctor declared that it was due to poisoning caused by eating fish that had fed on the refuse of the harbour. A pair of trousers also was actually stolen out of another cabin through the porthole. I congratulated myself on my vigilance, though on second thoughts it was rather difficult to see how a native could have dragged a two-feet portmanteau through a one-foot porthole, even supposing he had in some miraculous manner gained admission to the cabin. At anyrate, in my zeal I had erred on the safe side.

It was not long after leaving Colombo, that one blazing hot afternoon I retired below to suck oranges for the lack of anything better to do, and at the same time took the opportunity of seeing that the Foreign Office bag was still there. I dragged it out, and was conjecturing for the hundredth time what the contents might be. By dint of much thinking during the previous three weeks, I had pretty well settled in my own mind that it must contain at least a declaration of war against the native state whither I was bound. These cogitations were suddenly cut short by the entrance of my cabin companion. In an instant the despatch bag was again reposing among the shirts and socks, and the lock was shut with a snap. I fancy he saw the action, for he smiled. There was no reason whatever why I should have displayed any trepidation, but I was always nervous where the bag was concerned.

The longest road has a turning, however, and this miserable journey came to a termination at last. Behold your humble servant marching up to the British Consulate at Carabaya, sweltering under a tropical sun, a huge roll of rugs and sticks in one hand, and the other supporting a white umbrella. Like a good and faithful servant had I done my duty. It was an anxious but happy moment for me when I handed over the bag to Her Britannic Majesty's consul. He rapidly cut the red tape, and out poured a torrent of private letters, some for himself, which he leisurely began to read. There were also two official-looking letters, and three or four large blue-books. After Her Britannic Majesty's consul had glanced over his own letters, he turned his attention to the official ones.

My curiosity was strained to the highest pitch, and no—not if I was to be hanged for it, could I restrain my tongue. 'Is it to be war, sir?' I said in a tremulous and apprehensive voice.

The consul stared at me through his one eyeglass as if I had suddenly gone mad. 'What's that? What do you mean?' he gasped.

His glance frightened me. 'I only asked, sir, if it is likely to be warm,' I responded apologetically, happy to light on so easy an escape.

'Oh—ah—hum,' he replied, eyeing me suspiciously. 'Not more so than now;' and seeing the perspiration pouring down my face, he added: 'I would advise you, Mr Brown, to go and get

a bath, and be sure and souse your head well with cold water.'

I have since found out the purport of these documents; but as it would be an inexcusable breach of the first principles of diplomacy to reveal the secret, I must reluctantly leave my readers in ignorance.

EVERY YEAR.

I FEEL 'tis growing colder
Every year;
And my heart, alas! gets older
Every year.
I can win no new affection;
I have only recollection,
Deeper sorrow and dejection,
Every year.

Of the loves and sorrows blended
Every year;
Of the joys of friendship ended
Every year;
Of the ties that still might bind me
Until Time to Death resigned me,
My infirmities remind me
Every year.

Ah! how sad to look before us
Every year,
When the cloud grows darker o'er us
Every year;
When we see the blossoms faded
That to bloom we might have aided,
And immortal garlands braided
Every year.

To the past go more dead faces
Every year,
As the loved leave vacant places
Every year.
Everywhere the sad eyes meet us;
In the evening's dusk they greet us,
And to come to them entreat us,
Every year.

Yes, the shores of life are shifting
Every year;
And we are seaward drifting
Every year;
Old pleasures, changing, fret us;
The living more forget us;
There are fewer to regret us,
Every year.

But the truer life draws nigher
Every year;
And its morning star climbs higher
Every year.
Earth's hold on us grows slighter,
And the heavy burden lighter,
And the Dawn immortal brighter,
Every year.

WILLIAM COWAN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 397.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

WEATHER GOSSIP.

DWELLERS in our tight little island are often twitted by Continental neighbours for permitting the weather to monopolise casual conversation. The fickleness of our weather is as proverbial as that of fortune, and gives rise to inconvenience and grumbling. Rain spoils our scant summer holidays when we should be inhaling Nature's ozone at some seaside resort. The bracing breeze that last night promised well for a sail with a wet sheet and flowing sea, was but singing its death-song like the swan of fable. Next morning the white-winged yachts lie like 'painted ships upon a painted ocean.' Thaw sets in almost before skating has become an accomplished fact, and the newly-burnished skates are perforce put away to rust. Our seasons somehow appear to have become mixed, and that venerable oracle, the oldest inhabitant, hankers after the good old-fashioned Christmas of his remote youth. We have neither marrow-solidifying blizzards—as the Americans term their severe snow-storms, which deal death and destruction all around—nor torrid waves that parch up plants and enervate animals. It is the extreme uncertainty and inconstancy of our weather that is the trouble with us.

Explorers who have endured the extreme temperatures of the polar regions and of the tropics, express a preference for the regions of the Arctic. Exertion may possibly warm a man; but to keep cool under a vertical sun is out of the question. We happily enjoy the golden mean so bepraised by poets. Prayers for dry weather, or perchance for rain, are occasionally offered up in our churches; but a *Te Deum* is sung in certain West India places of worship at the close of each year's hurricane season. Gallant Benbow's remark respecting the climate of Labrador is to the point: 'There is a winter of nine months, and dreadful bad weather the other three.' It is jocularly asserted that the wind is sometimes so violent in Colorado that if a man should have had his hat blown off, he forthwith sends a telegram to the next leeward station in order to have

his head-covering stopped in transit. Our own weather is accorded an unenviable notoriety in the jingling rhyme of the *Ingoldsby Legends*:

In a climate so very unsettled as ours,
It's as well to be cautious and guard against showers;
For though about One, you've a fine brilliant sun,
When your walk or your ride is but barely begun,
Yet long ere the hour-hand approaches the Two,
There is not in the whole sky one atom of blue,
But it 'rains cats and dogs,' and you're fairly wet
through

Ere you know where to turn, what to say, or to do.

This is mild condemnation compared with that of the would-be convivial cheap tripper chafing under the burden of his wasted opportunities as he gazes ruefully at a leaden-hued sky and sodden surroundings. A tourist, rainbound in an hotel at Bala, is said to have vindicated his outraged sense of the fitness of things as follows:

The weather depends on the moon as a rule,

And I've found that the saying is true,

For at Bala it rains when the moon's at the full,

And it rains when the moon's at the new.

When the moon's at the quarter, then down comes
the rain;

At the half, it's no better, I ween;

When the moon's at three-quarters, it's at it again;

And it rains besides mostly between.

The belief that some connection exists between the moon and terrestrial weather is not so prevalent as in the days of antiquity; but this supposititious lunar influence forms the basis of tenacious weather proverbs. Even now, however, lunar tables for forecasting the weather are given in cheap diaries, and advocates are not wanting. Samuel Butler, in *Hudibras*, tells of a seer who

With the moon was more familiar
Than e'er was almanac well-willer;
Her secrets understood so clear
That some believed he had been there.

A story is told of a belated pleasure-seeker exasperated by a continuous downpour of rain while his barometer index pointed to 'Fair.' He took the offending instrument into the open air

and thus addressed it: 'Now, see for yourself, since you won't take my word for it.'

A barometer indicates the weight of the atmosphere above it, and is familiarly spoken of as a weather-glass, because changes in wind and weather attend changes in atmospheric pressure so long as the observer does not alter his position. If, however, he take his barometer to the top of a mountain, to the bottom of a coal-mine, or to some distant land, he would find that the words of weather-warning placed around its face would be utterly useless. Hence probably the unsuspected cause of our tourist's temper. Miss Braddon has almost exhausted her copious vocabulary in an attempt to delineate the characteristics of 'a bad, determined, black-minded November day,' on which the fog-fiend is all-powerful to persuade a miserable mortal to put a period to her existence. On the other hand, an amusing anecdote is related of the late Captain Fothergill, which tends to prove that even a foggy day may not be so black as it is painted. That commander, homeward-bound from protracted service in Indian waters, came on deck one cold morning in November when his good ship was running up the English Channel, cleaving her way through a dense fog. Addressing the officer of the watch, he said: 'Ha! This is what I call something like. None of your confounded eternal blue skies here. A fellow can see his own breath now.'

Personal peculiarities and poetic license account for much of the diversity of opinion on the weather. Our bodies are bad substitutes for barometers and thermometers. Many shudder at the idea of an easterly wind; and yet Charles Kingsley has given this bitter blast unqualified praise:

Welcome, wild North-easter!
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr,
Ne'er a verse to thee.

Eliza Cook is probably more in touch with the generally received opinion where she sings:

But the north-east gale tells a different tale
With a voice of fearful sound,
When a loved one is under a close-reefed sail
On the deck of an outward bound.

Some verses attributed to the Hon. Mrs Wrottesley describe the beauties of Gibraltar, but recommend that it should be shunned when the wind is in the east:

Why do things turn all sour and musty?
And why has the mail not come in?
Why is everything out of doors dusty?
And everything dripping within?
Why has such a one murdered his brother?
For these facts, if a reason you'd find,
The same cause does for one as the other—
'Tis that horrible easterly wind!

Sir Henry Taylor advised a young friend not to prefer his suit when the wind was in the east, lest his lady-love reject him; and an old proverb would have us not ask a favour when the wind sits in that quarter. Every civilised nation has a Weather Department, issuing forecasts; but twenty-four hours is an extreme limit of certainty. Better than this cannot be done at present, and those who trouble to check the weather forecasted and that actually experienced

will obtain different results, even though they live near each other. Last winter, snow fell fast on one side of Westminster Bridge; but not a flake fell on the other side. No system of forecasting could have indicated this sharp line of demarcation. Scientists were once opposed to weather forecasting; and even now comic journals pillory our official forecasters, who claim that more than eighty per cent. of success crowns their efforts in all weathers. Some complain of the oracular nature of the warnings worded after the fashion: 'The Romans will conquer if the King be killed.' The question naturally arises, as to which King is meant. A warning was thus rendered by a four-year-old youngster, proud of his acquirements: 'It's to be fair and showery, with norf wind and rain; also warmer and snow by high wind and sleet when it clears.' Nothing like a mixture of all possible weather ingredients to ensure a semblance of success! 'Are you fond of fiction?' asked Brown. 'Yes,' answered Smith. 'The first thing I read in the daily paper is the weather forecast.' This unkind cut seems unwarranted. During the Soudan war, when gallant Gordon fell, it was asked: 'Why is the weather forecaster at the Meteorological Office like the Mahdi?' The answer is inevitable: 'Because he is a false prophet.'

Shakespeare said that 'jesters do often prove prophets.' He might with propriety have affirmed the truth of the converse of this proposition, for prophets often prove jesters. This is especially true of wilful weather and sporting prophets. Every one sets up as a weather prophet, no matter how small his stock in trade may be. An old grumbler being informed that storm signals would in future be made by the firing of cannon, declared that the expense might well be disregarded, provided that each gun were loaded with a weather prophet. Virgil gave an account of the weather signs known to the ancients, and refers to frogs as aids in weather forecasting. It would appear that these croakers are still held in esteem for that purpose. A precocious urchin heard a frog croak. He informed a young lady that rain would surely fall within twenty-four hours, as the croaking of frogs was an infallible sign. His prediction was accepted in good faith; but beautiful weather prevailed during the period. The fair one took her mentor to task. Equal to the occasion, he replied: 'Oh, well, now, the frog lied; and I'm not responsible for his morality.'

A shepherd lad always predicted when umbrellas would be wanted. He had noticed that an old ram used to twitch his tail vigorously whenever rain threatened. An old Danish proverb says that 'Almanac-makers make the almanacs, but God makes the weather.' A once famous almanac compiler was caught in a shower foretold by an hostler of the inn whence he had set out. He returned wetter, hoping to be wiser. Having 'tipped' the hostler to discover his method, the seer was disconcerted by its simplicity. The illiterate informant owned one of his questioner's almanacs, and having found that the weather forecasts therein were radically wrong, he was wont to assume that the weather would be the opposite of that specified for any given day.

When we recall the variability of our weather, it seems improbable that predictions for long periods can ever be successful. Who could have

foretold twelve months in advance with any accuracy the cool summer of 1890 or that of 1888, when July weather seemed to have been borrowed from March? It was suggested that the exceptionally large number of icebergs in the North Atlantic was a cause of our cool summer. Where is the man who can reconcile that theory with the fact that September was warmer than for twenty years past?

DUMARESQU'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXXV.—UNEXPECTED.

A WEEK or two later, Cyrus Vanrenen sat one brilliant Algerian morning under the shade of the drooping pepper-tree at the Orangers, discussing with his sister Corona the pros and cons of a serious move he contemplated in the game of life. To the western American mind, indeed, few things on earth are really serious; but this was one of them. Not, to be sure, that the question of getting married, or of whom you chose for your accessory in the fact, could be regarded as in itself a particularly grave one; but when the person contemplated was so very high-toned as Psyche Dumaresq—well, Cyrus felt that to propose outright demanded some unwonted previous deliberation. So he discussed it long and he discussed it earnestly.

'I guess, Corona,' he said decisively at last, 'I'll plunge on it to-day. You must plunge once. After all, at the worst she can only say *no* to me. Come to think of it, that's one of the shortest words in the English language.'

'The question is, though,' Corona answered, very demure, 'if you waited a little longer mightn't she feel a bit more like making a *yes* of it?'

'Well, I don't know for that,' Cyrus answered after a moment's reflection, with philosophic calm. 'A man never knows what he can do till he tries. I've bossed a pork-ring, so I don't see why I need shrink into my shoes before a woman, anyhow. I may be presumptuous—she's so particularly high-toned—but I somehow feel as if she kind of liked me.'

'That sort of girl don't marry a man because she kind of likes him,' Corona answered with prompt decision. 'She marries only when she loves him like—like anything, Cyrus. But there ain't much harm in trying, anyway. It *would* be a pretty good thing for the family, say, if we could feel you were marrying Haviland Dumaresq's daughter.'

'It would,' her brother repeated with emphasis. 'Folks would admire at it in Cincinnati.'

So Cyrus made up his mind for the plunge, and only waited for the fitting opportunity.

Now, opportunity, as is well known, comes in time to him who seeks it. It came to Cyrus soon after lunch, when Psyche, groping her way into the garden, sat down by herself on the stone seat in a far corner. She sat and gazed at the deep blue sky she could not see, and listened to the hum of the invisible bees murmuring among the fruit-trees. The low buzz of insects was dear to her now. Sound had come to replace sight. A

certain quiet calm possessed her soul. It was the resignation of despair stealing graciously over her.

Presently Cyrus strolled up as if by accident and sat down quietly on the bench beside her. Psyche made room for him gladly. The good young American was so kind and nice, so thoughtful and attentive, she really liked him. He began to talk to her, as he seated himself by her side, in an unconcerned way, as if he meant nothing: mere everyday talk of a gossip sort about the people in the *pension*. 'You like Sirena,' he said at last, in a very pleased voice, in answer to something Psyche had remarked. 'And Corona too. I'm sure you like them. It's a very great pleasure to me to find you like Sirena.'

'I love them both dearly,' Psyche answered with warmth. 'Except Geraldine Maitland, I think, Mr Vanrenen, I never met anybody I liked so much. In a *pension* like this, one gets to know and understand people's characters so thoroughly, you see. Everywhere else you choose your intimates: here, you have companionship thrust upon you, willy nilly. And it seems to me, the more you know the nice people, the nicer they become; and the more you know the unpleasant ones, the more do their disagreeable traits grow upon you.'

'That's so,' Cyrus assented with a pleased smile. 'And our girls outlive the test pretty well, you think, Miss Dumaresq?'

'They need no test,' Psyche answered warmly. 'They're just charming. Sirena's a dear, and I loved her almost from the very first moment I ever saw her. I think that's generally the way with me. I suppose my instincts are quick, or something of that sort; but whoever I like, I like instinctively; and whoever I don't like, I don't like from the very beginning.'

Cyrus leaned forward with an eager bend. 'And which did you do with *me*, Miss Dumaresq?' he asked anxiously.

Psyche started. 'Why, Mr Vanrenen,' she said with transparent frankness, 'how on earth could anybody do anything but like you? I don't think it's possible to talk to you once without liking you ever so much. You're so good and true. I should think everybody always liked you.'

Cyrus's heart was in the seventh heavens. 'Thank you, Miss Dumaresq,' he said in a rather low and gentle voice. 'That means a great deal to me, I can tell you: a great deal more than you imagine, I'm certain. Indeed, there's something I want to say to you about that. Ever since you came here—'

He broke off short, for Psyche, anticipating what he was going to say, had risen from her seat with a little startled cry, and was groping her way back toward the *pension* in dismay. Cyrus's tone had told her all. It was dreadful, dreadful. This was something for which she was wholly unprepared. In her deep, deep sorrow, to have *this* thrust upon her! And by any one so kind and good as Cyrus! It grieved her to the quick that he should have blundered into so sad and hopeless a mistake. The Vanrenens' friendship had been very pleasant to her; the one bright spot in her desert of trouble: and now, this painful and unexpected *contretemps* would spoil all: she could never feel again as she had hitherto felt towards

them. She groped her way on, and made blindly for the door. Cyrus, all abashed, but watchful and kindly still, walked by her side, and guided her movements almost imperceptibly.

As she reached the door, she turned round to him, crimson, but very gently. 'Thank you, Mr Vanrenen,' she said in her soft sweet voice. 'I'm so much obliged to you for your silence and your help. You saw how I felt. That was more than kind of you.'

'And I mayn't say more?' Cyrus asked, half trembling.

'Not at present,' Psyche answered, hardly knowing what she said. 'You—you took me so much by surprise, you know.—I wasn't expecting it. Some day, perhaps, I'll tell—Sirena or Corona everything I feel. But not now. I can't bear it yet. Please go, Mr Vanrenen. There's Geraldine come to have her set at tennis with you.'

Cyrus, obedient as always, raised his hat, though he sorely wondered what Psyche meant. But these high-toned women are always so hard to understand. They don't say what they mean right out: they talk round and round things. Their feelings are more than a fellow can fathom. But you've got to accept them. You must take them on their own terms or give the pursuit up altogether. They won't be anything except themselves. So he turned on his heel, and descending to the tennis-court, took his seat quietly beside Geraldine Maitland.

As for poor Psyche, much moved and disturbed by this untoward event, she took refuge for a while, of set purpose, in the little salon; for if she had gone to her own room, she must have burst into tears and cried her eyes out. Her father was there, reading a book on the sofa; and Corona, too; she could just make out a vague blur for Corona. So she glided in, and sank into a seat. Haviland Dumaresq glanced up from his book as she entered and smiled approbation. She had made her way to her seat without much difficulty, and now she was gazing, by no means vacantly, around the room. He was sure by the intelligent look in her eyes that Psyche was really taking in and observing the various objects.

And so, in the excitement of the moment, she really was. To conceal her agitation, to hide her misery, she was looking about her with all her eyes at the things in the room. And what was more, she saw them—she saw them.

A newspaper lay on the centre table of the salon. Psyche could make it out quite distinctly as a dim white patch from the place where she sat on the low divan between the two arcaded Moorish windows. Partly to please Haviland Dumaresq, partly to hide her pain and distress, she made up her mind to try and read it. Her father was always urging her to read, and so was the doctor, and Sirena too, and Corona, and everybody. If only she would rouse herself, they said—one effort of will—all might yet begin to re-establish itself. Well, then, she would: she would do it to please them. With that firmness of purpose which ran in the very blood with her, an inheritance of character from Haviland Dumaresq, Psyche determined that, swim and dance as it might, she *would* make it out, she *would* read it. She would show them all she could at least try hard: she would not be beaten

by mere dead circumstance without at any rate one more stern struggle.

After a moment's pause, she rose from her seat again, and groped her way across the room firmly. Corona saw her, and rising in concert, glided across to take her arm and lead her to the table. But Psyche waved the friendly aid aside with an imperious gesture. She wanted to do it all by herself. She stumbled across the vacant space to the table with doubtful feet, and took up the dim white patch in her trembling fingers. Her father watched her furtively above the top of his book. Looking hard at the title, and concentrating her gaze, she saw to her surprise that she could still make out the big print letters. It was the *Dépêches Algériennes*, and it was dated *Jeudi, 26 Février*. Pleased at her success, she turned back to the window, and seated herself once more on the low divan, where she tried to spell out the matter of the telegrams.

As she gazed at them vacantly, a word in the second column caught her eye on a sudden; a word that no longer swam or danced, but stared at her straight and hard in fast black letters; a word that she could have seen, she felt, if she were stone-blind; a word that burned itself then and there into her very brain.

A single English name!

The name Linnell, as clear as daylight.

She almost cried aloud with horror and surprise: horror, and a certain vague indefinite fascination.

She knew he was dead: it was the certainty of his death the paper announced. Some straggler from the Soudan must have brought to Algiers the terrible tidings. Better the certainty than suspense any longer.

For to Psyche, there was but one Linnell in the whole wide world. What to her were baronets or parsons or British officers? The name must needs be his, and nobody else's.

With a terrible effort, she restrained herself from calling out, she restrained herself from fainting. Cold as death, she concentrated her glance once more upon the paper.

Science was right. It needed but a strong exercise of will. As she focussed her eyes upon the dim white sheet, letter after letter came out distinctly, in blood-red tints, till she could make out the key-words of the sentence easily: they glared at her from the page like liquid fire: they were: 'Biskra'—'Linnell'—'Khartoum'—'Gordon'!

She bit her lip till the blood came, almost, and dug the nails of her clenched left hand deep into the palm to increase the stimulus. She was striving hard enough now in all conscience. Her father and the doctors could find no fault with her.

Slowly, slowly, those critical words blazed out more distinctly and plainer still. Line after line gradually arranged itself. The colours only seemed all gone wrong. They glowed so fiercely, like molten gold, she could hardly look at them. But she looked for all that: she looked and shuddered. And this was what she read, in telegraphic French, written as it seemed to her in crimson letters on a burning ground of fiery orange.

'Biskra, Feb. 24. Arabs from the oases announce to-day that a caravan now crossing the

desert convoys a survivor of Gordon's army at Khartoum, cut off by the Mahdi in the course of last winter. From the description given, it would appear that the fugitive is probably an Englishman, whose name the Arabs assert to be Sir Linnell. In effect, an officer of that name is known to have been missing after the fall of Khartoum. The caravan is expected to reach Biskra some time about the 6th proximo.'

Psyche's strength held out till she had finished the telegram. Then she fell back on her seat, and swooned away suddenly.

A FRENCH CONVICT COLONY IN THE SOUTH PACIFIC.

In olden times Botany Bay, our British convict settlement, was considered to be about as distant a corner of the world as could well be found for the transportation of moral offenders. But France has found a still more distant place to serve as a national dust-bin, a receptacle for the refuse of French society. The traveller who would journey thither must first traverse half the globe to the farthest Australian port, and there trans-ship and begin another, though a much shorter, voyage to his destination.

It was a bright June morning when our boat steamed out of Sydney harbour into the great Pacific Ocean; though, by the way, there are times when the poor sea-sick passenger thinks that that ocean should have been called Terrific rather than Pacific. When about a thousand miles had been accomplished, all eyes were directed towards a lighthouse close on our right. The lower part of this useful edifice is a comfortable dwelling-house, and the tiny coral island upon which it is built is a garden of tropical verdure, and only a few miles from port. What a contrast between this nice little island home and other lighthouses that we have seen, on desolate, weather-beaten, out-of-the-world shores, where some poor fellows while away their days, months, or years almost or quite alone! The outline of mountainous land was visible ahead; and around us were several little coral islets in full view, with their lofty palm-trees standing up clear against the sky.

By-and-by the inner harbour is reached, and a town of considerable dimensions lies before us; this town is Noumea, the capital of New Caledonia. Round-topped hills and long ridges rise irregularly behind the town. Some of these are somewhat barren, and not unlike the mountains of Scotland after which the island was named; but among some of the gorges, valleys, and slopes there is a thick growth of tropical vegetation. On going ashore, the traveller is obliged to admit that, though he has travelled so far, he has not yet got outside of the pale of civilisation. Noumea has its grand square, surrounded and intersected by acacia avenues. Here the 'fashionable' of the town walk or sit or lounge while a dozen convict bandmen discourse music inferior perhaps to nothing of the kind to be heard in the southern hemisphere. The population of Noumea is about three thousand. Frenchmen form a large proportion: but there are also Englishmen, Germans, Italians, and many South Sea islanders. The streets are narrow, and rather

'continental' in appearance. Names, signs, notices, &c., are of course in the French language. The houses are more open to public gaze and intrusion than one finds in any colony of home-loving Anglo-Saxons, even in a tropical climate; and the military and government officers hurrying through the streets, or standing at their posts of duty, have the dainty finish of dress and general appearance peculiar to Frenchmen. There are general stores at which you can buy anything from a pound of candles to a suit of clothes; and tailors, chemists, photographers, and book-sellers display their goods in the windows. In some streets the courtyards and verandas are shaded and beautified by banana trees, ferns, and cocoa-nut palms. Along the shores skirting the harbour and up the hillside are some very pleasant residences. A fine Roman Catholic cathedral has just been built of stone, and a small French Protestant church is in course of erection. The roads into the country are excellent; and cabs and other carriages can be procured for pleasure-trips inland.

The chief feature, however, is the convict element. Gangs of men, clean-shaven and arrayed in drab uniform, march in order to and from their work every day. They are employed in making bricks, constructing roads, and in general public works. Their life is not a hard one if they behave themselves; but insubordination or attempts to escape often result in positively brutal treatment at the hands of European and native warders. As one gazes upon the faces of a gang of these men, the curious inquiry arises, what tales of misfortune and crime could these miserable fellows unfold? Is there a man among them innocent of the crime laid at his door? No doubt, it has been the lot of some to be dragged away from home and friends and all society, and doomed to spend many a weary year as a convict among convicts, without a hope of freedom again in this life—no doubt, this has occasionally happened to innocent men. Who but the Almighty knows the bitterness of such a life? It would not do of course to credit all that convicts have to say of themselves. As in Australia fifty years ago, so now in New Caledonia, the first thing the convict tells his interrogator is usually that the police took 'the wrong man.' A conspicuous notice is posted up informing visitors and all civilians that speaking to a convict or giving tobacco, newspapers, or the like renders the offender liable to arrest and imprisonment. Before we had spelled out this important notice, however, or even suspected its existence, we got into conversation with an intelligent young fellow who spoke English well. His story was—and there seemed to be an air of truthfulness about it—that he was quite innocent of the embezzlement with which he was charged, and for which he was transported. Indeed, his innocence had now, after four years, been proved, and 'a free pardon' was expected by the next mail. After penal servitude for a certain term, some are allowed complete freedom within the limits of New Caledonia; but any attempt to pass beyond these bounds brings upon the fugitive, if caught, harsh treatment probably for the rest of his life.

Attempts to get away to Australia by open boat—a distance of eight hundred miles—are

comparatively common. Many of these attempts are discovered before a start has been really made; and those who succeed in getting out of French waters do not all live to see land again. A few, however, every year manage to reach the Australian coast, and they fondly imagine that their dangers are all over when they have once set foot upon this free land; but even then these hopes are, perhaps oftener than not, doomed to disappointment. As a rule, they land on these shores penniless, half-starved, and probably able to speak only a few words of English. Under such circumstances, it is almost impossible to pass themselves off as anything else than escaped convicts from New Caledonia; and as the Australian police keep a very vigilant look-out for such characters, there is little chance of ultimate freedom. The people of Australia generally profess considerable alarm lest the influx of these French criminals should pollute Australian society. No doubt, a certain percentage of the few who reach our colonies would remain there and would resort to dishonest methods of living; but it is felt by many that our police exceed their duty when they hunt up men whose original offences were trivial, and who show a disposition to become honest citizens—when they arrest such men, just rejoicing in their new-found liberty, and hand them over to the tender mercies of French warders.

But let us turn again to the gang of convict labourers being marched through the streets of Noumea! We cannot read their histories in their faces; but we may rest assured of this, that many of them were missed from their native villages and streets in far-away France in such a manner that no one regretted their absence or bestowed as much as a passing tear upon their memory. But there are also young men who have mothers, wives, sisters, or brothers in the land of their birth, who mourn the disgrace and calamity of those who were once the mainstay and the pride of the home. It may be that they themselves, or some of them at least, suffer from remorse, now that they realise the wickedness and folly of their deeds.

Very recently an aged woman gathered money and strength and courage to journey to the other end of the world to carry out a scheme that she had devised for the escape of her son, who was a convict in New Caledonia. Inspired by a mother's love, she actually succeeded in reaching Noumea, where she lived for a time among the civilian population and managed to communicate with her son. By-and-by the screw steamer *Rockton* was about to start for Sydney, and this old woman was a passenger. Without exciting any suspicion whatever, she had succeeded in getting on board a large box very plainly marked 'This side up.' When the ship had actually cleared the wharf, a sailor, regardless of these instructions, turned the box upside down, and was at once attracted by some commotion inside. This was reported to an officer, who in turn called a policeman from the shore and had the steamer stopped. The box was of course examined, and it was found that the lid had hinges and a bolt inside, and the contents were an armful of straw, a bottle of water, several boiled eggs, and the convict son of the old woman. They had purchased a ticket to Sydney for him, and it was intended that he

should emerge from his hiding-place at night and take his place among the other passengers. Perhaps the ends of justice were met more fully by the return of this man to his bondage; but who can fail to feel sorry for the poor old mother, who, after such patient efforts to rescue her son, and having so nearly brought her clever plan to a successful issue, had to retrace her weary steps back to France with the knowledge that her son's lot had only been made harder by her endeavour to bring him home again.

The convicts, however, who suffer most in consequence of unsuccessful attempts to gain their liberty are those who run away into the bush, and are recaptured by native police, who are let out like bloodhounds to hunt the wretched runaway. A leading citizen of Noumea told me that he had himself witnessed disgraceful cruelties on such occasions. Every convict, I suppose, whether in Australia, or Siberia, or New Caledonia, learns the lesson that 'the way of transgressors is hard'; but it does not appear that the French authorities are on the whole less just or less kind in their treatment of criminals than British authorities are, or at least than they were to Botany Bay convicts a generation ago. Some influence has been brought to bear upon France, in the interests of our colonies, to induce her to stop the exportation of criminals to the South Pacific; but a great deal of money has been spent in preparing New Caledonia for the settlement of convicts; moreover, France is determined to extend rather than curtail her interests in that part of the world; and as her people are not good colonisers, the transportation system is considered to be the best method of peopling this southern land. When the convict has served his term of hard labour he has every opportunity of making a home for himself.

But we must return to Noumea. The stranger, especially if he be from a white-man's land, such as England, will be struck by the number and variety of dark-skinned people to be seen in the streets. Many of them are from the New Hebrides and the Loyalty Islands, whilst others are specimens of the aboriginal inhabitants of New Caledonia. These last-named people are much more of the negro type than are the Fijians, Samoans, or Tongans to the east of them, or even than the Australian blacks are. Their skins are sooty black, their hair black and woolly, and their features not quite so thick as those of African negroes. In their native haunts they go practically naked. In the streets of Noumea, however, they wear a kind of skirt from the waist to the knees, and in some cases a thin vest or jacket. The girls wear thin European dresses, hanging loosely about them. Large numbers of them, male and female, are employed as household servants, others are general labourers. Some are native police; and others, again, are prisoners, locked up by night and escorted to their work by day. A New Caledonian native house resembles the roof of a round wheat-rick, but only raised a few feet from the ground. They live in tribes, and were originally warlike and of cannibal propensities. Their conquerors have had some little trouble with them. A few years ago they rose in rebellion and massacred a number of European settlers and threatened Noumea itself. Now, however, they seem to be quite settled,

and European settlement is spreading all over the island.

A large portion of the southern end is almost worthless, but there are other districts in which plantations and cattle stations thrive. The mineral resources also are being developed, and there is every prospect of a steady increase of European capital and population. Roads and telegraph wires extend the whole length of the island (two hundred miles). The scenery in some parts is exceedingly fine. Palms, acacias, ferns, bamboos, and tall grasses grow luxuriantly; and the red and yellow flowers of the hibiscus tree, together with brilliant flowers of creeping plants, add brightness to the novelty and richness of the tropical forests. The mountains run up to six thousand feet above sea-level, and their summits, slopes, and gorges, with the intervening valleys, form very grand landscapes.

In New Caledonia the French have a valuable possession. It is to be hoped that their administration will be just and humane as regards the native tribes that come under their rule, and that they will so use their power in the South Pacific as not to become offensive to England, whose claims and interests in those regions are so much greater.

THE HEIR OF ROTHWELL CHASE.

CHAPTER II.

FANNY DALE raced up the thickly-carpeted stairs which led to the upper floor as she had never raced before, and burst into Therese's room, the door of which had by this time been unlocked. Mrs Marchmont's maid had put away her French novel and resumed her ordinary attire. At the moment of Fanny's entrance she was arranging her hair in front of the glass. She turned in the act of thrusting a long pin through one of the coils, and regarded the panting, frightened girl with coldly-questioning eyes.

'O mamzelle—the child—Master Frank—he's missing!' blurted out Fanny.

'Missing! What do you mean by missing?'

'He's gone—I can't find him anywhere. When I left the nursery to take missis her tea, he was playing quietly among his toys; but when I got back he was gone and the window was wide open. Oh! what can have become of him?—You—you haven't seen anything of him, have you?'

'Nothing whatever. How should I? As you must know, he would never come here of his own accord.'

Fanny knew that quite well. To her mistress Therese might pretend to be as attached to the youthful heir as Fanny was in reality; but the latter knew how hollow was the pretence, and that Therese disliked all children without exception.

'Perhaps he has shut himself in one of the empty rooms on purpose to frighten me,' went on the girl. 'Oh, do come with me, mamzelle, and help me to look for him!'

'Certainly I will, Fanny. You may depend on it, the little imp is only playing you a trick.'

Then, after a moment's thought, she added: 'But you say the window was open when you got back. That looks strange, very strange.'

Fanny began to whimper. The other gripped her by the arm. 'Don't make a fool of yourself,' she said; 'at least, not till you have made sure that there is nothing else left you to do.—*Venez.*'

They went quickly down-stairs together; and Therese taking the lead, began at once a systematic search of the rooms, of which the nursery formed one, on the floor below. They were chiefly spare bedchambers, none of which, except on rare occasions, had been occupied for years. The bedrooms used by the family opened out of a corridor reached by another staircase on the opposite side of the entrance-hall, or otherwise through the picture-gallery, into which latter apartment, in the faint hope of finding the missing child there, Therese and Fanny now ventured, but, of course, to no avail. The door at the opposite end of the gallery, which gave access to the other wing of the house, being locked, was sufficient proof that Master Frank could not have made his way into the rooms beyond. There now remained only the small drawing-room; but, as Fanny said, how could the child possibly be there, when it was from that room she herself had gone direct to the nursery after her second journey below stairs?

It was to the nursery that Therese and her white-faced companion now mechanically bent their steps; their search had not occupied longer than six or seven minutes in all. The nursery was just as Fanny had last left it, the toys scattered about the floor, and the window wide open, except that by this time the room was nearly in darkness. The first thing that Therese did was to light the candles in the girandoles over the chimney-piece, then turning to the girl, she said: 'But one thing remains to be done, and that is, to tell Mrs Marchmont.'

At these words, Fanny dropped on her knees and broke into a tempest of hysterical sobs and tears. 'I daren't tell her—I daren't tell her,' she exclaimed. 'Oh! what shall I do?'

'If you dare not tell her, I must,' replied the Swiss without the slightest change in the low, even inflections of her voice.

'Oh, if you only would!' moaned the girl through her sobs.

For a moment or two Therese stood regarding the crouching figure before her with a stare of chilly contempt. In her eyes, half-veiled by their white lashes, was the glitter of a malignant triumph. Without a word more she quitted the room, and traversing the corridor with the noiseless stealthy tread of some soft-footed predaceous creature, she tapped lightly at the door of the small drawing-room; and then, after a moment's pause, during which a film, so to speak, gathered over her eyes and robbed them of all expression, she turned the handle and went in.

Strong woman though she was, Mrs Marchmont seemed to reel under the shock of Therese's news, briefly and clearly told by the waiting-woman. She pressed her hand to her side and for a moment or two was powerless to speak. Her first words were an order to Therese to summon Sir Harry, who was engaged with his

steward in the library. Then, accompanied by Miss Fenton, who was scarcely less shocked than she, Mrs Marchmont hurried to the nursery, where Sir Harry made his appearance two minutes later. Fanny Dale, a limp, grovelling figure, was powerless, in the utter abandonment of her despair, to answer any questions coherently. The baronet, to whom her moans and bewailings were irritating in the extreme, sternly ordered her to her own room, and then turned to the composed Therese for the particulars he had failed to elicit from the nursemaid. Three minutes sufficed to put him in possession of all there was to tell.

'It's a pity—it is a thousand pities,' he said, when Therese had come to an end, 'that so much time has been wasted in searching the other rooms, when it is self-evident that the child has been carried off by some miscreant by way of the window. You ought to have summoned me immediately the boy was missed. However, no more time must be lost. This room must be left exactly as it is till the arrival of the police.—You, my dear,' turning to Mrs Marchmont, 'had better go back to the drawing-room; and Edeline will keep you company.' He spoke very quietly and collectedly. It was only by the spasmodic opening and shutting of his hands that he betrayed how deeply he was affected by the mysterious disappearance of his grandson and heir. With that Sir Harry went his way, and the two women returned slowly and sadly to the drawing-room. Therese, finding she was not wanted further at present, had already vanished.

Five minutes later, Tom Abrey, the groom, was spinning along in the dogcart on his way to Berriemfield to summon the police, while in the huge flagged kitchen were already assembled the gardener and his assistant; the coachman and two stable helps; the butler, who quivered like a blanc-mange in human shape; a couple of stalwart but overfed footmen; the gamekeeper and his underling; Dickon, the half-witted man-of-all-work; and lastly, Sir Harry, with Mr Warde, the lame land-steward. (After Lady Marchmont's death, the establishment at the Chase had been considerably cut down.) The baronet's questions with the view of ascertaining whether any suspicious characters had been seen loitering about the house or grounds having failed to elicit any information, the little company was divided into three parties, Sir Harry taking charge of one of them, the gamekeeper of another, and the gardener of the third. Each party took lanterns, and each man was armed with a stout cudgel, of which the gamekeeper had an ample supply in stock. Then, after a few final instructions, they all filed quietly out by way of the back entrance, watched from a distance by the women portion of the below-stairs establishment, behind whom, silent but observant, stood Therese Cobran. As soon as the door was shut behind the last man, Therese turned and went slowly up-stairs without speaking to any one, a faint amused smile flickering round her thin lips; but it was not a pleasant smile by any means. 'Poor Sir Harry!' she remarked to herself with a shrug. 'I am afraid that he and his men will come back no wiser than they went.'

In the small drawing-room sat Mrs Marchmont and Miss Fenton, one on each side of the fireplace, waiting and listening for the tidings which any moment might bring. They spoke but little to each other. Edeline, who had dearly loved the lost boy, and had made far more of a pet of him than his mother had ever condescended or cared to do, would fain have sympathised with Mrs Marchmont had she been permitted to do so; but such timid overtures as she ventured on were so coldly received by the widow that her feelings shrank within themselves, as the petals of a delicate plant shrink and shrivel before the first breath of frost. Mrs Marchmont was one of those women who are sufficient unto themselves, who, how heavy soever may be the burdens they are called upon to bear, not merely scorn to crave the sympathy of others, but repel it even when offered unasked.

And yet, deep rooted in Mrs Marchmont's heart was a passionate love for her child; but even to the object of that love her betrayals of tenderness—her moments of weakness she termed them to herself—were brief and infrequent. For the ordinary fond and foolish mother whose happiest hours are those she spends among her darlings, she had nothing but a feeling of quiet contempt. They were poor invertebrate creatures, with whom she was glad to feel that she had nothing in common. Frank had a child's intuitive consciousness that his mother loved him; but her caresses were matters of such rare occurrence that he almost shrank from them. In point of fact, his love for his beautiful and stately mamma was over-weighted with a sort of awe—not fear, be it understood—so that it was always a relief to him when the drawing-room ordeal was at an end and he was at liberty to race back to the nursery, where laughing, sweet-tempered Fanny Dale more than made up to him for whatever he lacked in the way of caresses elsewhere.

The Chase was so large and some parts of it were so far removed from the domestic offices, that our two ladies were unaware of the return of the search-party till Sir Harry in person opened the drawing-room door and walked in. Both of them started to their feet at his entry; but his face told the news he brought before his tongue could frame a syllable. It seemed to Edeline that he looked five years older than he had looked at luncheon a few hours before. He sank into a chair with a groan.

'You have not found him!' said the mother with a constriction of the throat which all but choked back her words.

The old man shook his head dolefully. 'No, we have not found him,' he answered hoarsely. For a few moments he was powerless to say more.

A deep sigh that was almost a sob broke from Mrs Marchmont, and then she sank into her chair again. Edeline's heart went out towards her, but encountered no responsive chord. The widow's face might have been nothing but a beautiful mask for aught it betrayed of whatever feelings and emotions were at work below.

Presently the baronet cleared his voice. 'Every square yard of the gardens and shrubberies has been searched,' he said, 'and the park

itself thoroughly examined, but to no purpose. Yardley, the superintendent of police, has just arrived with two of his men, and I am now going to consult with him as to the next steps it behoves us to take.'

That night, was one which the inmates of Rothwell Chase were little likely ever to forget. Although the telegraph had been set to work and the country was being scoured in every direction by the mounted constabulary, hour passed after hour without bringing tidings of any kind. It was long after midnight before the household separated. Mr Warde had kindly offered to remain up all night in case of the arrival of any news, which he would at once communicate to his employer; and his offer had been accepted. It was with a heavy heart that the baronet kissed his daughter-in-law and bade her good-night. At the foot of the stairs Edeline offered him her arm without a word, and without a word he took it. Never had he felt the need of help as he felt it to-night; never had the burden of his years seemed to weigh so heavily on him before.

Therese, who seemed to have quite got over her temporary indisposition, was waiting for her mistress when the latter reached her dressing-room. She was much too astute a person, and read her mistress too thoroughly, to venture on any spoken expression of sympathy. To have done so, as she was well aware, would have merely resulted in a snubbing. But sympathy may be conveyed by manner, by an inflection of the voice even, and, more subtly still, by an indefinable something in the mere act of administering to the needs of those whom it is our privilege to serve in a subordinate capacity. And after such a fashion it was that Therese strove to convey her sympathy. It is to be presumed that she was successful in her efforts, seeing that Mrs Marchmont's last words as she quitted her for the night were: 'You are a good creature, Therese.'

Therese paused outside the door and laughed a low sardonic laugh. 'I'm a good creature, am I, madame? To hear you talk, one might take you for a duchess born, instead of for what you are—the daughter of a wandering fiddle-scraper. But it may be that you will have occasion to change your opinion before you and I have done with each other.'

Next morning, while the family were at breakfast—such a breakfast as they could eat—Inspector Dimwade from Scotland Yard was announced. Superintendent Yardley had met him at the station, and they had driven over together to the Chase, the inspector being put into possession of the facts of the case *en route*. It may be here remarked that, so far, the efforts of the police had been productive of no result.

Inspector Dimwade was a man of five-and-forty, or thereabouts, with a florid complexion and a somewhat full habit of body, sandy hair and short side whiskers to match. He had a pleasant smile and a quietly plausible manner, which he found of great service to him in his profession.

When the consultation with Sir Harry had come to an end, which it did in the course of a few minutes, Inspector Dimwade asked to be conducted to the nursery. On entering the room he walked at once to the window and submitted

it to a close examination, fastening and unfastening the hasp several times, and then with his eye measuring the height of the balcony from the ground. Then he instructed Yardley to shut the window while he remained outside. This being done, he proved, by means of the blade of his pocket-knife, what an easy thing it was for any one to force open the hasp of the window.

'You have certainly scored a point there, Mr Inspector,' said the baronet as Dimwade re-entered the room through the window he had so readily opened. 'But before a man could do what you have just done, he must get into the balcony from below, and how, pray, would he manage that?'

'Pardon me, Sir Harry; I have not implied that the nursery was entered from the balcony. I merely wanted to satisfy myself that it could have been. I think I understood you to say when we were in the library that there are several unoccupied bedrooms on this floor which are rarely entered by any one but the chamber-maid whose duty it is to keep them in order?'

'That is so,' responded Sir Harry.

'As a matter of course, such a house as the Chase must have a number of doors. To begin with, there is the main entrance; then there is the side-door through which Mr Yardley and I were admitted; I noticed, too, a door in the conservatory; and doubtless there are one or more entrances by way of the back premises.'

The baronet nodded assent.

'Such being the case, would there, in your opinion, sir, be any insuperable difficulty, supposing a person to be wishful of so doing, more especially if he happened to have a ready-made acquaintance with the run of the house, in stealing into it unobserved, hiding in one of the unused rooms, watching his opportunity, and the moment the girl's back was turned, making his way into the nursery, flinging (let us assume) a cloth over the child's head so as to smother its cries, opening the window, dropping from the balcony to the ground—the height, even when burdened with the child, would be a trifle to an active man—and then, aided by the dusk, making off through the shrubbery, it may be to some rendezvous previously agreed on with his accomplices, supposing him to have had any: would there be anything out of the range of probability in all this?'

Sir Harry gasped a little. Dimwade's way of stating his supposititious case was such that the baronet seemed to see the whole affair pass like a panorama before his eyes. 'As you state the case, there seems to me nothing whatever out of the range of probability,' he murmured. 'Indeed, quite the contrary, were it not for one thing: what possible motive could any one have for acting as you have suggested?'

Dimwade showed his teeth. 'Motives are very queer things, sir, and very hard to get at. Just now, I am concerned more with the method than the motives of the abduction; but we shall probably have to consider that part of the question later on.' Then, a moment later: 'By the way, have the unused bedrooms been searched for any traces of a possible intruder?'

'Not so far as I am aware,' answered Yardley.

'Suppose we throw an eye over them, now we are on the spot,' suggested Dimwade.

Accordingly, not one eye, but six were brought to bear on the rooms in question, but without being productive of the slightest result.

'Now, as to the ground below the balcony,' said the detective; 'has it been examined for traces of footsteps, or any other marks which would tend to prove it was by that way the child was carried off?'

'That was a point which I did not overlook,' replied the superintendent; 'but I thought it best to leave the examination till we could have daylight to help us.'

'Quite right. Suppose we go and examine the ground at once.'

'Yes,' said Inspector Dimwade a few minutes later, 'these are undoubtedly heel-marks, and the assumption is that they were made by the rascal when he let himself drop from the balcony with the child in his arms.'

He had gone down on one knee, and was examining certain dints in the gravelled drive which would hardly have been discernible had they not been sought for by the aid of a small but powerful magnifying glass.

'Now, if this surface,' he went on, 'instead of being hard gravel, had been turf or garden mould, it might possibly have furnished us with an important link in the chain of evidence; that is to say, we might not improbably have been able to find a pair of boots or shoes which would have exactly fitted the impressions. As it is, however, I am afraid the marks will prove of no service to us, for, although they are palpably here, yet they are little more than surface scratches, and might have been caused by one pair of boots just as readily as by another.' He rose and put away his glass. 'From this point, I presume, the fellow would have little or no difficulty in making his way out of the park?'

'None whatever,' answered the baronet. 'There is a public right-of-way across the lower end of the park which is open night and day to anybody who may choose to make use of it.'

WILD CATTLE.

THERE was a time in the annals of Britain when the greater part of the country was covered with forests, wild, sombre, and impenetrable, which gave shelter and sustenance to such *feræ nature* as the bear, the boar, the wolf, and the wild cattle of which we propose to speak here. One of these forests extended with hardly a gap as far as the English Apennines extend—that is, from Staffordshire to the Cheviots; and spread out on either side of the 'backbone' of England over the greater portion of what is now North Derbyshire, Lancashire, and Yorkshire, Cumberland, Westmorland, and Northumberland, to the debatable ground of the Border, where the Caledonian Forest began, and stretched northwards for eighty miles more. Towards the south much the same state of things existed, though the forests there were not so thick or extensive as those farther north; and man's footsteps were confined for the most part to the seacoast, from which ultimately the path of civilisation and the collateral path of devastation widened as fresh conquerors came in and drove their predecessors inland.

Here and there a town appeared in the interior, in some place fitted by nature or formed by man under the exigences of circumstance; a rough road was made thither, and for a radius of a few miles round there might be a clearing. But beyond this radius the primeval forest raised its forbidding front again, and man stopped short, save when he made excursions a little way in, to procure for himself and his household a change of meat. This state of things existed not only in prehistoric, but in some places down to comparatively late historic times. When Matthew Paris was alive, thick woods extended from the edge of Ciltria (Chiltern) over places which are now populous and respectable London suburbs, nearly up to the very city itself, and were inhabited by 'numerous and various beasts, wolves, bears, forest bulls, and stags.'

It was especially so in the midland and northern parts, and it is in these parts that we find the latest and most frequent trace of the presence of wild animals—boars, wolves, and cattle. The region was not opened up and cultivated until some centuries later than the south; hence hearsay mention of the different species by temeritous and fortuitous travellers, and authentic mention of them in the late records of families situated in the midst of and owning the peculiar haunts of the creatures. But in time, the north underwent the same process of cultivation as had transformed the other part of the country from a sombre and sublime to a smiling and beautiful landscape. Forests were cut down without scruple, and at most only a few hundred acres out of many miles' extent were fenced around for the preservation of deer and cattle; wolves and boars having by this time become an unmitigated and dangerous nuisance, and having man's hand unanimously raised against them in consequence.

Deer still flourish because they are, or are regarded as being, very valuable. But the wild white cattle are slowly but surely following the other forest-rangers, the process of extermination in their case being aided by interbreeding, by the ravages of the foot-and-mouth disease, by accidental poisoning, and by the ferocity of the animals themselves. At the present day there are only four or five parks in all Britain where they are to be seen; and it will afford some idea of the rate at which they are dying out when it is stated that during this century alone, Gisburne Park in Yorkshire, Middleton Park and Whalley Abbey in Lancashire, Wollaton Park in Nottinghamshire, Leigh Court in Somersetshire, and perhaps half-a-dozen Scottish estates, have become depopulated of them.

Wild cattle are distinguished from our ordinary domestic breeds as well by the fact that they are wild as by the additional fact that they are pure white in colour, with the extremities—the tips of the horns, the feet, and the ears—either black or reddish brown. Much learned and ingenious—though somewhat superfluous—speculation has been offered to solve the mystery of their origin, and their presence in an alien land amid alien surroundings. Did the Romans import them? Manifestly not, for Cæsar was a Roman, and he expresses surprise at the great size of the *uri* he met with. As a rule, settlers in a new country, provided that country be not very remote,

carry some of their own sheep and cattle with them; and it has been asserted that one or other of the early bands of rovers who touched and settled upon our eastern shores imported the wild white cattle. But against this it is to be objected that their herds must of necessity have been tame; and the assumption that they did import the white oxen is only useful as serving to explain the origin in this country of certain domesticated varieties known to have existed, but now merged in other and differently-coloured varieties.

There is another and even more radical objection. Rüttimeyer has shown—and has been followed by Darwin, Lyell, Boyd Dawkins, and others—that the so-called *uri* are descended from the gigantic *Bos primigenius*, one of the four species to which all our European varieties owe their existence; and the bones of this animal have been found in our country dating from the Palæolithic age. So that if any bold adventurers did carry them across from the Continent, it must have been at a very remote period indeed.

Other descendants of the same large animal are found in many parts of Europe nowadays, notably in Hungary and on the Russian steppes; yet others are known to have existed in Friesland, Holstein, and elsewhere; and the most reasonable supposition seems to us to be that the urus—which was once very plentiful—spread all over Europe at the time when there was no such thing as a German Ocean, and when Britain was part of the Continent. Darwin said it was extremely doubtful whether he was white, and based his conclusion upon the tendency there is among wild or escaped cattle to become white with coloured ears, and upon the occasional appearance of dark-coloured calves among the existing or recently extirpated British herds. But may not this last fact be accounted for on the supposition of a cross? And was not the parental stock absolutely wild? The majority of scientists have adopted the conclusion which seemed to Darwin to be 'extremely doubtful,' but the question is hardly worth pursuing in the present connection. As for the undoubted deterioration in size, that may be attributed to a variety of causes, among others, to less favourable conditions of life and to the close interbreeding of which mention has been made.

The decrease may in the course of the centuries have been prodigious; but the wild cattle of Chillingham Park, in Northumberland, are magnificent creatures nevertheless—so magnificent in all points, that few of our domestic breeds can be said to rival them. The park, extending over eleven hundred acres, is of very ancient enclosure. Mention is made of the 'grete woode' of Chillingham in a document dating from the year 1220; and it is certain that in this century at the latest, the original extent of fifteen hundred acres was emparked, and the cattle driven in, as at Cadzow Castle in Lanarkshire, Naworth on the Border, and Drumlanrig in Dumfriesshire, from the circumjacent Caledonian Forest.

They present all the characteristics of animals found in a state of nature, save in being more delicate and slight in the bone than the latter—a result due to the causes which have affected the creatures' size. They are splendidly shaped—short in the leg, straight in the back and belly

lines, with thin skin, and with horns elegantly curved and of very fine texture. They have a peculiar cry—'more like that of a wild beast than that of ordinary cattle,' said the late Lord Tankerville, their owner; and they hide their young, feed at night, and bask or sleep during the day.

They are timorous and at the same time pugnacious—that is to say, they will usually move off at the sight of any one even at a distance; but will sometimes become aggressive, especially if there is a menacing look in the stranger's eye. And if attacked, they will turn and become dangerous assailants. This is in summer, when their blood is hot; in winter, when it is cooler, and when food is scarce in the upper park, they are more tractable and tame. At this season they 'will let you come among them, particularly if on horseback.' When migrating to the lower park at certain intervals, they move in single file, the bulls leading. When returning, they move in the same manner, like a regiment of cavalry; but in this instance the bulls bring up the rear. If seized with a sudden panic, they gallop off pell-mell, but have a peculiar faculty, observable in red-deer also, of taking advantage of the irregularities of the ground, by which means they may traverse the park and yet hardly give you a sight of them.

'No sight could be more beautiful than they were when we saw them retreating in regular order into their forest sanctuary,' says Mr Hindmarsh, in his exhaustive account of them contained in the second volume of the *Annals of Natural History*. 'Their perfect symmetry, pure white colour, and fine crescent horns, render them when moving in a body a very imposing object. The eyes, eyelashes, [hoofs], and tips of the horns alone are black; the muzzle is brown, the inside of the ears red or brown, and all the rest of the animal white. Even the bulls have no manes, but only a little coarse hair upon the neck; and they fight for supremacy until a few of the most powerful subdue the others, who submit to the rule of superior physical strength. If by accident a bull gets separated from the herd for a day or two, his settled relation seems to be forgotten, for on his rejoining it, a fight ensues, and the conflict continues until the previous amicable understanding is re-established. The cows generally commence breeding at three, and continue to breed for a few years. When they calve, they hide their young for a week or ten days, and repair to the place of concealment two or three times a day for the purpose of suckling them. Should any person happen to approach their hiding-place, the calves clap their heads close to the ground and lie in form like a hare. They bear the winter well. They are seldom allowed to live more than eight or nine years, at which period they begin to go back. When slaughtered, the steers are usually six years old, and weigh about five hundred-weight, or forty stone.' The clean carcase of one bull, however, shot in 1826 by Earl Clanwilliam, weighed fifty-six stone; and the meat is always excellent—far more tender and juicy than that of the common cow. When Mr Hindmarsh paid his visit to the park the herd numbered eighty, of which forty were cows, twenty-five bulls, and fifteen steers of various ages. In

1861 they had dwindled down to about fifty; but increased by October 1874 to seventy-one. Six years later there were fifty-nine only, and at the present time the total is sixty-nine.

The Lyme Park herd, which has very recently become exterminated, differed from that of Chillingham in some important respects. They were larger—they were, in fact, the largest breed of cattle in the country; the coloured parts, with the exception of the hoofs, were generally red, though sometimes they were found approximating to blue-black or coal-black; and they were very hairy, having curly and luxuriant mane-like locks on the head and forequarters. Their hide, again, was of immense thickness; and they had much flesh about the neck and dewlap. They were very long in the body, high in the leg, and strong of bone, and possessed of 'a peculiar majestic stateliness,' as Mr Harting puts it. The park is situated in Cheshire, seven miles north of Macclesfield, and was at one time comprised within the forest of this name, whence the cattle were doubtless driven in when Richard II. granted the estate to Sir Piers Legh for his services at Cressy.

An attempt was made some years ago to reinvigorate the type by crossing it with the Gisburne cattle, but without conspicuous success. The late Rev. John Storer, in his *Wild White Cattle of Great Britain*, says 'the horns are of an intermediate character between those of the Chillingham and Chartley breeds—larger, not so upright, nor so nearly resembling in their mode of growth the horns of the Devon or Welsh breeds as is the case with the Chillinghams, but smoother, somewhat more upright in their growth, and less like the horns of the old Longhorns than is the case with the Chartley cattle.' In habits they were similar to the herd already described. They were timid, but dangerous if assailed. The cows were especially ferocious, and it is said that the poachers took uncommon care not to run into them.

The Chartley herd is not so wild. The park in Staffordshire where they are confined—and which once formed part of the Forest of Needwood—abuts on one side on to a public road, from which only a pale fence separates it; and in this way the cattle have become habituated to the sight of man. They are white, with black muzzles and hoofs, and a suggestion of black also upon the front part of the fetlock of all four legs. In some of them, black blotches appear on the neck, and occasionally a calf wholly black is born, and forthwith destroyed, because the circumstance is supposed to be an augury of ill for the house of Ferrers; or because it is desired to keep the breed as pure and uniform as possible.

The pasture upon which they feed is not good; it is wild and open, with little timber, and scanty and inferior herbage; yet the cattle thrive and look marvellously well. They also are very straight in the back and belly lines, deep in the body, and short in the leg. The hindquarters are slighter than the fore, as is the case with all wild animals, but are of considerable strength, nevertheless; and 'the flesh is carried well downwards towards the hock.' The head is 'elegant in the cow, masculine in the bull, "kind" in the steer,' with a topknot of long white hair, and is set off by extending, slight, and gracefully-

curved horns; the lock of hair, which gives the creature a demure expression, being a peculiarity held in common between this and the Somerford Park herd. The last named, located in Cheshire, a few miles from Congleton, are domesticated and harmless, but are not pure white. The possessor does not encourage this colour; the breed shows a strong tendency to produce small black spots on the neck, sides, and legs—to become speckled, in fact.

Where they came from and how they became domesticated are matters concerning which nothing is known. Sir Charles Shakerley in response to inquiries, said: 'We have no history of how they came or how long they have been here. I am of the third generation which has known nothing about them. The tradition is that they have been here two hundred years'—which is all very unsatisfactory, as a resolution of the matter would be interesting. Possibly they—or rather their ancestors—roamed wild in the forests, and they have become tame after having intercourse with man. Or possibly, again, they have been derived from some ancient monastery, of which at one time there were plenty in the neighbourhood, and where they could come under the refining and humanising influence of the monks.

Mr Harting's suggestion, which is worthy of consideration, is that, as they are of the same race as those at Middleton Park, in Lancashire, they may have come originally from Shakerley, only a few miles distant from Middleton and Blakeley.

The Scottish herds still in existence are two, and are preserved at Kilmory House, Argyllshire, and Hamilton or Cadzow Castle, Lanarkshire. The first is semi-wild, in colour white with black points, and having the ears, muzzles, and hoofs black. They are descended from the cattle which flourished over fifty years ago at Blair Athole, Perthshire, and which were sold to the Marquis of Breadalbane and to the Duke of Buccleuch. The Hamilton herd has peopled Cadzow Park from time immemorial. Robert Bruce hunted the wild bull here in 1320; and several succeeding—and who knows how many preceding—kings enjoyed the same pastime. The animals are not white, like the Chillingham beasts, with which they may be supposed to have most in common, but are rather dun white, with the muzzle, hoofs, and the inside of the ear black, and the forepart of the leg from the knee downwards mottled with black.

Sir Walter Scott has celebrated them in his ballad of *Cadzow Castle*:

Mightiest of all the beasts of chase
That roam in woody Caledon,
Crashing the forest in his race,
The mountain bull comes thundering on.

Fierce on the hunter's quivered hand
He rolls his eye of swarthy glow,
Spurns with black hoof and horn the sand,
And tosses high his mane of snow.

An excellent fanciful description, and quite worthy of the wizard who penned it. Only it happens that the Cadzow cattle have not got manes; their hair is short and curly. Scott falls into another error when he says they were exterminated for their ferocity about the year 1769; for

they still survive, and increase and multiply more rapidly and more surely than any other variety in the kingdom. They are so healthy perhaps because they have been crossed with good breeds in Cromwell's day and still more recently. Probably the Chillingham herd has also been crossed, although such a suggestion is scouted by the owner, whose boast it is that his cattle have been preserved pure ever since their enclosure. But most of the herds which have died out have gone that road because continuous interbreeding made them infertile, and the Northumbrian herd would doubtless have followed suit but for such an unrecorded admixture of other blood as has been supposed. In point of fact, and in conclusion, it is only by crossing that any of the few herds now remaining can continue to flourish; and even then, they are bound to lose their individual characteristics; so that the race—as wild cattle preserving the traditions of the *Bos primigenius*—must inevitably disappear at no very distant time.

A MARRIAGE MADE IN HEAVEN.

IN TWO CHAPTERS—CHAP. I.

In the backwoods of Canada, about eighty miles north of Lake Ontario, there is a chain of three lakes, linked by the stream of a rapid river, which leads southward from the heart of a great forest. The last of the three lakes is broad and has but a slow current, because of a huge dam which the early Scottish settlers built across its mouth in order to form a basin to receive the lumber floated down from the lakes above. Hence this last lake is called Haven, which is also the name of the settlement at the side of the dam; for the worthy Scotsmen, having set up a large sawmill, built a church beside it, and by degrees a town and a school-house. All the wealth of the town comes from the forest; and the half-breed Indian lumber-men, toiling anxiously to bring their huge tree-trunks through the twisting rapids, connect all pleasant thoughts in their minds with the peaceful Haven Lake and the little town where they receive their wages. They are simple men for the most part; and, perhaps because they have received their first ideas of civilised religion and of the comforts of a good harbour at the same place, their tripping tongues to this day call it, not 'Haven,' but 'Heaven.'

As for the town, it thrrove apace in its early days, and there was no one in it who thrrove better than Mr Reid, who kept the general shop. He was a cheerful soul; and it was perhaps owing more to his wife's efforts than his own that his fortune was made, for she kept more closely to the shop and had a sharper eye for the pence.

Mrs Reid was not cheerful; she was rather of an acrid disposition; and people said that there was only one subject on which the shop-keeper and his wife agreed, and that was as to the superiority of their daughter in beauty, talent, and amiability, over all other young women far or near. In their broad Scotch

fashion they called this daughter Eelen, and the town knew her as 'Bonnie Eelen Reid;' for every one acknowledged her charms, although there might be some who would not acknowledge her pre-eminence.

Mr and Mrs Reid carried their pride in their daughter to a great extent, for they actually sent her to boarding-school in the town of Coburgh, which was quite two days' journey to the south. When she finally came back from this educating process well grown, healthy, handsome, and, in their eyes, highly accomplished, the parents felt that there was no rank in the Canadian world beyond their daughter's reach, if it should be her pleasure to attain it.

'It wouldn't be anything out of the way even,' chuckled the happy Mr Reid, 'if our Eelen should marry the Governor-general.'

'Tuts, father, Governors!' said his wife scornfully, not because she had any inherent objection to Governors as sons-in-law in a general way, but because she usually cried down what other people said.

'The chief difficulty would be that they are usually married before they come to this country—aren't they, father?' said Eelen with a twinkling smile.

She did not choose to explain to any one what she really thought; she had fancies for her own, this pretty backwoods maiden.

'Well, well, there are lads enough in town, and I'll warrant she'll pick and choose,' said the jolly father in a resigned tone. He was not particular as to a Governor, after all.

That conversation happened when Eelen first came home; but a year or two after, the family conferences took a more serious tone. She had learnt to keep her father's books in the shop, and had become deft at housework; but there was no prospect of her settling in a house of her own, for many of the best young men in the place had offered themselves as lovers and been refused.

'Oh! what's the use o' talking, father,' cried Mrs Reid; 'if the girl won't, she won't, and that's all.—But I can tell *you*, Eelen Reid, that all your looks and your manners won't save you from being an old maid, if you turn your back on the men.'

'I wasn't talking,' said Mr Reid humbly; 'I was only saying to the lassie that I didn't want her to hurry; but I'd be right sorry when I'm getting old not to have some notion where I was going to leave my money—it'll more than last out Eelen's day, if it's rightly taken care of.'

'But I can't marry unless I should fall in love, father dear,' said Eelen wistfully.

Life was by no means dull in the little town. There were picnics in summer; sleigh-drives in winter, balls, and what not; and Eelen was no recluse. Still, she loved the place better than the people, and there was not a spot of ground in the neighbourhood that she did not know by heart.

In summer, the sparkling water of the lake rippled under a burning sun, and the thousand tree-stems left floating in it, held near to the edge of the floating boom of logs, became hot and dry on the upper side, while the green water-moss caught them from beneath. It was great

fun for the school children to scamper out daringly on these floating fields of lumber; and Eelen liked to go with them, and sometimes walk far out alone along the edge of the boom. She would listen to the birds singing, the children shouting, to the whir of the saws in the mill, and the plash of the river falling over the dam; and she would feel that it was enough delight simply to live without distressing herself about marriage yet awhile.

When winter came, Eelen was happier still. All the roughness and darkness of the earth was lost in a downy ocean of snow. Where the waterfall had been, there was a fairy palace of icicles glancing in the sun, and smooth white roads were made across the frozen lake. Eelen never drew back dazzled from the glittering landscape: she was a child of the winter, and she loved its light. She would often harness her father's horse to the old family sleigh and drive alone across the lake. She took her snowshoes with her, and, leaving the horse at some friendly farmhouse, she would tramp into the woods over the trackless snow. The girl would stand still and look up at the solemn pines and listen, awed by their majestic movement and the desolate loveliness all around. At such times, if the thought of marriage came, she did not put it aside with the light fancy that she wished still to remain free; she longed, in the drear solitude, for some one to sympathise with her, some one who could explain the meaning of the wordless thoughts that welled up within her, the vague response of her heart to the mystery of external beauty. Alas, among all her suitors there was not such a friend.

There was no one else in the town who cared for country walks as Eelen did—at least, no one but the schoolmaster. She met him occasionally, walking far from home; he was a quaint, old-looking man, and she thought he had a face like an angel's. She might have wished sometimes to stop and speak to him; but when they met, he always appeared to have his eyes resting on the distant horizon, and his mind seemed wrapped in some holy reverie, to the oblivion of outward things. The schoolmaster lived in the school-house on the bank of the curving river, a bit below the waterfall. He took up his abode there a few months before Eelen Reid came home from school. He had come from somewhere nearer the centres of education—had been imported, so to speak, for the special use of Haven Settlement, for the leading men of the place were a canny set and knew the worth of books. His testimonials had told of a higher standard of scholarship than was usual in such schools, and the keen Scots had snapped at the chance and engaged him without an interview; but when he arrived, they had been grievously disappointed. He was a gentle, unsophisticated man, shy as a girl, and absent-minded withal.

'Aweel, I'll not say but he'll do to put sums and writing into the youngsters' heads and teach them to spout their poems; but he's not just what I call a *man*.' This was the opinion which Macpherson, the portly owner of the mill, had delivered to his friends.

'There's something lacking, I'm thinking,' said one; 'he's thirty-six years old, and to see him

driving his cow afield, you'd say he was sixty, and him not sickly either.'

'I doubt he's getting far too high a salary,' said Macpherson solemnly. 'To pass examinations is all very well; but he's not got the grit in him that I'd like to see.'

So they had called a school committee meeting, and suggested to the new schoolmaster, as delicately as they could, that they were much disappointed with his general manner and appearance, but that, as he had come so far, they were graciously willing to keep him if he would consent to take a lower salary than that first agreed on. At this the schoolmaster grew very red, and, with much stammering, he managed to make a speech. He said that he liked the wildness and extreme beauty of the country, and the children appeared to him attractive; he by no means wished to go away; and as to salary, he would take what they thought him worth.

In this way they closed the bargain with him on terms quite satisfactory to themselves.

'But hoots,' said the stout Macpherson as he ambled home from the meeting, 'I've only half a respect for a man that can't stand up for himself,' and this sentiment was more or less echoed by them all.

Happily, the schoolmaster did not desire society. The minister's wife asked him to tea occasionally; and he confided to her that, up to that time, he had always lived with his mother, and that it was because of her death that he had left his old home, where sad memories were too great a strain upon him, and come farther west. No one else took much notice of him, partly because he took no notice of them. At the ladies' sewing meeting the doctor's wife looked round the room with an injured air and asked: 'How is it possible to ask a gentleman to tea when you know that he'll meet you in the street next morning and won't remember who you are?'

'A lady who respected herself couldn't do it,' replied Mrs Reid positively, and then in an undertone she remarked to herself, 'The gaby.'

Miss Ann Blakely pursed her lips and craned her thin neck over her work. 'As to that I don't know, Mrs Reid; no one could visit the school, as I have done, and fail to observe that the youth of the town are more obedient than ever formerly. In my opinion, a gentleman who can command the respect of the growing masculine mind'—She finished the sentence only by an expressive wave of her head.

'There is much truth in Miss Blakely's remark,' said a timid little mother of six sons.

People married early, as a general thing, in Haven Settlement, and Miss Blakely, having been accidentally overlooked, had, before he came, indulged in some soft imaginations of her own with regard to the new schoolmaster, and, like others, she was disappointed in him; but she had not yet decided 'whether,' to use her own phrase, 'he would not, after all, be better than none.' She poised this question in her mind with a nice balancing of reasons for and against for about three years, and the man who was thus the object of her interest continued to live peacefully, ignorant alike of hostile criticism and tender speculation.

It was a terrible day for the schoolmaster when the honest widow who lived with him as house-

keeper was called away by the death of a daughter-in-law to go and keep house for her son in another town. She could only tell him of her intention two weeks before it was necessary to leave; and very earnestly did he consult with her in the interval as to what he could possibly do to supply her place, for servants in Haven Settlement were rare luxuries.

'I don't know, I'm sure, sir, what you can do,' said this Mrs Sims hopelessly. 'The girls in these parts are far too proud to be hired to work in a house. Why, the best folks in town mostly does their own work; there's Mrs Reid, so rich, just has a woman to do the charing; and Eelen—that's the beauty, you know—makes the pies and keeps the house spick-and-span. But you couldn't keep your own house clean, could you, sir?—let alone the meals, and you wouldn't live long if you hadn't them.'

As the days wore on, the schoolmaster became anxious and more urgent in his appeals for advice; but he did not get encouragement to expect to find a servant of any sort, for the widow was too sincere to suggest hope when she felt none, and the difficulty was not an easy one to solve. She made various inquiries among her friends. It was suggested that the master should go to 'the boarding-house,' which was a large barn-like structure, in which business men who did not happen to have families slept in uncomfortable rooms and dined at a noisy table. Mrs Sims reported this suggestion faithfully and added: 'But it's my belief it would kill you outright.'

The schoolmaster looked at his books and the trim arrangements of his neat house, and negatived the proposition with more decision than he had ever shown before.

After a while, Mrs Sims received another idea of quite a different nature; but she did not report this so hastily—it required more finesse. It was entrusted to her care with many injunctions to be 'tactful,' and it was suggested that if there was a mess made of it, it would be her fault. The idea was nothing less than that it would be necessary for the master to marry; and it was the gaunt Miss Ann Blakely herself who confided to his present housekeeper that she should have no objections to become his bride, provided he wrote her a pretty enough, humble sort of letter that she could show to her friends.

'For, mind you, I'd not go cheap to the like of him,' she said, raising an admonishing finger, as she took leave of her friend; 'I'd rather remain single, far.'

'I think he could write the letter,' replied Mrs Sims; 'leastways, if he can't do that, I don't know what he can do, poor man.'

Having been solemnly enjoined to be careful, Mrs Sims thought so long over what she was to say before she said it, that she made herself quite nervous, and when she began, she forgot the half. Over her sewing in the sitting-room one evening she commenced the subject with a flustered little run of words. 'I'm sure such an amiable man as you are, sir, almost three years I've been in this house and never had a word from you, not one word'—it is to be remarked that the widow was speaking of fault-finding, and did not by any means intend to assert that the schoolmaster had been mute—

'and you are nice in all your ways, too; if I do say it, quite the gentleman.'

'Oh!' said the schoolmaster, in a tone of surprise, not because he had heard what she said, but because he was surprised that she should begin to talk to him when he was correcting his books.

'And not a servant to be had far or near,' she went on with agitated volubility; 'and as for another like myself, of course that's too much to be hoped for.' She did not say this out of conceit, but merely as representing the actual state of affairs.

The schoolmaster began to look frightened. He was not a matter-of-fact person, but, as long as a man is a man, the prospect of being left altogether without his meals must be appalling.

'So, why you shouldn't get married, I don't know,' she added in tremulous excitement, speaking in an argumentative way, as if she had led him by an ordered process of thought to an inevitable conclusion.

'Oh!' exclaimed the schoolmaster in surprise again, this time because he *had* heard what was said.

The worst was over now; and Mrs Sims, having once suggested the desperate idea of the necessity of marriage, could proceed more calmly. She found, however, that she had to explain the notion at length before he could at all grasp it, and then she was obliged to urge its necessity for some time before he was willing to consider it. He became agitated in his turn, and, rising, walked up and down the room, his arms folded and an absent look in his eyes, as though he were thinking of things further off.

'I do not mind telling you, for I believe you are a motherly woman, Mrs Sims, that it is not the first time that the thought of marriage has crossed my mind' (with solemn hesitation). 'I have thought of it before; but I have always been hindered from giving it serious consideration from the belief that no woman would be willing to—ah—to marry me.'

'Well, of course there's some truth in that, sir,' said his faithful friend, reluctantly obliged by her conscience to say what she honestly thought.

'Just so, Mrs Sims,' said the schoolmaster with a patient sigh; 'and therefore, perhaps it will be unnecessary to discuss the subject further.'

'Still, there's no accounting for tastes; there might be some found that would.'

'It would not be necessary to find more than one,' said he, with a quiet smile. He was not a stupid man, although his intellect did not take a practical turn.

'No, that's true, sir, which makes the matter rather easier. It's always been my belief that while there is life there is hope.'

'True, true,' he replied; and then he indulged in a long fit of musing, which she more than suspected had little to do with the immediate bearing of the subject on his present case. It was necessary to rouse him, for there was no time to be lost.

'Of course I don't say that there's many that would have you; there's girls enough; but laws! they'd all make game of you if you were to go a-courting to them, and I take it

courting's not the sort of thing you're cleverest at.'

'True,' said the schoolmaster again, and again he sighed.

'But now, a good sensible woman, like Miss Blakely, as would keep you and your house clean and tidy, not to speak of cooking—I make bold to say you couldn't do better than to get such a one, if she might be so minded.'

'Who is Miss Blakely?' he asked wonderingly.

'It's her that visits the school so often; you've seen her time and again.'

'I cannot recollect her at all,' he said, after a futile attempt.

'That's just what I said,' she observed triumphantly. 'You'd be no more up to courting than cows are up to running races.—Now, as to Miss Blakely, not being as young as some, nor to say good-looking, she might not stand on the ceremony of much courting, if you just wrote her one letter, asking her quite modest and putting in a few remarks about flowers and that sort of thing, as you could do so well, being clever at writing, I give it as my opinion it's not unlikely she'd take you out of hand; not every one would, of course, but she has a kind heart, has Miss Blakely.'

'Kind is she?' said he, with a tone of interest; 'and sweet-tempered?'

'Well, as to her temper, I'll not just say; but maybe she's no worse in that respect than myself, and you and I have never had words. I've no doubt that she'd be all that you wish, sir, for the reason that you'd never give her occasion to be otherwise.'

She said much more in favour of the scheme; it required that she should say much, for the schoolmaster was not to be easily persuaded. She had, however, three strong arguments in its favour, which she reiterated again and again, with more and more assurance of certitude as she warmed to the subject. The first point was, that if he did not marry, he must either starve at home or go to the boarding-house, and at the latter place she assured him again, as she had done at first, he would probably soon die. Her second point was, that no one else would be willing to marry him except Miss Blakely; and her third, although in this matter she expressed herself with some mysterious caution—that Miss Blakely would marry him if asked. Mrs Sims bridled her head, spoke in lower tones than was her wont, and said that she had the secret of Miss Blakely's partiality from good authority. She sighed; and he heard her murmur over her sewing that the heart was always young. In fact, without saying it in so many words, she gave her listener to understand clearly that, although he could not at all recollect Miss Blakely, Miss Blakely had conceived a very lively affection for him. And this last, if she had but known it, had a stronger power of persuasion than either the prospect of starvation or a lingering death in the rude noise of a boarding-house; for the schoolmaster was tender-hearted, and, moreover, he had a beautiful soul, and supposed all women to be like his mother, whom he had loved with all his strength, and whose loss he still passionately deplored. However, Mrs Sims could gain nothing

from him but a promise to think the matter over for the next few days.

'But you'd better make haste, sir,' she said, 'for I must leave on Thursday, and now it's Saturday night. There's not overmuch time for everything—although, indeed, Mrs Graham, that goes out charring, might come in and make you your meals for a week, though it will cost you half a quarter's salary, charring is that expensive in these parts.'

MYOSOTIS.

FAIR Myosotis, where the murmuring river
Winds through the meadows green,
Where mellow grasses by the margins quiver,
Thy sweet face may be seen.

Not where the lances of the sun are gleaming,
But in some shaded spot,
Thou lov'st to pass the summer day in dreaming,
Blue-eyed Forget-me-not.

Round lonely islets, where the current gushes,
Thine eyes, so shy and sweet,
Peep from their canopies of clustering rushes
Into the light and heat.

Thou art the silvan child of Meditation,
The nursling of the streams—
Born of the wanton winds—the fair creation
Of showers and sunny gleams.

Half-hidden, thou droop'st like a fragile maiden;
Thy pale love-pensive eyes
Seem with fond dreams and recollections laden
Of love that never dies.

Thy mission is to waken memories tender
In distant hearts and far,
And thrill again the soul with Love's soft splendour,
Which Time in vain would mar.

Bloom on, fair buds! the brook shall bear thy mission
To city haunts, and make
Fond hearts responsive beat to that unition,
Which absence may not break.

Steadfast alike in sunshine and in shower,
Thine eyes of azure blue;
Emblem art thou of Constancy, sweet flower,
Of all that's fair and true!

GERALD B. GREENE.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 398.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 15, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

M. D'HOLBACH, a French writer in the middle of the eighteenth century, said: 'The people are not more crowded in the streets of London than are the funeral monuments in the Abbey.' About the same time there appeared in the *Annual Register* a mock-petition from posterity on the subject. Since then, the overcrowding has continued in an increasing ratio, until now there is almost no space for further memorials, and room for only a few more interments. As the supply of heroes worthy of this honour will doubtless be maintained, it has become urgently necessary to consider how additional space can be provided. Several schemes have been put forward and evidence concerning them has been submitted to a Royal Commission appointed to deal with the problem. These rival projects for a new *Campo Santo* have been discussed in the daily press, and need not be described here; but the newspapers have overlooked the still more interesting light cast by several of the witnesses upon some historical aspects of the inquiry, the first official Report of which has just been issued.

Dean Bradley, for instance, has been at special pains to add to our knowledge of what is beyond dispute the most interesting church in Great Britain. In order to trace the origin of the peculiar position occupied by the Abbey as the national Walhalla, the worthy Dean devoted much time to original inquiries and to the study of ancient unpublished documents, with results set forth for the first time in his evidence. He reminds us that, although time-honoured, the word Abbey is, strictly speaking, an inaccurate designation of the sacred building. Since the second year of the reign of Elizabeth, its legal name has been, 'the Collegiate Church of St Peter in Westminster.' The popular and more familiar name, which has survived all historical vicissitudes, carries us back to its very early history, being, in fact, the short form of the fuller phrase, Westminster Abbey Church—that is, Church of the Abbey of Westminster. It

had a twofold character—namely, that of royal chapel attached to the neighbouring palace, and church of an ancient Benedictine monastery. Edward the Confessor's purpose in building it was that it might serve as his own burial-place, just as any other great man in these remote times might found and endow a priory or abbey for the saying of masses for his soul. Near the grave of the saintly king, William the Conqueror was crowned; and there, as our readers know, every successive monarch who has reigned in England from that day to this has received the rite of coronation. Two royal ladies—the wife of the Confessor, and his kinswoman, who became the wife of Henry I.—were buried near him; but there is no historical record of any other interment within the Abbey in the earliest stage of its history. Even the abbots were buried outside in the cloisters. The fame of the church had greatly grown, when Henry III., actuated by the same motives as the canonised Edward, rebuilt the church, or at least its most important portions. His own tomb was placed on the north of, and as near as possible to, that of the Confessor, whose body was removed to a shrine in the most sacred spot eastward of the altar. The kings who followed were laid there around him in the chapel of Edward the Confessor. The interment of others than sovereigns within the sacred precincts formed no part of the design of the royal founders; neither of them had any idea of erecting a place for the burial of other great men. Richard II. was the first to bury his own ministers and friends in the most venerated portions of the church; and his example was followed by later kings.

Long before the period of the Reformation, the church was not only a royal burying-place and the scene of every coronation, but also became the place appointed for royal weddings and christenings, Te Deums for victories, and national pageants. It was not until the reigns of Henry VIII. and of Edward VI. that a marked increase took place in the number of non-royal interments. In the reign of Elizabeth, there

was a great development in this respect, and the chapels round the east end of the church were no longer used as places of worship, but became simply receptacles of tombs and monuments. Effigies of the illustrious dead rapidly multiplied, and mural tablets also began to appear. But though the stream was widened, the burials were almost entirely those of families who were either connected with royalty by relationship or had prominently served the sovereign in the council chamber, at court, or in the administration of the law.

The Reformation brought about an enormous change; but for some generations the honour of interment in the Abbey had been confined mainly to great statesmen, lawyers, soldiers, and their families. Soon there came the dawn of other claims to that distinction. It is true that the year 1400 had been marked by the burial of Chaucer in the Abbey; but, singularly enough, this was not in recognition of his claim as a poet. It was due rather to the positions he held under Richard II., amongst others that of 'clerk of the royal works;' to his residence at the time of his death in close contiguity to the old church; and not least to his connection through his wife, Philippa, with the Lancastrian line. Edmund Spenser, in 1599, was the first poet to whom the crowning honour of interment in the Abbey was conceded as an express tribute to his poetic fame. Like Chaucer, he died near the church, and the Earl of Essex undertook to pay the expenses of his funeral. The commencement of the civil war marked a new period in the history of the Abbey. It was henceforth more distinctly and consciously recognised as a place of burial or commemoration, an exceptional honour which might be attained by distinguished merit. Both the Protector and Parliament were imbued with what may be called the more modern sense of the value of such commemoration.

According to the late Dean Stanley, the first notice of a burial in the Abbey as an incentive to heroic achievement was the removal of Blake's body from Plymouth Sound. Clarendon records that this was done 'to encourage his officers to venture their lives.' But Blake's body, like those of some other ejected heroes, was afterwards exhumed and buried in a pit dug in the green on the north side of the Abbey. Two of the illegitimate children of Charles II. were buried in the very spot which had held Cromwell. When the burial of eminent soldiers and sailors in the Abbey at the public expense became comparatively common, there was great neglect of economy as to space; there was also a sad lack of what we should call artistic beauty, many of the structures being huge, lofty, and wanting in taste. Although there are now in the Abbey monuments to many famous statesmen, lawyers, warriors, sailors, poets, writers, men of science, physicians, divines, philosophers, engineers, architects, travellers, and even foreigners, it is rather strange that there is only one memorial of a great painter, the cenotaph of Sir Godfrey Kneller.

In early times the initiative for allowing burials in the Abbey rested exclusively with the reigning sovereign. In later generations it has also been occasionally exercised by Parliament; but the responsibility rests with the Dean of

Westminster, in whom, with the Chapter, the care of the Abbey is vested. In reply to a question asked by one of the Royal Commissioners, Dean Bradley reveals the fact that there was something approaching a difference between his predecessor and Parliament over the proposed interment of the late Prince Imperial of France in the Abbey. It was suggested by a Committee of noblemen and gentlemen to Dean Stanley, who was favourably impressed with the idea. He fixed upon what he thought would be the right place for the tomb; but the proposal excited strong opposition. An enormous number of letters was received, some of them threatening dynamite. The late Dean, after consulting the French ambassador, came to the conclusion that the hostile feeling was superficial. He thought it was confined to a certain class both in France and England; so he said: 'If a resolution is passed in the House of Commons against the proposal, I should consider myself bound by that; but nothing short of such an embodiment of the national feeling would prevent me carrying it out.' A resolution was passed in the House of Commons against the proposal.

All the money paid for opening graves or erecting monuments in the Abbey, except a trifling fee to the clerk of works, now goes to the fabric fund, and is devoted to the repair of the edifice. The Dean does not take any step towards the burying of any eminent person in the Abbey until he receives a requisition on the subject; and such requests, which had been too freely conceded in the past, have been sometimes refused in later days. A well-known instance occurred in the case of Lord Byron, whose remains were refused interment in the Abbey. Apart from royal claims, the only remaining prescriptive right of burial in Westminster Abbey belongs to the Percy family. It was by virtue of this ancient and undisputed claim that the late Duchess of Northumberland, who died at Alnwick Castle, was buried so recently as December in St Nicholas's Chapel at Westminster Abbey.

The Commissioners, we may add, have now recommended the enlargement of the Abbey, but they are not agreed as to the precise site for the proposed annexe.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXXVI.—ONE HOPE IS TOO LIKE
DESPAIR.

WHEN Psyche opened her eyes again, she was lying on her own bed in the little blue-and-green Moorish room, and she knew by the sound of whispered voices that her father and Sirena were leaning tenderly over her. But all around was dark as pitch now: not a ray of light, not a tremor of sense, reached at last those great dim eyes of hers. 'I know, my darling,' Haviland Dumaresq said, with a stifled groan, as she looked up appealingly in the direction of the place whence she heard his voice come towards her. 'I took it up and read it. I understand all. But, my darling, my darling, your sight's come back: you saw it! you read it!'

'It's the last thing I shall ever see on earth,' Psyche answered solemnly—'if it isn't He. My

eyes are gone now. I can make out nothing. Not a sparkle of light. I'm in black darkness.'

It was the first time father or daughter had ever openly alluded to Linnell's existence since the day of that terrible awakening at Petherton. Haviland Dumaresq made no overt answer, but he leant over her with hot tears dropping from his eyes unchecked upon her face, and held her cold white hand intertwined in his with a fatherly pressure.

'Is it He or the other one?' Psyche cried again, unable to hold her suspense and anxiety locked up any longer in her own bosom. 'How can we find out? Oh, how can we find out? Father, do you think it's He or the other one?'

At that piteous cry, Haviland Dumaresq felt his own heart sink horribly within him. 'My darling,' he said, with a fearful shrinking reluctance, 'I can't bear to buoy you up with a false hope: if the paper says anything, it says Sir Austen: "an officer of that name is known to have been missing from Gordon's force after the fall of Khartoum."'

'Yes, yes,' Psyche cried, sitting up on the bed, and groping with her hand for Sirena to support her. 'But that's conjecture—that's pure conjecture.'—Love had taught her logic of its own accord.—'The newspaper knows no more than we do. They can't tell whether it's he or not. The one thing they know is that his name is—that: the French put Sir so often for Mr.'

'Perhaps,' her father answered slowly and sadly, unwilling to quench the smoking flax of Psyche's despondency: 'but we can't tell. We can never guess it. We must wait and see. He'll soon be at Biskra. Only, darling, don't let yourself hope too easily, I implore you.'

Psyche rose, and stood up on the floor. Her face was very white and resolute. No staggering or indecision now. She groped her way like a blind woman to the wardrobe in the corner, and took out her jacket and hat by feeling for them.

'Where are you going, my child?' her father asked in blank surprise.

'To Biskra,' Psyche answered, gazing back at him intently from her sightless orbs. 'To Biskra—to look for him.'

'My darling, my darling, it's quite impossible!'

'Papa,' Psyche said, groping blindly towards the door, 'I must go. I feel I've got to. I can't wait here for all those days in this terror and uncertainty.'

Sirena seized her two hands in hers. 'Psyche,' she cried, with tears falling fast, 'you can't go. You're not half strong enough. It'd kill you to travel all the way to the desert as weak as you are now. But you shan't wait one minute longer than necessary, if we can help it, in this state of suspense. Cyrus and I will go to Biskra right away, and wire news to you, who it is, at the earliest opportunity.'

Psyche shook her head with infinite sadness. 'That won't do,' she murmured. 'I can't stop still. I must do something. I want to be moving. I want to be in action, or else I shall die. And besides, if it's really and truly He, I want to be there on the spot to welcome him.'

Her eyes as she spoke were dry and tearless. The contrast between her words and her impassive

face was terrible to behold. Sirena forced her gently back into an easy-chair. 'Cry, darling,' she exclaimed imploringly. 'Cry, cry, and that'll relieve you. I wanted to have you for my very own sister; but now I'd most give my very life up, if only I could make it be that other man come to take you away from Cyrus. He and I'll go to Biskra right away to find him, and never rest till we've news to tell you.'

As she spoke, with a sudden burst of emotion, the relief of tears came to Psyche. Sirena's sympathy had broken the spell. Her hand had opened the sealed fountain. The poor child flung herself back in the easy-chair and sobbed and moaned like one whose heart is broken. Hoping against hope, she could hardly believe it was really Linnell. She couldn't wait: she couldn't wait. The long delay would almost kill her. And disappointment at its end would kill her inevitably.

They reasoned with her long, but she wouldn't listen.—It was impossible in such a state as hers to go: the journey was long: her nerves were shattered.—But Psyche, a Dumaresq born that she was, remained like adamant. To one thing alone she returned at each assault. She must and would go to Biskra.

At last Haviland Dumaresq, beside himself with remorse, almost gave way. Her earnestness was so great that he dared not refuse her. He consented against his better judgment: 'You may go, then, Psyche.' At that, Psyche rose once more from her chair. As she did so, she staggered and almost fell. She had used up her small remaining strength in the argument. A great horror seemed to come over her all at once. 'I can't,' she cried, flinging her arms up in a passion of despair. 'I'm too weak, too feeble. I can't even stand. Lay me on the bed—Papa—Sirena!'

They lifted her up and laid her on the bed. There she lay long, sobbing low and quietly. It was a relief to her even to be able to sob. After a great pause, she felt about with her pale white fingers for her father's hand. 'Papa,' she murmured once more, 'do you believe in presentiments?'

'Me, my child,' Haviland Dumaresq answered with a start. 'No, no, decidedly. No thought or feeling of any human being is worth anything at all as a matter of evidence, except it be the outcome of direct intimation received by the ordinary channels of sense in touch or sight or smell or hearing.'

'Papa,' Psyche went on, with unnatural calmness, never heeding his disclaimer, 'I think, in certain states of mind, one sees and feels internally somehow. I have a presentiment that it isn't Him. It's the other man, the cousin. And He's really dead. As I tried to rise from my chair that moment a flash came over me. I had a strange sense that I saw him lying dead on the sand—alone and bleeding—away in the desert.'

She said it so solemnly, in the full force of some strange internal conviction pressing itself upon her, as such convictions will at certain times, that for a few seconds nobody spoke. They were overawed by the profound and unearthly certainty of her calm tone. Her sightless eyes were straining into space. She seemed

like one who can penetrate the secrets of space to the remotest distance.

But Haviland Dumaresq, philosopher to the core, knew it was all mere baseless illusion.

After a while she turned her white face towards them again. 'I feel he was murdered,' she said with solemn persistence—'murdered in the sands—by some other white man. Somebody who escaped with him away from Khartoum. Some cruel traitor who killed him, perhaps, to save himself. I see it somehow, clearly, in my own mind. It's borne in upon me now. I can read it like a picture.'

'My child,' her father cried, wringing his hands in his misery, 'don't trust these pictures. They're fancy, fancy. Your brain's overwrought, and it leads you astray. We'll send to Biskra: we'll send and find out all about him.'

'I'll go myself,' Sirena said with a choking voice, swallowing down her sobs. 'I'll go and speak to Cyrus this very minute. We'll set out from Algiers by the first train to-morrow.'

Psyche rose up on the bed where she lay and clutched her arm hard. 'Not you,' she cried, 'Sirena; I can't do without you. Send Corona and Mr Vanrenen, if you will; but *you* must stop. I can't let you go; you're so very dear to me. I want you: I want you.'

Sirena stooped down and kissed her white forehead. 'Thank you, my darling,' she said, profoundly touched. 'If you want me to stop on that account, why, Psyche, I'd give up even the pleasure of going to Biskra to serve you. Though if they *do* find him, I shall just envy them.'

'They won't find him,' Psyche answered with the same unnatural quiet as before in her tone. It frightened Sirena to hear her so calm. She feared such restraint must mean serious mischief in the long run.

'But if they do,' she said, 'they'll be able to tell him all about you, and that'll be so delightful. I just envy them.'

'If they do,' Psyche cried, with something like the old shrinking reserve coming over her with a rush, 'they mustn't tell him anything, not even that I'm here at all. If he's alive, how do I know he even remembers me? All I want is to know he isn't dead. To me, he was, oh! so much, so much. But to him, perhaps, I was never really anything.'

She turned and moaned inarticulately on the bed. Shame and despair divided her soul. Then she felt once more for Sirena's hand. 'And if they don't,' she cried, grasping it convulsively, 'I shall want you here: I shall want you to help me bear the news: I shall want you to hold my head while I die: I shall want you to give me a last, last kiss, next to yours, father.'

The American girl stood and held her own bosom tight to keep it from bursting. Neither of them could answer her a single word. They felt what she said was only too true. They knew in their hearts evil news must kill her.

Sirena tried to disengage her hand. 'Where are you going?' Psyche asked with quick perception of her intended movement.

'To tell Cyrus,' her friend sobbed back.

'Not yet—not yet. Wait with me a little. Do you think he'll go? Do you think he'll do it for me?'

'Why, we'd any of us go to the ends of the earth or cut off our right hands to serve you, dear,' Sirena answered, bursting afresh into tears. 'We feel it's an honour, Psyche, to do anything for you, anyway.'

SEA ANEMONES.

ALTHOUGH naturalists have no difficulty in placing Sea Anemones and their neighbours—popularly known as zoophytes—in the Animal Kingdom, the flower or plant-like appearance is more persistent in this group than in the lower types as exhibited in the Sponges and Protozoa. Biology—the science which treats of living beings—having made great advances in modern times, it need scarcely be said that up till comparatively recent years, sea anemones and zoophytes were judged by their appearance, and even by the most learned, placed in the Plant Kingdom. The beautifully-arranged branching, and the fixed base of the Sertularians or sea-firs, appeal strongly to the untrained eye as having a plant affinity; just as, fully a century ago, the brightly-coloured tentacles of the branching corals satisfied the naturalists of the day that they were dealing with true marine flowers.

In the year 1729, Peyssonnel, a physician of Marseilles, in a paper read before the Academy of Sciences, Paris, ventured to affirm the animal nature of the zoophytes; but, as he expected, the communication was discredited and the light rejected. Twelve years later, Trembley of Geneva approached the question, and brought it to the stage of receiving a fair hearing, and demanding either complete refutation or further confirmation. While the dispute was being carried on by the scientists, the matter was quietly settled by the leisure-time studies of a London merchant named Ellis. This gentleman seemed to have been working away in complete ignorance of the excitement that was raging among the learned doctors and naturalists. This was in 1752; and while some opposition still came from high quarters, the truth gradually gained ground until, with improved apparatus and better methods of observation, the question was by-and-by placed far beyond the bounds of controversy.

Sea anemones differ from zoophytes proper in that they exist as single individuals, instead of in colonies, as obtains in the sea-firs and corals. British sea anemones are found from one-eighth of an inch to seven or eight inches in height, and their diameters vary to nearly the same extent according to the genera to which they belong. They abound in all British waters, and are most frequently found on rocky shores, rock-pools within high-water mark being a somewhat favourite resort on some coasts. The Devonshire coast yields a good many varieties to the diligent searcher; but the Menai Strait and neighbourhood is perhaps the locality where they abound in greatest profusion. In tropical seas, sea anemones attain to three or four times the dimensions of the largest found in British waters. Belonging to the sub-kingdom Cœlenterata (hollow-bodied), sea anemones and their neighbours are placed in the animal scale next above the Sponges. While their distinct digestive cavity is the main feature which distinguishes sea anemones from the still

lower orders, their symmetrical appearance at once enables an observer to place them on a higher level in the scale of life than the shapeless masses which characterise many of the Sponges and Protozoa.

A little column or sack with the mouth turned in upon itself until it approaches the bottom, a crown of tentacles planted on the turned-over part surrounding the opening, and the whole resting on a slightly-widened disc-foot, roughly represents the structure of a typical sea anemone. The opening in the centre is usually oval, as if crushed laterally, and is the mouth of the animal. The space under the mouth formed by the in-turned part of the sack is the digestive cavity or stomach; and the space between this and the outer wall is known as the body cavity. In the latter are a series of radiating vertical plates, which fulfil a function in connection with reproduction, and it is believed also secrete a digestive juice for the use of the stomach. The crown of tentacles is in some species a beautiful creamy white, and in others highly coloured, resembling the corolla of a flower, and have an important function to perform in the capturing of food. The adaptation of means to ends as exhibited in the operations of the tentacles forms a feature of special interest in the physiology of these lowly forms of life.

One of the distinctive attributes of Cœlenterate animals is the possession of what are known as stinging or thread cells. Swimmers who have had the misfortune to collide with a live jelly-fish will know something of the power of these cells. In tropical waters, the *Physalia* or Portuguese man-of-war—a slightly more distant relative of the anemone than the ordinary jelly-fish—has its stinging powers so well developed that it becomes a very serious matter for any one who may get entangled among its long streaming tentacles. The tentacles of the sea anemone are thickly studded with stinging cells, and under a sufficiently high power they are seen to contain very slender threads curled up like miniature hair-springs. Under very slight stimulus these threads are everted with considerable force, the outer end being armed with a barbed or roughened process, and further charged with an acrid or poisonous fluid. An object of prey coming within range of this living battery runs a grave risk of being first struck with the thread-arrows, then paralysed by the poison, and lastly by the motion of the tentacles passed down into the mouth, where its troubles are for ever ended. From the readiness with which the thread-cells burst under very slight irritation, and the extreme sensitiveness of the tentacles themselves, it is evident that the special sense of *touch* is well developed in the sea anemone. When observed in aquaria, they are found to incline towards sunlight, thus indicating their ability to discriminate between light and darkness.

In addition to the well-developed sense of touch and the very rudimentary sense of sight, Mr P. H. Gosse—perhaps the pleasantest writer and best authority on the habits of sea anemones—has shown that these organisms possess the sense of *taste*. This he accomplished by supplying his captive animals with various forms of food, and observing how some, after being taken into the mouth, were rejected with more or less

celerity—presumably according to their degree of unpalatableness—while other forms of food were swallowed and retained.

Although usually fixed to the rock or other anchorage by its disc-foot, the sea anemone has the power of detaching itself at will, and indulging in a somewhat restricted form of locomotion. This it manages either by the movements of its disc, or by turning itself upside down, and, so to speak, changing its tentacles into feet and walking on them.

Having obtained some general idea of the structure and functions of the sea anemone, the question might now be asked: How, after all, does it happen to be classed as an animal? It doubtless has the power of moving its parts as well as moving from place to place; it takes in organised food, digests, and assimilates; it is sensible to sunlight, has the power of stinging, and has the sense of touch well developed. But all these functions are performed in the plant world. The movement of parts in response to sunlight is one of the commonest features of healthy plants; moving from place to place is exhibited in the earlier stages of some land-plants, and is found abundantly in the algæ. Insectivorous plants are strongest when well fed with small flies, &c., which they digest and assimilate, rejecting the indigestible parts. Stinging is a well-known property of the Nettle family or *Urticaceæ*; and besides all that, the structure of many plants is more complicated than that of the sea anemone.

Seeing the sea anemone, then, does nothing but what has its analogue in plant-life, and seeing its general appearance is so much in favour of a plant classification, there must be some further reason for placing it among the animals. As a matter of fact, there is at the present moment no hard and fast definition whereby the plant kingdom can be divided from that of the animals. The drift of increasing knowledge, moreover, tends to render the discovery of such a definition more and more improbable.

In the more highly organised plants and animals, no difficulty is experienced in discriminating between the two kingdoms. In judging of the lower orders, where the difficulty is sometimes great, it is not so much what an organism actually is in itself, but by the direction in which it seems to point, that it is placed in the one great division or the other. Should an organism seem to point in the direction of an undoubted nervous system, it is classed as an animal; and if it points towards a fixed condition and destitute of any indication of nerves, then, generally speaking, it is classed as a plant.

In the forms of animal life lower than the Cœlenterate, sensation is believed to be conveyed through the medium of what is termed contractile protoplasm; but in the jelly-fishes, Mr Romanes has shown that a nervous system exists, though somewhat rudimentary, and it is considered to be the earliest system of the kind in the scale of creation. The sea anemone being somewhat closely related to the jelly-fish, is known to contain in its tissue certain cells which act as nerve-centres. These cells may or may not imply a nervous system; but they are sufficient under the rule just mentioned to warrant their being classed as animals.

While now admitted without question to a place in the animal kingdom, the sea anemone possesses some other features which point to the lowly position it occupies in that kingdom. Trembley discovered that if divided vertically without mutilation, the two parts mended up, and two distinct anemones were the result. The fresh-water hydra, a somewhat simpler Cœlenterate than the anemone, is known to suffer being turned outside in without any apparent inconvenience; and if divided into four, nothing more serious results than that four hydræ will in a short time be found where only one was before. The simpler the animal structure is, the more readily it can adapt itself to the ups and downs of life; and while the anemone may not possess the high degree of adaptability which is enjoyed by the hydra, it all the same has a very tenacious grip of life. 'Granny,' the famous anemone which died a few years ago in a private aquarium in Trinity, near Edinburgh, is known to have been over sixty years old at its death.

The gift of reason is by many authorities denied to the higher animals; and if withheld from them, how much more so from such organisms as sea anemones! Yet in the habits of some of these plant-like animals, qualities are exhibited which can with difficulty be explained unless it is conceded that even in its lowly position the anemone enjoys the light of some faint ray of common sense.

A little anemone, the '*Adamsia palliata*,' has long been known to have a predilection for attaching its disc-foot to the outside of a molluscan shell. The curious point, however, is that the *Adamsia* is almost invariably found attached to the dead shell in which, for self-protection, a hermit crab has taken up its abode. That this is no mere accident is proved by the fact vouched for by Mr Gosse, that when vacating its appropriated shell for more commodious quarters, the hermit is careful to remove with its claws the outside lodger, transfer it to the new shell, holding the disc-foot in position until it had taken hold. This curious arrangement between two animals so widely apart in the scale of life is usually put down as a case of commensalism or animal partnership. The hermit and the anemone are both known to be voracious feeders, and the former is supposed to benefit by the stinging cells of the latter paralysing the prey on which the hermit feeds. In turn, the anemone receives the benefit of the locomotive habits of the crab, and is ever being conveyed to fresh feeding-grounds. Probably it also enjoys some extra fare from the scraps which escape its partner's powerful mandibles.

Dr Herdman of Liverpool has described some specimens recently obtained by the Liverpool Biological Association in their dredging operations between Anglesey and the Isle of Man. These specimens appear to point to some unexplainable bond between the hermit crab and the *Adamsia*; and it is worthy of remark that Dr Herdman's observations only confirm what had been observed and described by Mr Gosse nearly forty years previously. In the specimens just alluded to, instead of the *Adamsia* remaining attached to the shell simply by its glutinous secretion, the disc had grown outwards and round the shell until the membrane had met

on the other side, thus encircling both hermit and shell. Not only had the disc grown round the shell, but the shell itself had become all but absorbed by the vital processes of the *Adamsia*, so that the claws and feelers of the hermit had all the appearance of protruding not from a whelk shell but from the body of a sea anemone. It was also noticed that the mouth of the anemone was right under that of the hermit, so that when the latter was feeding, some crumbs would be certain to come within reach of the waving tentacles of the former.

At first glance, the whole arrangement is apt to be looked upon as a 'dodge' of the wily crab to obtain a sort of 'jackal' or crab's provider. It must be remembered, however, that the anemone might either refuse to take up house with the crab or remove at its own sweet will. In the cases just described it is evident the partnership had existed for a very long period, and the fact of the anemone's mouth being exactly in the position where it would receive a liberal dietary, would tend to show that the anemone was not altogether passive in the arrangement. Indeed, while the crab may be credited with remembering Number One in securing the services of the anemone, it looks very like as if in the *Adamsia* world the securing of a well-doing hermit crab was one of the chances of life not to be despised.

Much pleasant reading on sea anemones will be found in Gosse's *Rambles on the Devonshire Coast*, and his *Aquarium*; while full information as to British species will be found in the manuals of Pennington and Landsborough.

THE HEIR OF ROTHWELL CHASE.

CHAPTER III.

'You will pardon the question, Sir Harry,' went on Dimwade presently—they were strolling up and down the shrubberies by this time—'but do you happen to know of any one who has a spite against you, or who would be likely to revenge himself, or herself, for any fancied wrong or slight, by making off with your grandson?'

'So far as I am aware, I have not an enemy in the world, and I say it with thankfulness.'

'I wish all of us could say the same,' answered the detective with a dry smile. 'Now, in case of anything serious happening to your grandson'—Sir Harry winced perceptibly—'who would be the next heir to the title and estates?'

'My nephew, sir,' he answered shortly.

'May I presume, sir, that you and your nephew are on friendly terms?'

'No, sir, you may not. Friendly terms, indeed!'—with a snort of disdain. 'Nothing of the kind.'

'Um.—And your nephew resides where, if I may ask?'

'In London. Clerk in ship-broker's office, or something of that kind.'

'You could not oblige me with his address, I suppose now, Sir Harry?' This very insinuatingly.

'No, sir; I could not. Don't want to know it. Never want to see his face again—an impudent jackanapes. If you want to find out about

him, ask the Dowager Lady Cosgrave. I have no doubt she can tell you what you want to know.'

It was evident to Dimwade that he had unwittingly touched Sir Harry on a sore place, but it quite answered his purpose to find that he had done so. 'The Dowager Lady Cosgrave,' he murmured to himself. 'Shan't forget.'

Suddenly, Sir Harry came to a halt and grasped Dimwade by the lapel of his coat. 'What's your object—what are you driving at,' he demanded brusquely, 'in asking me so many questions about my nephew?'

'I am simply prosecuting the inquiry, Sir Harry—always, of course, in your interests—in the way in which, according to my judgment of the case as it stands, it ought to be followed up,' replied the detective dryly. 'What we are now considering is the question of motive.'

'But you don't mean to infer that my nephew, the son of my only brother, could be such a consummate villain as to'— He broke off short and stared blankly at Dimwade.

'Not for one moment do I infer anything, Sir Harry. I am gathering information—nothing more.'

Sir Harry walked on, muttering half-aloud: 'What!—my own nephew. No, no! Bad he may be, but not bad enough for that. I'll not believe it.—And yet worse things come to light every day. And then the temptation! Only a child of three between him and the title. (Not but what I'm good for another dozen years yet.) No; it would be incredible.'

At this moment a footman came in search of Sir Harry. Lord Casterton and Mr Blount-Morris, anxious for news, had ridden over thus early to the Chase. Sir Harry hurried away. He would see Inspector Dimwade again a little later in the day.

'There's no call for you to stay longer,' said the London officer to Yardley when the two were left alone. 'Besides, there may be news waiting for you. Of course, the moment you hear anything of consequence, you will send word to the Chase as speedily as possible. Meanwhile, I'll have a quiet look round on my own account.'

As soon as his colleague had taken his departure, Dimwade drew from his pocket a list of the inmates of the Chase and everybody connected with it, either as indoor servant or outdoor, which he had himself drawn up from information supplied him by Sir Harry, and ran his eyes over it as if to refresh his memory. Then he lighted a cigar and strolled in the direction of the stables.

The day wore on without bringing a message of any kind from Superintendent Yardley, while Mr Dimwade went about his inquiries in his own quiet way. Early in the evening, finding there was nothing more for him to do at the Chase, he walked over to Berriefield with the view of ascertaining how matters were progressing there. He found that various telegrams had been received from different points, announcing the arrest of this or the other suspicious character, only to be followed up by other messages an hour or two later to the effect that the said suspicious characters, having been able to give a satisfactory account of themselves, had been duly set at liberty. Four-and-twenty hours

had now gone by since the disappearance of the heir of Rothwell Chase without bringing the faintest clue to the mystery. It may be that Inspector Dimwade was more puzzled than he cared to confess; but in any case he put a good face on the matter, even to his friend Yardley.

No news being forthcoming by next morning, Mr Dimwade travelled up to London by the forenoon train. In the course of the following day he carried out a certain inquiry on which he had set his mind—that is to say, he satisfied himself that Evan Marchmont had not been out of London, nor, indeed, away from his office duties, on the day of the abduction.

The only thing now left for him to do was to report to headquarters that, so far, he had nothing to report, which is not a pleasant statement for a zealous officer to have to put his name to. Of course, he would still continue to keep an eye on the case, while trusting that the active search which was being everywhere prosecuted would not fail in finding, ere long, some traces of the child, either living or dead.

Two days later, Sir Harry Marchmont, without consulting anybody, put forth the offer of a reward of two hundred and fifty pounds for the recovery of the missing heir, an offer which, after the lapse of a week, was doubled in amount.

During this time, Inspector Dimwade came and went more than once between London and the Chase; but all the laying together of heads, as between himself and Superintendent Yardley, seemed to bring the mystery no nearer a solution than it had been all along. Then presently Dimwade's services were requisitioned for the unravelling of a famous poisoning case, and he was seen no more at Berriefield or the Chase.

As day succeeded day without bringing any tidings of the lost child, the cloud which had settled over the Chase and its inmates deepened and darkened till the torch of hope, which had burnt so brightly at first, was all but quenched in utter gloom. All felt the influence, from highest to lowest. Sir Harry moped about the house, a disconsolate and forlorn old man, out of whose life nearly all its remaining spring and energy had faded in a few short days. Even the servants went about their duties with hushed voices and subdued demeanour, as though some one lay dead in the house.

Sir Harry had never realised till now, not merely how dear the lost boy was to him, but to what an extent his hopes and ambition were wrapped up in him. It seemed strange, but he had never cared for his son when a child as he cared for this younger Frank. Now that his own term of existence was drawing towards a close, the young life which in the natural order of things would 'take up the running' when for him the race should be over, had an attractive force such as had never drawn him towards the boy's father at a time when death—his own death—had seemed as yet nothing more than a pale phantom only dimly to be discerned through the long vista of the years to come.

Sir Harry, who himself opened the postbag and distributed the letters, had more than once in the course of the last twelve months felicitated himself in secret on the fact that he never

came across a letter to his ward addressed to her in a masculine hand, and had, in consequence, laid the flattering unction to his soul that, whatever might be the state of their feelings towards each other, the engagement between Edeline and his nephew had not so far developed that acute stage of the disorder which strives to console itself for the absence of the beloved object by frequent epistolary communications. But in so thinking, Sir Harry deceived himself, or, rather, was deceived by his 'scapegrace of a nephew.' Evan Marchmont's letters, of which Edeline received one each week without fail, were invariably addressed for him by the wife of the friend with whom he lodged, so that the baronet, who was aware that his ward still kept up a correspondence with some of her school-friends, after a casual glance at the address, passed his nephew's letters on to her in bland unconsciousness of the real contents of the envelope. Miss Fenton's conscience did not fail to prick her now and again, for although the ruse was a harmless one, it was a deception none the less. Yet, on the other hand, for her lover to have openly addressed his letters himself would in all probability have sufficed to rouse Sir Harry's irascible temper, and have ended by provoking a scene between herself and her guardian which would have been productive of no good result on either side. For this reason it was that Edeline continued to accord a tacit sanction to the scheme devised by her lover, in preference to risking a rupture between her guardian and herself.

In the establishment in which Evan Marchmont was employed the annual holidays had of necessity to be spread over a period of several months, so as to ensure that too many members of the staff should not be away at one time. As a result of the arrangement in question, it so happened this year that Evan's holidays had to be taken some three or four months earlier than was agreeable to him. As soon as the date had been fixed, he wrote to Edeline, informing her of the fact, as also that he should spend a certain portion of the time at Berriefield, it being quite out of the question that he could sustain existence any longer on no more satisfactory diet than a letter once in seven days.

Evan was not quite a stranger to the Chase or its neighbourhood. Three summers before, he had come down to Berriefield during the annual absence of the family, and, by dint of a little judicious bribery, had been allowed to see over the mansion and explore the grounds. The Chase had been the home of his ancestors for several generations, as also the birthplace of his father, and Evan had been actuated by a laudable desire to become acquainted with the old roofter, although, through no fault of his own, he had been compelled to do so surreptitiously or not at all.

It was in a certain natural glade, or clearing in the grounds, known as the Chestnut Walk, that Evan and Edeline had agreed to meet. The so-called Walk was in the heart of a thickly-planted belt of woodland, and could only be reached by a couple of narrow winding paths through the trees, one at either end. It was a most secluded spot, and the lovers felt that there, if anywhere, they would be safe from observation. Close to one end of the Walk was a long-dried-up

fountain, the massive masonry of which, now covered with moss and lichens of various kinds, was falling more completely into ruin year by year.

Our lovers had not met since Evan's stormy interview with his uncle, a year before, when the baronet had carried off his ward to the Chase, fully determined to do all that lay in his power to keep the young people asunder. That they had much to say to each other this afternoon which would in nowise interest any third person, may at once be assumed; therefore, we will discreetly allow them a quarter of an hour to themselves before venturing to intrude on their privacy.

As a matter of course, Evan had already heard all about the disappearance of his youthful cousin, both through the newspapers and by means of the ample particulars which Edeline had supplied him with from time to time. To-day, however, as they paced the Chestnut Walk arm in arm, he heard the story afresh from her lips, and thereby had the affair brought more vividly home to him than by either the printed or written details while he was at a distance.

'By the way, dear,' said Edeline, 'I think I understood you to say just now that you have taken up your quarters at the Black Swan Hotel. If so, you have Mr Romer Vodney for one of your fellow-guests.'

'And who may Mr Romer Vodney be?'

'A private inquiry agent—in other words, a private detective—who made his appearance at the Chase a few days after Inspector Dimwade's last visit, and asked your uncle's sanction, which it is scarcely needful to say he at once obtained, to his starting an independent investigation on his own account.'

'Of course, this Mr Vodney did not appear on the scene till after the offer of the five hundred pounds reward. Such fellows never do.—By the way, what kind of looking man is he?'

'Tall, very thin, and somewhat round shouldered; clean shaven, with sallow aquiline features; keen restless black eyes, and an unkempt mass of oily-looking black hair. In age about thirty.'

'A study from the life, and one which renders it impossible to mistake the fellow. He was in the billiard-room last evening when I strolled in, and there was something peculiar about him which caused me to wonder who and what he could be. In any case, he is decidedly clever with the cue, and contrived to pocket sundry half-crowns during the hour or so that I remained in the room.'

When at length the lovers contrived to tear themselves apart, it was with a mutual promise to meet at the same hour and place the following afternoon.

'I have been making a few quiet inquiries about Mr Vodney since I saw you yesterday,' said Evan. 'At the hotel, nobody seems to know his business or anything about him; not, perhaps, that that is to be wondered at, seeing he may not improbably have his own reasons for keeping his profession a secret. But what does seem singular is the fact that he never rises till close on mid-day, and that both his afternoons and evenings are invariably passed in the billiard-room. If he goes out at all, it is merely for half

an hour's stroll in the town with a cigar before dinner. Now, what I should like to know is, how a man who spends his time as Vodney spends his, can, as a matter of fact, be ferreting out and piecing together the details of a case which has admittedly baffled the efforts of two experienced and trained officials. That is a problem which I confess I am altogether at a loss to solve.'

'One of Mr Vodney's most significant remarks to your uncle,' replied Edeline, 'was to the effect that if the theory he had formed of the mystery were the right one, the clue to it must be sought not inside the Chase but outside it.'

'All which in no way tends to make his conduct seem less unaccountable. By the way, has he been to the Chase at all since the first occasion of seeing my uncle?'

'Yes; he was there only two days ago.'

'Ah! And what had he to say for himself?'

'What he said was, that he felt nearly sure he had hit upon a clue which in the course of a few days would put him on the right track, but that he would refrain from saying more just then.'

'Did he ask my uncle for any money in the way of an advance towards any expenses he might have been put to?'

'No; he did not even hint at such a thing.'

Evan tilted his hat an inch farther back on his head. 'All I can say is that I'm more mystified than ever,' was his remark. 'I wish I knew the fellow's London address—if he has one.'

'Then your wish can very easily be gratified. His address was printed on the card he sent in to your uncle the first time he called at the Chase. It is No. 5a Heathfield Gardens, W.C.'

Evan at once proceeded to take a note of the address in his pocket-book. That evening, after he got back to Berriefield, he telegraphed a certain question to one of his friends in London. By noon next day an answer came to the following purport: 'No such person as the one named in your message is known at the address given by you.'

This reply did not fail to deepen the feeling of distrust with which Evan had already begun to regard Mr Vodney and his pretensions. Yet, to suppose that the man was simply an impostor, who had been induced to take up the case by the hope of obtaining the reward, was scarcely a feasible assumption in view of the fact that the five hundred pounds would not be forthcoming except in return for some *bond-fide* information which would lead to the recovery of the boy. The more Evan considered the affair the more puzzled he became.

When he met Edeline again, which he did that afternoon in the Chestnut Walk, they could only wonder and surmise together, and put questions to each other which, till further enlightenment should come from some quarter, there was no possibility of their being able to answer. Between whiles they had their own personal matters to attend to—sweet confidences to exchange, vows of unalterable love to reiterate—not that any such iteration was needed on either side, but simply because it is so sweet to be told again and yet again by the lips most dear to us that we are beloved.

When Evan got back to Berriefield, he found, to his chagrin, that he had either lost or mislaid

a silver cigarette case by which he set great store. It had been the gift of a dear friend, since dead, and he valued it accordingly. At once he called to mind that he had had it last that afternoon in the Chestnut Walk. While waiting for Edie, he had sat down by the ruined fountain and lighted a cigarette; then, instead of putting the case back into his pocket, he must, in pure absent-mindedness, have laid it down on the stonework and there have left it. The question was, whether he should go back at once and search for it, or risk leaving it where it was till he met Edie there on the morrow? The place was a lonely one, and little likely to be intruded on meanwhile; still, he felt that he should not readily forgive himself if his dead friend's gift were lost through any remissness on his part. The evening was a fine one, he was tired of the hotel and its company, and he decided that he could not do better than go back and search for his missing property.

On this particular evening he found himself back at the fountain in due course. There, just as he had left it, was the cigarette case he had come in search of. The moon was rising by this time. It was not yet high enough in the heavens to overtop the loftier branches of the encircling trees, on which the tender buds of spring were here and there bursting into leaf; but its rays, filtering through them, made an intricate silvery network on the turf of the glade—fit ballroom for elves and fairies and other shy creatures of the night, whose revels the 'inward eye' of Phantasy alone is privileged to behold.

So still and beautiful at this hour was the spot, that Evan, heated somewhat by his walk, seated himself where he had sat in the afternoon, and proceeded, after the fashion of his age and kind, to conciliate the tutelary spirit of the place by a burnt-offering in the shape of tobacco. Then he fell to thinking about his lady-love, and what more delightful occupation could any young man have at such an hour and in such a place? His meerschaum had burnt itself out without his being aware of the fact, so immersed was he in the pleasant process of aerial castle-building, when something broke his reverie on a sudden and caused him to look up with startled eyes. From the footway which gave admittance to the glade at the point nearest the Chase, a dimly-outlined female figure had glided into view, and after advancing a little way over the checkered floor of silver bar and shadow, now stood motionless as in the act of listening. Evan's first thought was that it was Edie, whom some strange chance or magnetic attraction had brought there again at the very time he was thinking about her; but a longer and steadier look convinced him that he was mistaken. So far as he could make out, the woman was a stranger to him. Where he sat he was in deep shadow, being hidden in part by the broken masonry of the fountain, and in part by the low-spreading branches of an ancient yew which grew close by. Actuated by one of those instincts which work in us without consciously bringing into play any portion of our reasoning faculties, he moved slowly and noiselessly back into a space of still deeper shadow, where it would be impossible for any one to discern him from a greater distance than three or four yards, but whence the entire space of moonlit

glade was clearly visible to him. Scarcely had Evan accomplished this before a man came quickly into the glade from the end opposite that by which the woman had arrived, and passing within half-a-dozen yards of the fountain, went directly up to her, while she on her part advanced to meet him, and putting one arm about her, drew her to him and kissed her three or four times.

In the man, to his intense astonishment, Evan at once recognised Mr Romer Vodney. But who was the woman?

WITH THE BLIND OF SWITZERLAND.

ON the outskirts of that most delightful of lake-towns, Lausanne, stands a modest mansion, whose unpretending exterior gives no clue to the grand work going on within. Indeed, so little does it draw attention to itself, that but for friendly guidance, we should have been puzzled to find the building. As it is, we have not chosen a visiting hour, and the white-capped *conciierge* is doubtful whether M. le Directeur is at liberty. But an intimation that the welfare of the blind is of special interest to the English visitor proves a passport, and we are speedily ushered into the private sitting-room of the head of the establishment. Keen-eyed, business-like, and yet kindly, is our host, and by no means afraid to emphasise the absorbing interest he takes in his work. He has but recently returned from a visiting tour through the principal countries of Europe, and is full of information as to the various methods pursued in blind institutions of other lands; indeed, it has seldom been our experience to meet with any one so entirely given up, heart and soul, to any special interest; and it is not surprising to learn from other sources that this 'Asile des Aveugles' owes much of its success to the zeal and energy of its Directeurs.

The very ponderous volumes on the shelves with which the room is lined suggest inquiry as to the state of blind-literature, and we are speedily initiated into the mysteries of the various forms of embossed type in use. According to our enthusiastic host, there can be no question as to the superiority of the 'Braille' alphabet both as regards size and simplicity. How important is the first consideration will be seen in the fact that the complete 'Bible for the Blind' is composed of thirty-two folio volumes, weighing about one hundred and twenty pounds, and costing over one hundred and fifty francs!

'Do you get your books from Paris?' we inquire.

'At present we do. Most of our music comes from there, and a good many school-books; but, unfortunately, the type is the ordinary Roman; and so we can only look upon them as a *pis aller*, until we get our own printing-works into order again.'

'Has the institution done much printing in the past?'

'Yes; a good deal. For instance, when the Asile was founded in 1844, the only portion of the Bible [French] printed in relief was the gospel of Mark, and this in Roman lettering. But by the end of 1867 the institution had printed eight thousand six hundred and twenty-five volumes, including the completed Braille

Bible, a collection of Hymns with tunes, a History of Switzerland, a Geography Primer, and a volume of Poetry and Fables.'

'But here, in Switzerland, you must need German books as well as French?'

'Unfortunately, that is an addition to our library troubles. But the bulk of our teaching is in French, and we find our stock of a portion of the Bible, a hymn-book, and three reading-books, enough for German needs.'

'But at best you could have only a limited selection of lesson-books. Do you rely on them as the chief method of instruction?'

'Oh no. Most of our work is done by means of oral teaching.—But you will see in here'—leading the way to the schoolroom—'we have a good many aids apart from books.—Marie, mon enfant'—to a bright child of eight—'come and show our visitors where is "la belle Suisse."'

And in a minute the little hands pass with delicate touch over the elevations and depressions of an embossed map and light in triumph on the mountainous district that tells of 'La Patrie.' The less interesting land of the visitors is also quickly found; and we are assured that broad geographical outlines are as easily taught to the blind as to the seeing.

Our little show-woman is one of the born blind to whom the deprivation comes very much as a matter of course, at least in childhood; and her face bears every mark of lively intelligence in spite of its blank sightless eyes. But Marie is perhaps exceptionally bright, and certainly enters into her work with far more zest than her companion Louise, who is decidedly inclined to pout over her writing lesson. The slate on which she is learning to form letters is an ingenious contrivance, by means of which no greater difficulty meets the blind pupil than besets the path of the seeing child who attempts the mysteries of lines and pothooks. But Louise does not share our admiration of her copy-book; and as we praise it, she lifts up an indignant face, lighted by eyes so wide open and clear, that it is indeed difficult to believe that she is doomed to a life of darkness.

But apart from learning, which she hates, Louise is cheerful enough to be a contrast to the next pupil, who attracts our attention in the classroom which we now enter. Such a woful face turns instinctively towards the opening door, and the hopelessly injured eyes tell their own tale of sudden overwhelming calamity! A working lad of sixteen, the victim of an explosion, he is now slowly and painfully trying to begin life afresh under sadly altered conditions. The alphabet is his task at present; but the heavy fingers have as yet no special delicacy of touch, and it needs all his teacher's kind encouragement to induce him to persevere.

'Pauvre garçon,' says the Directeur as he closes the door behind us. 'But he will get more hopeful as time goes on.—Ah, Hermann'—as we come across a well-grown lad of fourteen—'we will return with thee to the little schoolroom, and thou shalt show us how thou canst read.—Now, go to the bookcase and take down the first book that comes to hand.'

Hermann goes across the room unhesitatingly, and returns with a ponderous volume, from which he proceeds to read with admirable fluency,

his German accent alone betraying the fact that he is not dealing with his mother-tongue. The sorrowful face of the poor young labourer has been eagerly turned towards the reader; and putting a fatherly hand on his shoulder, the Directeur says heartily: 'Courage, mon ami.—Hermann was in just thy condition a year ago; and now, see! he can not only read, but can find his way about as easily as you both did before your sorrows.'

A faint smile comes over Henri's face as Hermann asks if he may take his companion out of doors for a walk and talk.

'By all means,' says the Directeur; then explains to us: 'You see, this is not regular school-time; all the classes are held in the morning; and in the afternoon, those who are not advanced enough to learn from books, receive individual attention at our teachers' convenience.'

'And how far do your pupils go in general knowledge?'

'Well! we have three classes into which the school is divided. In the lowest, they take reading, recitation, arithmetic, singing, and sacred history, in addition to object lessons and manual work. The next grade goes on to grammar, spelling, history, geography, elementary physics, writing, and the theory of music; and in the highest class, composition and analysis are added. Then the boys do a good deal of gymnastics; and those girls or boys with special musical taste receive instruction on piano or organ.'

'Is it true that the blind are particularly fond of music?'

'Yes; I think, broadly speaking, it is so. There is certainly no doubt of their appreciating our fortnightly musical evenings, when various ladies and gentlemen give them the treat of vocal and instrumental music. But as regards turning the taste to practical account, I cannot say it provides a living for more than one or two occasionally.—'This,' leading the way to the *atelier*, 'is our best hope as regards the future of the majority.'

The *atelier* is divided into various departments, in each of which are workers of every grade, from the beginner, who is proudly feeling over his first production, a rough *hotte* for vineyard use, to the high-class workman who is putting the finishing touches to an elaborate flower-stand.

Every variety of cane and wicker work is undertaken in this hive of industry, and it is curious to note the possibilities of what would seem but a limited trade. Baskets of every size, shape, pattern, and colour, are arranged in tempting order; there is an almost endless selection for paper, linen, work, and flowers; whilst on the utilitarian side are marketing baskets to meet the needs of any sized families; and receptacles for bread, grocery, fruit, and bottles, keep company with fancy kennels for household pets. There is also a choice of garden furniture—some distinguished as *forme anglaise*!—and a specialty in travelling dress-baskets strikes us as particularly good. The very best quality and largest size is marked ten francs fifty centimes—a price that would not compare unfavourably with those of London or Paris.

Of course, the inevitable chair-caning is one of the Asile industries; and there is also a show

of Swiss wood-carving. One worker is particularly proud of his *bonbonnières*, and is anxious to show how admirably they fit into the waist-coat pocket. But we blush to remember how far behind the age is the average Englishman, who does not consider his lozenge box as an essential make-weight for his tobacco-pouch!

In the women's department are also very creditable specimens of handiwork at strictly moderate prices; but it is satisfactory to learn that all is sold at a fair profit, and that every material used is thoroughly good of its kind. A good many of the employees are of considerable age: one, we are told, entered the institution at forty-five, being the father of five children; and four others are between the ages of twenty-five and fifty. Of course, in such cases, loss of sight is the result of illness or injury, and learning is a much slower process than with those who possess naturally the marvellous sensitiveness of the born blind. At the same time, they have of course the stimulus of experience, which prompts them to 'make hay while the sun shines;' and not a few exhibit heroic patience in the struggle to make a fresh start.

In addition to such adult apprentices, there are always a certain number of boys and girls from the school under *atelier* instruction.

'And what becomes of them when they leave?'

We inquire. 'Well! we have one training to be a piano-tuner; another is an organist, and plays at evening parties; and a good many carry on basket-work at home with at least sufficient success to prevent their being a burden on friends. Some of course do much more than this; but we reckon that with average intelligence and perseverance, no pupil after passing through our course need be a trouble to himself or others.'

'And suppose the health fails or the home is broken up, have you any fund for helping such?'

'Oh yes; we have a *caisse de secours*, which provides small pensions for several former pupils, besides supplying temporary help for many.' And the Directeur goes on to give many interesting details, which space—or lack of it—prevents our quoting. But an interruption comes in the shape of a tall, well-made, young fellow who ventures to attract our entertainer's attention, with many apologies for the fact that he will only just have time to catch the train for Geneva, where, we gather, he has secured a situation as clerk. He is introduced to us as a wonderful case of recovery. Coming into the Asylum totally blind, in spite of a series of operations, the doctor of the institution ventured on still more radical treatment, with so happy a result that 'Edouard' is once more able to take his place on the ordinary level of life.

And this brings us to the most marked feature of this Swiss Asile—its ophthalmic hospital, where diseases of the eye are treated by an accomplished specialist.

In the first ward we enter, a baby of eighteen months is sending forth a pitiful wail, so suggestive of suffering that we naturally inquire as to the severity of its ailment. But the Directeur shakes his head, and explains that a first lesson in obedience is the origin of lamentation.

'Have you much difficulty in that way?' we ask.

'Yes, indeed; it is our greatest trouble, and much harder to deal with very often than the ophthalmia. You see, in their own houses the mothers think it will not do to let the eyes be hurt by crying, and the tempers get so spoilt, it is a matter of great difficulty to get a fair chance for treatment.—Look yonder,' he adds, pointing to a working-woman walking up and down another ward with a heavy boy of two in her arms. 'See what a burden that poor soul has made for herself! That child no more needs hushing-up than you or I; but his mother has made herself such a slave, she is not only unable to go out to work, but her tyrant will not even allow her to sit down when he is awake.'

'And are you obliged to take her in as well as the child?'

'For a few days, until the first novelty has worn off. But as soon as the boy is accustomed to the place and people, she will have to leave him; and I can assure you, in a week's time he will be as good as little Fritz over there.'

Fritz, also hardly out of babyhood, is amusing himself in perfect content, although his bandaged eyes really do give him a good bit of pain, and he is, moreover, troubled with an irritating skin affection. The latter, the Directeur explains, is the direct result of lack of cleanliness, also an important element in the production of infantile ophthalmia.

'But,' he adds, 'I must confess that there is very decided improvement in this respect on the whole, and indeed the proportion of cures amongst the young continues to steadily increase.'

'And do you think Fritz will recover?' asks my friend.

'Oh yes. Monsieur le Docteur is quite sure he will be able to see in time; but it will be a question of patience. Very different from a case I will show you in the next ward.—Ah, Adèle, is it light now?'—addressing a trim young woman who wears a shade over both eyes.

'Mais, oui, Monsieur,' is the joyful response. 'And to think I shall be able to see all their faces again when I go back!'

'Were you quite blind?' we inquire.

'Yes, indeed, quite, quite. I had lived in the terrible dark for months that seemed years; and I could not believe Monsieur le Docteur when he told me I should see again if I would let him cut my eyes.' As she speaks, an amused smile flits over the face of a patient in bed close by, and the Directeur inquires what is tickling her fancy.

'Ah, Monsieur,' she replies, 'I was only thinking how I told the doctor who said the same to me, that I would rather be blind than be operated on.'

'But you changed your mind?'

'Yes, indeed. When my poor mother became ill and my sister had to stay at home to nurse her, I could no longer refrain from anything that might make me able to help them both.'

'And did you find the operation so very bad?' we ask.

'No, no; indeed, it was partly that made me smile. They just put me to sleep; and when I woke up, it was all over. Yesterday, the doctors took my bandages off for a minute; and oh, Monsieur, I could see!'

The exultant joy of the last words could hardly

be surpassed, and led naturally to the question: 'Are most of the operations successful?'

'Of that particular class, yes, as a rule. But of course a good many patients apply where no treatment, medical or surgical, can be of the slightest good.'

'And as a broad rule, is there much suffering in the generality of cases?'

'On the whole, I think not so much as people imagine. The young man leaning his head on his arms, in the first male ward, has suffered agonies from neuralgia of the optic nerve, and sometimes there is a great deal of pain outwardly; but I should say that in the majority of cases diseases of the eye and operations are less painful than popular fancy pictures them. Indeed, it is not in its suffering, but in its isolation and helplessness, that blindness falls so heavily on the working-classes; and in countries where the labour market is already overstocked, the man who cannot see is at a terrible disadvantage.'

Whilst talking thus, we have made the tour of the premises; and as we return to the entrance hall we catch sight through an open door of a cosy little room fitted up for one inmate.

'Is this a room for private patients?' we inquire.

'It used to be one of four reserved for those able to pay more than the cost of board; but the system was found liable to abuse; and indeed we need all our forty-five beds for the really poor.'

'And do they pay the cost of board?'

'Yes; there is a fixed charge: one franc fifty centimes a day for adults, one franc for children under fifteen; and this is only reduced when the applicant is furnished with an *acte d'indigence* from the municipality.'

'Is a subscriber's letter needed?'

'Oh no; that is not our way. The hospital is open to all who need—and "need" is the only passport.'

'Are its benefits for Swiss only?' we ask.

'Mainly, of course. But we do not shut our doors upon strangers; and'—with a smile and bow—'we have even had the pleasure of an occasional English patient!'

Certainly, considering the size and population of Switzerland, her blind are provided for on a scale that would well bear comparison with larger countries; and no one interested in the afflicted could fail to be pleased with the completeness of the work accomplished in this *Asile des Aveugles de Lausanne*.

A MARRIAGE MADE IN HEAVEN.

CHAPTER II.—CONCLUSION.

THE schoolmaster proceeded to think over the matter—that is to say, he proceeded to muse over it; by which process he did not face the facts as they were—did not become better acquainted with the real Miss Blakely, who, although an estimable woman in her own way, with something of a good heart at bottom, was not an attractive personage, or one at all fitted to make him happier by reigning over his domicile. In his musing, however, he did make a sort of progress in another way, for he conjured up an ideal Miss Blakely, gentle and good,

cheerful, with intellectual tastes like his own, a person who, like himself, had not fared happily in the world until now, and for whom his love and protection would make a paradise of the remaining years of her life, as her gentle sympathy would make of his. It did occur to him, occasionally, that the picture he was drawing might not be quite correct, and at those times he would emerge from his sitting-room to go into the kitchen, where, except in the evening, Mrs Sims held her court, and would ask a few questions of this oracle by way of adjusting his own ideas to the truth. Poor Mrs Sims, between her extreme honesty and her desire to see the schoolmaster, whom she really loved, assured of future comfort before she left the place, had much ado to be 'tactful' and say the right thing. She naturally, however, regarded comfort as pertaining solely to the outer man, and fully believed that this marriage was the best step he could take; so her answers, when they could not be satisfactory, were vague. The schoolmaster's questions were certainly not always just what might have been expected under the circumstances, and some of them were more easy to answer than others. After a premonitory query or two, one day he stood thoughtfully stroking his beard beside the kitchen dresser, quite regardless of all that was going on in the way of dinner around him.

'Ah—you said, I think, Mrs Sims—or perhaps I only imagined it—but perhaps I am not altogether wrong in supposing that Miss Blakely had a mother?'

'Oh yes, sir, that she had,' said the widow without hesitation.

'Ah, I am glad of that,' he said with a sigh of relief, thinking of the love and loss which had been the romance and tragedy of his own life. 'And she died, I suppose?'

'I suppose so,' said Mrs Sims, 'for she's not living.'

At that moment the schoolmaster was almost persuaded to think well of the scheme proposed to him, and to write the letter; but before this was accomplished he began to doubt again, and went through quite a prolonged period of indecision, of despondency as to his own chances of acceptance, and hesitation as to the advisability of the arrangement altogether.

During this time Mrs Sims was at great pains to dispel his fears. 'How can you doubt, sir, that you'll be much happier with a wife to cook your meals regular, and no more bother about changements all your life? I'm sure if I were you, sir, I wouldn't hesitate between the joys of matrimony and single life.'

'Perhaps not, Mrs Sims; but I, being I, do hesitate. It is a very important step to take, just because, as you say, there will be no more change.'

'And it's just you that have been telling me that the very thing you dislike most in this world is change. And there are other advantages, too, in having kith and kin, for it's lonesome without when you're old; and just think how beautiful for a wife to weep over you when you're a-dying—and she'll do all that, Miss Blakely will, sir; I'm sure, as her friend, I can answer for it.'

'The wills above be done,' murmured the

schoolmaster, 'but I would fain die a dry death.'

However, as his housekeeper said, time pressed, and, perhaps as much by natural reaction of cheerful feeling as by the force of her arguments, in the course of a few days the schoolmaster was again disposed to take a more favourable view of the plan. Still he procrastinated; and the very evening before the widow's departure had arrived, and yet nothing was done. Then it happened, as is frequently the case when the mind is balancing between two opinions, that a very small circumstance determined him to write the all-important note. The circumstance was none other than his having a convenient opportunity of sending it; for to him, as to many other unpractical minds, the small difficulties in the way of any action had as great a deterring power as more important considerations. Miss Blakely happened to live on the other side of the town, and though the master walked much farther than that himself every day, he felt that in this case it would hardly be dignified to be his own messenger.

It was early in the evening, and the master's window was open to the soft spring air that came in full of the freshness of young leaves and flowers and the joyous splash of the flooded river. He observed two of his school-boys loitering under the window, evidently wishing to speak to him, yet too bashful; so he got up, and went and sat on the window-sill, and smiled at them, and they smiled back. They had a tale to tell; but, as it was of a somewhat delicate nature and hard to explain, he had to listen very patiently. They had a dollar—a brown and green paper dollar—which they gave him with an air of solemn importance. They said that they and some of their comrades had been a long way from home gathering saxifrage, and that they had met one of the young ladies of the town. She had her arms full of flowers, and her pocket quite full of moss, so full that she had had to take her purse and handkerchief out and hold them in her hand with the flowers because the moss was wet. When she came upon them, they were trying to get some saxifrage that was on a ledge of rock; they could only climb half-way up the rock, and were none of them tall enough to reach it; so she put down all her flowers and things and climbed up and got it for them; but in the meantime one of them opened the purse and took out the dollar. She never found it out, and went away.

'Not either of you?' said the schoolmaster.

'No, sir; one of the other fellows did it. But he's sorry, and wants to give it back; so we said that we would tell you, and perhaps you would give it to her.'

'Why couldn't you go and give it to her, just as you have given it to me?'

'Because we knew you'd b'lieve us that it was just the way we said; and her folks, you know, might think we'd done it when we said we hadn't. Or, mother said, if you didn't want to be troubled, perhaps you'd just kindly write a line to say how it was, and we'll go and leave it at the house after dark and come away quick.'

The master had no objection to this; so he

brought the boys in and got out his best note-paper—for he was fastidious about some things—and he wrote a note beginning 'Dear Madam,' telling in a few lines that the money had been stolen and restored.

'What is the lady's name?' he asked, taking up the envelope.

'It was Eelen Reid, sir; Mr Reid's daughter that keeps the shop.'

So the schoolmaster wrote 'Miss Eelen Reid' in a fair round hand and then he paused for a moment. He was making up his mind to the all-decisive action.

'Perhaps you can wait for another note and take that for me at the same time,' he said. He gave them some picture papers to look at. Then he wrote the note of such moment to himself, beginning, as before, 'Dear Madam,' and doing his best to follow the many instructions which the faithful Mrs Sims had given him. It was a curious specimen of literature, in which a truly elegant mind and warm heart were veiled, but not hidden, by an embarrassed attempt at conventional phrases—a letter that most women would laugh at, and that the best women would reverence. Then he addressed that envelope too, and sealed the notes and sent away the boys.

There was no sleep for the schoolmaster that night. With folded arms he paced his room in restless misery. Now that the die was once cast, the ideal Miss Blakely faded from his mind; he felt instinctively that she was mythical. He saw clearly that he had made a terrible mistake, that he had forfeited the best possibilities of life for the sake of temporary convenience, that he had sold his birthright for a mess of pottage.

The long night passed at length, as all nights pass. The sun rose over the purple hills to glow upon the spring-stirred forest and to send his shafts deep down into the clear heart of lake and stream. The fallen beauty of past woodland summers had tinged the water till it glowed like nut-brown wine; so brown it was that the pools of the river, where it swirled and rushed past the school-house bend, seemed to greet the sun with the soft dark glances of fawn-eyed water-sprites. The glorious sky, the tender colours of the budding wood, the very dandelions on the untrimmed bank, seemed to contrive their hues to accord and rejoice with the laughing water, and the birds swelled out its song. In the rapture of spring and of morning there was no echo of grief; for the unswerving law of nature, moving through the years, had set each thing in its right home. It is only the perplexed soul that is forced to choose its own way and suffer from the choice, and the song of our life is but set to the accompaniment of a sad creed if we may not trust that, above our human wills, there is a Power able to over-rule the mistakes of true hearts, to lead the blind by unseen paths, and save the simple from their own simplicity.

Very early in the morning the schoolmaster, haggard and worn, slipped out of his own door to refresh himself in the sunlight that gleamed down upon his bit of green through the budding willow-trees that grew by the river-side. He stood awhile under the bending boughs, watching the full stream as it tossed its spray into the lap of the flower-fringed shore. He looked, as he stood there, like a ghost of the preceding

night, caught against his will and embraced by the joyous morning. Just then he had a vision.

A girl came towards him across the grass and stood a few paces distant. The slender twigs, with their hanging catkins and tiny golden leaves, made a sort of veil between them. She was very beautiful, this girl, at least so the schoolmaster thought; perhaps she was the personification of the morning, perhaps she was a wood-nymph—it did not matter much; he felt, in his excitement and exhaustion, that her beauty and grace were not real, but only an hallucination of moving sun and shade. She took the swaying willow-twigs in her pretty hands and looked through them at him and stroked the downy flowers.

'Why did you send me that letter?' she said at last, with a touch of severity in her voice.

'I didn't,' he said, without pausing to think what she could mean.

'Yes, you did,' she replied seriously, looking at him with large, earnest eyes.

He remembered now, with a sort of dull return of consciousness, that he *was* guilty of having sent a letter—terribly guilty in his own estimation—but it was sent to Miss Blakely, and this was not Miss Blakely; he had taken the precaution to know her by sight at least before he took the final step. And that one letter had so completely absorbed all his mind that he had quite forgotten any others that he might have written in the course of his life.

'You certainly did write it,' she repeated, with a slight tone of indignation in her voice; 'and if you had any reason for writing it, I don't see why you should deny it now.'

'Do not be angry with me,' he said imploringly. He had but one idea, that was, to keep this radiant dream of beauty with him as long as possible.

'I'm not angry,' she replied, becoming gentle at the first tone of entreaty on his part; 'indeed, I am not angry at all—indeed'—and here she looked down at the twigs in her hand and began pulling the young leaves rather roughly—'I am not sure but what I am rather pleased. I have so often met you out walking, you know; only I didn't know that you had ever noticed me.'

'I never did,' said the schoolmaster; but happily his nervous lips gave but indistinct utterance to the words, and his tone was pathetic. She thought he had only made some further pleading.

'I—I—I like you very much,' she said. 'I suppose, of course, everybody will be very much surprised, and mother may not be pleased, you know, just at first; but she's good and dear at heart, mother is, in spite of what she says; and father will be glad about anything that pleases me.'

He did not understand what she said; but he felt distressed at the moment to notice that she was twisting the tender willow leaves, albeit he saw that she only did so because, in her embarrassment, her fingers worked unconsciously. He came forward and took her hands gently, to disentangle them from the twigs. She let them lie in his, and looked up in his face and smiled.

'I really will be a very good wife to you, and manage all the common things, and not tease you to be like other men, if you will sometimes

read your books to me and explain to me what life means, and why it is so beautiful, and why things are as they are.'

'I'm afraid I don't understand these matters myself very well,' he said; 'but we can talk about them together.'

'So we will,' she said contentedly; and then she put her arms round him and gave him a kiss.

No one had kissed him since his mother died, and the great joy that took possession of his heart brought, by its stimulus, a sudden illumination to his dazed mind. In a marvellously tender way, for a man who could not go a-courting, he put his hand under the pretty chin and looked down wonderingly, reverently, at the serious, upturned face. 'And this is Eelen Reid?'

Then Eelen, thinking that he was teasing her gently for being so easily won when she had gained the reputation of being so proud, cast down her eyes and blushed.

So they were married, and lived happily, very happily, although they had their sorrows, as others have. The schoolmaster never told any one of his blunder except his wife, and she found in it a boundless source of comfort, for, in her simple faith, she took it as a proof that God himself had sent his angel, whom the earth calls Chance, to teach them the glad lore of love.

As for Miss Blakely, she never quite understood who had stolen the dollar, or when, or where; but she was glad to get it back, especially as she had a serious disappointment about the same time. She found it hard to forgive Mrs Sims for having managed her trust so ill, although the widow declared, with tears in her eyes, that she had done her best.

'He would have taken in the knowingest person, he would indeed, Ann Blakely; and, to my notion, a straightforward woman like you is well quit of a man who, while he looked so innocent, could act so deep.'

THE SOUTH-WEST MONSOON.

THIS is the name of one of the periodic winds that sweep over the southern part of the continent of Asia, and especially over India and Burma; and which is the cause of the well-marked rainy season in the latter countries. The coming of the monsoon is looked forward to by both the European and native communities of India with great interest, as it brings about a very agreeable change of climate, and also it brings the rain, without which the land would be very nearly barren. Unless one has been in India, it is difficult to realise the great change that takes place in the appearance of the country when the rains have set in from what it had been before. Gradually, from the end of March the heat has been increasing, and not a vestige of cloud has been seen; and as April advances, a hot westerly wind has begun to blow, and the air gets drier and drier, until all vegetation seems parched and dead. Fortunately, the hot wind generally ceases at sun-

set, and some relief is obtained, but not much; for the soil, the roads, and buildings give out the heat they have absorbed during the day, so that the air is still being heated, although to a less extent; and the thermometer in the shade may sink from one hundred and upwards to ninety-five degrees or thereabouts.

This condition of things lasts all through May and on to near the end of June, when the rains set in, and all is changed. The wind now blows from the east or south-east, and strings of clouds come with it; the temperature falls ten or fifteen degrees at least, and the air is perceptibly moist. This may last for a week or two, and the rain so much longed for holds off in the most tantalising way. At last a shower does fall, but at first it hardly suffices to moisten the thirsty land. Soon, however, the rain-bearing current gains strength, and the showers become more frequent and heavier, and water begins to flow in the drains and river-courses. The leaves of the trees get washed and look greener; and the grass begins to grow, so that the fields of baked earth become verdant and fresh. The first creatures of the animal kingdom that show renewed life are the frogs, and the ditches and ponds which were silent before are now resounding with their croaking.

The frogs are not the only creatures which the rains wake up into life. All kinds of insects make their appearance. Moths and beetles of all kinds and sizes begin to creep or fly about. At night the atmosphere seems full of insects, and the tops of some trees are rendered brilliant by the swarms of fireflies. Many of the insects are attracted by the lamps in the houses, and the table on which the lamp stands gets covered with their half-singed bodies. An insect which appears often after the first shower is the 'imago' form of the white ant. It is also much attracted towards a light, and being a four-winged insect, and the wings having a very slight attachment to the body, they readily come off, and bestrew the place underneath a lamp, while the soft greasy body of the ant creeps over the table-cover in a very helpless way. This manifestation of insect life is a very unwelcome visitant to the houses in the rainy season of India.

The rains last from the later part of June to the middle or end of September. Sometimes the showers last for three or four hours, sometimes for as many days. The writer of this paper has known the rain to fall continuously for three whole days, a great flood over a wide extent of country being the result. These floods are usually very destructive to railways, roads, buildings, as well as to trees and crops. Sometimes no rain falls for a week or ten days, giving rise to a disagreeable break, in which the clouds clear away, and the sun comes out; evaporation goes on apace with the increased temperature, so that the air is almost saturated with vapour. The climate then is very trying, and is far worse to bear than

the previous period of dry air, although then the air might be ten or fifteen degrees warmer. In fact, it is only when the showers are falling that the rainy season is enjoyable.

From a scientific point of view, the south-west monsoon and the rain it brings are easily accounted for. It is nothing else than an altered trade-wind. As is well known, the trade-winds blow from the north and south towards the equator, forming a belt of calm where they meet. On account of the rotation of the earth from west to east, these north and south currents get an easterly cast the nearer they approach the equator, so that the wind on the north becomes north-east, and that on the south becomes south-east. If the equatorial belt were always directly under the sun, these winds would remain unaltered in direction, and possibly in force also; but the earth in its circuit round the sun brings different parts of its surface directly under its rays. The extent of this ever-varying surface is measured by the northern and the southern tropic. From the 21st of March to the 21st of June it may be said that the sun is marching northwards, and with it goes the zone of greatest heat, and towards this zone the air is impelled. On June 21st the sun has reached its northern turning-point or tropic, and this tropic is nearly the latitude of Calcutta, so that the whole peninsular portion of India is now a very highly heated area, towards which the indraught from the south comes. This current in its journey sweeps over the Indian Ocean, and thus acquires much moisture. Moreover, it travels from a low to a higher latitude, and therefore from a belt of swifter to one of slower terrestrial motion. In this motion the air partakes, and with the earth it moves from west to east, so that between the two impulses it blows over India, Burma, and China, as a south-west wind. Such a wind needs only to be cooled in order to make it part with much of its moisture. A cooling agency exists in the great mountain barrier, the Himalayas, against which the wind blows. By the mountains it is tilted upwards, and so being cooled, large heavy clouds are formed, from which the rain descends with what is called tropical violence.

Strictly speaking, the monsoon is only a south-west wind along the western coasts of India and Burma. In the interior, its direction is changed by the mountain chains, and especially by the eastern part of the Himalayas, known as the Khasia Hills, by which it is made to turn almost at a right angle and blow up the valley of the Ganges and over much of continental India as a south-east wind.

At the very place where this air-current is changed in its direction, the fall of rain is possibly the greatest in the world. On the southern slope of these Eastern Himalayas is Cherapoonjee, the rainfall of which has been known to exceed six hundred inches, and it is almost always over four hundred inches. (The annual rainfall in Great Britain is on the west coast from thirty to forty-five inches, and on the east coast twenty to twenty-eight. In westerly places near high

hills it may run as much as from eighty to one hundred and fifty inches.) And this great down-pour occurs in about seven months; while in the other part of the year only a few showers fall.

From the part which the mountains play in causing the discharge of the moisture from the monsoon current, it will be readily understood that on these high hills and in their vicinity the highest rainfalls of India take place. The following figures, giving the annual falls of rain in places in Northern India, illustrate this well. Dehra has a fall of 85 to 95; Roorkee, 40 to 42; Meerut, 32 to 35; Agra, 22 to 24 inches. These four places lie almost directly north and south of each other, Dehra being close up to the Himalayas; while Agra is about one hundred miles in a straight line to the south of them. The rainfall also diminishes in a north-westerly direction, so that places in the Western Punjab have a very small rainfall: Mooltan has only about five inches; and Sind, which lies to the south of that, is very nearly rainless, and is a great sandy desert in consequence.

LOST ATLANTIS.

LOST Atlantis sleeping lies
Far away 'mid sunny skies,
And the sea is ever blue;
Naught is old, and naught is new;
All is as it wont to be
In the ages past. But we,
We have lost the path which leads
To these flower-strewn, grassy meads.
Yet at times there comes a breeze,
Spicy wind from southern seas,
Where we sailed in days of yore—
Youthful days that are no more;
And while still those breezes sigh,
Past and present, drawing nigh,
Hand in hand together stand,
And before us that lost land
Lies, as long ago it lay,
In the days when life was May.
Naught is changed, and all is there;
Voices fill the silent air.
All the friends of days gone by—
We can see them drawing nigh,
All the hopes, the joys, the fears,
Through the snows of long-past years.
We are back again once more,
With the days that went before.

But the breeze has passed away,
And no longer it is May;
Vanished all, and hushed each voice,
But our inmost hearts rejoice,
For although Atlantis lies
Hidden ever from our eyes,
Yet some day, when all is done,
And night comes, the setting sun
Will uplift the mists, and we
That old pathway then shall see—
No more Atlantis lost will be.

FLORENCE PEACOCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 399.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 22, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE 'EISTEDDFOD.'

Their Lord they shall praise;
Their Language they shall keep;
Their land they shall lose,
Except wild Wales.

TALIESIN, A.D. 540.

WHAT the Isthmian Games were to the ancient Greek, such is the Eisteddfod to the modern Welshman. The word Eisteddfod means a sitting or a session, and it refers to the national gathering held annually in the Principality, when prizes are given to the successful competitors in poetry, music, painting, &c. It is the goal of a Cymro's ambition to carry off a prize at this institution; and the winner of the chair for the chief bardic competition is looked upon by his fellow-countrymen as very little lower, if any, than a Senior Wrangler or a Senior Classic.

Time was when the English press found in the Eisteddfod only a subject for ridicule, and sneered at Taffy's enthusiasm over this old-fashioned institution; but times are changed, and opinions altered for the better. Now the Eisteddfod receives a fair meed of praise even from the London dailies; and the illustrated weeklies do not think it derogatory on their part to give it more than a passing notice, both by pen and pencil.

It is difficult to over-estimate what Wales owes to this time-honoured institution, especially in the past, when the Welshman's opportunities of obtaining knowledge were but few, and when Universities, Grammar and Elementary Schools, were either not known, or very rarely met with in the Principality. Then the Eisteddfod was the foster-mother of literature and the nurse of the fine arts. We may well call it a Perambulating University, at which many a promising youth graduated. Many who afterwards became noted scholars and eminent in the pulpit and at the bar, would have been otherwise lost to their country simply from lack of opportunity of awakening and afterwards nourishing the genius lying dormant; in many an instance the Eisteddfod brought the flower to the sun, and placed

it in a soil where it could flourish. Listen to an authority upon this subject: 'The Eisteddfod has been the means of bringing into public notice almost all the poets, literary men, and musicians of Wales, and has been of great service in furthering native talent and fostering the latent genius of the Welsh people.'

This institution serves another useful purpose. It is a common platform on which Churchman and Nonconformist, Conservative and Liberal, can meet on equal and friendly terms to discuss those measures and subjects which are of equal interest to all classes. This binds heart to heart, by reminding the Welshman that the points on which he and his fellow-men differ are after all fewer in number than those upon which they agree.

Again, the Welsh love their Queen, seeing that she is deserving of their love, and more especially on account of her being a descendant of a Welsh Prince, Owen Tudor. If Welshmen were to be deprived of their language—and it is one of the duties of the Eisteddfod to prevent this—then one principle of their loyalty would be done away with.

As already stated, the national Eisteddfod is held annually. North and South Wales claim it alternately. Twice it has been allowed to migrate over the borders—once to Liverpool, a city which has been well called the capital of Wales, from the great number of Welsh people living there; and once to London, in the year of Her Majesty's Jubilee. There is evinced annually a healthy rivalry between the towns for the honour of having the Eisteddfod for the following year. Now, this is very praiseworthy; for to the locality in which it is held, it means much labour, and no mean expenditure of time and money, to bring it to a successful issue. The Eisteddfod is solemnly proclaimed twelve months beforehand, when a Gorsedd is held—that is, a Congress of Bards around a stone circle, and the following prayer, in the vernacular, is offered to the Deity:

God, impart Thy strength;
And in that strength, reason;

And in reason, knowledge;
 And in knowledge, justice;
 And in justice, the love of it;
 And in that love, the love of everything;
 And in the love of everything, the love of God!
 O Jesu, repress injustice!

The time of meeting is in the autumn, and the festival lasts four days. When the long-expected time has come, the collier, quarryman, and labourer deck themselves in their gayest and best, and, accompanied by sweethearts and wives, betake themselves to the 'Steddfof. An enormous marquee, embellished with patriotic mottoes, and capable of containing several thousands, served for a meeting-place; but of late years a weather-proof structure, built with due regard to comfort and acoustic properties, has come into fashion. The Carnarvon Committee erected a permanent Hall, which is used for concerts, lectures, and political meetings. Before proceeding to the pavilion, a muster of Committee, Bards, and spectators takes place, when the following proclamation in Welsh is read by the Archdruid:

THE TRUTH AGAINST THE WORLD.

In the year —, the sun approaching the autumnal equinox, at the hour of noon, on the —th day of —, after a due proclamation of a year and a day, this Gorsedd is opened in the town of —, with an invitation to all who may come, where no weapon is naked against them, and judgment will be given upon all works of Cymric genius submitted for adjudication, in the eye of the sun and in the face of the light.

Each day has its chairman and conductor. The former has little to do; but much depends upon the latter. He must be endowed with ready wit and ability to keep up the interest of the vast audience through a four or five hours' sitting. The late Mynyddog was renowned as a conductor; he was always pressed into the service, and never failed to keep the audience in good spirits from first to last. Estyn and Glanffrw were also great favourites. Of living conductors, Pedr Mostyn is deservedly popular.

The Bards are to the fore, conspicuous by the medals with which they are adorned—trophies of former victories. Each poet, when he graduates, adopts a *nom-de-plume*, by which he is ever afterwards known. This name has generally some reference to his birthplace or his then abiding-place, as Tudno and Mwrog (the Loyal Welsh Poet), from the patron saints of Llandudno and Llanfwrog respectively; or to some characteristic of his person, as Bardd Coch, the Red Bard. One young man rejoiced in the name of Echrysguthrawgollwch! The meeting always begins with poetical addresses by the Bards.

One very curious and unique custom which still prevails is the ancient manner of singing 'Pennillion' with the harp. The 'Pennillion' or epigrammatical stanzas may be counted by hundreds in the Welsh language; and a skilful singer has his memory well stored with them, and has acquired the art of singing irregular verses of different metres and length to the same tune. The harpist plays over the tune, and the vocalist sings as suits his fancy; beginning with the third, fourth, fifth, or even with the last bar of the tune; and while the harpist gives way to his imagination in different forms of variation of the tune, the singer takes care to keep in correct harmony, and ends exactly with the last

note of the melody. This is the crowning point, and all ears are open to discover a trip or a flaw in this particular.

The two great features of the Eisteddfod which are most anxiously awaited are the Choral Singing Competition on the second day, and the Bardic Competition for the Chair on the third. A substantial prize is offered for the Choral Singing, generally two hundred pounds and a gold medal for the leader. The Penrhyn Choir, under the baton of Dr Rogers, organist of Bangor Cathedral, carried off the prize two years in succession; and the third year it divided the honour with a Huddersfield choir.

The climax, however, is reached on the third, or, as it is called, the Chair Day. Every available seat is occupied; the vast assembly showing the keenest interest in the proceedings; and great are the speculations as to the successful competitor. The prize consists of an elaborately carved oak chair, a gold medal, and a substantial sum of money. The subjects for competition are taken from various sources—biblical, historical, metaphysical, &c. The following have been given: The Creation, the Flood, Belshazzar's Feast, the Resurrection, Landing of the Romans in Britain, Battle of Bosworth Field, Victoria, Charity, and Providence. The composition takes the form of an Awl or ode, which is the most elaborate form of Welsh poetry. It is composed of twenty-four different metres, and about a thousand lines in length. Three veteran bards are chosen to sit in judgment upon the compositions. Now the stillness of death prevails, for one of the three adjudicators has risen to deliver the verdict. The criticism is most thorough; every blemish is pointed out. False quantities, hackneyed expressions, second-hand versifications, obsolete terms, metrical imperfections, and impropriety of terms, are unsparingly exposed. On the other hand, the beauties and perfections are held up for public admiration, and generally the adjudication closes with a peroration such as the following: 'The glowing softness of expression, the graphic elegance of language, the flowing smoothness of versification, the exquisite train of living imagery, and the refined delicacy of taste, displayed in this Awl, combine, in our humble but honest opinion, to claim for the Author the distinguished honour of sitting in the Bardic Chair.'

The successful competitor is then invited by the conductor to come upon the platform. Now expectation is on tiptoe; and after a few minutes of intense silence, a solitary figure rises from among the vast concourse and makes his way towards the platform. He is instantly recognised; and the assembly gives vent to its pent-up feelings in bursts of loud applause. The victor is met by the Bards, and conducted towards the chair amid the strains of *See the conquering Hero comes*; the sword is unsheathed, and thrice is asked the question, 'Is there peace?' and when an affirmative answer has been given, the sword is again sheathed, and the hero is installed in the seat of honour amidst the poetical congratulations of his peers. This seat he occupies during the remainder of the meeting.

It not unfrequently happens that the judges withhold the prize for lack of merit in the compositions. A very melancholy incident happened at the Wrexham Eisteddfod in 1876. When the

successful competitor's name was called out, it was found that the poor fellow had died several weeks previously, and the chair was immediately draped in black.

During the day, subsidiary meetings are held for examining candidates for the degrees of Ovates and Bards, and for discussing matters affecting Cambria's weal or woe, as Intermediate Education, and the Utilisation of the Welsh Language in Elementary Schools. The evening meeting takes the form of a grand concert.

The Prince of Wales honoured with his presence the Eisteddfod held in the Albert Hall, London, 1887; and Her Majesty the Queen, then Princess Victoria, was present at Beaumaris Eisteddfod in 1832.

We have endeavoured to describe the Welshman's holiday *par excellence*, and we venture to think that, in point of morality, it will bear favourable comparison with the Italian's Carnival, the Spaniard's bull-fight, and the Englishman's Derby Day.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXXVII.—FROM CINCINNATI.

MEANWHILE, Cyrus and Geraldine Maitland were sitting out with half-a-dozen others around the tennis court in the valley, all unconscious of the tragedy that was taking place within, so close to where they sat, in Psyche's bedroom. They had played a sett on the ground themselves, and fearing to monopolise the court too long, were now looking on and criticising their four successors, or indulging in the cheap recreation, so popular at health-resorts, of grumbling freely at all their friends and acquaintances. Presently, the talk turned, as it was apt to do, upon poor Psyche and her chances of recovery. 'Do you think she'll ever get well?' Geraldine asked anxiously, for the fiftieth time during the last fortnight.

'Oh, she's all right,' Cyrus answered offhand, with the easy and unthinking optimism of his countrymen. 'Give her time, and she'll come round right so: in my opinion, it's quite a circumstance. I presume she'll worry over it for a month or two more—women do feel bad about such things, I know—but then she'll get better. In our country, we see a lot of these nervous women, and we don't trouble much about 'em, even when they're high-toned. They often seem real sick for a time; but they hang on to life in the long run, by the skin of their teeth, more than the most of folks.'

'I wonder if *she* will,' Geraldine sighed reflectively. 'I hardly believe it. It makes me awfully depressed at times to see her so miserable. Do you know, Mr Vanrenen, I'd do a great deal, if only I could, to help her.'

'Why, so'd I, you bet,' Cyrus responded, open-eyed, with naïve surprise that anybody should think such a truism worth uttering. 'I'd be real pleased, you may put your money on it, if I could do anything to be any sort of use to her. But drug stores ain't much good for a case like hers. Time's the only Soothing Syrup that'll suit her malady. And I guess it'll bring her round all right in the end. You see, she's

one of these high-toned girls that take things to heart a good deal just at first more than most other folks.'

'I don't believe anything'll ever do *her* any good, unless that Mr Linnell of hers were to turn up again,' Geraldine answered suddenly. 'She never thinks of anything else, I'm sure. She fancies she sent him off to his death; and it preys upon her spirits, and she won't be comforted.'

'Do you think he ever *will* turn up?' Cyrus asked, describing a circle on the ground with his light cane. 'I don't. Sirena told me all about it that day when we came along up from the city with Miss Dumaresq. She told me all you said to her on the subject. And I wouldn't like to lay ten dollars myself on the gentleman's life. They were all cut off, you know—or almost all—by the Mahdi's niggers.'

'I can't make my mind up,' Geraldine replied slowly, looking down at the path. 'Sometimes I think there's a chance of it still—you see, he knew Arabic so awfully well—and sometimes I think the wish alone was father to the thought, Mr Vanrenen. But I hope even now; and so I'm pretty sure does Psyche.'

But poor Psyche was that very moment absorbed in her own room by that despairing vision of Linnell lying dead in a pool of his blood on the sands of the desert.

'If he does,' Cyrus remarked with a quiet sigh, 'it'll be pretty awkward for me, that's just about all. I'd better go back, right away, to Amurrica.'

'Are you so *very* much in love with her?' Geraldine asked, with a frankness equalling his own—that you must go back to *Amurrica* if she won't have you?'

'I guess so,' the young Westerner answered without a moment's hesitation. 'I always do like these high-toned English girls, you know, Miss Maitland. I liked you first, because you were so high-toned; I was death on *you*, as long as I thought I'd got a ghost of a chance; and when you wouldn't as much as look at me, and I saw it was no use fooling around any longer—why, by Sirena's advice, I caught on elsewhere, and transferred my affections, intact, to Miss Dumaresq. She's a girl any man might be real proud to marry, that one. And then, you see, her father's quite a prominent author.'

'Well, which did you like best?' Geraldine asked with a dash, turning round upon him so quickly with that strange question that he almost jumped away from her. Could she be piqued at his 'transferring' his affections, he wondered?

'Why,' he answered deliberately after a moment's pause, for he was a truthful and honest, if somewhat inept young man, 'that's not a question I feel prepared to meet in either direction right away, Miss Maitland. I don't seem to hook on to it as quick as I might. It kind of beats me. One way, I don't believe in a man crying for the moon; but then, if I was offered the moon at a gift, and no mistake, I might perhaps be inclined to reopen the subject. However, what I say now is, without any comparisons (which are always odious, the copy-book tells us), she's a fine high-toned girl, this Miss Dumaresq, and I do admire at her.'

As they spoke, a little French telegraph boy appeared at the gate, and was walking up to the house in a leisurely way with a blue scrap of the well-known flimsy official paper carelessly dangled between his thumb and finger. Cyrus looked up and beckoned the lad to come over. 'It's a cablegram for me, I guess,' he said with languid interest. 'Things in Cincinnati ain't been going as smooth as papier-mâché wheels on steel rails lately. *Tenez, mon ami.* Just you hand that telegram right over to me, here, will you? "Vanrenen, Orangers;" that's me, I reckon. *C'est pour moi, monsieur.*—Excuse my looking at it right away, Miss Maitland.'

He tore the envelope open, and read it with a stare. His face grew pale. Then he whistled to himself a long low whistle. 'Well,' he said, looking hard at it and pulling himself together with an evident effort, 'that's plain enough, anyhow. No fooling around after phrases there. This won't be cured inside of four weeks, I guess. It'll take a year or two to pile that small lot up again.'

He spoke to himself, meditatively and absorbedly; but Geraldine gathered, from his sudden paleness and his vacant gaze at the flimsy blue paper he held before him, that some real calamity had fallen upon him all unawares. 'Nothing wrong in *Amurrica*, I hope?' she interposed interrogatively.

'Well, it ain't exactly right, anyway,' Cyrus answered with a quaint reserve in his measured tone. Your American rarely admits himself beaten. 'It's a little askew, I admit: gone wrong somewhere.—Just you read that, Miss Maitland. You'll see what it indicates. It's from my partner in Cincinnati, in charge of our business.'

Geraldine took the telegram in her own hands, and read in a bewildered half-conscious way: 'Fifth National Bank suspended payment yesterday. Pork Trust burst up. Firm stone broke. Will cable particulars as soon as I know extent of our losses. Am meeting creditors to-day for first arrangement. Assets nil.—ESELSTEIN.'

'What does it mean?' the English girl asked, with a vague sense of chilly apprehension stealing over her suddenly, though the words in which the message was couched were pure Greek to her.

'Well, it means—ruin,' the American answered with quick returning cheerfulness, continuing to draw circles with his stick on the gravel carelessly.

'Ruin!' Geraldine echoed, drawing back with a start.

'Yes, there or thereabouts,' Cyrus replied with something like a smile of amusement at her incredulous stare. 'R-U-I-N, I've always been given to understand, spells Ruin. That's how I read it. Vanrenen and Eselstein's the name of our firm. We went it blind on the Fifth National Bank, which was largely interested in the Cincinnati Pork Trust. Now the trust's burst, and the firm's ruined. Fact is, we put on our bottom dollar. I'm real sorry, and no mistake, for it's an awkward event. It don't so much matter for me, of course; or even for the girls. I can go back, and begin fresh; and a year or two'll pile up that lot again, I reckon. But it's rough on Eselstein, I don't deny. He's an elderly citizen,

Eselstein, and he's got a rising family of his own to look after. His eldest son's just graduated at Columbia College, and was going into pork on his own account next fall, if this awkward affair hadn't intervened to stop him.'

'But you haven't lost *everything*!' Geraldine cried, astonished.

'I guess that's just about the name of it,' Cyrus answered coolly, completing his pattern on the gravel path. 'Perhaps things mayn't be as bad as the old man thinks; and perhaps they may: but if they are, why, we've got to face 'em, like all the others. I'm not the only man, by a long shot, stone broke to-day in Cincinnati, anyway.'

They paused for a moment; and Cyrus, a little more discomposed now, crumpled the telegram nervously in his trembling fingers. Then he said with a jerk: 'It's lucky, as it happens, Miss Dumaresq hadn't—acceded to my wishes before this thing turned up. I'm glad for her sake it had gone no further. It might have made her father feel quite uncomfortable if she'd accepted a man who, as it turns out, wasn't worth the paper he was written on.'

Geraldine looked up at him with undisguised admiration. 'Very few men,' she said, with a burst of spontaneity, 'would have thought of that at such a moment, Mr Vanrenen.'

'No, wouldn't they, though?' the Westerner answered with a naive surprise. 'Well, now, it just seemed to me about the most natural idee a man could hit upon.'

'There is an answer, monsieur?' the French boy asked, standing by all this time, bareheaded and expectant.

'Well, no,' Cyrus replied in English, putting his hand inquiringly into his waistcoat pocket. 'There ain't no answer possible, thank you, mister, as far as I'm aware—but there's a franc for you.'

At that moment, Sirena, white with awe from the scene she had just been witnessing in Psyche's room, rushed out to join them. 'Cyrus,' she cried, in a fever of excitement, 'that poor girl's in a terrible state of mind. Corona and you have got to go right away this minute to Biskra.'

'Biskra!' Cyrus answered in blank surprise. 'Biskra! Why, what's the trouble? That's away off in the desert, isn't it?'

'I know it is,' Sirena answered hastily. 'But, desert or no desert, you've got to go there. Just look at this paper!' And then in brief and very hurried words she told them the story of poor Psyche's shock and her present condition.

Cyrus's face was all aglow in a moment with horror and sympathy. He forgot his own troubles at once in listening to Psyche's. Geraldine couldn't help noticing that this strain on somebody else's hopes and affections seemed to strike the simple-hearted fellow far more profoundly than the crushing news of his own altered fortunes. He listened with evident distress and alarm. Then he said quickly: 'When does the morning train for Constantine start to-morrow?'

'I've looked it up,' Sirena answered, all aglow with the crisis. 'It starts early—quite a Western hour—five-thirty A.M. But you've got to catch it.'

'Will Corona hook on?' Cyrus asked without a single second's hesitation.

'Yes. She wants to help all she can in this terrible business.'

'Very well,' Cyrus answered, moving towards the house. 'I'm ready to start. I can go right off. We've got to see this thing straight through to the bitter end, and the sooner we set about it now, the better.'

'And suppose you find him?' Geraldine suggested with a whitening cheek.

'Well, suppose we find him,' Cyrus said decisively, 'I reckon this girl's got to marry him, Miss Maitland.'

'I hope you will,' Geraldine cried with fervour.

'I hope so too—for her sake.—Oh, say, Sirena; here's a telegram the old man's sent me from Cincinnati. Make your mind up for bad news from home, my dear. It ain't a pleasant one.'

Sirena took it and glanced over it rapidly. 'Well, I presume,' she said with perfect soberness after she'd chewed and digested the whole contents, 'this means we must go back, first mail, to Ohio?'

'It does so,' her brother answered with dogged good-humour. 'It means we've got to begin life over again, and you won't get your portrait done at all now with Vesuvius in the background.'

'I don't care a red cent about Vesuvius,' Sirena replied, flushing, as she tore up the telegram into a hundred shreds, and scattered its fragments on the breeze among the aloes and cactuses. 'But what I *do* feel is this—I would like to stop along and help Psyche.'

'So you can,' Cyrus answered with promptitude, reckoning up internally. 'I guess I can raise enough for that, anyway.—But all this is neither here nor there just now. The business before the meeting at the present moment is to get started off straight ahead to Biskra.'

Sirena nodded. 'That's so,' she said, and walked back slowly and soberly toward the house.

Cyrus turned and raised his hat respectfully to Geraldine. 'Good-bye, Miss Maitland,' he said with a pleasant smile. 'Excuse my going off to get my baggage ready.'

Geraldine looked after him with a regretful look. 'Mr Vanrenen,' she cried in a tone of deep conviction, 'this is positively nothing short of heroic.'

The young American turned towards her a puzzled face. 'Which?' he asked, gazing around in a vague inquiring fashion for the invisible hero.

'Why, the way you all take this blow,' Geraldine answered, quite fervid, growing flushed in the face herself at her own audacity, but seizing both his hands in hers as she spoke; 'and the way you all think so little of yourselves, and so much about this terrible misfortune of poor Psyche's. You're dear good people, every one of you, I declare. I love you all for it. I never saw people behave so in my life before. As long as I live, I promise you, Mr Vanrenen, I'll never, never, never make fun of you again, you dear good souls, for saying *Amurrica*.'

'No? Won't you, though?' Cyrus cried, holding her hand in his for a second with a faint pressure.

'No, I won't,' Geraldine answered very decisively. 'I like you so much! I think it's so

grand of you! I call you a brick! And I hope you'll find this lover of Psyche's!'

Cyrus raised his hat once more, one schoolboy blush from chin to forehead, and strolled away to the door, a ruined man, reflecting to himself as he went—that Geraldine Maitland was really after all a most extremely high-toned young lady.

GLASS IN ANCIENT EGYPT.

It was customary at one time to aver that the ancient Egyptians were, at all events until a very late date in their history, ignorant of glass and its uses. This statement—based upon ignorance of their social condition, an ignorance quite universal until the researches of Rosellini, Wilkinson, and others at Thebes and elsewhere, threw a welcome flood of light upon the question—has now been completely disproved; for the researches referred to have shown that glass and porcelain, of a quality equal to that of modern times, were manufactured and used extensively in Egypt under the fifth dynasty, or nearly four thousand years B.C.

The glass-blowers of Thebes were as great proficient in their art as, possibly greater than, we are after the lapse of nearly forty centuries of progress and retrogression. They possessed the art of staining glass, and they produced this commodity in the utmost profusion. Rosellini gives an illustration of a piece of stained glass of considerable taste of design and beauty of colour, in which the colour is struck through the whole vitrified structure; and there are instances of the design being equally struck through pieces of glass half an inch thick, perfectly incorporated with the structure, and appearing the same on both the obverse and the reverse side.

The priests of P'tah at Memphis were great glass-makers, and, says one authority, 'not only had factories for common glass, but, profiting by their discovery of the property of oxides of metals, which they got from India, of vitrifying different colours, conceived the project of imitating all the precious stones which commerce brought them from that country.'

They were favoured by nature, moreover, in having at hand an unlimited supply of pure sand and kali; and their glass derived its good quality as well from these substances as from the further fact that in its preparation they utilised the ashes of a peculiar genus of kelp that grew in abundance by the Lake Mareotis and the Red Sea. They imitated amethysts and other precious stones with wonderful dexterity; and besides the art of staining glass, they must have been aware of the use of the diamond in cutting it and engraving it. For in the British Museum there is a piece of exquisitely stained glass, of the time of Thothmos III. (*circa* 1500 B.C.), skilfully engraved with that monarch's emblazonment by the hand of a master.

The priests were to the people of early Egypt

pretty much what monks like Roger Bacon were to the early middle ages—they were the great scholars and exemplars of the learning of their day, and held the keys of all the arts then known. But they differed from the monks in this, that whereas the latter imparted their knowledge only to a few, the others taught it broadcast and let the people benefit by it. How they discovered the art is a matter concerning which nothing can be gathered, probably because the discovery went too far back in the national history. They themselves averred that the great god Ptah, whose servants they were, and who invented the universe, had taught them the art; but this is only tradition, and in conformity with a habit men have of ascribing simple luxuries to the direct mediation of the gods.

Pliny's tale about the Phœnician merchants returning from Egypt to Syria with *natron* or soda, and accidentally discovering its properties when cooking on the sandy beach near Mount Carmel, is also a tradition; and even if it has a basis in fact, it is more probable, as Sir H. Rawlinson suggests, that such an accident would occur in Egypt, in many parts of which the soil contains abundance of *natron* as well as of sand. However they learned the art—whether by their own unaided efforts or through the Phœnicians—they quickly adopted it, and improved upon the rough beginning. They had great glass factories at the very gates of the lakes of nitre, in the midst of the desert, where their ruins are yet to be seen. It is probable that the treasures discovered in the tombs at Memphis came from these factories; certainly, these were what we may call the national establishments, the profits of which went to the reigning king; and on the south side of the *mastaba* of Tih, dating from the fifth dynasty, the whole process of the manufacture is set forth unmistakably in pictorial and sculptured representations, side by side with the whole art of carpentry, masonry, chair-making, &c.

'That the Egyptians were acquainted with the art of making vitreous glaze even before this,' says Mr Dunlop, 'is proved by the convex pieces of glazed green pottery inlaid with stucco in a kind of mosaic in two chambers at the Step Pyramid of Sakkara,' which dates from the first or second dynasty. That glass was turned out of the factories in large quantities is easily proved. Fragments of granite have been found which are covered with a coating of stained glass, and through which the hieroglyphics of the stone appear; and we know from examples unearthed, and from the very useful tableaux alluded to, that it was employed for every-day purposes. The costly stained varieties were also produced 'in the greatest profusion.' They have been found in every part of the land, and numerous specimens are to be seen in every museum of Europe. Among these are false emeralds, in which they seem to have succeeded best.

There is little doubt, also, that many of the

large emerald basins used in the early Christian churches were of their manufacture. Diodorus Siculus says the coffins were commonly made of the same substance in Ethiopia; and another good proof of its prevalence may be found in Pliny's statement that in the temple of Jupiter Ammon there was an obelisk of emerald—that is, of glass in imitation of emerald—sixty feet in height. The green hue, we may state, appears to have been imparted by oxide of copper; and the red used in imitation of rubies, or in staining plate-glass, was minium.

Glass bottles nearly similar to our wine bottles in colour and measure, though in shape resembling the wide-mouthed kinds used in preserving fruit, may be seen in the British Museum, and are found in abundance in other public and private European cabinets. Apropos of bottles, we may mention a curious fact illustrative of the tenacity of ancient custom, especially in 'the changeless East.' The Florence oil-flasks, and the turpentine carboys from Cyprus and the adjacent shores, are exactly the same in size and shape as these bottles of the ancient Egyptians. The likeness holds even to the matting used for the protection of both.

Sir J. G. Wilkinson, whose *Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians* is so invaluable to the student, although his obligations to Rosellini are great, thinks that glass lanterns were used by soldiers, and gives a specimen of a group of Egyptian sentinels carrying a lantern upon a curved pole. It is not improbable, again, that a hieroglyphic on the Rosetta Stone, used for *manifestation*, and resembling a magic lantern with a handle, from which rays of light are seen issuing, was also made with glass; and on the other hand, it is probable that the lamps employed for yearly illumination at the Saïte festival were of this transparent material. That it was used for windows there is no saying: the temperature of the country during the whole twelve months is extraordinarily mild, and the necessity for keeping out the cold does not therefore exist. In nearly all other daily concerns, however, it was undoubtedly employed.

The mode of manufacture was then much as it is now; the blowpipe, shod with iron, and heated red-hot, was inserted into the melted glass. In the pictures of the ancient manufactories men are to be seen bringing the 'fret' (a combination of kali, from the ashes of the *Dalsola communis*, or kelp, and a particular kind of fine sand) in baskets for the purpose of vitrification.

As for the chemical knowledge displayed, it is remarkable. Take a single instance—a piece of stained glass found at Thebes, and now in the British Museum. The design is tasteful, consisting of a quadruple star with foliage in the angles. Blue, green, and yellow colours are introduced, and they are struck through the glass. To produce this effect of glass-staining, oxides of cobalt, or of calcined copper and zinc, must have been used for blue, oxide of silver for yellow, and oxide of copper for green. Some of the

fictional gems they made of glass exhibit the ruby colour which we have lost the means of making; and that scarce and rich purple tint which can only be given by oxide of gold.

THE HEIR OF ROTHWELL CHASE.

CHAPTER IV.

PRESENTLY, Vodney drew the woman's arm within his own, and together they began to pace the farther end of the glade. Taking one thing with another, the affair seemed to Evan so strange and suspicious that he would have felt no scruple about listening to their conversation had he been near enough to do so. As it was, beyond a word now and again, he could make out nothing of what they said to each other, the only thing evident to him being that their conversation was carried on in French. So full and clear was the moonlight by this time, that any attempt on his part to lessen the distance between himself and them would have been to court inevitable discovery. All he could do was to bide where he was and watch the progress of events.

At the end of ten minutes or so, during which the talk between the two had not ceased for a moment, Vodney again embraced the woman, after which they at once parted, he returning by the way he had come and again passing close to the fountain, and she disappearing in the opposite direction. After this there was nothing left for Evan save to make his way back to Berriefield at his leisure. It need scarcely be said with what eagerness he looked forward to his next meeting with Edeline.

'From what you tell me, the woman you saw can have been no other than Therese Cobran, Mrs Marchmont's maid, who is, I believe, a Swiss by birth.' So spoke Edeline next afternoon after her lover had described to her the singular interview of which he had been an involuntary witness. 'And, besides, the time coincides exactly with that which Therese is allowed to devote to her own purposes. Our dinner-hour is half-past six; and after Therese has attended to her mistress's toilet, she has a clear hour to herself, which she can spend either indoors or out, as may suit her best. But with what object she should meet Mr Vodney by appointment in the Chestnut Walk, and how it happens that they should be on such excellent terms with each other, as, according to your account, they seem to be, is as much a puzzle to me as to yourself.'

'A puzzle to which there must be a solution somewhere,' said Evan, 'if one only knew how and where to set about looking for it.'

When, later on, Evan came to turn the affair over in his mind, he quickly decided that he would use his best endeavours to be present at the next interview between Vodney and Therese, which would be nearly sure to take place, as before, in the Chestnut Walk, when chance or opportunity might put into his hands some clue,

which, if carefully followed up, might lead him onward no one could foretell whither.

Therese was not at liberty till half-past six, Edie had told him; and at that hour to the minute Evan took up his position by the fountain on the following evening. After waiting till eight o'clock without the solitude of the Walk having been broken by voice or footstep, he went his way, having gained nothing but a lesson in patience for his pains. A similar result awaited him next evening; but on the third evening his perseverance was rewarded.

In the meantime, Edeline had informed him that Vodney had again been up to the Chase, and had for the second time assured Sir Harry that he held in his hands a clue, as to the nature of which he was not at liberty to say more just then, but which, in the course of three or four days at the most, would enable him to lay his hand on the child at an hour's notice. That the child was alive and well he was in a position to assure Sir Harry; it was, however, essential to the success of his scheme that no precipitate steps should be taken in the matter, but that it should be left entirely for him, Vodney, to work out in his own way.

What he was thus told merely served to deepen Evan's bewilderment, seeing that nearly the whole of Vodney's spare hours were still given over to billiards. More than once he said to himself: 'Can it be possible that Vodney has by some means discovered that Therese is privy to the abduction, and that, under the pretence of making love to her, he is endeavouring to worm out of her the secret of the child's whereabouts?' If such were the case, it would serve to explain Vodney's apparent inaction in the affair: till he should have succeeded in making himself master of Therese's secret there was nothing for him to do. It was a theory which would serve to account for much; but it afforded no answer to the question, For what purpose had Vodney imposed upon Sir Harry with a false address—an address, too, which had not merely been written, but printed on the card sent in to the baronet?

Such were some of the perplexing problems which Evan kept revolving in his mind as he stood waiting this evening by the fountain. Not many minutes had he been there, before, as on the previous occasion, he saw the figure of a woman emerge from the trees at the farther end of the glade and advance a little way into the moonlight. Evan's heart began to pulsate at express speed as he recognised the woman for Therese. The wish which possessed him most at that moment was, that after Vodney should have joined her, as he doubtless would in the course of a few minutes, in their pacing together to and fro they might come sufficiently near his hiding-place to allow of his overhearing a portion at least of the conversation between them.

Therese, still keeping to the lower end of the glade, began to walk slowly up and down, turning and retracing her steps every dozen yards or so. It seemed to Evan that he could detect an air of expectancy in her attitude, and moment

by moment he looked to see Vodney come brushing through the trees into the moon-lighted Walk. His nerves pricked and tingled; all other senses seemed merged in those of seeing and hearing.

Ah! here was Vodney at last. But this time he entered the glade at the other end, by the same path which had brought Therese. As before, the first thing he did was to embrace her. Then, with his right arm passed round her waist and her left hand held in his, they came slowly in the direction of the fountain, talking earnestly meanwhile. Evan drew back a pace or two and, scarcely breathing, waited.

But what was this which all but forced an exclamation from his lips? The man who had just kissed Therese and was now walking by her side in most affectionate guise, was not Vodney, but a stranger! Hardly could Evan believe that his eyes were not playing him false. He stared as he might have done had an apparition suddenly appeared before him. But any lingering doubts he might have had were dispelled a moment later when the stranger's voice fell on his ears. It was a voice of an altogether different *timbre* from that of Vodney, provincial in some of its accents, and with a slight lisp, evidently not affected, but natural.

But hush! What was it he was saying to Therese?

'I tell you again, dearie, as I've told you before, that I can't keep the old man quiet much longer. He growls like a bear with a sore head—wants to know when the affair's coming to an end, and says that if the twenty pounds, as promised, isn't paid within'—

'You shall have the money to-morrow without fail,' broke in Therese. 'And as for the rest, he must have patience for a few more days—only a few more days, tell him.'

'All right, darling. The twenty pounds will stop his mouth for a while, never fear. He's an awfully mean old cuss, and would sell his soul for gold, if he could get anybody to buy it. But not a word more about him! Let us talk about ourselves and our plans.'

After coming nearly as far as the fountain, they had turned, and were now going back; and from this point they passed out of earshot of Evan, their voices reaching him merely as inarticulate murmurs.

A few minutes later brought the interview to a close. They parted on the same affectionate terms as they had met. Therese went first. As soon as she was gone, the man struck a match and lighted his pipe; and then, after smoking for some minutes with his hands in his pockets and his back resting against a tree, he, too, took his departure and by the same way.

Then Evan emerged into the moonlight and drew a deep breath.

That Therese, for some purpose of her own, was playing a double game could not be doubted. She was allowing two men to make love to her, and it was scarcely conceivable that either of them was doing so with the knowledge or connivance of the other. But then came the question: Who was this other man? Was he Therese's real lover, and was he being hoodwinked by her? Or was he playing knowingly into her hands? And then again: Who was the 'old man' of whom

he had made mention, and for what purpose was it essential that Therese should find the sum of twenty pounds? Was the outcome of the plot, of which there was little doubt that Therese was the leading spirit, to be sought in this fresh direction rather than through the medium of Vodney, who, it might be, was being quietly fooled and led on by Therese, while in reality she was working out her ends in her own way and without the slightest reference to him at all?

It was with even more than his usual longing for the time to pass quickly that Evan awaited his next day's interview with Edeline. His hope was that she would be able to enlighten him as to the personality of Therese's sweetheart number two. Nor was he disappointed.

'The person as you describe him,' said Edeline, 'with his slight lisp and his velveteen shooting-coat and low-crowned hat, can be none other than Tom Abrey, your uncle's favourite groom. But to think that he should be making love to Therese!—and oh, to think of Therese allowing herself to be made love to by *two* men, and she so quiet and unassuming, never mixing with the other servants, but keeping herself to herself! It's—it's positively dreadful.'

'What do you know of this Tom Abrey?' asked Evan, for whom an analysis of Therese's moral qualities had no interest.

'Very little, although it is he who attends me when I go out riding. He is always very respectful, and never presumes in any way.' Then, with a demure smile, she added: 'I believe he is considered to be rather good-looking, if that is a matter of any consequence to you.'

'Of not the slightest consequence,' responded Evan dryly. 'It might be more to the purpose if I knew something about his antecedents and where my uncle contrived to pick him up.'

'Oh, my dear, he's a native of these parts. His grandfather, Sampson Abrey, who is said to have been one of the most notorious poachers in the county years ago, lives at Marshmallow Cottage, between two and three miles away; but whether Tom was brought up there I am unable to say. He entered your uncle's service when a youth, and while I was still at school.'

Could the grandfather in question be the 'old man' to whom the twenty pounds was to be paid, and of whom Abrey had spoken to Therese in such uncomplimentary terms? Assuming such to be the case, and bearing in mind the various items of information so strangely gleaned by him, what ought his, Evan Marchmont's, next step to be? for it was quite clear to him that there were too many suspicious features in connection with the affair to allow of his letting it rest without endeavouring to probe it to the uttermost.

After a few minutes given to silent cogitation, he said: 'As to this Marshmallow Cottage, in what direction does it lie from here?'

'It lies about half a mile inland, between the Chase and the sea, and on the high-road which runs from Wakenham to Fallowfield.—But why do you want to know about it?'

'Because in the course of to-morrow I purpose taking a stroll in the direction of it; and there are so many cross-roads in this part of the country that without proper instructions I might

easily miss finding it.—Do you happen to know anything of the family—that is, how many persons it comprises in addition to old Abrey?

'Yes; I can tell you all about them, for I make a point of calling at the cottage at least once a fortnight.' Then noting her lover's look of surprise, she added: 'The matter is very easily explained. One day when I was out riding, about a year ago, Zenobia cast a shoe, and she is so very tender-footed that I was rather put about. Abrey, who was in attendance, suggested that I should wait at his grandfather's cottage, which was close by, while he took the mare to a forge and had her re-shod. After a little demur, I agreed to his suggestion; and thus it was that I came to make the acquaintance of the inmates of Marshmallow Cottage. First, there is old Mr Abrey, whom very few people, I imagine, could persuade themselves into liking. Of him I need not say more. Then, there is his eldest daughter, a woman of forty and a widow, Mrs Rudd by name, together with her daughter Elsie, an impish girl of fifteen. Last of all there is Ann Abrey, the sister of Sampson, a woman of sixty, for whom it is impossible to help feeling a profound pity. Years ago, she had a seizure which deprived her of the faculty of speech, and at the same time took away the use of her left side. It is her whom I go to see once a fortnight, and my visits are so evidently a pleasure to her, that I cannot find in my heart to give them up, although I am quite aware that the other inmates of the cottage would prefer my room to my company. Ann sits the day through by the chimney corner in a chair which I had made specially for her. Now and then I either take or send her a few grapes or other fruit, with an occasional delicacy from the kitchen, such as I think may tempt her appetite; and when the illustrated papers are done with at the Chase, they are put aside for her. The pictures amuse her, poor dear, and help her to while away many an otherwise weary hour.'

'And when did you call at Marshmallow Cottage last?' Evan presently asked.

'Five days ago.'

'And you observed nothing out of the ordinary—everything seemed to be going on as usual?'

'Just as usual.—Oh, by the way, while I was there the postman brought a letter for Mrs Rudd. It was from her sister-in-law in London, announcing that she was dangerously ill, and begging the widow to go and stay with her till she should be better.'

'Do you happen to know whether Mrs Rudd decided to go to London?'

'I heard her tell her father that she intended to catch an early train at Berriefield on the following day.'

As Edie had said, Marshmallow Cottage stood inland about half a mile from the sea-shore. It was a low, strongly-built, two-storied house, containing six rooms in all. Its out-buildings consisted, on the one hand, of a two-stall stable and lock-up—for 'Samp' Abrey prided himself on always keeping a fast-trotting mare with a light trap to drive it in; and, on the other, of a 'fodder-shed,' as it was termed, a small, rudely-built, one-story edifice, having a signboard facing the road, on which was announced that hay and

corn were sold there. Mr Abrey dealt in a small way in those commodities, his customers being chiefly among the country carriers, 'one-horse hawkers,' and such-like, who knew that they could always get a truss of hay a penny or two-pence cheaper at the cottage than at any chandler's shop either in Berriefield or Wakenham. The cottage stood a little way aside from the high-road, backing so close up to a cliff of yellow sandstone as almost to touch it. This cliff, by the foot of which, for a distance of three miles or more, ran the road between Wakenham and Fallowfield, unlike most other cliffs, which, as a rule, show a frontage to the sea, swept gradually up from the shore till it reached its highest point half a mile inland, where it ceased abruptly with a sheer fall some fifty or sixty feet in depth. From the summit, the eye, sweeping inland, took in a wide expanse of flat country, known as the finest grazing-ground for cattle anywhere about. Geologists would tell you that this low green level—which Mr Vodney would probably have likened to an immense billiard-table—had in ages long ago been a tidal lake, communicating with the sea, but that, in the course of time, its channel had silted up, and that the slow but sure processes of Nature had gradually transformed it into what we see it to-day.

At the point where Marshmallow Cottage was built, the cliff fell back somewhat from the nearly straight line which it kept for a considerable distance on both sides, forming a small semi-circular gap in the frontage, or bay, as it would have been called had the cliff faced the sea. At the door of the cottage, about three o'clock in the afternoon of the day following that of his last interview with Edie, knocked Evan Marchmont. He was clad in a suit of rough homespun, and he looked dusty and tired. It was Samp Abrey in person who responded to his knock.

'Can you tell me how far I am from Berriefield?' asked the young man as he raised his hat for a moment, 'and which road I must take in order to get there?'

A man between sixty-five and seventy years of age, muscular and broadly built, but not tall; with a massive head, a tangle of grizzled hair, keen steel-gray eyes set about with an intricate network of wrinkles, and a rugged but powerful face, in which force and craft seemed combined in equal proportions—such was he who now confronted Evan, and after eyeing him from head to foot, gave him, in a couple of curt sentences, the information he had asked for but was not really in want of. Scarcely had Evan time to get out a word of thanks before the door was coolly shut in his face, while so effectually had the old man's burly figure blocked up the doorway, that he had been unable to obtain even a glimpse of the interior.

Leaving the cottage behind him, Evan kept on in the direction of Wakenham for upwards of a mile, till, in fact, he came to a break in the escarpment of the cliff, caused by a landslip in years gone by, up which he contrived to scramble, and so land himself on the summit. That done, he doubled back in the direction of the cottage.

He had noticed that that portion of the cliff which so closely overlooked the tiny demesne of Sampson Abrey was fringed with patches of dwarf brushwood, with a thick undergrowth of

bracken and tall weeds of various kinds, and it had struck him that here was a natural hiding-place from which, himself unseen, he could observe every one who might come or go, and all the outdoor proceedings of those below.

A short half-hour's walk along the grassy down which spread itself between the sea and the cliff, and on which the only living things beside himself were a few scattered sheep, brought Evan back to the hollow in the encircling arms of which Marshmallow Cottage was built. Stretching himself at full length on the turf, he dragged himself along, parting last year's dead bracken and undergrowth as he did so, till he found himself close to the edge of the cliff, where all he had to do was to push aside a screen of still leafless brushwood and look down. Patiently he waited without stirring for more than an hour before any sign of life beyond a thin curl of smoke from the chimney was discernible below. Then a carrier's cart crept into sight in the distance, and crawling slowly along the high-road, arrived in about ten minutes' time opposite the cottage.

'Yo-ho! House! house!' called the carrier as his horse came to a stand; and next minute Samp Abrey emerged from the cottage and proceeded to exchange greetings with the man, who was evidently an old acquaintance.

What the carrier wanted was a couple of trusses of hay, which Abrey proceeded to fetch from the forage-shed. The hay having been packed in at the back of the cart, the carrier paid Abrey for it, and the two having bidden each other good-day, the former cracked his whip, called 'Gee-up' to his horse, and went whistling on his way; while the latter, after a look up the road and down the road, went back indoors. Evan was once more left to the company of his own thoughts.

He was still lying there, debating within himself what his next move ought to be, considering first one plan and then another, but failing so far to see his way to a decision, when he was suddenly startled by hearing a low faint strain of music, but whence proceeding he was utterly at a loss to conceive. His first thought was that it must come from the interior of the cottage; but after listening breathlessly for a few seconds, he convinced himself that such was not the case. Drawing back a little way from the edge of the cliff, he half raised himself from his recumbent position and stared around in every direction; but no human being was anywhere visible. Still the strain went on—low, sweet, mysterious, while yet being compounded of only a few simple chords, as it might be an air sung in church by unskilled village folk; but all the same the question remained, how and whence did it emanate? Involuntarily, Evan cast his eyes upward, as though half expectant of being able to trace it back to some source in mid-air, only to tell himself next moment that it was no aerial strain to which he was listening, but that rather did it seem to reach him out of the bowels of the earth. And then all at once an astounding possibility flashed across his mind. Stretching himself again at full length and stopping one ear with the palm of his hand, he laid his other ear close to the ground and listened. When he lifted his head a couple of minutes later, a brightly exultant

look shone in his eyes. 'Eureka!' he cried aloud as he sprang to his feet. 'It must be so! In no other way can it be explained. To-morrow I will put it to the proof.'

AMONG THE CORFIOTES.

It is yet early in the afternoon, and since the mid-day meal the island of Corfu has been indulging in its afternoon doze, and we of the European contingent at the *Grand Hôtel de Tous les Ambassadeurs* are also lazily inclined, for a very few days have sufficed to make us slip into the lotus-eating habits of the islanders. The very air seems asleep; not a breath rustles the parched leaves of the trees that border the esplanade; and the sun has for hours been pouring down its almost vertical rays with a fierce heat like the glow from an open furnace door.

I am sitting in the closely-shaded room of a young Russian Secretary of Legation, who has lately arrived at Corfu on leave, in the hope of prolonging his life through the winter. Poor fellow! he is far gone in a consumption, and lies full length in a long chair, pale and listless, but charming and well-mannered, as the Russians of the better class know how to be when they think it well to assume their veneer of company-manners.

The room is almost dark, for the awnings are over the windows, and the Venetian blinds are lowered more than half-way down; but as I lie back lazily in my wicker armchair, I command a view of the whole of the esplanade beneath the citadel, on which our soldiers used to exercise during the British occupation. At present it is unoccupied, not even a dog venturing to cross that dry and sunburnt stretch of gravel. But gradually, as we sit and chat, the sun slopes towards the western sea, and the town of Corfu wakes up for its afternoon crawl on the parade, and for its little glass of vermouth, with which it endeavours to create an appetite for supper, beneath the awnings of its favourite cafés. Not to be outdone by the natives, we rise and join the crowd now gathering on the parade, the invalid putting on his fur coat; for, hot as it is now, the evening breeze will rise in a short time, and my poor friend fears even its pleasant and refreshing coolness. A very little walking suffices to weary him; so we join one of the groups on the chairs in front of a café, and watch the inhabitants as they walk up and down. Every one of any importance in his own eyes, or in those of other people, is here, unless he is ill or out of the island; for every tongue both male and female would at once be set wagging to account for the mysterious absence of the unhappy man, who would in five minutes lose every shred of character he had managed to retain.

They are not much to look at, these good Corfiotes, and a very little experience shows that their character is on a level with their appearance. There is one horrible little man who inspires

both the Russian and myself with a speechless disgust. He is a very short man ; so, to add to his height, he wears boots with tremendous heels, and an extremely high and narrow top hat, which renders him very conspicuous in a crowd of billy-cock wearers. For fear of concealing what legs he has, he wears a cut-away jacket ; and thus attired, he stalks along with a melodramatic scowl on his face, three paces to the right, and slightly in front of his womenkind—his mother, his wife, his sister, and sometimes his small daughter—who all accompany him with a meek and crushed air, which gives some support to the rumour that the little ruffian is in the habit of thrashing them unmercifully.

Our soldiers in the old days regarded the Corfiotes with the most sovereign contempt, and dubbed them individually and collectively, Spiros ; San Spiridione being their patron saint, and giving his name to a large proportion of the children born on the island. But the fishermen, who much resemble the Neapolitans, and the peasants from the country villages, are fine-looking fellows, though most of them have thoroughly studied the art of doing nothing gracefully, a pursuit which has been brought to perfection by the peoples of Southern Europe. At first, it is rather astonishing to hear a sunburnt, ragged, and down-at-heel ruffian addressing a brother tatterdemalion as Epaninondas, and being hailed in return as Themistocles or Pericles ; but everything must be classical nowadays in modern Greece, and the people are actually unlearning their own tongue to return to that of Xenophon, with the consequence that the old men and the young can hardly understand one another.

The two most important consulates in the island are those of England and France, though Italy and Turkey also keep consuls here, and nearly every nation under the sun that has any Mediterranean trade possesses a vice-consul. The smaller nations have appointed merchants of the town as their representatives ; and as the Greek is as fond as a Frenchman of a uniform and a bit of ribbon in his button-hole, there is a good deal of competition for these honorary appointments. That stout little man going by, who seems so well pleased with himself, is a well-to-do merchant who has somehow got appointed the consular representative of two or three insignificant South American republics which have not the slightest trade or interest in the Mediterranean beyond enabling their agent to buy himself a smart uniform at his own expense, and to inscribe on his card, 'M. OUTINIDES, Consul de Diverses Puissances.' He distributes these cards on the slightest possible provocation ; but as he is an amiable little person, few people grudge him his harmless mania.

Standing judiciously in the shade, a little apart from the stream of promenaders, is a stout and amiable gentleman in a long black clerical frock-coat, with a fez pushed rather to the back of his head, and a string of magnificent amber beads, which he runs mechanically through his fingers,

behind his back. He is the Turkish consul ; and as he is probably quite as little of a Turk, or rather quite as much of a Levantine, as any of the people around him, he has a very comfortable berth in the island. Not that the position of Turkish consul is always a bed of roses in Corfu, especially when there is some little difficulty with Turkey ; the natives are too easily excited for that.

When an outbreak of hostilities was threatened between Turkey and Greece after the late war, the unfortunate Turkish consul was placed in a very awkward predicament. Technically, he was in a friendly country, but actually he was besieged in his house by a howling mob of the worst ruffians in Corfu, among whom it was said that some of the hot-headed young bloods of the island were not ashamed to be seen. It was arranged that the consul should leave the city, as his presence only served as an excuse for mob violence ; but the poor man dared not face the crowd, and remained shut up in his house in a state of abject terror. A way out of this dead-lock was found by the English consul, who went to the Ottoman consul and persuaded that excellent but timid official to accept his escort down to the quay. The streets were crowded with ruffians ready for any crime that could be committed with impunity ; but the English consul had a contempt for the Corfiote mob, due to his many years' knowledge of it ; and so, preceded by his servant, and supporting himself on one side with his stick, and on the other by the arm of his trembling colleague, he conducted the Bey in safety to the quay, undaunted by the threats and curses levelled at him by the cowardly mob. He was an old man and infirm ; but his reputation for courage was so well known, and the name of England so powerful, that his mere presence did what a hundred policemen could hardly have done, and ensured the safe departure of the Turkish consul.

But those times have passed away, and by-gones are by-gones. Even those gallant heroes who, after joining in the attack on the Turkish consul, expatriated themselves when the government looked so far like declaring war as to call out the reserves, have obtained pardon, and returned home to their lamenting families. Here is one of them coming along dressed in the height of fashion as understood at Corfu. He has had a smattering of education in Europe, and gives himself airs accordingly ; and it is difficult to believe that, in order to avoid the discomforts of a campaign against those very Turks whose valour he is always decrying, he was once smuggled on board an Austrian Lloyd steamer in a barrel. The two young men he has just met made the same journey to Trieste inside bales of cotton. Near them is a hero who was not so fortunate ; he attempted to leave the island disguised as a British Milord in a pair of red Dundreary whiskers, loud check trousers, and a Glen-garry cap. In spite of this being the accepted costume of English noblemen abroad, the guards somehow suspected him, and the would-be refugee was ignominiously turned back and sent to join his regiment. However, these little matters are seldom referred to now ; and it is tacitly assumed that all these valorous men were defending the

frontiers of their fatherland during their absence from Corfu.

In the distance, on the seaward side of the parade-ground, are two figures walking with such energy, when compared with the lounging Corfiotes, that most people would imagine them to be mad English. They are, however, the French consul and his chancellor, a most charming little Corsican. Their duties are not very overwhelming, and every afternoon they take a walk separately or together. The consul's chief joy is gumming pictures into scrap-books; and the gem of his collection is a bulky volume into which he has stuck several thousands of those little pictures which adorn the covers of French and Italian boxes of wax matches. They lie in serried ranks across the pages, of every sort and kind, from the coarsely vulgar to the daintily graceful, the former as a rule predominating. The most acceptable offering you can make the consul is a match-box that he has not seen before; and two or three such will secure you his friendship. And, moreover, his friendship is worth having, for he is a most courteous and polished old gentleman, who has travelled much and read much, and who has presumably seen the vanity of all things, since he has given himself up to pasting scraps into albums.

But a fresh breeze is springing up, making my Russian friend shiver, and warning us that it is time for him to go in, and for me to cross over to Vido Island for lawn-tennis. I therefore leave him at the door of the hotel, and going down to the King's Steps, join several English residents and visitors, who, armed with rackets and shoes, are just about to step into the man-o'-war's boat lying off the quay. We dash rapidly across the placid bay to the little island of Vido, where the officers of the English ship on the Corfu station have had an asphalt tennis-court laid down. We scramble up the rocky shore, and over the melancholy ruins of what was once the strongest fortress in the Mediterranean, down to the level on which the court has been built. In happier days, it was evidently a sort of barrack square, for the doorways of some of the buildings are still standing; and it needs all the pleasant surroundings of lawn-tennis, and the joyous vitality of the man-o'-war's men who field the balls, to overcome the grim desolation of the scene. A million sterling was blown into the air when Greece took over the Ionian Islands. It is a capital place for lawn-tennis, and remote from the Corfiote loafer, which is not the least of its advantages; but at last the shadows of the huge and rugged blocks of torn and shattered masonry creep across the level ground beneath them, and soon it gets too dark to see the balls any longer.

The voyage across the bay is even more fascinating than before. The water gleams as it swirls off the blades of the oars, and now and then black hulls start silent and ghost-like out of the haze around us. Along the sea-wall the lights of the town begin to twinkle, while high above all the lighthouse on the Citadel keeps watch over town and bay and narrow strait. All too soon the boat grates against the King's Steps, up which we mount to find the broad street between them and the hotel almost entirely deserted. The evening has fallen upon a long hot day, but—always supposing that the ice-machine has not

broken down—the reward of lawn-tennis and virtue is at hand, and another quarter of an hour will see us at the *table-d'hôte* of *Tous les Ambassadeurs*.

J U D G E D E N T.

A STUDY.

Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude.

It was a pleasant day, late in summer, in the city of Albany, New York. Seated in a dingy but spacious upper room abutting on the principal thoroughfare was a young man. He was by no means a handsome young man; indeed, there was nothing at all attractive about him; and yet, although he reclined lazily in a tilted chair, while he rested his rather extensive feet upon the window-sill, it must have been plain to the most casual reader of human nature that he was energetic and wilful to a more than ordinary degree. As a matter of fact, the lad—he was little more, having but a few weeks since arrived at years of legal manhood—was exceedingly clever, and had just been admitted to the Bar of New York, at the head of his law class; and the while he sat in the window he ruminated regarding his future both immediate and more distant.

Just then the door of the office—the room was the headquarters of the attorney with whom the young man had studied law—opened to admit the postman, who threw upon a worn and ink-besmeared desk a letter, for which he called upon our friend to sign. The registered package bore a British postage stamp and a strangely cramped superscription, whose partly printed and partly written characters showed it to be the work of an illiterate person. The address was intended to read as follows: 'FREDERICK DENT, Esq., Attorney-at-Law, 3350 Broadway, Albany, New York, U.S.A.'

The caligraphy of the communication covered by the wrapper was still more difficult to decipher, but young Dent managed to translate it into fair English. Briefly, it said:

DEAR FRED—I am proud to know you have passed your examination. You will be a great lawyer some day. Perhaps you will be a judge. I owe grudges to more than one judge, but if you are ever one, I will forgive them all. Now, Fred, you know that you are all that I have in the world. I want you to go right on and climb to the top. I want nothing to hinder you, not even your father. You can go some place where you will never hear of me and never see me. Some time when you are a judge, I will take a look at you on the quiet. Meantime, you can forget that you have an ignorant old parent with a dirty record. You cannot change your name, so I will change mine if I ever cross the 'pond' to take a look at you. I enclose a draft on the 79th National Bank of New York City for four hundred pounds. I came by it squarely, and saved it for you. I hope you will make good use of it.—Good-bye, my son.—From your father,

JOHN DENT.

As it was past banking hours, the young man could not cash the draft immediately. He looked at it curiously, then thrust it into his pocket-book, which he buried in his hip-pocket, and reseated himself. Not a thought did he bestow upon the old man who had given him his education, besides ample spending-money and this last handsome draft. He only thought of himself and of his future, now illumined by the golden rays from some two thousand dollars which the draft would yield him. When he began to get hungry, he arose to go to supper, and before leaving the room dashed off a line to the old man :

DEAR FATHER—The letter and money are safely to hand. I think I will go West. Probably will let you know where I settle. You had better stay in England until you hear from me.

FRED.

That was all he wrote, and the note was characteristic of the writer—unsympathetic, business-like, and economical of his own efforts. He went down to the Delavan House and ate a very hearty supper.

John Dent was an old man, with but one redeeming feature. His pride in his boy amounted almost to a passion. All the affection of which the man was capable was lavished upon his son, and all his hopes for the world that now is and that which is to come were centred in the lad. For the greater part of his life, John Dent had been an ornament—or otherwise—to the very lowest strata of society. He had started out as a street vagabond, and long before middle age had become a consummate scoundrel. He had gambled and had operated gambling hells; he had been drunk many times, and had also kept beer-houses in the worst districts of London and Liverpool; he had served more than one term for larceny and burglary, and later in life had been a notorious receiver of stolen property.

During all this time, Dent had maintained his wife and boy in comfort at a quiet and pretty home in Bedfordshire. But the woman died when young Fred was about ten years old, and then the outlaw took the boy to reside with him. Just then John Dent was engineering a pot-house—that was closely watched by the police—near the river in Rotherhithe; and there young Fred grew up for about five years. One day he surprised his father by taking exception to Dent's style of living and methods of gaining a livelihood. Not that the boy took any high moral stand—dear, no! He cared nothing for what the possible result might be to his father, here or hereafter, if he should continue to fill men with beer and whisky that he might relieve them of their money and valuables. Fred only looked at his own side of the question. In a way, the boy was ambitious, and he merely wanted his father to live so that his son might incur no risk of unpleasant reflections upon himself.

'I will soon be through school now,' he said; 'and after that I'm going to begin right away to study law. I shall go to America as soon as I can; but until I go you'll have to be respectable, father. That's all I've got to say. If you won't be—why, I'll disown you, and go away to some

other town, which I certainly will do if you don't get out of this hole.'

The threat was quite sufficient: John Dent moved out Barnet-way and bought a little stock-farm, out of which he managed to make a very fair living. At anyrate, he did not engage in any wickedness more serious than an occasional 'toot;' and if the police of several cities had not been so unkind as to request the chief constable of Hertfordshire to 'keep his eye on Dent, of Rotherhithe,' Fred Dent's father might have become an 'honoured citizen' of the community in which he had settled. But it was, alas! a case of giving a dog a bad name; and it was John Dent's appreciation of this fact which prompted him, years after the Rotherhithe den had been relinquished, and when Fred was a full-fledged American citizen, to write the letter that his son so curtly acknowledged.

If Fred Dent had put into his terse note a little filial sentiment, it might have encouraged his father in the latter's desire to continue a life of comparative respectability. But the old man read between the lines, and understood, more than he ever had before, the cold-blooded nature of the writer of those few and thankless words. The result was immediate and dire; for John Dent, on the very day that he received his son's note, started on a career of drunkenness, in which he never paused until, ten years later, he learned by the merest accident that Fred was a judge of the Common Pleas Court in a county of southern Kansas, and was a candidate to represent his district in the Congress of the United States. John Dent in his dull and brutish fashion loved his boy; but it is doubtful if that boy possessed a single spark of genuine affection for his father. If Fred Dent did love anybody or anything besides himself, it was the law: its study and practice. He saw a fine point quicker and understood it better than half the learned gentlemen who adorned the bench of the State of New York; and young as he was, he could plead as well as the most eloquent counsel in the country.

He would have liked to remain in Albany; but the dread thought of his disreputable parent some day appearing and claiming his filial acknowledgment, like a spectre, for ever overshadowed any such arrangement. He would not even locate in any of the Eastern States, for fear that his father, by means of the newspapers, might become cognisant of his whereabouts and 'look him up.' Fred Dent was blind to the good that was in his father, and it never occurred to him that he might largely aid in developing that little good into something better yet. Fred Dent was eminently selfish and narrow; true, he saw many 'chances' in the world, but they were all chances which only, so far as he could see, might be made available for the aggrandisement of Frederick Dent—provided he could divorce himself from all relationship to his bugbear—John Dent, ex-burglar and saloon-keeper.

Twenty-four hours after penning the note to his father, Fred, armed with all the necessary introductions and credentials, was on his way West to 'grow up with the country.'

Exactly ten years had passed since that afternoon when the postman delivered the registered

package to the young law graduate at Albany, and Judge Dent sat in his private room in the Courthouse at the frontier town of Raleigh, Kansas. Apparently he was by no means contented, for there was a dissatisfied look underneath his knit brow, and evidently his thoughts were not of the pleasantest variety. Strangely enough, the judge was worried about money matters; and, prominent man though he was, he would have been deeply grateful had the postman or any one else walked in at that moment with a draft for four hundred pounds. Judge Frederick Dent was financially embarrassed. His balance at the bank was considerably overdrawn, and his credit in other directions was well-nigh exhausted. Frederick Dent had accepted the judgeship of the Common Pleas Court for the honour attached to the position, and as a stepping-stone to more valuable political prizes. To do so, he gave up a lucrative legal practice, but, with his income reduced at least fifty per cent., continued to live extravagantly. Worst of all, he caught the speculative fever and lost heavily.

He was now, to use a common expression, 'dead broke,' and that when he badly needed ready cash. Ambitious as ever, he aspired to the congressional seat that was about to become vacant, and his chances for obtaining the nomination from his party were exceedingly good. But to secure the nomination, he knew that he must have or control funds; and to successfully conduct his campaign against the other party's candidate, he knew that he must have still more funds.

The longer the judge sat in his office with the frown upon his face, the stronger grew his desire to represent the people at Washington. Before the twilight merged into darkness he was a desperate man.

At eight o'clock he took the Union Pacific train for Kansas City, where he arrived very early in the morning. As soon as he could, he went to a drug-store and made some purchases, and was back at Raleigh to supper.

As Judge Dent left the train, a shabby, gray-haired old tramp with dissipated features entered Raleigh by the wagon-road from the south-east, and at midnight the judge and the tramp met.

Judge Dent kept 'bachelor's hall' in a pleasant residence on the outskirts of the straggling town of Raleigh. At twelve o'clock his coloured man, who was cook and housekeeper, was soundly sleeping, and the judge quietly left his house. It was then that he first met the tramp, who was lounging half asleep outside his gateway; but though the tramp knew the judge at once, the recognition was not mutual, and the judge passed hastily on. He went quickly but quietly down the road for more than a mile until he reached a one-story frame-house by the roadside where dwelt an eccentric old fellow who had been one of Dent's clients. It was a warm night, and the window of this old man's sleeping apartment was half open. Judge Dent took from his coat-pocket a sponge, which he saturated with chloroform, and then tossed through the open window on to the bed where his ex-client lay sleeping. Then he carefully closed the window. Ten minutes later the judge re-opened the window and deftly leaped into the room.

All this time he made not the slightest noise, not even when he left the house, which he did by a door in the rear, and then sauntered homeward 'across lots.' So quietly did he steal away, that not even the old tramp who had followed him down the road and curiously watched him enter the window, knew that he was outside again.

The tramp was more than interested. He was anxious; and as the minutes changed to half an hour and then to an hour, he decided to climb through the window himself and investigate. He got both his feet into the bedroom just as the eccentric citizen, who slept with his valuables under his pillow, recovered from the effects of the chloroform and awoke. Two minutes later the besotted tramp was the robbed man's prisoner.

The next morning there was entered upon the register of the Raleigh police station the name of 'John Smith, vagrant,' charged with burglary; and at ten o'clock, the prisoner pleading guilty, the police justice duly committed him to take his trial for grand larceny.

Judge Dent encountered no more financial difficulty in the path of his political advancement; indeed, he encountered no trouble of any kind; for when, in November, a new congressman was elected, there immediately followed an election for a judge of the Common Pleas Court to fill the place of the Honourable Frederick Dent, resigned. Judge Dent's resignation was to take effect on the 31st of December. On the 30th, he occupied the bench for the last time, to clear the calendar, by trying the case of John Smith, the tramp, committed from the police court on a charge of grand larceny.

Now, the judge had not seen the tramp since he met him outside the gate of his own residence on the night of the burglary, and then he had paid no particular attention to the old man. Indeed, there was no reason why the judge should suppose that the tramp he had then seen and the tramp who had been captured in old Jake Busenbark's bedroom were identical; and most decidedly the judge had not deemed it necessary to mention that chance meeting to any of his friends or to the officers of the law.

The jurymen and the court officers were all in their places when Judge Dent, the pride of his party in southern Kansas, entered the room and took his seat. Then the prisoner was brought in, and the judge recognised him immediately. It was a supreme moment for both the old man and his son; but neither showed by so much as the movement of a single muscle that they were other than utter strangers. If either was the better actor, it was the young man, because he was totally unprepared for the discovery of his disreputable father in the vagrant whom he was to try for his own crime.

The trial did not occupy thirty minutes. The prisoner made no defence, and the jury were in retirement but a few moments when they brought in a unanimous verdict of 'Guilty.'

'John Smith, stand up,' said the Court. The conscienceless judge and unnatural son looked his poor old father full in the face, and never flinched or faltered as he pronounced sentence.

'Prisoner at the bar, your appearance and

bearing prove you to have become entirely lost to all sense of decency. It will be better for yourself and for society at large that you be placed where you can do yourself and society the least harm. The crime of which you have been found guilty is a heinous one, and the Court has no hesitation in pronouncing the severest penalty which the law permits. You will be taken to the State Penitentiary, and there placed in solitary confinement for the term of ten years.' These were the last words that Frederick Dent ever addressed to his own father.

As the prisoner, doggedly determined at all costs to shield the son of whom he was still proud, was about to be led away by his jailers, he said in a strange tone: 'Good-bye, judge.' And they were the last words of the old man to his son.

Judge Dent went to Washington, and made a record as a shrewd politician and great orator; but before his first term was half over, Convict No. 202—née John Dent, alias John Smith—died of a broken heart in the State Penitentiary of Kansas.

ON THE STAIRCASE.

It has been conceded, by those who know, that under some circumstances, such as in large gatherings in large houses, the Staircase affords as pleasant opportunities for interesting tête-à-têtes as the conservatory. It is not, however, from a social point of view only that we are about to look at this important feature. In the construction of a dwelling, great or small, so much depends upon the treatment of the staircase, its general commodiousness, and the particular fitness of its situation, quite apart from its use as a field for private conversations, that it should have a wider consideration.

Our most ancient staircase is perhaps an external one adjoining the remains of the monastic buildings connected with Canterbury Cathedral. This was constructed in the days of the Norman kings, and is still strong. Three large semicircular-headed openings give access from three directions to the low and easy steps, which ascend between two lengths of side-walling finished above with an arcading on small columns. This arcading diminishes in height as the steps ascend, so as to get a level for the roof, which extends over the steps and approaches alike. The large open semicircular-headed archways, and the small arcading of the boundary-walls, admit light freely; and the roof keeps the steps dry and affords ample shelter to those who use them. This is the only example of the kind we have. Similar staircases were called into requisition in situations where halls were built on upper floors; and several exist in France in the old châteaux; but they are of a somewhat later date. This one saw the awe-stricken groups that discussed the death of Thomas à Becket in the cathedral; the commotion when William de Sens fell from the scaffolding, and could continue his task of extending and improving the fabric no longer; the readjustment of things

when William the Englishman took up his work and carried it on; as well as the solemn procession that brought the body of the Black Prince to the cathedral for burial; the grateful content of the French Protestants when they were allowed, in Elizabeth's days, to pursue their calling in the undercroft, and thousands of other circumstances that go to make up the history of our country; and, as mentioned, it is still sound and strong.

There are, however, a few staircases on the Continent with claims to great antiquity. Foremost among them is that under the portico on the north side of the basilica of St John Lateran, in Rome. This is composed of twenty-eight marble steps, affirmed by tradition to have belonged to the house of Pontius Pilate, and to have been rendered sacred by the footsteps of the Saviour. It is placed between two others, by which those pilgrims and penitents descend who ascend the first-mentioned, which they are only permitted to do on their knees. Among the many impressive sights in the Eternal City, it is not the least curious one to see devout persons slowly progressing from step to step up this Scala Santa on their bended knees. Antiquaries allow that when the basilica was destroyed by fire in some bygone century, this staircase, with the chapel at the top of it, escaped the flames, and that it really is a veritable relic of high antiquity. As there is another staircase, in a church at Bonn, which likewise claims to have been formerly owned by Pontius Pilate, this opinion is of more than archaeological value. A second example of considerable antiquity and interest in Rome leads to the roof of the Pantheon. Unlike others made for the same purpose in pagan temples, which are generally spiral, this is constructed on a triangular plan. It has been noticed that the ancients generally chose an odd number of steps, to the end that those who ascended them would have the right foot ready to put foremost into the temple. As a rule, all ancient staircases were narrow and not well lighted. Even those in the Vatican, which are upwards of two hundred in number, were of no great dimensions till Bernini accomplished the grand staircase that still bears his name, and which, with its marble columns, pilasters, and stucco and other ornamentation, adds so much to the majestic aspect of the interior of that stupendous art-palace.

The chief points in an internal staircase are its form, approach, ease of ascent, lighting, and the readiness of access afforded by it to the floors with which it communicates. We have examples that are circular, square, oval, and oblong, and, as mentioned, at least one that is triangular. Those we call winding-stairs, that are made with steps that are narrow at one end, nearest to the newel, and wide at the other, were also sometimes used for straight flights in old times, in fortresses, when the steps were placed alternately, so that the narrow end of one rested on the wide end of another, zigzag fashion, with the intention that those who used them should step on the wide part of each one in ascending or descending. But for the most part the length of a man's foot has been the standard of measurement for the width of a step throughout. Inigo Jones (Iniquity Jones, the Earl of Pembroke called him, after a

quarrel) made so much of the staircase in his designs that he is considered to have shorn other portions of some of his edifices of their due proportions by devoting to it the lion's share of the space at his command. An example of his skill, however, in one of the prebendal houses attached to the collegiate church at Westminster occupies a space that does not exceed twenty-four feet by twenty-three, and yet is considered fit for a palace; and was so admired by Sir John Soane as a triumph of masterly construction, that he had a set of drawings made of it to illustrate one of his lectures at the Royal Academy. The state staircase in Windsor Castle occupies a space measuring about fifty feet by thirty-six feet. The steps of the grand staircase in Buckingham Palace, it may be mentioned, are of white marble, like the range of double columns in the hall out of which it rises. Generally, however, the steps of the grandest examples are made of hard white stone. Those of the principal staircase in Alnwick Castle measure twelve feet in length, and the landing-stage is composed of one stone twelve feet square. A frequent arrangement consists of a commencement with a central wide flight of steps, which, at the first landing-stage, divides and departs in two opposite directions. The new Opera-house in Paris has a staircase of this kind. To make the steps of one of the grand staircases in the Louvre, it has been asserted Charles V. brought ancient tombs from the church of Saint Innocent's, because the Paris stone did not furnish blocks of the necessary dimensions in sufficient numbers.

Perhaps the first winding stair of which we have any account is that built by Solomon in the Temple at Jerusalem. In the first Book of Kings we learn that the core of the temple was a building composed of three tiers of chambers surrounding a central inner courtyard, and access was afforded to the upper rooms by a winding stair. We read, 'the door for the middle chamber was in the right side of the house, and they went up with winding stairs into the middle chamber, and out of the middle into the third.' From those days to these the winding stair has been in general use. There is one, dark and steep, leading to Queen Mary's boudoir in Holyrood Palace; another in Ford Castle, where James IV. slept the night before the battle of Flodden; another in Rochester Castle, not so dark, but still steeper, winding higher and higher; and countless others in many a noble pile and proud tower. Up and down these difficult communications, winding round and round, came the strong man-at-arms, the mail-clad knight, the dame of high degree, her maids, her children, and the numerous servitors required in days when the absence of all the conveniences we now possess, such as water-supplies, postal service, public modes of transit and conveyance of goods, called for a large retinue. In ancient mansions in which the old peel-towers of former generations are incorporated, these winding stairs still in use bring vividly before us some of the details of mediæval life, and with them some disenchantment. They also prosaically illuminate such legends as that of the forlorn lady, turned out of doors by a cruel baron, who took refuge in a tower, and carried a pet calf up-stairs every night, and continued that feat for a long time

after it became a cow; and of horses that have made the same wonderful ascents.

In Hexham Abbey Church there is a stone staircase open to the south transept, very gray and solemn-looking, which is the same that was used by the monks in former times when they came from their dormitory and descended into the sacred building for their periodical services. As they came down step by step they would see the shrine of Robertus Ogle, the Saxon friar, the effigies of Wilfred, Acca, and other saints, the shrine or oratory of Prior Richard, the great screen painted with Death's Dance, and the sculptured altar, not dimmed and darkened as we see them, but nearer to the condition in which they left the hands of the artists who embodied their thoughts in them. It still affords a pleasant coign of vantage, whence the noble proportions of this fine work of our forefathers can be conveniently surveyed. There are but few ecclesiastical edifices that have preserved the staircases that communicated with the dormitories in this manner.

In our own time, grand staircases in buildings in which state ceremonies are held or state visits paid afford spectacles of surpassing interest on account of the passing to and fro of the company in ascending and descending. The sheen of rich clothing, the flash of jewels, the hues of uniforms, the plumes, flowers, plants, the general evidence of wealth, health, and beauty, produce kaleidoscopic effects not met with elsewhere. They have, however, their occasional tragedies, as witnessed in the terrible disaster that took place in the Victoria Hall at Sunderland a few years ago.

A QUERY.

You saucy blackbird, singing to your mate among the cherries,

Will you cease awhile your liting and give me an answer, please?

Did you see a maid pass lately, with lips redder than the berries

That so temptingly are swaying in the pleasant morning breeze?

Her eyes are like the blue speedwell, her hair has sunlight in it,

Her voice is like the sighing of the south wind 'mid the flowers;

And I love her very dearly; then, blackbird, stop a minute,

And tell me where she's wandering through the long sunshiny hours.

Tell me, is she in the woodlands where the violets are dreaming?

Did she take the meadow pathway that leads to the river-side?

For the noonday sun to-morrow shall behold our good ship steaming

Far away, and I would ask her if she'll one day be my bride.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 400.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

AFTER THE HAY WAS IN.

WHEN they said to me, 'Of course *you* are going to the bean-bake with us?' I responded in the affirmative with much alacrity. During the twenty-four hours which had elapsed since my arrival at my cousin's house I had heard much talk about this bean-bake, and was not a little curious as to its nature. From the eager way in which the three boys discussed it I surmised that it was some sort of rural festivity hitherto unknown to me. I believe a bean-bake to be as much of an 'institution' in and peculiar to the state of Maine as the clam-bake is to its sister Rhode Island.

One beautiful moonlight night, late in August, when the hay was all in, and the farmers could consequently take a brief holiday, a dozen or so of people, men and women, but mostly the latter, went to a pine-grove on the borders of the broad Penobscot river and camped out. They had two roomy tents, in one of which the weaker sex slept, while the other was occupied by the men-folks. Early in the evening a pit was dug in the ground, about two feet wide and deep, and four or five feet long; the bottom was covered with stones, and on them a fire was kindled. In the course of an hour this impromptu oven was ready for the beans. Two large three-footed iron kettles with close-fitting iron covers were now brought into requisition. Each was filled about two-thirds full with white beans which had been previously picked over, well washed, and then allowed to stand in tepid water while the pit was being heated. These beans must always, to be at their best, be chosen from last year's crop. When the pit was ready, the water was poured from the beans, and they were transferred to the kettles with the addition of a tablespoonful of molasses and a piece of salt pork as large as a man's two fists, for each kettle. The lids were put on, weighted for safety with a couple of large stones, and then the kettles were set in the pit. From that time—about ten o'clock at night—until the next day at noon the fire was kept up, the

men taking turns in watching and replenishing it.

Soon after our simple breakfast—we were saving our appetites for the beans!—the various invited guests began to arrive: some in a buggy which held but two; some in 'carryalls' in which five or six thin people could be packed; and one party, the largest, in a large coach with four horses. This came up from Bangor, and held nine grown people, six children, five or six heavy baskets, and a huge water-melon, which had arrived from Georgia just in time to be sacrificed at the bean-bake. For beans are not the only comestible on such an occasion; nothing eatable or drinkable comes amiss. Although the giver of the entertainment provides the backbone of the feast, it is after all a sort of 'Dutch treat,' as every guest is permitted—not expected—to contribute something. For instance, the Bangor coach brought several bottles of ginger ale and raspberry shrub, a large veal loaf, two fruit-cakes, several pounds of sweet biscuit—'crackers' they are called here—and six mince pies.

The table was spread under two of the tallest pine-trees. It consisted of long planks supported by trestles; but it was covered by the whitest of table-cloths, and spread with nice china, glass, and silver. Its adornments were very suitable. In the centre was a large celery glass full of tall spikes of pink hardhack blossoms set off by feathery twigs of juniper; here and there were tumblers filled with young ferns, fragile bluets, wild asters, and golden rod, and set in plates of moss dotted with bunches of the brilliant scarlet partridge berry. Overhead was a brilliant blue sky, across which fleecy clouds sailed now and then, and genial sunbeams peeped down upon us through interlacing branches of tall old trees. Beneath our feet was a thick, soft, dry carpet of pine needles; and for footstools we could use the many projecting roots. In the distance, faintly visible, was the swift-flowing Penobscot, as blue as the sky above it. Occasionally an Indian—clad in our costume, however, for the Indians

here are civilised and educated—would flit along in his graceful birch canoe; but he paid no heed to us nor we to him; we knew he had no evil intent.

The Indians in this vicinity make large numbers of baskets, boxes, toy chairs, cradles, canoes, &c., out of pliant willow and sweet grass. The latter retains its delicate perfume for years. By the laws of Maine the Indians are permitted to cut willow twigs wherever and whenever they find them. In the summer they take their wares to various fashionable resorts, where they sell 'like hot cakes,' and at a good round price too.

But it is past noon, and the beans are ready; so, too, are the lemonade—the water from a cool spring close at hand—the hot coffee, the brown bread, which is the spouse of baked beans, and the 'baked Injun'—not a roasted aborigine, however, as a stranger might suppose, but a rich pudding made of Indian-corn meal, cream, spices galore, plenty of rich butter, and molasses. We gather around our host's 'board,' one of the guests—a minister—from Bangor says grace, and then what a clatter of tongues! what a rattle of spoons and knives and forks!

There is no restraint, for we are all in some way, more or less distant, related to our host and his wife; all of us, that is, except the minister and his wife. To be sure, some of the relationship is a little puzzling; for instance, two whom I call cousins are daughters of my grandmother's youngest half-brother. We present a range of ages—from our host, well up in the sixties, to his little grandniece, just past her sixth birthday—and a variety of conditions in life.

We sit long at table, enjoying our viands and one another's society. When we do rise, the 'clearing-up' is an easy matter, for helping hands are many. The men stroll off to smoke and to look after the horses, which have been unharnessed and led to a shady grassy spot near by. The boys go to the river to fish; of course they catch nothing, but, strange to relate, not one of them gets a ducking. They have been strictly forbidden to go in swimming or bathing, because the current is swift and the water deep; but when they appear at supper-time their heads are suspiciously sleek. The tents are a nice place for the older folk to utilise; they take their siesta undisturbed by flies, sun, heat, or noise.

Supper is a formality, except for the omnivorous boys. As the sun seeks the horizon, the horses are harnessed, empty dishes are returned to their hampers, and we disperse in various directions.

The weather is so very fine, that, two days later, some one suggests that one of these moonlight nights is just the thing for a corn-roast. This is also an unheard-of festivity to some of us; so our host has no trouble in marshalling about twenty who have health and courage to brave the night-air. Green corn is now in an eatable condition. Great piles of it are cut, each milk-white ear is stripped of its layers of green husks, each layer becoming more delicate, until those next the tender milky kernels are as soft as satin. The long strands of silk are carefully removed, and then the ear is ready

for cooking. For use at table, green corn is boiled and generally served entire.

To-night, a brave bonfire is built on a clearing about half a mile from my host's house; great logs are thrown on it as soon as the preparatory blaze of dry brush is thoroughly alight and—oh, what heat arises! It was chilly that night, now that the sun had been gone an hour, and at first we sat around the blaze and said: 'How nice and warm! How cheerful!' But when the great logs began to glow, we were glad to withdraw to a respectful distance.

While this fine bed of glowing coals was preparing, the men had cut long slender boughs from neighbouring trees and sharpened one end of each. Then they impaled an ear of corn on the stick and thrust it into the embers, where a visit of a very few moments was enough to entirely change its character and appearance. Good? Yes, indeed! Part of it, that is; for the extreme ends of each ear were apt to be blackened by the smoke, so that it required dexterity to enjoy the well-cooked centre without having your nose and both cheeks pretty well blackened.

This is one of the occasions when you must remember the old adage, 'Fingers were made before forks.' You must take the ear in both hands and gnaw the sweet juicy kernels from the cob. There is no other way to eat roast corn, and no other way to really enjoy boiled corn. Quite often the half-cooked ear will fall from the stick into the fire; then it is gone. It is therefore fun to look out for the safety of your own ear and at the same time try to jostle your stick against that of some unwary neighbour. The fire is so hot that your impromptu toasting-fork has to be at least twelve feet long. It is customary at such times for the men to do the cooking, as their cuticles are usually less injured by heat than those of the fairer sex, while the women sit by and entertain them, perhaps tease those who lose their corn, and then eat the corn as it is passed to them.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.—ACROSS THE DESERT.

It was an endless journey, that journey across the Algerian mountains to Biskra. Cyrus Vanreuen had ample time on the way to reflect about the fate of the Cincinnati Pork Trust, and the Fifth National Bank failure. More than once on the road, indeed, weary with delays of the true Oriental pattern, he said to himself with a sigh that for any one less high-toned than Psyche Dumaresq he wouldn't have undertaken such a wildgoose chase. Which, to say the truth, was doing himself an injustice; for that honest soul would have done as much, any day, for any one else so unhappy and so lovable.

Still, the trip was undoubtedly a trial of patience. The line, in those days, went no farther than Constantine, whose beetling crags Cyrus and Corona reached, tired out, at eleven at night, after a weary day's ride in a dusty, dirty, slow African railway carriage. They had no time, however, to look at the wonderful old town, perched like a robber fortress on its isolated crags, nor at the

river running deep in its riven gorge a thousand feet below; for the diligence for Biskra left by five in the morning; and after a short night's rest, they found themselves at that hour in the chilly gray dawn crossing the antique Devil's Bridge that spans the profound ravine, and 'lighting out,' as Cyrus graphically expressed it, for the desert.

It was their first experience of desert travelling. And they didn't like it.

For four long days they jolted on in suspense, across the mountains and the sand-flats, ever up and up, towards the oasis at Biskra. The road was indeed a wild and weird one, winding steadily upward, between arid hills of white powdery limestone, towards the high plateau of the Great Sahara. Few trees or flowers diversified the way; and those few were dwarfed and scrubby and dusty in hue, as if developed on purpose to match the grim gray high-road. Dust and rock, indeed, formed the staples of the scenery. They halted for lunch at a grimy *auberge* by two desolate salt lakes; and then, up into the grimy diligence once more, and across the arid hills again, full pelt for Batna.

They were well into the heart of Africa now. Black Arab tents dotted the hillsides, and caravans of camels, in long weary strings, stepping slow and faint, passed them, ever going seaward. Trot, trot, trot, at a dreary jog, they rattled along all day; and late in the evening, they pulled up short, with uncomfortable brusqueness, in front of a dismal green-blinded hotel, in a fifth-rate Frenchified colonial village of barracks and cafés. And this was Batna.

Next morning, the same routine began over again. Day after day they rolled on and on, through sand, and dust, and rock, and sun, in the same aimless, hopeless, forlorn fashion. At dawn, they started among bare sunburnt hills; at night bare sunburnt hills stretched still for ever in long perspective before them. They seemed to go all the time from nowhere to nowhere. Only, as they went, the desert grew drearier and ever drearier, and Corona's heart sank deeper and deeper. By the third day, the abomination of desolation spread everywhere around them. The soil gaped in great valleys of sand. Deep in the fissures below, they could see the dry beds of prehistoric streams that drained into seas now dead and forgotten. The caravans here passed more and more frequently. But Cyrus and Corona cared little to observe the tall gray sheikhs in their white burnouses, or the women with their faces picturesquely tattooed, and their arms and throats heavily laden with barbaric jewellery. Not even the little children, playing naked in the sand with their bronzed limbs, could tempt them to look out any longer from those dusty windows. They had fallen into the lethargy of desert travel, and cared only to hurry on at such full speed as weary horses could effect, to Biskra. Their one wish was to relieve Psyche from that terrible strain of suspense and agony.

At last, the very road itself failed them. The diligence began to thread its way by some strange instinct across a trackless sandy plain, covered with naked brush, and strewn here and there with monstrous rounded boulders. On, and on, and ever on, starting in the morning from the middle of Nowhere, and pulling up at night in

the self-same spot, to all appearances, they trudged through that monotonous sea of sand till the fourth day was fairly over. The fourth night came on, but still the sea of sand spread everywhere limitless around them. Corona leaned back in her place and dozed. How long, she knew not. She woke with a start. What was this? A jolt, a jerk, a stoppage! She jumped up, half expecting to find they were upset in the desert. Had Bedouins come to demand their money or their life? But no. Strange change! They were rattling along a broad paved street. Around, were lights, noises, human habitations. Cyrus put out his head at the door. Yes—no mistake this time. It was really Biskra. The diligence drew up with a sudden pull at the door of an hotel, simple but European-looking. The transition was marvellous. They had crossed for four days the outskirts of the desert, and they woke up now to find themselves still within touch of civilisation on the tiled vestibule of the Hotel du Sahara.

All the way along, as they dashed and jolted over the desert plain, one thought alone had been uppermost in their minds—would they find Linnell when they got to Biskra? And now, as they descended, weary and dusty, from that rumbling stagecoach into the cool white corridor, the first question that rose instinctively to Cyrus's lips, in very imperfect French, as the landlord advanced, bowing and scraping, to meet them, was the gasped-out phrase, delivered with the utmost anxiety and emphasis, 'Y a-t-il un M. Linnell à la maison?'

The landlord smiled and bowed and retreated. 'This way, messieurs et dames—this way to the salle-à-manger. Table-d'hôte is over, but the restaurant à la carte is still open.—No, monsieur, we have no gentleman of that name at present at Biskra.—What will monsieur and mademoiselle require for supper after their long journey?'

Eating and drinking were nothing now to Cyrus. He waved the man aside with his hand impatiently. 'No gentleman of that name!' he cried in his despair. 'Perhaps, though, he's staying at some other hotel. I'll go out and search for him.'

'Monsieur,' the landlord replied, with offended dignity and a profound bow, 'there is no other hotel at Biskra. *Cabarets*, if you will, *estaminets*, *cafés—fonduks* where Arabs and camels herd together—but no hotel: no other house where a gentleman of the distinction of monsieur and his friends is at all likely for one moment to establish himself.—Will monsieur come this way to see his rooms? The hour is late. To-morrow, the administration will willingly charge itself with the duty of making all possible inquiries for the friend of monsieur.'

'Stop!' Cyrus cried, unable to rest till he had cleared up this uncertainty. 'Haven't you heard whether an Englishman, a refugee from Khartoum, is crossing the desert in a caravan from Ideles and Ouargla?'

'Monsieur,' the landlord said, still polite and impressive, but growing impatient, 'do I not assure you that to-morrow we will make all possible inquiries? Monsieur your friend is not in the town. Accept my assurances. But as soon as we can, we will discover his whereabouts.'

That closed the matter for the moment. It was

no use arguing. The landlord, good man, was bland but imperative. Cyrus was compelled in the end to retire, vanquished, to his own bedroom.

Supper, to their surprise, was clean, neat, and simple. The hotel, though rough, seemed pleasantly cool and quiet; and they found the beds soft, fresh, and excellent. French civilisation stood clearly on its mettle, resolved to create a miniature Paris in the oases of Sahara. But Cyrus hardly slept a wink that night for all that. He seemed to have come the whole way in vain, and to be as far from the object of his search as ever.

Towards morning he dozed, and awoke with a start—to find at last it was broad daylight. The desert sun was pouring in at the window in one fierce blaze of light. He rose and looked out. The beauty of the scene fairly took his breath away. It was a paradise of palm-trees. Great graceful stems rose by thousands on every side, waving their long lithe arms in the air to their own slow music. He dressed in haste, swallowed down a cup of morning coffee, and sallied forth alone into the one long street of Biskra. There, he made his way straight to the Mairie of the Commune, and proceeded to ask for such information as he could gain about the rumoured English traveller.

His heart gave a jump when the courteous official, who received his request with a smile, motioned him into a chair, and proceeded to overhaul with the usual deliberation a well-worn bundle of green-tape-bound letters. Nothing in France or any French colony without abundant green-tape. Cyrus waited and listened eagerly.

At last the courteous official, after much hunting, found the particular docket of which he was in search. 'Monsieur,' he answered, consulting it, with his most consequential air, 'we learn in effect that on the 20th of this month a caravan from the desert did really arrive, much distressed, at Ouargla. In that caravan, as our agents advise us, was a person, supposed to be a European, and giving his name as Linn or Linnell, whom we conjecture to be an English refugee from Khartoum: but on this subject, mark well, our government has as yet no official information. This person Linnell—as we believe him to be named—is now seriously ill with fever at Ouargla. He will proceed by caravan to this station, as soon as our agents consider him in a fit condition for desert travelling.'

'Ouargla!' Cyrus cried. 'Where's that? Can I wire along? Is there any telegraph there?'

The official smiled once more, a provoking smile. 'Monsieur,' he answered blandly, 'here the world ends. Civilisation stops dead short at Biskra. Ouargla is merely a frontier post. No mails: no telegraph.'

'Well, but how did you get this news then?' Cyrus asked in despair.

'There are missionary brothers at Ouargla village,' the official responded in the same bland voice. 'They took charge of the invalid, and forwarded the news to us.'

'How can I get there?' Cyrus asked, determined at once to go on and meet his man, in the midst of the desert. 'Is there any diligence?'

The official smiled still more broadly than before. 'You can go on foot,' he answered.

'Or you can go on a camel. But there are no roads, no vehicles. For myself, I advise you to await your compatriot here in Biskra.'

In a moment, Cyrus's mind was made up. The Western American does not debate: he acts instinctively. Off without a second's delay he rushed to the telegraph office, and sent a despatch to Sirena at the Orangers: 'Man supposed to be one of the Linnells lies dangerously ill at a place called Ouargla. Am crossing the desert on a camel to find him. Mean to reach him, dead or alive. Shall wire again when I have anything to communicate.'

Three hours later, Corona and he were making their trial trip on the ship of the desert, outward bound, with a rolling sea, from Biskra to Ouargla.

Camel-riding is by no means an easy art for a stranger, and they were both beginning to get terribly tired of the pitching and tossing under that burning sun, when, some miles from Biskra, they descried in front of them a long line of patient beasts threading their way with slow and stately tread to meet them over the desert. Cyrus's heart came up into his mouth as he pointed towards the distant line eagerly, and exclaimed in French, with a gulp of surprise: 'What do we see over yonder? A caravan from Ouargla?'

The Arab by his side caught at the words quickly, and summoning up all his French, replied at once, with many shakes and nods: 'Oui, oui: caravan: du côté d'Ouargla.'

There's something inexpressibly solemn about the stillness and silence of the great desert. Even Cyrus's Western American mind felt awed for a moment at sight of that long string of gaunt-limbed beasts silhouetted in black against the pale sky-line of that gray desolation. He looked and wondered. The caravan advanced to meet them very slowly. Its camels, Corona could see for herself, as she clung to the projecting pommels of her own saddle, were weary and footsore with their long tramp across the burning sand from their distant station. Most of them were laden with heavy bales, and led by drivers, who walked by their sides with the free bold step of the untamed Bedouin. Their humps were shrunk away to mere bags of skin that lopped over and fell on their bare sides—the sure sign of a long and tedious journey. But what attracted Cyrus's attention more than anything else was a sort of litter or palanquin, that occupied the midst, borne by four bare-legged M'zabite bearers, and apparently containing some stranger of importance. His heart beat quicker for a moment at the sight. That litter must surely contain—the mysterious Englishman.

'Halt here!' he cried aloud to his Arab driver; and the Arab, accepting the tone for what it meant, with a sudden jerk brought the camel to a walk and then by slow degrees to an unwilling standstill.

'Does any one of you speak French?' Cyrus called out in the nearest approach he could make to that language from his uncertain perch on the animal's back.

The foremost Arab of the caravan bowed politely in answer. 'Monsieur,' he answered, in what even Cyrus recognised at once for the pure Parisian of an educated gentleman, 'I am

a Frenchman myself. What can I do for monsieur?

'You a Frenchman!' Cyrus cried, surprised, scanning his Arab dress from head to foot attentively.

'Yes, monsieur. We missionary priests of Our Lady of Africa dress always thus in Arab costume,' the stranger answered quietly. 'For that, they call us the White Brothers. We have come from Ouargla in charge of an English refugee from Khartoum. We are taking him for a European doctor to see at Biskra.'

In his eagerness and anxiety Cyrus scrambled down boldly from his seat on the camel, and approached the missionary with a perfect torrent of inquiries.

'Do you know his name?' he cried. 'Is he ill? Do you think he'll recover?'

'Monsieur, we do not know his name, because he is far too ill to be questioned yet; but the name on a paper he carried in his pocket is Linnell, we notice.'

Cyrus could hardly restrain himself from crying out aloud in his delight and surprise. But which Linnell? That was now the question. 'I have come in search of him,' he cried, all eagerness: 'I came from Algiers on purpose to look for him. Is he in the litter here? Can I see him, monsieur?'

The missionary beckoned to the M'zabites by the litter, who had halted to observe the upshot of this curious rencontre. One of them, obedient to the unspoken command, lifted up with his big black hand the corner of the curtains that concealed the patient. There, on a mattress, with closed eyes and bloodless cheeks, lay stretched, half dead, a man with a long dark beard, the growth of a year spent in the tropical African interior. The man, who had once been tall and handsome, and who still bore on his face something of the type of the English aristocrat, was evidently very ill indeed. He never opened his eyes even when they halted, nor gave the faintest sign of life or motion. To Cyrus, this suspense was terrible indeed. To think he had found the very man Linnell, whoever he might be, and yet could not solve that last awful question—for Psyche's sake—whether it was the artist himself or his soldier cousin!

The man looked like a soldier. And yet there was something of the artist, too, in the cut of the features, so Cyrus fancied.

'How did he get to Ouargla?' the young American asked again with profound interest.

Corona leaned over from her saddle in breathless anxiety to hear the answer.

'There's some mystery about it,' the missionary replied, letting drop the flap of the litter once more. 'All we know is this, from what we can gather—there were two of them at first, but one was murdered. So much he managed to tell us in brief when he tottered, more dead than alive, into Ouargla. They seem to have struggled across the desert with a passing caravan; but some difficulty arose, we don't know what; and they got separated from their party, we imagine, some way from Ideles, though we know nothing yet for certain. Then there was a fight—a fight or a pursuit. At anyrate, this poor fellow staggered in at last, to a friendly caravan, alone and wounded, his burnous stained and clotted with

blood, and a couple of flesh-cuts on his shoulder unhealed; and all the account he could give of himself was merely what I tell you—that he had lost his camel two days before, and had come on on foot, for many kilometres, in the direction of Ouargla.'

'He was wounded!' Cyrus exclaimed, aghast.

'Yes, seriously wounded. And from what he mumbles now and again in his delirium—for he's very delirious—one of our brothers, who understands a little English, believes there was some fight either with Arabs on the way, or with a fellow-Englishman.'

'Corona,' Cyrus cried, 'this is our man, of course. We must go back to Biskra, and telegraph to Miss Dumaresq.—Will he ever get any better, Father? If possible, before he dies, I must manage to have a few words at least with him.'

The missionary shook his head slowly. 'He may,' he said, 'or he may not. Who knows? Le bon Dieu disposes it. But in any case I think it would be dangerous to question him.'

Cyrus mounted his camel in silence once more. It was painful to remain in such suspense so long; but there was no help for it. They rode back solemnly with the caravan to the hotel at Biskra. There, the invalid was lifted with care from his litter, and laid in comfort on a European bed—the first he had slept upon since he left Khartoum in fear and trembling a twelvemonth earlier.

Late that night, as Cyrus sat in the bare small salon, endeavouring to spell out with much difficulty a very dog-eared paper-covered novel in a foreign tongue by a person bearing the name of Daudet, the White Brother came in with an anxious face, and laid his hand authoritatively on the young man's shoulder. 'Come, mon fils,' he said: 'the Englishman is conscious. He would like to speak with you for a few short minutes. He seems to be in a very critical state, and would perhaps wish before he dies to unburden his soul—to make some statement or entrust some commissions to the ear of a compatriot.'

Cyrus rose and followed the priest eagerly into the sick-room. He would now at least learn which of the two it was. In five minutes more poor Psyche's fate would be sealed for ever. He would learn if it was the artist, or his soldier cousin.

(To be continued.)

REPAIRING TELEGRAPH CABLES AT SEA.

PROBABLY most people suppose that a submarine electric telegraph cable when once laid remains always practically efficient, and, recalling the history of the laying of the first Atlantic cables, imagine that the chief difficulties of telegraphing beneath the sea arise from the danger of the cable parting or giving way during the actual process of laying. But a cable when once laid is by no means secure, and is likely to be broken or injured in many ways. In the early days of submarine telegraphy it is true that cables were often broken during the process of laying, either from imperfect paying-out machinery or

from hitches in the coiling on board the ship ; but paying-out gear is now so perfect, and cables are so carefully coiled in the tanks of the ships, which are often built for this special work, that failures in laying a cable are not nearly so numerous as they used to be. After a cable is down in its place, however, it is exposed to many dangers ; and if it is once injured, it can only be repaired by being brought to the surface, in order that the injured portion may be cut out and a new piece inserted. Cables may be injured in many ways. The shore end, which is laid in shallow water, may be either cut by the dragging of ships' anchors across it, or frayed by the motion of the sea continually rolling it on the bottom. A cable in that position may, however, usually be very easily raised by under-running it from the shore ; but when sand or mud has accumulated above it, it is sometimes difficult to raise it from its bed, and in such cases strong supports which carry stout tackle have to be set up where a boat would not afford sufficient purchase. In deep water a cable may be injured by chemical action eating into it, or by the inequalities of the bottom causing a strain which results in a fracture. Such inequalities often occur where coral reefs are found.

It is repairs to cables of this description which require the most care in their management, and such cables have frequently to be raised from a depth of over two thousand fathoms. Telegraph companies accordingly keep repairing-ships specially fitted, and some of them specially built, for the purpose, such as the *Mirror* and the *Magnetic*—the latter of which is supposed to have foundered with all hands, and both of which were in the employment of the 'Eastern Telegraph Company.' The *Scotia*, once the favourite ship of the Cunard line, is now also fitted up for and employed by the 'Telegraph Construction and Maintenance Company.' The English postal service likewise possesses a ship, the *Monarch*, to keep in repair the government cables running round our coasts. Telegraph repairing-ships carry, in addition to the usual complement of a ship's company, a large staff of extra hands, some of whom are skilled workmen, and an electrician, who, by means of scientific testing instruments, can determine with considerable accuracy the distance along the cable where a fault or break has occurred.

When a cable breaks down, the electrician is sent for ; and he first determines from the station ashore, by means of his instruments, the whereabouts of the fault. The line of the cable has been carefully marked on the chart when it was first laid down ; so, when the place of injury has been determined, the ship proceeds the required distance, allowance being made for the slack, usually from ten to fifteen per cent., according to the known depth of the water. And now the real work commences. If the fault is near the land, the position is further determined by bearings ; but if the ship is out of sight of land, the usual observations have to be made by the sun or stars, and have in this case to be made with great accuracy. A sounding is then taken to measure the depth, and a mark-buoy is put down in the following manner. A mushroom anchor is lowered, to which are attached a short piece of chain, and a stout rope constructed of hemp and wire of the required length. At the end of the rope is fixed

a large buoy, surmounted by a flagstaff, on which is fixed a flag or wicker-work cone, which can be seen in clear weather and smooth water at a distance of from four to five miles. The ship then goes to the right or left of the line of cable and proceeds to grapple.

Various classes of grapnels are used, according to the depth of water and the state of the bottom. If the depth is very great, a grapnel has sometimes to be used which grips and cuts the cable at the same time, so that only half the weight of it has to be raised. On rocky bottoms, a 'centipede' grapnel is used, which is a sort of long iron bar set with short prongs from four to ten in number ; but on a muddy bottom an ordinary grapnel with long prongs can be used. Grappling may be described as fishing on a large scale, the fishing-line being a strong rope of wire and hemp capable of bearing a weight of several tons. When the grapnel is down, the ship steams slowly across the line of cable, the officer in charge either sitting on the rope or feeling it with his hands until he gets a bite. These bites vary in quality ; but an experienced hand will soon know whether he has touched the cable, or only hooked a rock or some other obstruction. A hold on a large rock will, however, sometimes pitch the man in charge from his post, unless he is on the alert. There is an instrument called a 'dynamometer,' through which is passed the rope to which the grapnel hangs. The instrument records the amount of strain, on a dial ; and if a severe strain is indicated, more rope is at once paid out, to prevent a break. The best indication of a true bite is a gradual and increasing strain.

Of course grappling can only be carried on in fine weather, and even then the ship may cross and recross the line of the cable for days and even weeks before a successful hook is made. This important preliminary having been accomplished, the next thing is to raise the cable to the surface. This is done in the following way : The picking-up gear, which is of course worked by steam, is set in motion, and the ship is, as far as possible, kept in such a position that the grapnel rope hangs down in a perpendicular direction. All the time that the process of picking-up is going on, the dynamometer is carefully watched, and if too great a strain is indicated, the machinery must be stopped. It sometimes takes three or four hours to raise the cable to the surface, and there is even then sometimes the bitter disappointment of the cable parting just before it can be got safely on board.

The picking-up gear must be described. It consists of a large iron pulley or sheave fixed at the end of a frame which projects from the bow of the ship. The grapnel rope is passed over this sheave, and led along a long trough till it passes under the wheel of the dynamometer, which is lifted up and down on a figured scale by the varying strain. From the dynamometer the rope is passed round a big drum worked by steam. When the cable appears above the surface of the water, two men are lowered from the bows on a sort of seat, called a boatswain's chair, and firmly secure the cable with chains on each side of the grapnel. The cable itself is then cut at the grapnel with an axe or file, and one end of it is hove on board and tested by the electrician. If the end is found to be sound, it is fixed to a

buoy, which varies in size according to the depth of water and the weight of cable to be carried, and carefully lowered overboard. If, however, a 'fault' is discovered, the electrician by his instruments determines its position, and consults with the captain or the cable-engineer as to the advisability of picking up to the fault or of making a splice and grappling afresh. The other end is then treated in a similar manner. Should it be decided to pick up to the fault, the cable is passed over the sheave and attached to the drum, which is set in motion, the ship's engines also being worked if required, to prevent too great a strain on the cable. The cable as it comes in is carefully coiled away in one of the tanks, if it is worth preserving.

When the fault is at last reached, if it should prove to be only a bruise or some defect of that sort, the faulty piece is cut out and a new piece is spliced in; but if, as is more usually the case, it results from a fracture, the position when the end comes up is carefully observed, and a mark-buoy is lowered. The other lost end is then grappled for as before; and when it has been got on board, the two ends are spliced together, and the cable is fit for its work again. Sometimes several faults are discovered, and the processes which we have described have to be repeated many times, so that a period of several weeks often occurs before an injured cable can be again made fit for use. Before describing the method of splicing, it will be necessary to describe a telegraphic cable.

Telegraphic cables are constructed with a centre or core of seven copper wires, which are encased in a coating of gutta-percha. This core is enclosed in a wrapping of flax, which is in turn covered by strands of steel wire, the size and quality of which depend on the required strength of the cable. Lastly, the cable is protected by a covering of well-tarred hemp, calculated to resist the action of the water. The first thing in splicing is to join the two pieces of core carefully together, and this is usually done by a skilled workman called a 'joiner.' He brazes the copper wires together, and encloses them in their coating of gutta-percha, and the outer coverings are then carefully put on so as not in any way to injure the interior core. The splice being completed, an operation which takes about an hour and a half to accomplish, the cable is paid-out again. If it is only a short piece which has to be relaid, this is done from the sheave at the bows; but if there are several miles of cable, it is passed aft, and paid-out over a similar sheave at the stern, and the ship's course is laid towards the other end of the cable, which, it will be remembered, has been left buoyed at the surface, and the two ends are connected by another splice. The final operation is 'slipping the bight;' this means a very careful lowering over the bows, which is effected by means of ropes attached to the cable.

In all these operations great care is required in working the ship that no undue strain may be made on the cable, which is often on board for some hours; consequently, the duties of officers and men are beyond those of ordinary seaman-ship. On the other hand, there are a good many spells of rest for the ship's company when the ship is lying in port waiting until her services are required; and these periods in some way make

up for the unceasing attention and care which are necessary when the ship is at work. Deep-sea cable-repairing is one of the many ways in which a sailor's duties have been developed by the requirements of modern inventions and modern enterprise.

THE HEIR OF ROTHWELL CHASE.

CHAPTER V.—CONCLUSION.

AFTER an early breakfast on the morning of the day following that of his visit to the cottage, Evan Marchmont booked himself by train to Whitcastle, a town about a dozen miles away, whence he at once despatched the following telegram:

'From Squire Baynard, Oak Dene, Whitcastle, to Sampson Abrey, Marshmallow Cottage, by Wakenham.—Call upon me here at four o'clock this afternoon, without fail. Want to see you about purchase of fodder.'

The effect of this message, as Evan calculated, would be to take Abrey from home for two or three hours at the least, for not till he should reach Oak Dene would there be any possibility of his discovering that the message was a fictitious one. Than Squire Baynard, there was no man better known in those parts.

At a quarter past three the same afternoon Evan drove out of the yard of the Black Swan in a dogcart which he had hired for the occasion. By the time he should reach Marshmallow Cottage, Abrey, assuming him to have carried out the instructions conveyed in the telegram, ought to be well on his way to Whitcastle.

On arriving at the cottage, Evan pulled up in front of it and called out 'House! house!' as he had heard the carrier do the day before. There was more delay to-day than there had been then in answering the summons, and it was not till after he had repeated it, and had then waited while stock was being taken of him through the window, that the door was opened by a tall thin girl with very bright black eyes and a crafty but somewhat sullen expression of countenance. This must be Abrey's grand-daughter Elsie, Evan told himself—the 'impish girl' of whom Edeline had made mention to him. The fact that she had answered his summons, and not her grandfather, was all but proof positive that the latter had left home in response to the telegram.

By this time Evan had alighted, and was patting the neck of his horse. Elsie, standing on the doorstep, her bright suspicious eyes fixed on him, waited to hear why he had summoned her.

'My good girl, I am in want of a truss of hay,' began Evan, in his easy debonaire manner, as he proceeded to draw off his gloves. 'I have heard Mr Abrey's hay very highly spoken of, so have made up my mind to try it.'

'It is very good hay, sir, I believe,' answered Elsie. 'I will fetch you a truss from the shed.'

Carefully shutting the cottage door, she turned in the direction of the shed, which was some dozen or more yards away.

'By the way,' went on Evan, following her up in leisurely fashion, 'I see that Mr Abrey deals

also in corn. You may as well let me have a sample to take with me. I may be able to find him a customer or two among my friends.'

'Very well, sir; I will give you a sample,' responded the girl.

Evan began to whistle, as though everything had been said which need be said.

On reaching the door of the shed, Elsie turned the big key in the lock and went in. The interview between Abrey and the carrier of which Evan had been a witness the day before had inspired him with the idea which he was now endeavouring to put into practice. Still whistling softly to himself, he strolled after the girl till he reached the open door of the shed. One glance round the interior was enough. Its only window was in the roof, its only door the one by which he was standing. Elsie had already selected a truss of hay from a heap which half filled the shed, and had crossed to a bin in one corner in order to take from it a sample of corn. Now was Evan's opportunity. An instant later the door was shut and locked. As the bolt shot home, a shriek broke from the girl. Again and again she dashed herself against the door, and shook it in a frenzy of rage and fear, although she must have recognised the utter futility of such efforts as she could put forth to force the stout old timbers. She might hurt and bruise herself as much as she chose, but it would be to no avail.

A few swift strides took Evan to the cottage. Without a moment's hesitation he opened the door and went in, and at once found himself in what was evidently the living-room of the family. Its only occupant was a worn-looking gray-haired woman, who was seated in a large cushioned chair by the chimney corner. Evan knew at once that she could be none other than the Ann Abrey of whom Edeline had told him, she who had lost her speech, as also, in a great measure, the use of her limbs. His first glance had been round the room in search of the missing child, if haply he might be there; then he turned to the invalid, and their eyes met. In the way she looked at him he read the amazement and fear which his sudden appearance, and without the girl, had given rise to in her mind. It was no part of his plan to frighten this poor creature, and he hastened to reassure her.

'You have nothing whatever to be afraid of,' he said. 'I am not here either to rob the house or to do you any harm.' Then a sudden thought struck him. 'You know Miss Fenton, who often comes to see you?' he asked.

The eyes lighted up, and the expression of the drawn features changed in an instant. The reply was a vigorous nod of the head in the affirmative.

'You like Miss Fenton, do you not, and would do almost anything for her?' continued Evan; to which the reply was a still more emphatic nod than before. 'It was Miss Fenton who told me about you. In a little while she and I are to be married,' went on the young man. 'But she is in great distress and trouble owing to the loss of my cousin, little Frank Marchmont of Rothwell Chase. Now, I have reason to believe that the child is hidden either under this roof or somewhere close by; so, if you really care for Miss Fenton as you give me to understand that

you do, you can prove it at once by telling me how and where I can find the boy.'

He had spoken very slowly and distinctly, but scarcely had the words passed his lips before the full force of their absurdity struck him. For the moment he had forgotten that he was preferring his request to a speechless woman. He bit his lips with vexation.

He could see that Ann had understood what he had said. For the space of a few seconds her eyes rested searchingly on his face, then, as if satisfied with her scrutiny, she pointed with her right hand—the one of which she still retained the use—to an object hanging on the wall a little distance away. It was an ordinary school slate. Evan gathered her meaning at a glance.

Taking down the slate, he placed it on a small oval table by Ann's elbow. Then, having produced a piece of pencil from her pocket, she began to write, slowly and laboriously, Evan steadying the slate for her meanwhile. When she had finished her sentence she looked up at him, and he, stooping forward, read: 'Swear to me that you are speaking the truth.'

Evan drew himself up, and lifting his hat, said: 'I swear most solemnly, in the sight of Heaven, that what I have told you is the truth!'

Ann nodded and motioned that she had more to write.

'Light that lantern which hangs in the corner,' she wrote. 'Take it with you, and go down into the cellar. There you will find a door. Open it, and pass onward till you reach the cavern. There you will find the child.' She laid down the pencil and looked up at Evan, as intimating that she had done.

Evan's heart gave a great bound as his eyes took in what she had written. 'God bless you! You are a good woman,' he exclaimed fervently. Then he took down the lantern and lighted the candle in it from his own match-box. Ann's finger indicated to him the door which led to the cellar. Opening it, he went down a flight of stone steps which landed him in a gloomy apartment that seemed to extend under the whole of the house. Presently he found the door he had been directed to look for. It was of rude construction, consisting merely of a few boards loosely fastened together by means of three or four cross-pieces, having neither lock nor bolt, but merely a simple latch, which, however, was placed so high up as to be out of the reach of a child of three or four. Near at hand was a heap of bricks, as though what lay beyond the cellar had at one time been walled up and only lately reopened, which, indeed, on after investigation, proved to be the case. On opening the door and going forward, Evan found himself in a narrow passage between six and seven feet in height, where, but for the lantern he had brought with him, he would have been in total darkness. Pressing forward carefully, with the light thrown in front of him, the passage gradually sloping downward the while, he came presently to a curtain of faded moreen, on pushing aside which he found himself on the threshold of a cavern of considerable size, but whether natural or artificial he had neither time nor inclination just then to determine. For the moment, indeed, he saw one object, and one only: a child, pallid-cheeked and large-eyed, seated on

a truckle bed and silently turning the leaves of a picture-book by the light of a lamp fixed against the wall over his head. In one corner an oil-stove was burning, probably with a view of raising the temperature of the cave, which, however, was by no means unpleasantly cold. A small table, a couple of rush-bottomed chairs, and a few other articles of common furniture, were scattered about. The height of the cavern varied in different places, but nowhere could it have been less than from twenty to thirty feet.

After a momentary pause, Evan let the curtain drop behind him, and putting down his lantern, advanced smilingly towards the bed. He was afraid the child might be frightened at the sight of a stranger, for the two had never met before. 'Frankie,' he said, adopting the name Edeline often spoke of him by, 'I have come to fetch you. Your mamma and grandpapa want you at home again, and you want to see them, don't you?'

'Yes; we want to go home again vewy much,' responded the little fellow, after regarding Evan for a moment or two with his grave old-world eyes, as if the coming of the latter were quite a matter of course. 'Me dweadfully tired of this pwace. Me want to see Edie and Fanny and gwandada again. Me quite weady to go.' With that he shut up the book and slid from the bed to the floor. There was one thing to be said for those who had been his jailers for so long a time—he had suffered no neglect so far as cleanliness was concerned, and but for the pallor resulting from the want of daylight and fresh air, he looked in fairly good condition.

There was a knitted shawl hanging over a chair, which Evan took the liberty of appropriating, and proceeded to wrap it round the boy. While thus engaged his eyes were attracted to an accordion on a shelf close by, and the origin of the mysterious music was at once made clear to him. It was doubtless the girl Elsie whom he had heard playing, the sounds reaching him faintly through cracks and crevices in the roof of the cavern as he lay stretched on the grassy slope overhead.

Ann Abrey's eyes brightened when, three minutes later, Evan emerged from the cellar with Frank in his arms. Slate and pencil were again brought into requisition. 'Please give my love and respects to dear Miss Fenton,' she wrote, 'and beg of her not to forget poor Ann Abrey.'

Evan, with his hand grasping hers, told her he knew Miss Fenton far too well for there to be any fear on that score. Outside he found his horse and trap as he had left them. All was quiet in the fodder shed. Elsie was awaiting in sullen patience the return of her grandfather, or the passing of some one who, in response to her calls for help, would set her at liberty.

It was with very mingled feelings that Evan Marchmont rang the bell of the main entrance to Rothwell Chase. Hitherto, through no fault of his own, he had been, so to speak, an outcast from the home of his ancestors. While he awaited the opening of the door, the whole scene of his interview with his uncle a year before flashed as freshly across his memory as though it had been an incident of yesterday. Again Sir Harry's cruel words seemed to smite him like a lash: 'I would rather my ward should marry yonder crossing-sweeper than marry you.' To-

day, however, the whirligig of time had brought about Evan's revenge. It would cut the proud old man to the quick to have to be indebted to the nephew whom he had insulted and treated with such contumely for the restoration of the missing heir—the hope, the pride, and the joy of his declining years. Evan at that moment would have been more than mortal if the thought—all unbidden though it came—had not found an echo in his heart: 'But for the child I am now bringing home, I should one day be the master of Rothwell Chase!'

'Show me to your master's room,' he said to the footman who had opened the door, and now stood staring at him and his burden in blank bewilderment.

The man, without a word, led the way to the study, where, of late, Sir Harry was nearly always to be found at this hour of the day. With him was Edeline.

As Evan entered the room, still carrying the child, who, however, was no longer swathed in the shawl, Edie sprang to her feet with a cry, while Sir Harry rose stiffly from his chair and, trembling in every limb, stared as though he beheld some vision from the tomb.

'Sir,' said Evan in ceremonious accents as he put down the child, 'it is possible that you do not recognise me. I am your nephew, Evan Marchmont. Permit me to have the happiness of restoring to you your grandson—and heir.' With that he bowed gravely, and turning, would at once have left the room had he not found the way barred. While he was speaking, Edie had glided forward, and was now standing with her back to the door.

'Gwandada, I'se come back to you,' said Frank as he ran forward and clasped the old man round his knees; 'and me won't go away from you never no more.'

On the scene that followed it is not needful that we should dwell, and what still remains to be told must be set down as briefly as may be.

A warrant for the arrest of Sampson Abrey was at once issued; but when, early next morning, the police went in search of their man, he was nowhere to be found. He had decamped in the course of the night, taking Elsie with him, and neither of them was ever seen in those parts again.

But Samp Abrey was not the only one missing when asked for. Within an hour of its becoming known at the Chase that Master Frank had been found and brought home by a strange gentleman, both Therese Cobran and Tom Abrey disappeared, and there being nothing at the time beyond suspicion to connect them with the abduction of the heir, no efforts were made to trace either of them. Next morning, too, it became known at the Black Swan that the mysterious Mr Vodney was *non est*. He had apparently retired to his room as usual some time after midnight; but instead of doing so, he must have slipped out of the house unseen by any one, and so have vanished, probably in the direction of the railway station, leaving, however, owing to some little oversight on his part, a fortnight's bill unsettled for bed and board.

An examination of Marshmallow Cottage and the secret cavern with which it was connected left no room for doubt that the latter had been

utilised in years gone by for the storage of contraband goods, but that, when smuggling ceased to be a profitable game, the entrance had been walled up, and had so remained till Sampson Abrey found a use for it such as had never been dreamt of by his respected progenitors.

Abrey had made no attempt to burden his flight with his helpless sister. The baronet and Miss Fenton between them charged themselves with the future of the poor woman, for whom a home was found where she would be duly cared for.

Sir Harry's reversal of feeling towards his nephew was that of a prejudiced and obstinate but at the bottom kind-hearted man, who all along had been possessed by an uneasy consciousness that he was in the wrong, while too stiff-necked to acknowledge it even to himself. Now that it had been brought about, it was a reversal full and complete; had it not been so, it would not have been in keeping with the man as he was.

Evan and Edeline were married about six months after the occurrences herein narrated. A few weeks later Mrs Marchmont was also married, not, however, to any rich Englishman or noted personage in London society, but to a certain Signor Luigi Castanelli, the one man in the world of whom she went in fear, who had found her out, as she had always had a presentiment he would, and whom she accepted, feeling sure it would be as much as her life was worth to refuse him now she was free, after the way she had led him on and then thrown him over five years before.

There were several features in connection with the abduction of the heir which still remained inexplicable to Evan and his wife, and, for anything they could see to the contrary, seemed likely to remain so till the end of the chapter. But when three years had gone by, enlightenment came, and that in a way the most unexpected.

On a certain afternoon Mrs Evan Marchmont's servant informed her mistress that there was a female dressed in deep mourning at the door who desired to speak with her, but refused to give any name.

The stranger proved to be Therese Cobran—but how changed! Edeline was more shocked than she would have cared to express in words.

'I must crave your pardon, madame, for venturing to call upon you,' began Therese in the same cold unmodulated tones which Edie remembered so well; 'but if my necessity were not a very bitter one, you may rely upon it that I should not be here to-day.'

'Sit down, and let me offer you a glass of wine before you say any more,' answered Edeline, whose sympathetic nature had at once been touched by the evident forlornness of the woman. And then she wore a widow's cap, which of itself was enough to touch Edie to the quick; and her mourning was very, very shabby.

The story she had to tell, which must be here abridged, was both a sad and a strange one.

Vodney had been her lover, and subsequently her husband, and his was the brain which had planned the abduction of the heir of Rothwell Chase. Therese and he had been engaged for some years; but Vodney was still so poor that

the prospect of their marriage seemed as far off as ever. He had tried half a score ways of making a living, but had failed in all. It was while matters stood thus that Mrs Marchmont one day in a moment of passion struck Therese on the cheek with her slipper. The Swiss resented the indignity bitterly in her heart, although at the time she seemed to pass it over lightly and to have forgotten all about it a few hours later. What was perhaps more to the purpose, her lover resented it, or pretended to do so, equally with herself. Then it was that he proposed to her a scheme for the abduction of the heir, which, if it could only be successfully carried out, would serve a double purpose. In the first place, it would give Therese the revenge she was longing for, in the mother's agony and distress for the loss of her child; while, in the second place, if Vodney could only contrive to be the medium for the restoration of the child, he could claim the reward which would doubtless be offered, and thereby at once remove the only obstacle to the marriage of himself and Therese. It was a scheme which at first sight bristled with difficulties, but Vodney's indomitable patience sufficed to overcome these one by one.

Tom Abrey, from the first day of Therese's appearance at the Chase, had fallen madly in love with her, little likely as she seemed to excite such a passion in the breast of the good-looking groom, who could have had the pick of a score pretty girls, as he was quite aware. However, so it was. Vodney, when informed of Tom's infatuation, at once proposed to turn it to account for the furtherance of his scheme, and Therese was instructed to afford him a certain amount of encouragement, and so lead him on to talk of this, that, and the other. Among other family matters which Tom in the fullness of his heart confided to Therese was the fact that, some twenty years before, his grandfather had undergone a sentence of penal servitude for being concerned, with others, in a poaching affray in which one of Sir Harry's keepers was unfortunately shot. Since that time, for some reason known only to himself, old Abrey had nursed a bitter grudge against the baronet, and had often been heard to declare that he should not die easy till he had had his revenge. Here was a tool to Vodney's hand! The old man was accordingly approached through his grandson, who, to do the young fellow justice, had no liking for the job, but was led on by his mad passion for the waiting-woman to do things which at another time he would have turned from with abhorrence. The end of the matter was that old Abrey agreed, for the sum of fifty pounds, to be paid in two instalments, to take the child into hiding for a month, at the end of which time some one was to fetch him away, and Abrey was to be no more troubled in the affair. The some one in question would have been Vodney, who, in his sham rôle of private detective, would have taken the child back to Sir Harry—after first obtaining from him a written promise that no further inquiries should be instituted—and have claimed the reward. To what extent this precious scheme was successful, and by what means it ultimately came to grief, we have already seen.

One point remains to be elucidated for the reader's behoof—to wit, by what means the child

was spirited away from the Chase without any one save those concerned in the plot being a bit the wiser. When Fanny Dale quitted the nursery in order to take Mrs Marchmont her cup of tea, Therese, who was on the watch, darted downstairs and, entering the room, said to Frank: 'Your mamma has sent for you, darling. I am to take you to her.' With that she took him up and hurried back with him to her own room, having first flung wide the window. There she offered him a narcotic to drink which had been supplied her for the purpose by Vodney. It was not at all disagreeable, and Frank, who was one of the most obedient of children, made no difficulty about swallowing it. Five minutes later he was in a sleep so sound that it would have been next to impossible to awake him. For the time being she laid him to rest on an impromptu bed in a large clothes-closet which opened out of her room. But it was not till long after midnight that she found an opportunity of passing the still unconscious child into the charge of Tom Abrey, by whom, in turn, it was handed on to Elsie, who was waiting in the shrubbery, her grandfather, with his horse and trap, lying perdu just beyond the precincts of the park. To Tom Abrey, although the suggestion emanated from Vodney, was due the heel-marks under the nursery window which Mr Dinwade examined so carefully by means of his magnifying glass.

Despite their want of means, Therese and Vodney had got married. All the woman's savings had gone towards satisfying old Abrey, Vodney making sure that he should presently get the amount back from Sir Harry under the head of expenses. About six months after her marriage Therese had come in for a legacy of two hundred pounds. This had proved the ruin of her husband. In two years he succeeded in drinking himself to death; and now his widow had come to beg sufficient money to enable her to join some relatives in America. It is enough to say that the money was found her.

IN LYONNESSE.

THE extreme south-western corner of England, locally known as Penwith, and stretching from St Ives to Penzance and Land's End, is a tract as interesting as it is unfamiliar to the majority of Englishmen. It is a land of striking contrasts. Broadly speaking, a desolate promontory, it is bathed in the warm vapour of the Gulf Stream; and while one is everywhere confronted by barren hills crowned with piles of gray, time-worn rocks, each valley is, on the other hand, a garden where fruit, flowers, and vegetables grow with a luxuriance unknown farther north. A wilder and bolder coast could scarcely be imagined; but on the very edge of beetling crags hedges as trim as any in Kent line gardens whose produce pours into Covent Garden in the early spring. Here are heights where magnificent groups of rhododendrons flourish beside gorse and bracken; there, mine-shafts pierce precipitous cliffs, the smoke of the engines often mixing with the ocean spray; and the hum of industry is heard on pixy-haunted commons and amid granite monuments of ancient peoples. Such is

'Dark Bolerium, seat of storms,' the home of those Arthurian legends which

Gleam through Spenser's elfin dream,
And mix in Milton's heavenly theme,

as well as inspiring the pen of the greatest poet of our own age.

That these legends should have found a home here is but fitting, for Penwith may be called the antechamber of the fabled Lyonesse, which is supposed to have extended from Land's End to the Scilly Islands, twenty-five miles away. 'Morning had dawned upon as bright a scene as ever met the eye. At evening there was nought from Land's End to St Martin's Head but a howling and boiling wilderness of waves, bearing here and there upon its bosom a fragment from the perished world below, or a corse tossed upon the billows, over which seabirds wheeled and screamed.' And some say that often as the Mounts Bay fisherman turns homeward

When the clear calm eve's declining,
He sees the gray towers of other days
In the waves beneath him shining.

These are but pretty fictions, geologists having proved the impossibility of any such convulsion; but a person standing upon an elevated part of the Land's End promontory when the summer sun is setting behind the Scilly Isles, which stand out against the red disc like cloud-castles, and the intervening stretch of water is wrapped in a ruddy glow, might easily fancy that below lay a region 'mystic, wonderful.'

Little more than thirty years ago Scilly was *terra incognita*, its only means of communication with the mainland a little sailing-vessel which crossed to Penzance at irregular intervals. A visit to England was to the islander the event of a lifetime, and only tourists of an adventurous class sought its remote shores, which letters or newspapers rarely reached, and where they might be weather-bound for weeks together. Now, a fast train places Penzance within nine hours of London; and a powerful steamer, which runs several times a week during the summer, traverses the remaining forty miles in about three hours. The consequence of these increased facilities for travelling is that young Scilly makes one or two excursions yearly to Penzance or Plymouth, going even to London occasionally; and each succeeding summer sees a larger number of tourists in the islands.

The Scilly Islands, which are supposed, on the very slenderest of foundations, to be the Cassiterides of the Greeks, receive casual references from various old writers; but they are not mentioned in Doomsday Book; and except during the war between Cavaliers and Roundheads, when the islands were for some time the chief royalist stronghold in the west, they have played but a small part in history. The monks of Tavistock obtained the group from Henry I.; and four centuries later, upon the dissolution of the monasteries, they were divided among various owners, who were in turn bought out by Elizabeth; and since then, Scilly has been an appanage of the Duchy of Cornwall. Elizabeth, however, granted a lease of the islands to Sir Francis Godolphin, the head of a powerful Cornish house which had done the Crown good service, and which subsequently obtained the dukedom of

Leeds. The Godolphins retained the lease until 1830, but then gave it up; and it was acquired four years later by Mr Augustus Smith, a Hertfordshire gentleman, and member of parliament for Truro, whose powers as lord-proprietor have passed to his nephew and heir, Mr Dorrien Smith.

Lying far out in the western sea, exposed to the unbroken force of Atlantic storms, the coast necessarily is bold; and it bears evidence everywhere of constant conflict with the elements. How fierce that conflict is in winter, the summer tourist can scarcely form any conception of, though even then there are reminders of it. When the sun is brightest, let but a light breeze spring up, and within an hour the sea boils among the outlying reefs.

But even here there are days when the sea shows a perfectly unruffled face, and kisses the sand with a languorous murmur, tempting the most timid to boating excursions as far as the adjacent islands. Each of these possesses objects of interest. There are barrows for the antiquary, rare birds and plants for the ornithologist and botanist, and scenes worthy of a painter's brush. St Martin's beaches have a rich store of dainty shells; on Tean a breed of white rabbits flourish in security; and on Annet half-a-dozen kinds of seabirds will hover round while you examine the eggs of the dotterel, tern, or petrel lying on the sand, or extricate your feet from one of the tunnels in which the less confiding shearwater deposits her charge. But he who seeks rest alone will find plenty to charm without leaving St Mary's, which is the principal island, and contains a population of twelve hundred, or two-thirds of that of the whole group.

Passing beneath the massive archway of the castle which Elizabeth erected for the protection of her subjects of Scilly, he will in a minute or two reach a down overlooking the whole archipelago, and strolling breast-high between lines of yellow gorse, almost touch with his foot the rabbits which at every step dart across the path. Turning in another direction, he may in an equally brief period be standing among cyclopean rocks of fantastic shapes, 'gray as the handle of the scythe of Time,' their huge heads towering above the sea, crowned with ruby lichens and clumps of purple-flowered grass, and hiding in their crevices the dark green fronds of the 'Asplenium marinum.' A pair of sandpipers perhaps flit among the wave-washed stones below; on a flat rock a cormorant opens its wings to catch the sun among half a score of apparently dozing comrades; some black-backed gulls are slowly circling in front; and from the moor behind, with the perfume of chamomile, comes the shrill cry of the curlew. Or, leaving the coast, he may ramble past picturesque thatched cottages, their fronts hidden by geraniums and roofs topped by nodding palms—past banks glowing with the brilliant scarlet clusters of the 'crassula'—past gardens of unsurpassable neatness, where thrushes and blackbirds swarm unchecked, and flocks of sparrows hold noisy convalescence—past homesteads almost covered with foliage, where fowls nestle among clumps of bamboo, where the dust-heap is hidden by hydrangeas, and gumtrees and tamarisks of the South afford shelter to the duck-pond.

However short his stay, every tourist visits the gardens of Tresco Abbey, the residence of Mr Dorrien Smith, the 'Lord of the Isles'; indeed, many persons cross from Penzance for this purpose only, and having seen Tresco, turn their backs on Scilly, satisfied with their journey. The house, a large castellated building—rather unattractive in itself—stands among immense rocks, upon the site of the ancient abbey, whose ruins draped in ivy form a picturesque addition to the mansion. The most striking feature of Scilly is its luxuriant vegetation, and this is seen in its greatest perfection in these gardens. Within the fourteen acres which they comprise there are comparatively few plants familiar to English eyes, and these reach a quite prodigious size, the fuchsias, for instance, rather resembling forest trees than shrubs. The bulk of the specimens are exotics, and generally tropical or subtropical. Ferns are there from the antipodes, palms from China, the prickly-pear of Mexico, and the bamboo of Japan. The largest eucalyptus in the British Islands is pointed out to you, as is the only 'Puya chilensis' which an English gardener has succeeded in inducing to flower. Huge aloes shoot their flower-stalks, straight and stout as young pines, twenty feet or more upward; and on the rocky slopes the delicate mesembryanthemum thrives. It would be impossible in a limited space to do justice to the marvels of Tresco gardens, but it may be briefly said that nothing to at all compare with them exists elsewhere in Great Britain. Of course, this is mainly due to favourable climatic conditions; but part of the result has been obtained by unremitting labour and the expenditure of large sums by the late and present lessees.

The play of Hamlet without the Prince were not more imperfect than a paper on Scilly which omitted to refer to Mr Augustus Smith's connection with the islands and the work he has done there. The Godolphins rarely visited Scilly, and took very little interest in this part of their estates; but as soon as Mr Smith obtained the lease, he settled down on the island of Tresco, and entered actively into everything connected with his 'kingdom.' He likewise instructed his heir, then a cavalry officer, to spend eight months a year at Tresco, and to contribute various sums, amounting to nearly one thousand pounds per annum, towards educational and religious objects.

Mr Augustus Smith's labour has not been in vain. Previous to his accession to power, the normal condition of the people was one of poverty and ignorance, most of the inhabitants living in squalor on miserable plots of ground, and all depending largely for a livelihood on smuggling and shipwreck. Mr Smith raised their standard of comfort, forced education upon them, and while teaching the young men ambition, sent them into the world armed for life's struggle. He encouraged the farmers in the culture of early potatoes, which became the staple trade for many years; and when he saw disease and foreign competition injuring this, he showed them by his own example how flowers might be made a source of profit. *L'état, c'est moi*, Louis Quatorze is reported to have said; and Mr Smith might say, 'I am Scilly.' As tenants-at-will, the two thousand inhabitants of the islands are quite at

Mr Smith's mercy; he is the chairman of every local body; and the imperial Government has lately recognised his authority in a very unusual manner. By an Act of Parliament passed last year, the islands obtained, on the 1st of April 1891, in lieu of a vestry, a County Council, composed of four aldermen and twenty councillors; and of this elective body the lessee or his nominee is appointed chairman until 1914, when his lease expires. Whether such great power on the one hand and complete dependence on the other be morally wholesome is open to question; but it is at least creditable to Mr Dorrien Smith that no potentate ever had more contented and devoted 'subjects.'

Though there are still perhaps two thousand tons of potatoes annually exported from Scilly, their place as the chief industry has been taken by flowers, and the islands are now the lily-garden of England. The farmers hesitated long before adopting what they regarded as a foolish 'fad' of Mr Augustus Smith's; but the most conservative soon saw that bulbs could be made remunerative, and every successive year sees a greater quantity of land given to their cultivation. It is not many years since the export was limited to a few boxes per week; but during the last season a single steamer has conveyed as much as fifteen tons, representing about three thousand packages, to the London, Birmingham, and northern markets. At first the growers limited themselves to the daffodil and one or two common kinds of narcissus, which grew wild on every sunny bank; but now they ransack Southern Europe for rare varieties, and often give as much as a pound for a single bulb. Indeed, occasionally five guineas have been paid for one.

Before us lies one of the most intelligently managed, though by no means one of the largest gardens in Scilly. It comprises six acres, and is enclosed by a leafy wall of laurel, euonymus, and escallonia, about twelve feet high and four wide, which forms an effective barrier against storms. This oblong space is divided into small plots by lower hedges of such pretty flowering evergreens as veronica and 'Escallonia macrantha.' In one plot will be found wall-flowers; in another, stocks; a third may blaze with the scarlet of the 'Anemone fulgens;' and a fourth be turned into a golden sea by the prolific 'soleil d'or.' The sides of the patches hold marguerites as tall as a grenadier, and in odd corners shine the gorgeous gladiolus and tiger-lily. These are the principal flowers of commerce; but there are many other plants here which are prized for their rarity, beauty, or smell, such as the New Zealand flax, several exotic myrtles, and the Australian musk-bush.

The Scilly farmers are of course obliged for the sake of their live-stock to grow corn and root-crops; but their best energies are given to the flowers, which well repay the trouble expended. It is impossible to give accurate figures respecting a trade which is in a more or less experimental stage, and of which the profits vary very much. After the first cost of the roots, there is but little expense. Beyond an occasional application of seaweed, the bulbs practically require no manure; they remain undisturbed in the ground for three years, flowering every season, and have then mul-

tiplied on an average sixfold; and the flowers realise from twopence to two shillings per dozen, the return per acre varying from forty to two hundred pounds. It will be seen even from these meagre details that 'there is money in bulbs.' Necessarily, there are difficulties and risks of loss with so delicate a commodity as flowers. Their value mainly depends upon the early period at which they can be put upon the market, and every week of delay causes an appreciable loss. A cold spring is therefore disastrous. Wet weather, again, by preventing the flowers from being packed in a dry state, often causes the ruin of a consignment; or the whole of one picking may be lost by an endeavour to keep it until prices go up; or a lot of expensive bulbs—and these are the most delicate—may die through ignorance of their peculiar requirements. But, on the whole, flowers are a veritable mine of wealth to Scilly, and thanks to them, the islanders are far better off than they ever were before. Ominous rumours are abroad of the adoption of forcing-houses by the rival growers of the Channel Islands; and it is quite possible that the Scillonians may be obliged to follow the example. In that case, more capital would be required; and if a higher price could not be obtained, profits would suffer a serious diminution.

The flower season lasts from January to June; and Scilly to be seen in its glory should be visited in the spring. At that time, St Mary's, which is the principal flower-growing island, resembles a large piece of brilliant patchwork; the air is filled with perfume, and almost every person on the island is engaged in plucking, trimming, or packing. The flowers are plucked on a fine day just before they have opened, and taken to a damp room with a temperature of about seventy degrees; then every vessel which will hold water is requisitioned, and in these the blooms, after having the superfluous leaves carefully removed, are placed until the time for packing comes. This operation is deferred as long as possible, perhaps for a couple of days after picking, and meanwhile the boxes and baskets are prepared with soft layers of hay and ferns, and labels and cord are got ready, as well as dainty coloured paper with scalloped edges for the more expensive flowers. At length the final stage is entered upon, perhaps at midnight, and for hour after hour there is no cessation, one person drying the stems, another tying into bunches, another packing, a fourth nailing up, and a fifth perhaps helping generally. On and on into the gray morning the workers toil in an atmosphere which the heat and the odour of tens of thousands of flowers have made almost insupportable, gradually building around themselves a wall of neat packages, their movements growing feverish as the sound of passing wheels reminds them that their neighbours' flowers are already on the way to market. At last the task is over; the horses move off with their load, and take a place in the line of vehicles which every highway is discharging on the pier; and ere the weary 'flower-farmers' have well finished their hardly-earned breakfast, a shrill whistle announces the departure of the steamer. At Penzance, a special train is in waiting to convey the beauty and perfume of Scilly to busy centres, there to decorate the

tables of the wealthy, to brighten the gloomy chamber of the invalid, and to speak words which the timid tongue of the lover hesitates to utter.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

ACCORDING to a Report recently laid before Parliament by the chief inspector of alkali-works, it would seem that the manufacture of salt in Cheshire is still carried on in a very primitive manner. The brine pumped from the dissolving rocks below the earth's surface is heated in huge iron pans, which are about the dimensions of an ordinary swimming-bath, say sixty feet by thirty feet, but which are only two feet in depth. Here the salt crystallises as the mother-liquor slowly evaporates, and from time to time is removed by rakes and shovels. Some salt or pan-scale, however, is always left, and this caking on the metal causes the iron plates to bend and burn. So the vessel quickly becomes leaky, and the brine drops on to the heated brickwork below, where it forms huge blocks of salt; while some of it is carried away as salt vapour in the smoke. In this way the smoke from the salt-works is often charged with sulphurous acid, the vapour of volatilised salt, hydrochloric acid, and steam; and such elements in the atmosphere have a very prejudicial effect on the surrounding vegetation. Great good has resulted, we learn, since the limit fixed by the Alkali Act for the amount of acid in the chimney gases of alkali-works has been adopted for salt-works. Manufacturers are now more careful about leaky pans, and a saving is effected all round.

The important question of establishing electrical communication between coastguard and life-boat stations, lighthouses and lightships, and the general telegraphic system of the country, has again been opened by an influential deputation to the Board of Trade. This deputation were able to strengthen their case by pointing out that in the case of one wreck at least—that of the *Schiller*, which was lost close to the Bishop Light-house—three hundred lives might have been saved if communication with the neighbouring coast had existed. They were also able to show that other countries—France, Denmark, Norway, Holland, Sweden, and the Cape—had long ago adopted the system which they advocated. For four years the *Sunk* lightship on our eastern coast was in telephonic communication with the shore, and this experiment was discontinued, it is said, 'as really having been of no service.' If, unhappily, a wreck had occurred near the lightship during that period of four years, this typical official reason for bringing the experiment to a close would possibly have been considerably modified.

That useful body, the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings, held the other day its fourteenth annual meeting in one of the most curious and most ancient halls in London, that of Barnard's Inn, Holborn, when an interesting paper was read by Mr W. B. Richmond, A.R.A., on 'The Impossibility of Restoration.' In the course of this paper the lecturer pointed out that restoration was a fallacy, and was as futile as an attempt

to bring history back to life again. To arrest the progress of decay was all that the preserver would presume to do; but the destroyer would attempt to restore. What had been already filched from British architecture could never be replaced. War and men's passions had done their worst to rid the world of treasures; but so-called restoration had indeed done nearly if not quite as much, and had left the country well nigh bare of her finest monuments. We are not inclined to adopt this pessimistic view of the present state of our monuments, and may trust to the genius of modern architects to rear for us buildings worth looking at.

Locusts have for some time done much mischief to the green crops in Morocco; especially do they damage the olive and almond trees, so that the fruit has often to be gathered hurriedly and before it is really ripe. No drastic measures are taken against the advance of the enemy, such as we read of in the case of Cyprus and Algeria; indeed, it would seem that the plague is not altogether evil in its incidence; for the natives use the locusts as food, neither Jew nor Mohammedan regarding them as 'unclean.' They are carried to town by the sackful, and after being boiled in salt and water, are fried or parched. The idea of using such creatures as food is repulsive to most Europeans; but those who have tasted the locusts experimentally compare their flavour to that of prawns.

Every now and then, when building operations are going on in the heart of the City of London, and when the value of space causes the excavators to dig deep for the creation of cellarage, the workers come upon buried 'Roman London.' Such was the case the other day when a house was pulled down at Cornhill, fragments of mosaic pavement and bits of Roman pottery being found in abundance. Perhaps the most interesting find of all was the discovery of the bed of a small river some twenty feet below the surface, whose waters must have ceased to flow many centuries back.

An improved process for making artificial silk is said to have been patented in Paris; but the method adopted seems to be of rather a complicated nature. The raw material is a mixture of pyroxylin, acetic acid, isinglass, and gutta-percha in bisulphide of carbon. The threads made from this mixture are passed through several different baths before they assume the appearance of silk. Another process for the manufacture of real silk direct from the mulberry tree without the intervention of the silkworm is reported from the United States; but the story savours rather too much of the Munchausen type to be taken without the proverbial grain of salt.

It is a matter of common knowledge that the best tea from China finds its way to Russia, and seldom reaches Great Britain. A recent Consular Report from Hankow informs us that a great deal of tea for the Russian market is exported in the form of tablets, and is known as 'tablet tea.' These tablets are made of the finest tea-dust procurable, which is selected by experts. This dry dust, about two and a half ounces at a time, is placed in a steam-mould, and a pressure of about two tons is brought to bear upon it, with the result that the tea is compressed into a flat hard cake. These tablets are carefully packed, first in tinfoil, and then in coloured wrappers,

after which they are placed in the lined packing-cases for export to Russia. By this process the tea loses five-sixths of its bulk, while its flavour is in no way injured. The consul thinks that it would be worth while to supply our army with tea in this convenient form.

At the recent annual dinner of the Royal Meteorological Society, Mr G. J. Symons said that he had observed that meteorological observations seemed to have a wonderful effect in promoting longevity; and in proof of his statement, said that the average age of observers in correspondence with him was nearly seventy. As our readers probably know, there is a large army of private individuals who undertake such observations as a labour of love, and who regularly report to the central authority. We are glad to learn that the work is so conducive to long life, a fact which cannot fail in securing many others willing to make records on such favourable terms.

In March last we were all shocked by the news that a large ship of the 'Anchor' line had been sunk at Gibraltar, in consequence of a collision with H.M.S. *Anson*, with the loss of several hundred lives. The vessel in question was the *Utopia*; and a few minutes after the accident she was resting at the bottom of the sea in a depth of seven fathoms. But in these days of wonderful engineering, a ship in such a position is not regarded as lost beyond recovery. By enclosing the vessel in a huge wooden tank lined with canvas, and by the employment of powerful pumps, the *Utopia* within four months of the disaster which sent her below water was raised and beached, and she will probably once more resume her transatlantic voyages. The work has been cleverly carried out by a Scotch firm, the East Coast Salvage Company, under the direction of Mr Arnitt.

The explosion of the boiler of a tramway engine at Huddersfield, which resulted in loss of life to one and injury to many, recently formed the subject of inquiry by the Board of Trade, when the accident was traced to a somewhat unusual cause. It was shown in the course of the inquiry that the water used for the boiler had a corrosive action upon the plates of the boiler, a result which could hardly have been unexpected, for it was known that the water employed contained a good deal more than a trace of free sulphuric acid. An alkaline composition was put into the water to neutralise the action of the acid, but this was clearly not enough to save the metal from gradual deterioration.

A limestone cavern, which is believed to be as large as the famous Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, has recently been discovered in Josephine County, Oregon. It has been explored for a distance of several miles, and has been found to contain many features of great beauty. Very few indications of animal life were found in the cave, and these only near its entrance in the form of a few bones, which showed that the place had been used as a den, probably by bears.

The Electric Railway which carries passengers from the heart of the Metropolis, under the Thames, and three miles beyond, is so successful in its working that several other enterprises of the same kind are under consideration. The Central London Railway has received the sanction of the legislature, and will now be rapidly pro-

ceeded with. Its engines are to be of three hundred horse-power—that is, three times as powerful as those in use on the pioneer line. The Elevated Railway in Liverpool is to be worked by the same agency. The most noticeable feature in the existing electric underground line is the great purity of the air in the tunnel. This is secured not by ventilation in the ordinary sense of the word, but by making the vehicles so nearly of the same size as the bore of the tunnel, that every train practically clears the tube of bad air and draws after it a fresh supply.

The sixth annual meeting of the Photographic Convention of the United Kingdom was held in July last in the city of Bath (Somerset), under the presidency of Mr W. Bedford. This useful Association meets, like its elder brother the British Association, every year in a different city, and its meetings are diversified by excursions to contiguous places. The recent Bath Convention had one excursion of special interest to photographers—namely, to Lacock Abbey, the home of Fox Talbot, and the place which most undoubtedly formed the subject of the first photographic picture taken in this country. Next year the Convention will meet at Edinburgh, a city where much pioneer work was done in the early days of photography.

A new amalgamator for the treatment of ores of the precious metals has recently been shown to gentlemen interested in mining and metallurgy at the works of the Atkins Amalgamator Syndicate, Millwall. The apparatus depends upon electrolysis for its action; and associated with it is a small dynamo machine, and a steam-engine, to give the necessary motion to that and other parts of the apparatus. A novel feature in connection with the machine is an arrangement of pump and strainer, by which the mercury employed is continually freed from amalgamated gold or silver, as the case may be, and is returned to its containing vessel in a clean state, so that it is always ready to arrest fresh particles of metal contained in the pulverised ore submitted to its searching examination. The apparatus works well, and possesses several advantages which should secure the careful consideration of the mining industry.

We too often read of death following the administration of chloroform, and many surgeons prefer to use ether or some other anæsthetic which has the reputation of being safer for the patient. It is believed that most fatalities of the kind are traceable to impurities in the volatile liquid, and hitherto it has been found next to impossible to manufacture chloroform which can be pronounced absolutely pure. M. Raoul Pictet has, it is said, discovered a means by which chloroform can be separated from any foreign matter which may be associated with it, and can thus be presented to the medical profession in an absolutely pure state. It will perhaps be remembered by many of our readers that M. Pictet's name is associated with one of the greatest chemical triumphs of the century—namely, the liquefaction of nitrogen, hydrogen, and oxygen, which before had been called 'permanent' gases.

Both in our own pages and in those of our contemporaries the danger of using arsenical colours in wall-papers and textile fabrics has

often been remarked upon, and one would think that manufacturers would for their own credit's sake insist upon the disuse of materials so prejudicial to the health of their workpeople and customers. But this is, unfortunately, not the case. Not long ago the British consul at Christiania, Norway, called the attention of the Foreign Office in London to the fact that, owing to so many of the fabrics imported there containing arsenic, British goods had earned a bad reputation in Norway, and a great decline in the quantity of such goods imported was the direct result. This complaint was forwarded to the Manchester Chamber of Commerce. Samples of the goods complained of were obtained and analysed, and it was found that the charge was only too well founded.

In order to show that the danger of handling and dealing with substances charged with arsenical compounds is no imaginary evil, we may mention that Dr B. L. Robinson, who for a long time has acted as assistant in the Grey Herbarium, Cambridge, U.S.A., has been compelled to resign his post for the sole reason that his health has become gravely affected through the arsenic with which dried plants are charged to preserve them from the attacks of insects, &c. The application of poison to the plants at this establishment is now to be given up, and other means relied upon to keep the specimens free from injury.

The civil war in Chili has given artillerists the opportunity of noting the terrible effects which can be wrought by that modern engine of war, the torpedo; for a fine steel-armoured vessel, of ten thousand tons register and three thousand horse-power, was only a few weeks ago sunk by the agency of one of these terrible contrivances. The torpedo was the only one of several which reached the unfortunate ship at which it was aimed, and although it was seen approaching, and a storm of projectiles was directed against it, it struck home. There was a tremendous explosion, and in a few minutes the vessel sank, and carried half her crew down with her.

It would undoubtedly be of great advantage to mankind in general, but especially to farmers, if rain could be made to fall just when required. Charlatans have arisen in all ages with the professed power to accomplish this end; but they may be classed with those who have wielded the divining-rod, and who have invariably failed to do anything of a supernatural kind when tested with proper safeguards against imposition. These considerations have not prevented the Government of the United States voting a sum of money for the trial of certain experiments in obtaining rain which are being carried out in an arid region in Texas, under the auspices of the department of Agriculture. The most hopeful idea seems to be that of exploding charges of dynamite at great altitudes, so as to break up any rain-clouds which may be in the vicinity. But it would seem futile to expect any good result unless the clouds are in that fully saturated state which portends a natural fall of rain.

Mr Campbell, of the British Consular service in China, gives, in a Report to the Foreign Office, an interesting account of a journey which he has recently performed in Northern Corea, during which he traversed districts never before visited by a European. It was known that gold

was found here, because of the frequent export of gold-dust from the adjacent ports; but Mr Campbell found that the gold-bearing strata were far more extensive than had been imagined. Imperfect native methods of mining the metal are resorted to; and it seems certain that with the introduction of improved appliances, the country would become one of the most important gold-producing areas in the world. Poverty and squalor are the present characteristics of the people, who suffer under an all-pervading official tyranny. Mr Campbell's paper also deals with the geography of the country, its agriculture, and many other features of interest.

A lecture of great interest to artists was recently delivered at Bedford College by Mr J. Norman-Lockyer, the well-known scientist. His subject was 'Physical Science for Artists'; and he pointed out how, for want of a knowledge of optics, colour, &c., artists were in the common habit of making serious and sometimes ludicrous mistakes in their pictures. He referred to several pictures now exhibited at the Royal Academy and elsewhere for examples of wrongdoing in this respect, and urged the necessity of artists including in their work a study of the common phenomena of Nature.

A good design for a rifle-range where space is limited, and where accidents might be feared from the near presence of houses, is described and illustrated in the *Scientific American*. This method prevents any bullet finding its way outside the range; so that the most erratic of marksmen could be safely trusted to practise rifle-shooting under such conditions. The range is provided with a number of sheet-iron guards of bracket shape (□), which gradually diminish in size from that placed close to the firing-point to that which is near the target. The marksman plainly sees the target, but through a number of open doors, as it were; and should his bullet miss the billet for which it is intended, it will strike the uprights or the vertical pieces of these iron doorways and do no harm. It need hardly be said that the height of these iron frames must be regulated according to the extent of the range, so as to allow for the trajectory of the bullet.

THE OLD SONG.

SING me the song that was often sung
In the olden time when we were young;
The ballad I mean with a soft refrain,
That told a story of joy and pain,
Of faith restored after doubt and dread,
And a love revived that was reckoned dead.
I remember the touch of a minor key
In a gliding passage of melody.

Yes, yes, that is it! Go on—go on;
I will close mine eyes till the song be done,
And fancy long years are only a dream.
Ah, the past the present again doth seem!
Shall you sing it once more? you gently say.
Perhaps to-morrow, but not to-day,
For the blinding tears that freely flow
The spell of the old, old song will show.

CAMILLA CROSLAND.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 401.—VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE BATHS OF THE CURSED.

BY CHARLES EDWARDS.

HAMMAM MESKOUTINE, or the 'Baths of the Cursed,' is a lovely little resort in the heart of Algeria, within easy reach of Algiers, Bône, or Constantine. It is rather too far from Algiers to be got at in a single day. But by travelling all day to Constantine and sleeping there, one may then take the five o'clock train in the morning, which reaches Meskoutine at half-past nine. Of course, too, Constantine itself is a city worth seeing. Few towns, if any, have such a romantic situation: hedged in on three of its sides by a perpendicular gorge hundreds of feet in depth, with a river in the bed of it; and with its houses perched on the sides of the precipices consecrated to the service of storks as well as human beings.

The journey from Constantine gives one a good idea of the better class of Algerian landed estate. Not the best, by any means. That may be seen in the extreme west, or in the neighbourhood of Bône or Algiers itself. There one is prone to believe the farmer's life is without any anxiety, and that he and his wife are like Adam and Eve in Paradise. But south and east of Constantine to Meskoutine, though the land is tolerably well cultivated, it has grave defects. The great plateaux of grain bounded by well-shaped hills are horribly malarious in summer. The population, too, must be considerably less than one to the square mile. For many minutes in succession, one steams through these green tracts and sees neither house nor sign of one. French colonists are sturdy fellows, but they are not of iron. In the earlier days of Algerian occupation, hundreds of thousands of these acres were taken up by Land Companies, who by means of judicious advertisements transplanted a multitude of peasants hither from France, bag and baggage. The usual result followed. Those that did not die after breaking the soil for the first time in the history of the land were discreet enough to

go elsewhere. Successors had thus to be found for them; and of the successors also a due or undue proportion came to an untimely end. The rare settlements of little white houses on the hill-sides each seem to have a cemetery with more graves in it than the size of the village appears to justify. You may, if you like, buy thousands of these acres for a trifle.

So on—through the barley-fields, and stony uplands, and occasional valleys with rich lush meadows in them, and herds of oxen huddled together under the shade of a few trees by the side of a water-brook; and barren wastes that would take the heart out of an agriculturist and offer him nothing in return. At length the barrenness gives place to a broken country, with pleasant wooded hills, and a considerable river by the side of the railway. Forests of olives and thickets of scrub gladden the eyes, and tell of the game which is here plentiful enough to make Meskoutine worth visiting for the gun's sake alone. And so, having passed through two or three defiles, we finally draw up in a more open country, with hills in the distance on all sides, and with green meadows and dark woods far and near over the plateau. It is preciously hot; but then, no wonder, for the very streams in the gullies are of warm water; and if you are near one or other of the many springs which here burst from the ground, they may be warm enough to scald you.

The writer, when he left the train at Meskoutine on a fine May morning, did so in company with two or three rich Arabs in gay apparel, and a family of Jews and Jewesses with enough gold about their persons to keep them for years. These were some of the clients of the Baths of the Cursed. By-and-by we saw one of the ladies in one of the baths, draped in a sheet, and there was a look of pain in her eyes. Here at the station, however, though it is a fashionable resort for Europeans as well as Africans, was none of the tumult of welcome with which porters and domestics assail the visitor at other 'Bath' cities. Two or three tawny individuals

lounge against the palings of the little flower-garden of the station, but offered no aid to any one. Jews, Arabs, and Europeans were left to look after themselves as best they could.

It is a walk of but three or four minutes to the Bath establishment, and some of the various wonders of Meskoutine. Wonders? you ask. Why, yes; there's no doubt the word is applicable here. For, ere you have walked a quarter of a mile, you come face to face with a superb waterfall, *hot* waterfall, which makes you hold your breath from admiration and the plenitude of its steam. Yet it is not all of water. For the most part, it is rigid, like a thing of ice. It is, in fact, mainly a petrification. The calcareous deposit in the hot springs above has encrusted the rocks, so that they have the corrugated appearance and something of the colour of barley-sugar. Here and there, over and between the still masses, there is an ooze or trickle of warm water, adding to the work already done. Grass and flowers grow well by the sides of this nutritious waterfall; though the whitened soil in the neighbourhood does not seem adapted for vegetation of any kind.

You climb to the level of the top of the cascade, and then see, close by, a number of odd-looking cones and columns standing up from the blanched surface of the ground. The soil is hot to the hand, and you tread with an echo. The springs either were or still are under foot, making for the vents by the cascade. There they bubble up merrily with a temperature of more than two hundred degrees Fahrenheit. A litter of eggshells and fowls' feathers by the edge of them tells of the purpose they serve to the residents at Meskoutine. What is the use of lighting domestic fires when Nature offers her kitchen for human service night or day all the year round? And so here the dinner is cooked, and the clothes are washed in one or other of the little basins by which the springs eddy up to the daylight. Though the Arabs give the Baths so impolite a name, and tell various weird tales about them, they love them well. You see two or three of them, wrapped in their burnouses, lying, all white save their faces, near the foot of the cascade, fast asleep in the shade.

But the cones? Well, to borrow the figurative explanation of a French authority, they look like a procession of gigantic phantoms suddenly petrified. Some are six or seven feet in height, and some are fourteen or fifteen feet. They mark the site of ancient springs now subsided. At one time each of these cones was but the mere rim or lip of a basin in which the hot water bubbled as we see it at the top of the cascade. Thus the water continued to boil upwards in jets, like the geysers, for centuries, gradually—by the deposit of lime which fell from it—raising the height of its lip. Anon, the subterranean force which impelled it vertically weakened. The cone had attained its full stature. The springs one by one found other exits, and the cones themselves closed their orifices. Such is the matter-of-fact history of these eccentric rock-masses. The Arabs, however, have their own theory about the things. King Solomon, they say, here created baths for all the world, and put them in charge of a number of genii who were deaf, dumb, and blind. The cones are these

genii. And the worthy guardians, who still think King Solomon is alive, continue to keep the baths warm as they did at the first for the use of the king's subjects. It is supposed to be a matter of great difficulty to announce to these afflicted genii the fact that their master is dead. The inference is therefore that they will continue to warm the baths until the end of time.

There is also another tale which is less pleasant. A certain rich Arab had two children, a boy and a girl, both of remarkable beauty. These children loved each other with exceeding affection. When they grew up, their love remained unchanged, indeed increased until it became uncontrollable; and so they resolved to marry each other. The *cadi* of the tribe, after protest, agreed to sanction the marriage—they were so rich and so lovely a couple that it seemed to him and his neighbours that even Heaven itself would forgive such a crime in their case. The marriage day arrived. The concourse of visitors was immense. It was a calm bright morning, and all the auguries were hopeful. The preliminaries of the marriage were soon settled, and then feasting and dancing began. The married couple were about to withdraw to their tent, when suddenly a fearful tempest broke upon them; there was an earthquake; flames shot up in their midst; and boiling water rose into the air. When at length this diabolical storm and outbreak abated, nothing was left of the bride and bridegroom, the *cadi* and the guests, except these scores of cones. Like Lot's wife, they had all been transformed into stationary pillars from that time forward. The Arab imagination goes farther. It interprets the echo of your footfalls upon the hollow ground as an echo of the music of the marriage festival. The steam of the springs is that from the caldrons preparing the feast; and the white stones in the bubbling basins are the grains of the 'kouskous' itself. If you go among the cones at night, the scene revives—you see all the details of that awful marriage. But at the coming of dawn, the men and women all turn again into cones.

There is no luxury in the Bath Hotel of Meskoutine. That is against the principles of the place, which claims to be health-restoring, not through the medium of the kitchen, but by its air and its waters. You are informed that the 'cuisine' is of the 'bourgeois' type; and so it is. But the wine is good, and one may be sure of fruit here as early as in most places in the same latitude. The hotel is a spacious building occupying three sides of a square, the quadrangle in the midst being laid out in pleasant gardens and planted with orange trees, which in spring are massed with the sweetest bloom in the world. There is, further, a fountain in the centre of the quadrangle; and an aviary, in which canaries and parrots as well as divers of our English summer birds live together on fair terms of equality.

As the building is of but a single story, bedrooms as well as the living-rooms open immediately upon this garden plot. It is a primitive place, in which one is content for a time to dispense even with some of the *convenances*. Breakfast and dinner are of course the two chief events of the day for the person who is not out among the woods and mountains with his gun.

At the dinner-table, however, the company may be very good. Meskoutine has long been used by the military authorities as a station for invalids and convalescents. One may therefore find one's self among several agreeable and even distinguished officers who are here to recruit. But the idle life suits them for long as little as it suits a healthy Englishman; and one may be sure that they, too, will devote their hours to the chase just as soon as the doctor will let them.

Once upon a time, and not so very long ago, it was possible to shoot a lion in the neighbourhood of Meskoutine. Those halcyon days—if such they were for the Arab agriculturist—have passed away. A man must go many a mile over the hills to the south ere there is word of such royal game. The skins hanging about the walls of the hotel are of a less dignified kind: raccoons, panthers, and others. The sportsmen of the district are content with such prizes; and the hotel officials are very content if they can sell to the visitor one or other of these trivial pelts for but half the absurd price they presume to ask for them.

Winter is of course the best time for the Hammam. One can then appreciate to the full the warmth of the baths, when there is snow on the Djebel Debalg or the Djebel Mamora, north and west of the valley. In the days of the Romans this was a famous winter station. The fragments of their baths still remain, and the hotel gardens testify to the populousness of the place nearly two thousand years ago. There are a multitude of stone monuments and inscriptions set up among the orange trees to pique the fancy of archaeologists and antiquaries. The city of Tibilis itself, of which the Roman Meskoutine was only a dependency, lay some miles to the south; and its ruins are one of the excursions which the hotel has on its list as an undertaking by no means to be omitted either on foot or on a mule. Guides, however, are rather dear at Meskoutine, and transport-animals cost as much as ten or twelve francs a day.

One good feature about Meskoutine is the prevalence of high winds on the plateau. As a rule, in Algeria these winds are an intolerable nuisance. In Algiers or Constantine, for example, they are provocatives of ophthalmia, so galling is the dust which they whirl ceaselessly into one's face. But here, where the roads are few and rudimentary, and where one can always go across country, by pleasant meadows full of asphodels, or through olive woods with abundant shade from the sun, wind does not imply dust. At noon on a May day a register of one hundred degrees in the shade would be too much for active effort in a northerner, unless the blustering breeze from the hills tempered the heat, or at least tempered the effect of the heat upon one's energies. For my part, I found a walk of five or six miles at such a time easy and pleasurable; and the cave of the subterranean lake which was one of the objects of my walk, almost annoyingly cool as an interlude.

This cave, by the way, is another of the wonders of Meskoutine. It is hard to discover unaided, although it is little more than a mile from the hotel. As a cave it is not at all marvellous. It is a hole like other caves; but it has a supply of water in it which is reckoned quite

extraordinary. Previous to 1878, it was not in existence. But one wild July day in that year, during a storm the ground suddenly split with a great noise, and displayed it. Certain shepherds either saw or heard the operation of the phenomenon, which they of course at once viewed as the work of some malignant spirit. The next day, however, Europeans came upon the scene. They entered and saw a strong inrush of water, which continued until the present so-called 'lake' was formed. It is not warm water; but really clear and potable, which is the more remarkable because of the prevalence all around of the various hot springs of Meskoutine. The lake is about fifty yards long by thirty broad; though, without a boat, it is impossible to confirm these dimensions. As the slope from the mouth of the cave towards the water is abrupt and slippery with slime, one has to be careful in exploring. This is the more needful as the lake is some ninety feet or more in depth, although its clearness is terribly deceptive.

The adventurous visitor will regard this little cave and 'wonder' merely as a whet to his appetite for a much greater cavern, that of Thaya, a few miles nearer Constantine. Thaya is a cave in a thousand, and deserves to be mentioned in a breath with Adelsberg, which, however, beats it in size and conveniences of access. There is peril about Thaya, too—an additional recommendation in this tame age. It is not quite so perilous as Murray makes it. According to the guide-book, the descent to the 'bottom' chamber of it—only three-quarters of a mile from the entrance—is not less than a thousand feet. That would be a fearful gradient, especially with precipices of unfathomed depth upon one side of the track. Later measurements, however, disprove Mr Murray's record. Still, a descent of about five hundred feet—which is the approximate amount—is no small thing. Here, also, one finds that we have been anticipated by the Romans. There are scribblings and chisellings on the walls which show that the place was dedicated to the god Bacax, a divinity otherwise unknown to fame. In the bottom chamber, moreover, there is a big stone, which the fanciful are willing to regard as an altar upon which sacrifices of some kind were offered to this mysterious divinity. With the accessories, the scene of such a sacrifice might fitly be described by Mr Rider Haggard, but by no pen less potent. There is much exploration still to be done at Thaya, a fact which may tempt some of my readers. But it is work of the most arduous kind, apt to take more weight from a man than the most strenuous of Turkish baths. And one must always in such a case reckon with the possibility that one's Arab attendants may take alarm at something or other which tickles their superstitious faculty, and may bolt suddenly for the exit, leaving the poor European to guide himself back to daylight—a task that at Thaya might easily prove too much for him.

From November to May, Meskoutine is sure to please the visitor. At other times he will probably think it too warm; and much too warm for the offer of hot baths as a further incentive to him to stay a while. Of course for medicinal purposes it is useful all the year round. Like other bath stations, it claims to cure a vast

number of diseases. No doubt it does a great deal for skin maladies and rheumatic affections. The hotel authorities will entertain you for hours with descriptions of the uncommon cures it has achieved. There is certainly no lack of water for the purpose. The outflow is not less than forty thousand gallons per hour, which puts many places of renown quite beneath it. The temperature of its liquor is also extraordinary, being nearly ten times as hot as that of the Homburg baths, twice as hot as the waters of Aix-les-Bains, and about thirty per cent. hotter than those of Carlsbad.

Of course, however, it recommends itself to our notice less as a hydropathic establishment than as an agreeable temporary pleasure-resort. It may not be, as the manager thinks it, an ideal place for a honeymoon; but it is not a bad one. Panther-shooting is at any rate likely to be viewed as an enjoyable variation upon the theme of love-making.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

BY GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XXXIX.—FORTUNE'S WHEEL.

At Algiers, meanwhile, things had been going from bad to worse with Psyche. Her sight grew daily dimmer and dimmer, and her general health feebler and feebler. Suspense was rapidly wearing her out. The shock, if it came, Sirena thought, would surely kill her.

And yet, at times, almost as if by magic, the poor broken girl recovered for many minutes together the use of her eyes as perfectly as ever. Of a sudden, as she stood or walked across the room, the misty blur that obscured her vision would now and again clear away with mysterious rapidity, and reveal as in an electric flash all the objects around with a vivid distinctness that fairly took her breath away. At such moments, things came out not only as bright and clear as of old, but with a startling brilliancy of colour and outline that she had never known in her normal condition. The dormant nerves, recalled to intermittent activity for a few brief seconds by some internal stimulus, seemed to concentrate on a single perceptive effort all the hoarded energy of a week's idleness.

It was on the day of Cyrus's arrival at Biskra that Psyche sat in the pretty little salon at the Villa des Orangers, with Sirena's hand entwined in her own, and her father watching her earnestly with those keen eyes of his from a seat on the central ottoman.

'No telegram from your brother yet to-day, Sirena,' she said with a sigh. 'How slow the days go! A week on Saturday!'

'The telegram will come soon, darling,' Sirena answered, smoothing her hair and pressing her hand gently. 'Would you like me to read to you—the end of that story?'

'What story?' Psyche asked, looking up vacantly with her sightless eyes in Sirena's direction.—'Oh yes; I remember. You were reading it this morning. No, dear; I don't even remember what it was about. I don't think I heard the words themselves at all; but the pleasant sound

of your voice in my ears seemed to soothe me and ease me.—You can't think, Sirena, what a comfort it is, when you don't see, to hear familiar voices humming around you; and yours is almost like a sister's voice to me now already. But I don't care even for reading this afternoon.—Where's papa? I thought he was here a minute ago.' And she turned her head round by pure force of habit, as if to look for him.

'Here I am, my child,' Haviland Dumaresq answered in a low voice. 'Don't you feel me quite close? I'm sitting by your side. I won't go away from you.'

'Don't,' Psyche said simply. 'I want you all now—as long as it lasts—everybody that loves me.—I didn't hear you, Papa. I suppose I shall learn in time—if I live—to listen and hear you. One can't accustom one's self all at once to being blind. It's so slow to learn. I turn my head still, and try to look, when I want to find any one. By-and-by, I daresay, I shall remember to listen for them.'

'But you're not going to be blind for ever, Psyche,' her father cried with the vehemence of despair. 'Not for ever, my child. They all say so. The doctors declare you'll get over it by-and-by. It's purely functional, they tell me: purely functional.'

'I don't know,' Psyche answered in a very slow but patient voice. 'It doesn't much matter. At times, I see again quite distinctly—oh, so distinctly; though not by an effort of will, as they said, at all. It seems to come to me quite by accident. But the odd thing is, after each time that I see so clearly once more—I fancy it all grows darker and dimmer and blacker than ever. The minutes of clearness seem like the last flickers of a fire before it goes out. My sight is ebbing away from me piecemeal.'

At that moment, there came a sharp knock at the door, and Antoine, the good-humoured Swiss waiter, entered briskly with a bundle of letters in his hand.

'The post,' he said, sorting them over hastily. 'Meester Vanrenen; mademoiselle, you will keep that for him against his return. M. Waldeck—Madame Smit—Mees Vilson—Mees Dumaresq.'

The father rose and tried in his haste to secure the letter; but before he could snatch it from Antoine's hands, Psyche, too, had risen and stepped boldly forward, with a firm tread which showed Sirena at once, in the twinkling of an eye, that a momentary interval of vivid sight had once more been vouchsafed her. 'Give it to me,' she cried, holding her hand out eagerly. 'I'll read it myself. I can see now. I'm not afraid. Whatever it may be, I'd rather read it.'

'Psyche,' her father exclaimed, laying his hand on her arm with a warning gesture: 'don't try your eyes, if they can see for a minute. Spare them, my darling. Let me read it first, or give it to Sirena. Besides, I'm afraid of what it may contain for you. Let me look at it, there's a good girl. I'll see what it is for you.'

But Psyche answered 'No,' with perfect firmness, clasping it hard in her small hand. 'I can read now, and I'd rather read. Besides, it's nothing. It isn't from Biskra. It's only from home. It has an English stamp on it.' And she looked at the envelope with almost the uncon-

cerned manner of the old days, when to see and to read was a matter of course with her.

The envelope bore an embossed seal on the gummed flap: 'Burchell and Dobbs, Solicitors, Chancery Lane, London.' So much Sirena took in at a glance, as she looked askance at the letter curiously in her friend's hand.

Psyche broke the seal with trembling fingers: not that the letter could matter much to her now; but everything in these days seemed so fraught with latent and unspeakable terrors. She never knew what a day might bring forth in the present crisis.

As she gazed at it, the first words that met her eyes almost drove her blind again with horror and astonishment. What on earth could they mean? What on earth could they portend? For the letter was headed with lawyer-like precision, 'In the matter of C. A. Linnell, deceased. Probate granted.'

"In the matter of C. A. Linnell, deceased!" Linnell, deceased! Linnell, deceased! Oh, horrible! horrible! Psyche laid down the letter for a moment, still clutched as by iron in her two white hands, but folded on her lap as though she could not even bear to look at it. Then he was dead, dead, really dead at last! The law itself had declared all hope was over. In the matter of C. A. Linnell, deceased! Probate granted! Probate granted!

How it rang in her ears! How it whirled through her brain! How it pictured itself visibly on her wearied eyeballs! She raised her eyes mechanically to the white-washed ceiling. In letters of blood, half a yard long, she saw it written there: 'In the matter of C. A. Linnell, deceased.' It was printed as in marble on the very fabric of her failing retina.

She turned away in her horror, and looked down at the floor. On the yellow Persian rug she saw it there still, a negative image in dark running script-hand. It came out deep purple. It would follow her to the grave, she firmly believed. Linnell, deceased! Linnell, deceased! No power on earth could remove it now from her burning eyeballs.

She closed her eyes; but it floated there still, a visible line of fire amid the thick darkness. 'In the matter of C. A. Linnell, deceased.' Dead! Dead! Dead! So he was dead indeed. The letter pursued her. It crushed her. It haunted her.

She took up the fatal missive once more and tried to read it through; but she couldn't, she couldn't. Her eyesight was failing her again now. Those deadly words blurred and distorted the rest of the paper. She saw the whole as a transparency through those awful lines. Her strength gave way. She closed her eyes and cried. 'Read it to me, Sirena;' she sobbed aloud, letting it drop; and Sirena read it.

It was a long and formal statement by Linnell's solicitor of the disposition made of the deceased's property. Sirena hesitated whether she should read every word, in all its naked official bluntness, with its professional absence of emotion or feeling; but each time that she paused or faltered, Psyche laid a cold white hand on her wrist once more and murmured resolutely: 'Go on. I can bear it. I want to hear all. It's better I should know.' And Sirena read on, to the uttermost syllable.

'Our late client,' the lawyer's letter remarked, with legal periphrasis, had made a will before leaving England (copy of which was herewith annexed), whereby he devised the bulk of his real and personal estate to his sole legatee, Psyche, daughter of Haviland Dumaresq, Esquire, of the Wren's Nest, Petherton Episcopi, in the county of Dorset, as a testimony to the profound respect he felt for her father's distinguished literary and philosophical ability. Their late client, it appeared, had gone to Khartoum, and there in all probability been killed in the general massacre of European defenders after the Mahdi's troops entered the city. Absolute legal proof of death being in this case difficult or indeed impossible, the firm had waited for a full year before attempting to take out probate. That was a longer time than had been allowed to elapse with regard to the estate of any other of the Khartoum victims. The late Mr C. A. Linnell, however, had particularly arranged with their firm that in case of serious ground for apprehension arising, a reasonable period should be permitted to intervene before definite action was taken in the matter. Under these circumstances, they had waited long; but probate had now at last been granted to the executor named therein; and it was the firm's duty, as solicitors to that executor, to announce to Miss Dumaresq that the property devised was henceforward hers, and hers only. With reference, however, to the Linnell estates at large—that was to say, the estate of the late Sir Austen Linnell, Baronet, deceased at the same time with his cousin at Khartoum—it was their duty to inform her that a serious question might hereafter arise as to whether it had ever passed at all into Mr C. A. Linnell's possession. If Mr C. A. Linnell, the testator, predeceased his cousin, the late baronet, then and in that case—

But there Psyche, brave and resolute as she was, could stand it no longer. She clasped her hands tight on her lap and burst into tears. She could never inherit her dead lover's fortune. She had murdered him! She had murdered him! She had sent him to his death. And now she knew how much he had loved her. In the very moment of that first great disappointment, he had thought of her and loved her.

As for Haviland Dumaresq, bowed and bent with grief, he sat there still, listening and wondering over this strange news, with a horrible turmoil of conflicting emotions, and forming already in his whirling brain fresh plans and day-dreams for poor heart-broken Psyche. 'Give me the will,' he cried, turning quickly to Sirena. The girl handed him the attested copy. Haviland Dumaresq buried himself at once in that and the letter, while Sirena turned to lay poor sobbing Psyche's weary little head on her comforting shoulder.

The old man read and re-read for some minutes in silence. Then he looked up amazed, and cried aloud in a voice full almost of awe and reverence: 'Then Linnell had a fortune of something like seven thousand a year, it seems, Psyche.'

'Papa!' Psyche exclaimed, rising up before him in ineffable horror. 'If you say another word about that unspeakable Thing, you will kill me, you will kill me!'

Haviland Dumaresq turned back with a reeling brain to those astonishing figures. The mad mood of greed was upon him once more: the un-

natural mood brought about by those long years of continuous opium-eating. What a fool he had been; and how dearly he had paid for it! To turn away a man with seven thousand a year—a man that Psyche loved, a man who loved Psyche! But all had come out well in the end for all that. The man had done as he ought to have done—made a just will in Psyche's favour; and Psyche, who loved him, would now inherit everything. He was not without remorse, of course, for his own part in the drama. It would have been better, no doubt, in some ways better, if only the young fellow could have married Psyche, instead of dying and leaving her his fortune. The iron had sunk deep into Psyche's soul: she had suffered much: it would be long before those scars could heal over entirely. But they would heal in time; they would heal in time: all human emotions weaken in effect with each mental repetition. And Psyche would now own the fortune herself. She would own it herself, and marry whom she liked. For in time, without a doubt, she would be wise and marry.

Not Cyrus Vanrenen. Not that empty young man. No, indeed: he was never good enough for Psyche. In a period of trouble, and under special conditions of fear for the future, Haviland Dumaresq had been willing for a moment to admit that vague and unsatisfactory young American—vulgar, vulgar, and bad tone too, though undoubtedly good-hearted—to the high privilege of paying court to Psyche. But now that Psyche's future was otherwise secured—now that the load was lifted from his soul—now that all was coming straight by an unwonted miracle—he had other ambitions, other schemes for his Psyche. No American for her—an heiress in her own right, and Dumaresq's daughter. She could command whom she would—she could choose her own fate—she was rich, rich, rich—and Dumaresq's daughter.

Her eyes, he felt confident, would get well by-and-by. This fit of disappointed love was sharp and critical, to be sure; but she had youth on her side: at her age, one can outlive and outgrow anything.

Except, perhaps, a broken heart; and Haviland Dumaresq did not even yet understand that Psyche's heart was really broken.

BUR-FRUIITS AND HOOKED SEEDS.

ALL the higher plants are fixed throughout their life to one spot; they have no power to move from place to place, and would be incapable of spreading over the earth to any great extent unless they could avail themselves of some natural agency for the transport of their seeds. Hence arises the necessity for those beautiful and varied contrivances observed throughout the vegetable kingdom for promoting the dispersion of seeds. The natural agencies at disposal for this purpose are not very numerous. A number of seed-capsules are more or less elastic, and when ripe, suddenly explode, discharging their seeds with considerable force. The seeds of the broom and the violet are scattered in this way. Berries and stone-fruits like the cherry have their seeds dispersed by birds. Attracted by the bright colour of the fruit, a bird devours the

soft sweet pulp, and after conveying the hard seeds some distance, lets them fall to the earth. Water-lilies and some other aquatic plants have seeds provided with air-cavities or floats, and are disseminated by water-currents. The bulk of terrestrial plants, however, depend on the wind for dissemination. The lightness and small size of most seeds favour their wide distribution by this means. Special provisions facilitating wind-dispersion occur in many cases; the seed, or the fruit itself where this contains but one seed, is frequently provided with membranous expansions or wings, as in the pine, maple, and ash; or with a tuft of hairs, as in the willow, poplar, thistle, and dandelion.

Of all natural agencies, the wind is undoubtedly by far the most efficient in scattering vegetable seeds; but it is not necessarily in all cases the most economical. For one thing, a large proportion of wind-blown seeds must fall into the sea and perish, as salt water quickly destroys their power of germination. Only a small proportion can possibly alight in places suitable for their development. The objections to this mode of dispersion become very great where the seeds require to be delivered in particular stations corresponding to the habitat of the species. In a large number of plants this difficulty has been met by the seeds acquiring the power of attaching themselves to the skins of four-footed animals, whose movements and migrations are thus utilised for the dispersion of the seeds. The expression, more forcible than elegant, 'to stick like a bur,' refers to the well-known adhesive property of the flower-heads of the burdock—a property shared by many other plants.

A roughened surface alone may be sufficient in the case of small seeds to cause them to adhere to fur or wool. Every one has noticed how readily hayseeds cling to clothes or hair. The tubercles, reticulations, wrinkles, and furrows observed on the surface of many small seeds may be of use in this way. In the chickweed, campion, and other members of the *Stitchwort* family, the seed is studded over with minute projections; while rough or rugose seeds are of common occurrence in other families.

More marked examples of adaptation to transport by animal agency are seen in those fruits and seeds furnished with prickles, hooks, or prongs. These appendages by which the seed fastens itself to the coat of an animal assume various forms suggestive of combs, hairpins, skewers, barbed arrows, fish-hooks, tridents, anchor-flukes, harpoons, and grappling-irons. Organs of this description are so obviously adapted to become entangled in wool, fur, or hair, that there can be no doubt as to their use. Seeds are constantly imported with foreign hides; and on the banks of streams where wool is washed strange plants are observed from time to time to have established themselves.

Under the term 'fruit' botanists include all seed-vessels, whether succulent or not; thus, a dry seed-capsule like that of the poppy, the pod of a pea, a hazel nut, and a grain of wheat, are all fruits in the botanical sense. Capsules which contain numerous seeds usually split open when ripe, to admit of the discharge and distribution of the seeds within. The capsule remains attached to the mother-plant; but the

seeds are loosened, and break away by their own weight. One-seeded fruits, on the other hand, seldom open; and when ripe, separate from the parent plant. Such dry, one-seeded fruits are known as achenes. Hooked appendages are much more frequent on achenes than on seeds, for the very obvious reason that hooks on seeds contained within a capsular fruit have very little chance of coming in contact with any animal. At maturity, an achene which is adapted for wind-dispersion generally severs its connection with the stalk, and either falls to the ground or is borne away on the breeze. Hooked achenes are not quite so easily detached. Even when ripe, they do not spontaneously fall to the earth; neither is the force of the wind sufficient to remove them. Most ordinary plants shed their seeds or cast their ripe fruits; but where hooked appendages occur, the fruit requires to be plucked, the services of an animal being necessary for its removal. Some little force is needed even if the achene be perfectly ripe—just such force as might be exerted by a passing animal in whose hair the hook had caught. The fruits and seeds of trees, as pointed out by Lubbock, are seldom if ever provided with hooklets—a circumstance explained by the fact that there are no animals sufficiently tall to reach up to them. The absence of hooklets from the fruits of very diminutive species has also been remarked. The height of the plant in the latter case is insufficient to bring the fruit into contact with any animal likely to prove an effectual agent in dispersion.

To both these rules there may of course be exceptions. Hooked seeds on a low-growing plant or dropped from a lofty tree would always have an occasional chance of attaching themselves to animals lying down or rolling about on the ground; they might also be dispersed by some of the smaller rodents. The smallest plant in the British flora bearing adhesive fruits is the forget-me-not; all the others have a pretty uniform height, varying from two to four feet, from which we may gather that the adaptation has reference to animals of some considerable size, such as sheep and goats.

With one or two exceptions, the plants indigenous to Britain which have adhesive fruits are of common occurrence. A familiar garden weed, one of the Forget-me-nots (*Myosotis arvensis*), has the calyx which encloses the fruit beset with numerous stiff hooklets, which readily fix themselves to one's clothes. Hound's-tongue (*Cynoglossum*), another plant belonging to the same order as forget-me-not, has its fruits covered with hooked bristles; as has also the Enchanter's-nightshade (*Circæa*), one of the Fuchsia family, not uncommon in damp woods. A still better example is the bur-fruit of *Galium aparine*, the common Bedstraw, sometimes called, on account of its peculiar climbing habit, Robin-run-the-hedge. The entire surface of the plant is hispid; the hooked hairs on the stem assist the bedstraw in climbing, while those on the fruit serve for dispersion. Each longitudinal ridge on the fruit of the Carrot (*Daucus*) is surmounted by a comb-like row of curved spines. The Bur-parsley (*Caucalis*) and the Hedge-parsley (*Torilis*) also have their little fruits bristling like a hedgehog with spines more or less hooked at their tips.

Very frequently there is but one hook on each seed or achene, as in the Avens (*Geum*), where the persistent style forms a terminal hook. A well-developed specimen of this fruit presents a striking resemblance to a grapnel.

One of the best plants on which to study these contrivances is the common agrimony. It has an erect, unbranched, rod-like stem, on which at intervals apart are set the little pear-shaped fruits. Each fruit is crowned with several circlets of hooked hairs, and is at first upright or horizontal; but when quite ripe, becomes inverted by the bending or twisting of its very short pedicel or stalk. The bristles at the same time spread out, exposing their points. The object of these changes is evidently to promote the removal of the ripe fruit by passing animals. A branch can be broken from a tree much more easily by pulling it away from the stem than by pressing it towards the stem. In its original position, the fruit of agrimony, when its hooklets caught hold, say, of a passing sheep, would be pressed towards the stem; but in the inverted position it is pulled in a direction away from the stem, and is therefore more easily removed. At the same time, the hooklets will be more deeply involved in the sheep's fleece. The Enchanter's-nightshade inverts its ripe fruits in the same way.

Two perfectly distinct modes of dispersion are provided for in the Burdock (*Arcetium*), which may therefore be said to have two strings to its bow. The plant belongs to the order Compositæ, its small flowers being produced in compact heads or capitula, which are surrounded by overlapping scales or bracts. Each bract forming the involucre terminates in a strong hook; the flower-heads are therefore adapted to be dispersed by animals. But in addition to this, each little fruit within the involucre is furnished with a pappus or tuft of hairs, fitting it for distribution by the wind. Supposing the capitula or burs of *Arcetium* dispersed by animals, each flower-head then becomes a new centre of dispersion from which the individual fruits are scattered by the wind. Such a double distribution must be more efficient than dispersion from a single centre.

The flower-heads of the Fuller's teasel, formerly used for raising the nap of cloth, have hooked bracts not unlike those of *Arcetium*. The spiny bracts surrounding the heads of some of the thistles possibly serve a similar purpose; but these are not easily detached from the flower-stalk. As thistles wither, however, their stems become dry and brittle; there may, therefore, be no necessity for detaching the capitula if portions of the plant readily come away with them. The bracts composing the involucre of the Knapweed (*Centaurea*) have beautifully pectinated margins, and it is difficult to suggest any other use for these than that they may serve to attach the flower-heads to wool or fur.

Many grass-seeds have the adhesive character in a high degree, caused by a rough surface, ciliated glumes, or a serrated awn. The awn or bristle attached to the barley grain appears to act as a skewer for fastening the seed to the covering of an animal. Bearded or aristate grains have a remarkable penetrating power, approaching in this respect the burrowing seeds of the stork's-bill. A grain of barley having its bristle

attached, placed in one's sleeve, soon works its way up to the shoulder; and it is easy to see how an animal's movements would cause a seed like this to become firmly embedded in its hair or wool.

Long cultivation has probably so greatly altered our cereals that very little can with safety be inferred from their present condition. They are not now found in the wild state, a circumstance which Hildebrand ascribes to their having lost through cultivation their means of dispersion, whereby they are no longer able to hold their own against natural species. The meadow and canary grasses are adapted for wind-dispersion, as also *Phragmites*, *Pennisetum*, and several others; but the grasses in general may be considered to have their seeds adapted for dispersion by means of animals. This, moreover, is only what we might expect, when we consider the vast herds of buffaloes, deer, antelopes, and other large graminivorous animals that still inhabit the grassy plains of Africa, and formerly roamed on the American prairies and Asiatic steppes. Nature is economical of her means, and it is reasonable to suppose that as an animal became dependent on a certain class of plants for food, it should be utilised as an agent in their dispersion. Such, in a state of nature, is apparently the relation subsisting between the grasses and some of the larger ruminants.

These mutual accommodations form a pleasing contrast to the arrangements in the Grapple plant, *Harpagophytum*. Even of the vegetable kingdom it is sometimes true that Nature is 'red in tooth and claw.' The fruit of *H. procumbens* has upwards of a dozen stout flattened spines projecting an inch or two from its surface. Each spine terminates in a grapple-like arrangement of strong recurved hooks; while its sharp edges are also furnished with hooked processes of similar character. These sharp spines will cut the strongest leather. This formidable fruit is accredited with causing the death of the lion. Should one adhere to its skin and the lion attempt to disengage it, the fruit is almost certain to be transferred to the lion's mouth. The wounds there inflicted by the sharp spines drive the animal frantic; but every effort to get rid of the encumbrance is vain, and only results in the infliction of fresh wounds, until ultimately the animal succumbs to the torture. Dr Livingstone states that if this fruit happens to lay hold of the mouth of an ox, the animal stands and roars with pain and a sense of helplessness. The same traveller also mentions a fruit which lies flat like a shilling with two thorns in its centre, ready to run into the foot of any animal that treads upon it and stick there for days together.

Another curious example of these forbidden or rather forbidding fruits is *Martynia proboscidea*. This fruit, about three inches long, and resembling a pea-pod, terminates in two slender curved prongs, exceeding the fruit itself in length. The writer has seen a specimen of a fruit, said to have been obtained from imported wool, very similar to this, but much larger, the prongs being six or eight inches long. In some parts of the country these fruits are preserved as household curiosities, and locally known as the 'Devil's horns.' The West Indian snake-fang seed, shaped like an almond, but larger, is pro-

vided with two short recurved hooks at one end. A plant of the Mallow order, *Pavonia spinifex*, has three diverging prongs attached to each nutlet, beset with backward-pointing barbs. *Acæna procumbens* has several slender spines barbed at their extremities like an arrow. The seed of *Villarsia*, an aquatic genus, is fringed with ciliated processes. Hooked seeds are characteristic of a small Australian order allied to the milkwort; while the *Triumphettas* are tropical weeds with bur-fruits like those of the bedstraw.

Hooked appendages might prove a disadvantage rather than a benefit if there was any possibility of the achene becoming detached before it was ripe. Hence the fruit is firmly attached to the mother-plant, and only at maturity is the connection so weakened as to admit of easy separation. The sharp points of the hooks, as we have seen, are seldom exposed until the fruit is perfectly ripe. The unripened fruits of *Galium*, *Geum*, &c. have little or no adhesive power. In *Geum* and *Agrimonia* the fruit is at first vertical, and its hooks are concealed; but when ripe, its position is inverted, and the hooklets spread out exposing their points. The umbel of the carrot, while the seed is maturing, has its rays gathered closely together, forming a ball, and the hooks are not exposed till the seeds are ripe.

A close examination of the hooklets in *Torilis*, *Myosotis*, *Geum*, *Agrimonia*, &c., shows that even the point of the hook itself is not properly formed till the very last moment. As these slender projections dry they not only curve and spread, but a slight torsion also takes place. On account of this twisting, the curve of the hook ceases to be circular and becomes slightly spiral; its curvature is not all in one plane, but, like a fish-hook, the point is turned a little to one side. By this torsion of the spines their points become fully exposed, and this explains how these appendages so suddenly acquire the property of taking hold of one's clothes when the seeds are ripe. As they shrivel, the hooklets tighten their grasp, but through time become brittle; and should the animal rub against a tree or clean itself, are not difficult to dislodge.

Bur-fruits are seldom clustered like berries; the internodes of the stem in forget-me-not and agrimony elongate after flowering, whereby the burs are separated from each other, so that it is hardly possible for one animal to tear them all away at once. This isolation of the fruits secures for them a more gradual and widespread distribution; and the plant avoids the risk of putting all its eggs in one basket.

Certain plants have sticky seeds which gum themselves to the hairs of animals. Of this class we have no good examples among our native species. The mistletoe has a sticky seed, but, as its fruit is a berry dispersed by birds, it cannot be included 'amongst rude burs and thistles.' The seeds of *Linum* and *Polemonium* become glutinous when moistened, but it is uncertain whether this peculiarity aids in dissemination or not; the same may be said of the glandular hairs of *Plumbago* and *Linnaea borealis*. A viscid secretion is better adapted than a hook for adhering to a smooth surface; and it is quite possible that some of the viscid class may be dispersed by reptiles and other hairless creatures. The number of plants in which this provision exists is small, and they

do not properly belong to our subject, which has to do not with the agency of animals in dispersion generally, so much as with those curious organs of attachment to which reference is made in the title of this paper.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

By JESSIE MACLEOD.

IN FOUR PARTS.

PART I.—SUNKEN ROCKS.

'Who are these new arrivals, I wonder? Friends of my husband, I suppose, for I do not recognise them,' said Lady Adair, who with several visitors was enjoying the morning sunshine on a high-terraced walk in her flower-garden, overlooking the carriage drive, up which a vehicle was approaching.

'It is a hired chaise from the station at Mochram,' observed Mrs King; 'and as there is no luggage, they have evidently not come to stay.'

'Hardly, or I should have had intimation,' replied Lady Adair. 'I am sorry Sir Hugh has gone with the shooting-party. Perhaps they have business with him. I must return to the house and ascertain.'

'If I may make a remark,' said a very young lady, whose observation and eyes were keen, 'I should hardly take these visitors for gentlemen—two of them, at anyrate. Fancy chimney-pot hats and blue ties! Besides, there is something—something'—She stopped, as it occurred to her that such remarks were not well-bred.

'It is impossible to judge who are gentlemen and who are not, by their dress, for appearance does not count in these days. Wait until you hear them talk,' said Lady Adair.

'One of them was not unlike the chief clerk at the bank; but not having seen him many times, I cannot say for certain. If it is he, I fear there must be something the matter at home,' observed Mrs Gravenor, a sweet-looking young woman, in a tone of anxiety. She always spoke of her family as 'home,' for Captain Gravenor had not yet set up his Lares and Penates, but moved about with his regiment.

'I will go and see,' said Lady Adair, descending the steps.

A footman met her. 'Three gentlemen on business to Captain Gravenor, my lady. They are in the morning-room.'

She hastened to the house, entering an apartment opening from the entrance hall, one set aside for chance visitors, and where Sir Hugh transacted affairs connected with his estate.

'I regret that Captain Gravenor has accompanied a shooting-party to the moors; he will scarcely be back before sunset. I trust your business is not very urgent?' said she, scanning successively the faces of the three strangers, not knowing whom to address as the principal.

'My name is Parish. I am in the bank of Desborough & Co., of Nicholas Lane. I have accompanied these gentlemen from London, who particularly wish to see Captain Gravenor,' replied the eldest of the three, indicating his companions with a wave of the hand.

'I suppose we can drive after them?' said one of the men, taking up his hat, as if about to depart.

'You evidently are unacquainted with Scotland. You might possibly overtake the party by riding; but to drive you cannot; there are no roads,' remarked the lady.

'What is to be done?' said the other to his companion. They looked at each other non-plussed.

'Mrs Gravenor is here; perhaps you might like to see her?'

'By no means, ma'am. It is no business that she can transact,' said the spokesman, with a grim smile.

Lady Adair, without knowing wherefore, felt a vague uneasiness. The reticence, the total absence of ceremony in these strangers, set her wondering. What was she to do with them? They had driven ten miles from Mochram, a little so-called town, that had sprung up around the nearest station on a loop-line from Stirling.

'If the affair is urgent,' said she, 'you can have a pony from the stables for one gentleman, and a groom to accompany him. Perhaps the others can find amusement in the meantime in visiting the grounds, and with newspapers.—Will you allow me to offer you some luncheon?'

This proposal was accepted with thanks.

'The fact is, ma'am,' said Mr Parish, 'our business is not a pleasant one, to say the best of it. Mrs Gravenor may be best kept in the dark.'

'I am sorry,' said Lady Adair, turning pale. 'I hope there is no illness—no death?'

'No, ma'am, nothing of that kind; but as bad in another way.'

It must be money, thought the lady, for she knew that, previous to his marriage, Captain Gravenor had lived fast. She consigned the strangers to the care of the butler, who provided a hospitable luncheon, to which they did ample justice, after their drive in the mountain air. Then the leader of the party was mounted on a strong pony, and, accompanied by a groom, set out for the moor where the sportsmen might presumably be found; and the chaise was put up in the stable.

'You were right, Lena; it is Mr Parish from your father's bank; but there is nobody ill in your family; he merely wishes to see Captain Gravenor on business,' said Lady Adair, wishing to reassure the young wife.

'What a strange thing! And we have not yet left London a week. I do not think Papa can have sent any money, for he made George a handsome present recently,' said Mrs Gravenor, who made no secret of being poor—for she was poor, although a banker's daughter. Money is seldom plentiful in a banker's house; it is no unusual thing for his home to be a penurious one; and in this case, although Lena Desborough would have money, it could not be until her father's death—she had no marriage dowry.

Keeping his money-bags so closely tied, sons-in-law did not appear. When Captain Gravenor asked for Helena, or Lena, as she was familiarly called, the youngest of his three daughters, upon whom all the beauty and amiability of the family were concentrated, he was refused by the old gentleman, for it was well known that he had carelessly run through whatever property he had possessed. She, seeing the lives of her sisters soured by disappointments, weary of their sharp tongues and jealous tempers, took her fate in her

own hands, and quietly married Captain Gravenor one morning at All Souls' Church, when she was supposed to be reading in Park Square Gardens. She was a mild gentle girl; this was the only time in her life she had ever acted on her own responsibility. These young people were wrong; and, like most deviations from the straightforward path, punishment followed it. At first, Mr Desborough was enraged; but as he loved his youngest child the most, he soon thought better of the matter, for Captain Gravenor was a gentleman, the last survivor of a good family. What was more, he had married Lena without settlements; therefore, the banker held future arrangements in his own hands. At last he consented to receive his son-in-law, and they became, if not on a cordial, at least on a friendly footing with one another. He gave no settled income to Lena, but sent cheques occasionally. People said that the Captain had married her hoping for a fortune. They were wrong; he married her because she was sweet enough to be valued for herself alone.

In the meantime the young officer, unconscious of the unpleasant news coming to overtake him, was the gayest of a rather large party of sportsmen. He was a tall, fair, handsome man of seven-and-twenty; a general favourite. Genial, thoughtless, fond of pleasure, he had made ducks and drakes of his inheritance, but nothing worse. Honourable at heart, he had almost paid his liabilities up to the last penny. This left him poor, but with a character unsullied.

'Do not laugh so immoderately, Gravenor,' said Sir Hugh. 'The old wives say, "They that laugh in the morning will greet ere e'en."'

'You think me "fey"?'

'Not so bad as that—only, it's not lucky.'

'Put it down to your exhilarating mountain air. Ozone is as intoxicating as whisky. As for your Scotch proverb, I can cap that with the English one of "Laugh and grow fat." Don't you know that there is a certain valve in the heart that only opens with laughter?'

'Well,' said Sir Hugh, gazing at the open, handsome face and bright blue eyes of his young guest with a certain admiration, 'I suppose it is natural that you, with a charming young wife, and a military promising career before you, should be gay. Old fogies like me have cares as we advance in life; while you—'

'Have not a care in the world—that is, nothing to be called by so serious a name. A little more money would be desirable; but I am perfectly happy without it.'

Bang, bang! An unerring marksman, he had not missed a bird that morning.

'Your hand is well in. As for the grouse'—Sir Hugh interrupted himself. 'Who are these coming after us? Some one I do not know on Kelpie, and Campbell on Prince. Well, the more the merrier.'

He concerned himself no more about the matter, continuing to follow the beaters, leaving the new-comers to overtake the party, which at last they did. Then Sir Hugh saw a stranger.

'Gentleman from London, Sir Hugh, come after Captain Gravenor on business,' said Campbell.

'Nothing serious, I hope?' said the Baronet, advancing.

'It may or it may not be, sir,' replied the

stranger, lifting his hat. 'I came express with two companions, who remain at your house. The good lady thought it best to send me up here.—What a long ride it has been—awfully steep, and confounded footing' (wiping his hot forehead).—'Well, sir, which is Captain Gravenor?'

'Hillo, Gravenor!' shouted Sir Hugh. 'Come here; some one for you.'

Captain Gravenor instantly turned back, taking long strides over the heather, his fine figure a model of manly beauty, his fair face beaming with health and excitement. He came up to the new visitor, looking at him curiously—evidently not knowing him.

'Are you Captain Gravenor?' said the stranger, dismounting.

'Yes,' replied the Captain, surprised.

'You must come with me at once.'

'Come with *you*.—Why?'

The man led him apart from the others. 'Because I have come from Scotland Yard to arrest you,' he answered in an under-tone.

'Arrest me! What for?' cried the officer in amazement.

'For forgery.'

Captain Gravenor flushed crimson with indignation. 'How dare you!' he cried. 'I've a great mind to knock you down!'

'That would only make matters worse. You just come with me quiet, unless you want the others to know.'

'All the world may know!' exclaimed the Captain angrily. 'I never heard such a ridiculous charge in my life. Upon whom am I supposed to have forged, if you please?'

'Mr Desborough.'

Captain Gravenor laughed; his good spirits had not deserted him. 'This is really too good. It must be a practical joke.'

'You'll find it only truth.—Here is the warrant for your arrest. We've come from London on purpose; me, another officer, and Mr Parish, clerk from the Nicholas Lane Bank.'

'There is, then, some dreadful mistake.' He beckoned to the Baronet, who stood out of ear-shot, but who plainly understood that something was wrong. 'Sir Hugh,' said he, 'I must curtail my pleasant visit, and accompany this person back to London at once.' Then he related the accusation, in a bitter scornful tone.

Sir Hugh looked shocked and astonished. 'I will return to the house with you,' he exclaimed. 'Never fear, the matter will be cleared up. There is some roguery at the bottom of it. But it seems to me an unpardonable proceeding on the part of your father-in-law. He ought to have known you better.'

'He does not like me. Still, for Lena's sake'—He stopped, for the first time overcome.

'Let us return to the house quietly; there is no occasion to make such a scandal public,' said Sir Hugh, placing his hand kindly on the young man's shoulder. 'No one shall know it here. The matter will soon be cleared up. You will leave Mrs Gravenor with us until you come back to finish your visit.'

It was an easy matter to hoodwink Lena, although she could not clearly understand why three persons should be despatched to fetch her husband, when a telegram from her father would

have answered the purpose equally well. But she had been brought up in subjection, having lost her mother in her infancy, and took things meekly.

'Bless you, my dearest! We shall soon meet again,' said the Captain, embracing his wife.

But Lena wept. 'This is our first parting,' said she, 'and it seems cruel.'

'I shall be back again in a few days,' cried he.

Alas! sad unexpected events happen in the world. Captain Gravenor never returned. In spite of his solemn assertions of innocence, he was obliged to stand his trial for forgery. There was only circumstantial evidence, but that went against him. Many friends and brother-officers came forward to bear witness as to his honour. Their testimony went for nothing.

The sum was only for five hundred pounds; but he was known to be in straitened circumstances. His father-in-law would rather have lost the sum than had the affair made public. As it was, he was one of the last who had intimation, and it was too late for hushing it up.

The forgery had been detected by a Mr Thorel, a very important person at the bank, the nephew of the late Mrs Desborough, Swiss by birth, and head of the foreign department.

When Captain Gravenor heard who was his accuser, he was astounded, as well he might be. He declared the cheque for five hundred pounds had been handed to him by Thorel himself. This Thorel emphatically denied. Unless proof is brought to the contrary, one person's word is as good as another's.

The Captain stated that he and his wife were staying for a few days in Portland Place, before starting for Perthshire. They returned to the Wellington Barracks one evening after a dinner-party. Mr Thorel was also there. Having said adieu to Mr Desborough and others, he was following Lena down-stairs to the brougham, when Thorel stopped him on the landing at the first flight of stairs, where they were quite alone, and whispering, 'My uncle desired me to give you this cheque,' slipped it into his hand.

'Give Mr Desborough my most grateful thanks,' he had replied. On reaching home, he told Lena of her father's present, at which she was much pleased. He cashed it the following morning before starting for the north.

Mr Thorel emphatically denied having given the cheque to Captain Gravenor. He had certainly spoken a few words to him on the landing, but they merely referred to his intended journey of the morrow. No one had seen the transaction.

It was some days before Mr Desborough discovered that a leaf had been purloined from his cheque-book, which he kept in a drawer of his writing-table in the library. This led to investigation; and on Mr Thorel's examination of the cheque that Captain Gravenor had cashed, he at once pronounced it a forged one.

Captain Gravenor had sat reading in the library the day of the dinner-party. All went against him. Mr Desborough deposed that he had occasionally sent both his daughter and her husband cheques, but never to so large an amount. He had received a short letter from Gravenor when he arrived in Perthshire—it thanked him for his 'great kindness.' He was at

a loss to know what he meant, but set it down to the friendliness he had recently shown his son-in-law, with whom he had not been on the best of terms.

Captain Gravenor was pronounced guilty by most people; but all wondered at his short-sightedness, not to say clumsy management in the fraud, which he might be sure would be almost instantly found out. Doubtless, he calculated on the transaction being looked over, for his wife's sake, as it would have been, had not Mr Thorel made the affair public at once.

A money-lender named Issachar stated that he had recently received the last balance of an account owed by Captain Gravenor; and the testimony of this man in his client's favour was remarkable. He had transacted money matters with him for several years, even before the young officer attained his majority, and had always found him strictly honourable; in fact, he was one of the few persons in the world whom he would trust implicitly. He insisted upon handing back the two hundred pounds he had received from him, to the banker. 'I refuse to keep it,' said he; 'but I consider Captain Gravenor's debt paid just the same.'

The unfortunate Captain was found guilty of forgery, and sentenced to transportation.

To those who believed in him, the case was a mystery. As time went on, he was forgotten, his name being seldom mentioned even by those who had been his friends—by his wife, never.

AMONG AMERICAN MINERS.

You have seen, perhaps, a Durham coal-mine, and have noticed the grim aspect of Durham coal-heavers. Miniature mountains of slag and shale encompass the mouth of the pit. A filthy sooty-black liquid distils itself from the refuse heaps. The very sky looks black in the face, and Nature out of sympathy with the mummy-like beings who swing themselves into the darkness and upheave the bowels of the earth. You hear the clangour of titanic hammers, the faint ringing of countless anvils, and the deadened clanking of heavy chains. Tall chimneys shoot skywards and smoke lazily.

The above picture presented itself as a forcible contrast to our mind as we stood for the first time at the entrance of an American silver mine. Instead of a leaden-eyed miserable heaven, a few light clouds met and kissed each other. The scoria round the edge of the shaft looked as though, if water were poured upon it, it would hiss and smoke. A little wooden structure containing pit-tackle and machinery was thereabouts the only sign of mining life. A gaunt giant clad in blue overalls, a red flannel shirt, and a pair of hob-nailed cow-hide wellingtons, was the only above-ground representative of the creatures who, according to the imaginative journalist, earn such fabulous sums of money.

Equipped with a marvellous folding candlestick and a box of matches, my companion and I took our stand at the head of the shaft. There was no danger, as in a coal-mine, of being blown up by fire-damp or poisoned by choke-damp. 'Ready?' said the man at the wheel. 'Yes;' and down we dropped six hundred feet. That buried-alive sensation which asserts itself underground had

barely time to make itself felt before we were relieved by a gleam of warm colour which reached us through an aperture that hardly admitted of the passage of a human body. Here a rich vein of silver ore had been struck and followed. With the aid of pickaxes and a few beams for stooping, three or four men had worked their way from darkness to daylight—had tunnelled through solid rock to the side of the hill, a distance of three hundred feet. The vein had yielded upwards of fifty thousand dollars. Yet to all appearance the ore was as wanting in value as common road stone: the most powerful microscope we had revealed not a vestige of precious metal. The assayer pronounced it to be twenty-five dollar ore; that is to say, ore of the value, in English money, of five pounds per ton. Truck-load after truck-load was despatched to the company's mill, where thirty iron stamps pounded it with a seemingly purposeless frenzy and savage exasperation, as if angered by its resistance. When in a state of pulverisation, this seemingly worthless powder was passed through a quicksilver bath. The silver amalgamated with its volatile companion, and the debris, under the name of 'tailings,' escaped down the gulch.

Farther on we came upon the miners. These were working singly and in groups. Some were descending, some ascending, others working laterally. 'They follow the seam, wherever it goes,' explained the superintendent. They were rough specimens of humanity, these men, who throughout the livelong day hammer by candlelight at solid rock. Very grim, pallid, and determined were their faces, and very wild and bright their eyes. Their task looked as unending and as hopeless as that of stone-rolling Sisyphus. Little trolleys, about twice the size of wheelbarrows, were running along all the principal levels. Into these the ore was shovelled, run to the mouth of the shaft and emptied into a truck, which, when full, was hauled up and shipped to the company's mill. From the minor levels the ore was carried in baskets to the trolleys, a work in some cases difficult and dangerous. The mill was situated at the base of the hill. To it a railway track had been laid down, so that a truck-load once started descended by its own volition.

Conversation with the miners was strictly prohibited, doubtless lest information so obtained should be used on the Stock Exchange or by the press. To gain admission was no easy matter. The public and the shareholders are, therefore, at the mercy of the superintendent and the directors. There is nothing to prevent false reports as to the state of the mine being circulated, or unfavourable telegrams being suppressed by interested directors. 'Hence many a man,' as Dickens well puts it, 'has locked up money in his strong-box, like the man in the *Arabian Nights*, and opening it, has found but withered leaves.' Superintendents will thrive and managing directors grow fat in connection with the worst of mines, as long as men will 'put up' money to work them.

The mining camp was a straggling assemblage of picturesque little houses, all built of wood. There were queer little shops kept by Chinamen; and quaint little huts fearfully and wonderfully made, in which ubiquitous Indians lived. Romance-destroying civilisation had even here begun to assert its power. A session of the Circuit Court

took place twice a year, and to it were submitted all disputes about mining claims, the most fruitful source of disagreement. Provisions were brought by a railroad which ten years since had not been conceived in the wild brain of Fancy herself. A new doctor had arrived and affixed a brass plate to his door. His rival had departed, taking with him a case of surgical instruments at which a city practitioner would smile. It consisted of two bowie knives—one ingeniously hacked and filed into a saw—a pair of pincers, and some buckskin cut into slips for ligatures. He could point to many a difficult operation successfully performed with these rude instruments; but he recognised the uselessness of opposing Science, who, with calm, assured tread, is everywhere driving unskilled labour from the field. Holloa-a-hole-in-the-air, an Indian chief, who a few years ago sought to ornament his wigwam with scalps, had been driven by a troublesome molar to visit the pale-face medicine-man. He submitted to its extraction with a 'Ugh!' of satisfaction, and now almost worships his benefactor from afar.

It is not well to question American miners as to their previous history. Some of them are perhaps fugitives from justice. 'Do as you would be done by, or take the consequences,' is their unwritten code, which it is not well to violate. They are free men, and so long as you are 'square' with them, will treat you with respect. 'Poker' is their besetting sin, and rye-whisky—which is sometimes termed 'railroad,' from the rapidity with which it hurries men to the end of their journey—their favourite stimulant. Champagne they know not, even by name. Successful gamblers and lucky owners of claims who have chanced to be gamblers have, it is true, indulged in unheard-of extravagances. Their eccentricities have been made universal by the imaginative journalist, until there are not a few who believe that miners ride to work and drink champagne by the gallon. As a matter of fact the American miner is another sort of creature. Like his English cousin, he has to fight tooth and nail for a living, and he has far fewer comforts. That short, thickset, beardless man, of cheerful and intelligent aspect, is the only man in the camp who ever owned money. He sold a mining claim for twenty thousand dollars (four thousand pounds). He 'ran' Mike's hotel for a week; for a week the whole camp ate, drank, and were merry at his expense; then this best-natured fellow in the world went to 'Frisco' to play for higher stakes than the camp afforded. That was his ideal of happiness. A fortnight later he turned up again 'cleaned out.' Fate had been 'agin' him. He was too much of a gambler to rail at Fortune. He returned to work as a common miner at three dollars per day.

An outcry having arisen against the Chinese, we were anxious to see how 'John' comported himself in a mining camp. We had thought that oil and water were scarcely less reconcilable to each other than was the Chinaman to the European or American: that he acted as a red rag to the Australian and American alike. His great crimes, or objectionable traits, seemed to be that he lived on nothing, undersold and under-worked white men, and carried his gains and even his bones to his own country. Whatever the Chinaman may be in a great city, as a servant he is intelligent, frugal, peace-loving, law-abiding,

and greatly valued by his employers. Chinese communities may be immoral and honeycombed with secret and treasonable societies; but the Chinese servant of many an American household is a treasure, a *sine quâ non*, doing with equal readiness and skill the labour of a man and the work of a housemaid. Female servants, it must not be forgotten, are not common in America, except in cities, and their duties are considered beneath the dignity of American citizens or emancipated negroes; hence the great demand for Chinese servants in outlying districts. Americans dislike to be pitted against coloured labour; but we do not believe the dog-in-the-manger policy of expulsion finds general favour among them. The mental architecture of the Chinaman is unique: he is not a sociable creature. He is stolid and excessively reticent. Only once do we remember to have seen a Chinaman animated or curious. My boots had been given to Chi Ling, the boy-of-all-work. The following morning he appeared at my door gesticulating wildly, with boots and boot-trees in his hands.

'What he for, sirez?'—pointing to the trees. 'What he for?'

I endeavoured to explain.

'Me sabe, me sabe. Chi Ling no fool. You makee shoes.' And Chi Ling departed with the satisfied air of a man who has solved a mystery.

Mining camps are much smoother places than they used to be. The new and improved mode of travelling for a time threw things out of gear. For a while the fugitive from justice had things much his own way; he had but to reach a railway station unobserved. 'Thud, thud, puff, puff,' went a shrieking monster, and he was whisked past towns ten, twenty, thirty, a hundred miles away. Pursuit was physically impossible; and a mining camp was a common and secure city of refuge. Now, all that is changed. Click! click! goes the electric telegraph, and where is he? If he succeeds in embarking, whirr-r-r goes the Atlantic cable, and he is caught like a mouse in a trap. People who are 'wanted' cannot easily leave this country, even for their country's good. The speculations to which the flying machine gave birth in the mind of Addison are as nothing to the facts accomplished by steam and electricity. The world of to-day is a world of rapid motion and rushing railroads. The iron horse is a cruel destroyer of romance. Passengers used to feel a positive joy in getting home safe; now there is no such thing, for that is a matter of course. Crafty cheats of all descriptions have perhaps been multiplied, and now swarm in society 'as thick as the gay motes that people the sun-beam;' but long-lived systematic robbery by violence, even in America, is a thing of the past. You are much more likely to be the victim of little tricks such as Ah Sin played upon Bill Nye and Truthful James than to get a brace of bullets put through your head by that daring assassin Captain Cutthroat.

Miners are not what they were in the brave days of the Roaring Camp; they pay some attention to 'such minor details as ears, eyes, and fingers.' All stories of the sensational romancist now properly begin with, 'Once upon a time.' Dark deeds are not unknown in the West; but the 'properties' which would make them romantic are gone. The miner chooses to encase himself

in a crust of outward surliness; but under his rude exterior beats a heart of flesh and blood, a heart which under the alchemy of a kindly touch will blossom into kindest fruit and flower. Old Kentuck died clasping in his arms the child he endearingly called a 'little cuss.' And we may hope that the time is not far distant when the use of the revolver will have slipped into disrepute or desuetude, and when mining camps shall have lost the unenviable reputation that they have hitherto borne.

EUNICE: A RUSTIC IDYL.

By the Author of 'The Way of Transgressors.'

THERE was a scent of flowering beans in the air, the vetches were in blossom, and the bees were toiling out their six weeks of existence among them as though life would never end. Eunice South stood at her own door and looked away towards the harvest-fields. The house faced west, and she raised her hand to shade the waning sun from her eyes. She was a heavily-built girl, with a colourless, plain face, a face that would have been uninteresting only that the eyes were beautiful and the mouth patient and sweet. Eunice's heart was craving for the open country and the breadths of undulating corn-land, craving perhaps most of all for a little companionship with the young and glad and gay.

Most girls of Eunice's class at Grimpat worked in the fields at harvest-time, and so earned the price of a new gown or a set of ribbons for Sundays; but old Joseph South would not hear of such a thing for his daughter. The manners of the fields were rough, and he had the ideas of people who have seen better days.

Eunice was a lonely creature, reputed proud because she was so shy and humble. What she had to be proud of the neighbours did not know, and so resented the quality they ascribed to her. That she was a good girl, industrious, dutiful, steady as old Time, they would have admitted; but these are not the attributes one looks for at twenty years of age.

There had been a time when the Souths were very well-to-do, when Joseph's shop was well stocked and his work very popular; but the curious kind of decay that sometimes creeps over little hamlets in a single generation had reached Grimpat, and Joseph South's prosperity perished with it.

Eunice was quite an adept in keeping up appearances, in making things do, in saving, and patching and darning; but show is not a sustaining thing when the larder is sometimes as bare as old Mother Hubbard's cupboard and there are three men to cater for. An exclusive diet of bread and tea does not sustain the courage or improve the temper. Old Joseph could stand it; but the boys grew weak and weedy on it; and young Joe, in a fit of rebellion, enlisted. The father said it was a good riddance; but they all had the feeling, universal in country districts,

that a son sent to the service of the country is a son thrown away.

Eunice was nineteen years of age before she had ever been five miles from Grimpat. Then a friend of hers got married at a distance, and having made a good thing of it, invited her old neighbours to appreciate her prosperity. In succession, Mrs Gregg's girl-friends were brought from Grimpat to sit in her best parlour and admire the hair-covered furniture and the large-patterned carpet, and to sleep in the close little best bedroom that overlooked the fowl-yard.

Eunice's delight when she was invited must be left to the imagination. Think of your brightest dream made actual, and then you will understand a little of the girl's emotions as she packed her small wardrobe into the old skin-covered trunk that had once held a portion of her mother's trousseau. There was no self-consciousness about Eunice; she never thought how her shabby clothing would strike Mrs Gregg, or what impression she would make at Tregby.

It was July weather, and the earth was pompously attired, the fields an emerald, the sky a sapphire, and the purple widths of heathland breaking here and there into a blaze of golden gorse. The girl scarcely seemed to breathe as she was swept through miles and miles of rural panorama. And then the wonders of the little town when she reached it: the station, that seemed to her so busy and so bustling; the noise of vehicles; the crowd of foot-passengers; and the magnificence of such shop windows as Eunice had never hitherto conceived! She was all eye and ear and parted lips, that now and then gave little gasps of astonishment.

Never had Mrs Gregg been so successful with a guest; never had she been offered so full a cup of honest admiration. She discoursed of the magnificence of Tregby, and her husband's position and importance there, all the evening; he, good man, interrupting her now and then with a deprecating 'Jane, Jane!'

Eunice slept little that night. Perhaps the unaccustomed luxury of Mrs Gregg's best feather-bed had something to do with it, or perhaps she was only resolving the enigma of how an opening could be found for Willie in this prosperous place. She and her father were fixtures at Grimpat; but Willie was young and had a right to opportunities.

Reticence is instinctive with shy people. It never occurred to Eunice to take either Mrs Gregg or her husband into her confidence, before she had evolved a distinct plan for herself.

Three days after Eunice's arrival, Mr Henry Watkins stood at the desk in his own shop making out a bill or two. Mr Watkins was the type of young tradesman that is not infrequent in provincial towns—a man who read a little, attended local debating societies, belonged to a cricket club, and wore proper cricketing flannels when he joined the local Eleven on Saturday evenings—a man who managed his business thoroughly, nevertheless, and was popular with his neighbours. He was rather a good-looking man, too, not quite thirty yet, with thick dark hair, and the keenest eyes Eunice had ever seen. Eunice passed and repassed the plate-glass window half-a-dozen times before she found courage to enter.

'I want to see the master,' she said, when she was observed.

'I am the master,' Henry answered with a little air that was perhaps natural.

Eunice blushed through her thick pale skin. She would have liked an older, more everyday master. 'I called to ask about work for my brother.' Her eyes were as bright and humid as those of a gazelle; except for that, she was rather ridiculous with her black cotton gloves, her jacket years behind the fashion even of Tregby, and her shabby battered old hat, with the rain-washed feather asserting itself rampantly in the crown.

'I don't know if you need a journeyman,' poor Eunice went on, feeling now on what a fool's errand she had come. 'I'm a friend of Mrs Gregg's; my father is a shoemaker at Grimpat; and my brother, who is nearly eighteen, knows the business. Grimpat is a small place; there is not much work there; and I thought, seeing Tregby so busy and so prosperous, that maybe there might be an opening.' She was pathetic in her crimson confusion, and Mr Watkins was a little moved by the eyes that had now ceased to look at him. He was not unaccustomed to young persons making excuses to call on him; but he felt that Eunice's errand was genuine.

'I had not thought of an extra hand,' he said slowly; 'but if I required one'—

'Thank you. It was a liberty to call, I know.'

'Not at all—not at all; and if you will leave the name and address, I will think the matter over.'

She gave the address, and then hastened out, her sense of guilt and folly going with her. Nothing had come of her enterprise, and therefore she told the Greggs nothing about it. People like Eunice, when they begin to have a secret, must continue to keep it, explanations become so laborious.

Two days later, Henry Watkins called at the Greggs'; but he did not enter the parlour, and he made no mention of Eunice; he only said that the Tregby Cricket Club had challenged the Overhill Club, and that he could get seats for any friends who cared to look on at the match.

Mrs Gregg would much rather this invitation had come in Eunice's absence, for, though she liked her, she thought her a perfect scarecrow, and did not care to identify herself in public with her; but the invitation was too good to be declined, and the best had to be made of the visitor. Mrs Gregg trimmed Eunice's old hat tidily herself, and lent her one of her own smart gowns; and when Eunice clambered into the trap that was to carry them to the cricket-field, there was not in England a happier creature. The world seemed beautiful to her, all made up of music and motion. The summer hum, composed of voices of winged things, the rustle of leaves, the sighing of the breeze in the tree-tops, was scarcely overborne by the soft footfalls of the pony on the padded dust of the high-road. At that moment Eunice realised the full joy of living. To drive like a lady, to have a seat in the enclosed space like a lady, to be well dressed, and surrounded by kind people—if there was a happier experience in life, Eunice did not know it. If the white figure in the distance, who was said to be Henry Watkins, and who was said to distinguish himself, was inextricably mingled

with the joy of the hour, the girl was quite unconscious of it.

But the best things come to an end. Eunice went home on Monday, and the narrow life at Grimpat, with its dullness and its restrictions, was resumed.

A whole month passed, and it was in that time that Eunice used to stand at the open door and look away towards the harvest-fields, desiring she knew not what. Henry Watkins had forgotten what she asked of him; but indeed what right had she to expect he would remember, or to proffer her absurd request?

Johnnie Tollet was the postman at Grimpat, a youth who wore no uniform and had no dignity to keep up, dignity not being expected for the pittance he received. As he came up the street, carrying the three letters that constituted the mail for the entire village that day, he caught sight of Eunice by the window, and tossed the letter addressed to her into her lap through the open sash, saying: 'From your sweetheart, Eunice.'

Eunice looked up and nodded. She had letters now and then from Mrs Gregg and others. But this was a different letter—very brief, written in a large, black School-board hand:

DEAR MISS SOUTH—I expect to be in your neighbourhood on Wednesday, and shall call to see your brother, and to settle the matter about which you spoke to me, should he prove suitable.—Very truly yours, HENRY WATKINS.

The beating of Eunice's heart almost suffocated her. She thought it was joy for Willie, and dreaded lest he should undervalue the opening offered him. She had not spoken on the subject to any one, perhaps from the thought that premature talk is unlucky—perhaps from some other motive; but she told Willie now, and was provoked that he treated the matter as an every-day occurrence.

When Joseph heard the news, he seemed displeased—said he did not want to lose all his children—that there was work for the boy at home; and that Eunice, like all her sex, was too prone to meddle. But when he saw Mr Watkins, he was mollified. Prosperity and youth and clear-headedness and self-confidence are elements in a pleasing whole. The old man talked more frankly to this stranger than he had done to any one for years, boasted a little of his own ability and past success, and blamed bad luck that his prosperity was over.

Willie was engaged, of course, at a fair salary, to be increased by results, and was to go to Tregby the following week.

Things seemed better after Willie went away. He wrote home cheerfully. He was glad of the change; and then there was more work left for old Joseph, and one less to clothe and feed, which was a consideration.

But a fresh trouble was in store. The Souths seemed doomed to trouble. Joe had tired of the army; the discipline nagged him; he saw no meaning in it, he said; and his pay never seemed to reach him for fines. If he could be bought off, he would pay the money back when he earned it; and he hoped his father would do this for him. But old Joseph had nothing saved, not

even the few pounds necessary; and if he had, he would probably not have given it. When people took the law into their own hands, as Joe had done in enlisting, they had to abide the consequences, he said. When Joe received this answer, he took the law into his own hands again, and deserted.

Oh, the horror of that night to Eunice, when he entered dusty and footsore and fell on the food that was offered him like a wolf! The wrath of old Joseph, and the sullen defiance of the culprit. Return! Not likely. He had suffered enough before he ran away. It was for them to decide whether they would help him out of the country or give him up. For his part, he did not care much which they did.

Now, neither Eunice nor Joseph understood what penalties befell a deserter, and Joe took good care not to enlighten them. They knew that military law was inexorable, had no pity, and made no excuses, and they had heard of deserters being shot. That Joe would receive severest punishment, whatever that might be, they knew; and many a night they lay awake picturing him with bandaged eyes in front of a platoon of soldiers. They kept him hidden till they managed—Heaven knew with what dire difficulty—to scrape together the few pounds necessary for his escape, and then they got him out of the country. When he had gone, they buried at dead of night the uniform he had worn when he came home, feeling, poor souls, like murderers as they did so.

Under her troubles, Eunice grew colder, more reserved, prouder the neighbours said. She hardly ventured out of doors now, being afraid some one would look at or question her. There is a great deal of that timidity among villagers, which makes them hate to go abroad unless they can go in company or on an errand. Eunice loved the open air, the bird-voices, the shifting clouds, and all other rural sights and sounds; but she lived preferably within four dull poor walls, because she was unhappy and afraid.

That visit to Tregby rose up before her now and then like a dream. Surely she only fancied she had had such happy days.

There were times when the girl felt quite old and settled in the groove in which old maids live. Other girls, her seniors by many years, had their lovers, their friends, their frolics; but such things did not come Eunice's way, and likely never would. Perhaps it was her own fault. There was no one at Grimpat, Eunice would have cared to be on intimate terms with. Perhaps she had her ideal; but it was an ideal so remote, so consciously beyond her, that when Willie wrote home, 'The master is getting the house done up; he told me yesterday he is minded to marry before the year is out,' the curious heart-pang she suffered felt only like a deeper depression. It was not likely that she had ever thought of Willie's employer in connection with herself; no one could have contemplated Eunice with more contempt than did Eunice herself at this thought. A man like that! Of course, he would marry some one like himself.

Eunice took it into her head that they should have a hot supper that night; even if Joe's debt weighed on them, there was no reason why they

should starve. She did not understand the restless motive that prompted her to do something unusual, to put a good face even before herself, in that curious sick depression which clung to her. When you can make a feast for yourself, you seem to rejoice that other people prosper and that other girls have lovers.

Eunice put on her old hat, and took the little basket with a lid in her hand. She was going to commit an extravagance—to buy some of Mrs Mallet's famous big eggs, and a bit of bacon at the village shop. There were times when Eunice felt that her blood was thin, and grew hungry for a taste of meat. But once she was out in the sunshine, she forgot her errand and her longing for luxurious living, for the wide landscape was all around her, the irregular fields undulating away to the hills. The air was strong and pure, and fragrant with the breath of flowers. At her feet the myosotis and harebells bent their delicate heads in the breeze that crept out of the distance. Eunice sat down on the fence, the basket in her lap, her eyes misty and faraway. It was good to be out here alone, under the shifting clouds, with the sense of silence and vastness and God around her. She did not put this into words; she only felt that her troubles seemed trivial under the remote sky, and she resolved that in the future she would invent errands oftener. And then she stopped thinking, for a man was coming with long swinging strides over the narrow path through the grass. He was not a Grimpat man—no Grimpat man ever walked or dressed like that. She sat gazing at him with the unabashed curiosity of a fearless wild creature, and then she rose with a sudden husky cry. What bad news did he bring?

'Willie,' she said breathlessly—'Willie?' The little basket rolled away from her lap and ignominiously buried its mouth in the grass.

'Willie is well,' Henry Watkins answered. 'Did I frighten you?'

She stood staring at him, plucking a little at her dress, as though something suffocated her.

'There is no bad news?'

'None in the world.'

'Then what brought you?'

The young man laughed. 'I can't say you are very hospitable. I came for a trip to Grimpat, as I did once before. I am taking a holiday.'

'And you were coming to see us?'

'Straight.'

Eunice bethought herself of the supper, which was doubly necessary now. She still felt in every limb the shock of his unexpected appearance; but she had no intention of letting him know that. Of course it was owing to her secret about Joe that she was so easily startled.

'I have an errand to do. But father is at home. If you will go straight on, I shall be back by-and-by.'

'Might I not do the errand with you?'

'Are you not too tired?'

'Not tired at all.'

He was in excellent spirits; but that was only natural, when she came to think of it.

'Are you pleased with Willie?' she asked after a pause.

'Thoroughly pleased.'

'I was afraid when I saw you that perhaps he had got into mischief.'

'Not he—steadiest fellow I ever had. No. I came on my own account, to see this pretty bit of country again.'

'It is pretty. I was just thinking that when I saw you.'

'It is a prettier neighbourhood than Tregby.'

'Well, I don't know that.'

'You liked Tregby?'

'Yes.' She could not say any more, the slow colour rose in her face at the bare recollection.

'I came to ask you—to tell you'—He stopped, stammering; and she came to the rescue kindly.

'Yes; Willie told me. I suppose you mean what he wrote about?'

'What?'

'That you are going to be married.'

'It all depends on the girl. I have not asked her yet. I don't know that she'll have me when I do.'

'I don't think there's much fear that she won't,' said Eunice, out of the heart of her conviction and innocence.

'I don't know. I'm not good enough for her—not half good enough.'

'I suppose she is very nice,' said poor plain Eunice, with a little sigh.

'She is; and as good as gold. How can I praise her more, Eunice, than to say it's you?'

'Me?'

'Yes; it's you.—Why, I've loved you since the first minute I saw you, looking at me with your big, beautiful, good brown eyes!'

Nobody ever knew what he had discovered in her, she least of all; but that piece of ignorance on the part of a wife is very conducive to a happy household. To this day the Grimpat people have not recovered from the shock of Eunice's grand marriage; and when they discuss the matter, solemnly assure all listeners that it must be a very lucky thing to be poor and proud and plain.

RONDEL.

'Love heeds not Time!'

'Love heeds not Time!' the foolish Rose breathed low,
When, ere her season, she began to blow,
Wooded by the amorous breezes of the Spring,
Beguiled by the fair look of everything;
The gold-bellied Crocus mocked with echoing chime:

'Love heeds not Time!'

Ah, eager Rose! far better 'twere to wait,
E'en though the Summer make her coming late.
'Tis true the first kiss of the sun you get,
The pearliest drops of dew your petals wet,
But soon that dew shall weep congealed with rime:

Love heeds not Time!

There is no pity for her, no redress;
The cruel frost wrecks all that loveliness;
So, sun-forsaken and betrayed, she dies
With crystal sorrow frozen in her eyes;
Yet, faithful, sighs with her last breath sublime:

'Love heeds not Time!'

CONSTANCE FINCH.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 402.—VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

A WORD OR TWO ON WORRY.

'An ant is a wise thing for itself, but a shrewd thing in a house;' so, a worrying person, however well intentioned, is an irksome presence in a home. Such a one, out of sheer affection, will worry and persecute their belongings into a course directly opposite to their wishes. By oversolicitude and importunity, a good, kindly-disposed woman will effectually rouse resistance; and then feel and look like a martyr because her advice, so reasonable and unselfish, is neglected. Who does not remember the true but unpalatable formula with which her remonstrances will not seldom wind up: 'It is all for your good, you know?' The occasion may be a slight one—the contention concern perhaps only the donning of a greatcoat. Young people cannot estimate the amount of worry: the anxious glances cast at the clouds, the fears of a downfall, the preparations to receive the half-drenched 'wilful Will'—any more than the anxious house-mother enters into the pleasant sense of endurance—the mad delight in rain, or wind, or snow, of the said wilful Will. Hence no doubt arose the bitter proverb, that young folks think old folks are fools, but old folks know young folks to be so.

Some of the domestic worries which fall chiefly to the lot of women—such, for instance, as the imperfectness of service—might, we think, be assuaged by a consideration of the imperfection of all things, even themselves; and still further, an admission of the possible worry they—dressed in a little brief authority though they are—may be to those 'beneath them;' and whose complaints, it is just possible, may be more justified by facts even than their own. For there is little to restrain a fidgety superior from giving free and unwholesome vent to his or her fidgetiness, even though a whole household be upset by the 'setting down' it has been deemed necessary to administer to the peccant inferior. They do not sufficiently reflect that the other side being bound not to answer, except at peril of losing their

place, generosity should keep them, the superiors, in a measure tongue-tied. Nothing crushes all spontaneity out of service like exactions coupled with continual carping comments. There are no reasons against, and many reasons for, our servants being among our best friends; but are they so, as a rule? 'I have been so worried to-day' is the welcome with which not a few husbands are received when they return home, harassed it may be by the cares of business; and then he has to listen, or to shirk listening, to a recapitulation of all Jane's or Martha's stupidity and 'cussedness.' He mutters but a gruff word in reply, perhaps; and the wife—if, like 'Willie's wife, she is not over-wise'—is nettled at his want of sympathy; and the worry is allowed to widen and ripple over the whole expanse of the family circle.

Men, as a rule, do not expect so much of their dependents as women do; and are—and are not above showing that they are—more grateful for their services. They estimate the value of a good servant as they appreciate a conscientious and capable clerk, and treat them both with the consideration that is their due.

Interruptions are a pregnant source of worry—interruptions to conversation, to letter-writing, to meditation; but to work, interruption is a serious hindrance. The thread of a conversation may be picked up again, the letter resumed, the line of thought recovered; but to have to reply to various questions, to make decisions foreign to the subject in hand, tries the nerves and frets the temper of the steadiest worker. It is difficult, then, especially in official life, where the personal tie between principal and subordinate is mostly lost sight of—it is difficult, then, to regard even the blameless bearer of the interruption with equanimity. Vexation is shown not in words perhaps, but in manner: the aged subordinate who has brought the interruption, instead of being invited by a wave of the hand to take the chair close to him, is kept standing for the best part of an hour. This is unjust, and the injustice is felt as a worry by its recipient.

'If I had time, and was not interrupted—not worried, time to study, time to think, time to mature, time to spare'—we are apt to fancy we could do fine things. Nevertheless, experience compels us to admit that, with rare exceptions, it is just this worrying want of time, this goad of necessity to do a thing and be done with it, that keeps the common ruck of humanity at work at all. This sets us in motion; but being in motion, there is every reason why we should endeavour to get the better of worry in our work, to control it and ourselves. Whatever provocation or misconception we may encounter from sarcasm, taunt, or calumny, it is well for us if we can bear it, if not nobly, at least with indifference. To retain our calmness 'e'en though china fall'—to keep our temper in spite of adverse, misrepresenting criticism, shows a certain greatness of soul. And this greatness of soul belongs, be it remembered, to no one set of circumstances, to no particular class. It shows itself quite as often in the uneducated as in the cultured; it may be known by its calm. The soul thus endowed never hurries or worries, and, more wonderful still, it never allows itself to be hurried or worried. It goes calmly on through the daily tasks appointed it, and is the refuge and repository of every one else's worries, just because it seems to have no worry of its own. It is condemned, it may be, to what in our eyes seem trivial occupations: the spirit has been finely touched, we see, but the issues are beyond our ken. Yet no one who has observed the effect produced by such a character in a household will lightly undervalue its peaceful cloud-dispelling influence. And as it is not every home that possesses an example of such beautiful behaviour, it concerns all who are in authority to cultivate this sweet serenity, in which worry cannot live unrebuked.

Old worries are rendered easier to be borne by custom; like the high-heeled shoes, the stays, or the tall hat, to whose ugliness or inconvenience use has blinded us; indeed, there are those who are most sensible of a worry when it is suddenly removed; like the Admiral whose sleep was not disturbed by the accustomed explosions of the morning gun, but who was awakened at once by unaccustomed silence.

Some women, and, according to Thackeray, not a few men, are worried into matrimony. 'I married him to get rid of his importunity,' sounds like a paradox; yet it is not without its truth, and the woman capable of taking such a trenchant means of ridding herself of worry, not seldom shows her vigorous good sense by afterwards making the best of her bargain. We all doubtless remember the story of the two pilgrims on their road to Rome, each with a dozen or so of peace in his 'wooden shoon,' and how that the one limped and grimaced, and worried and grumbled; while the other paced placidly on, just because the latter gentleman had taken the precaution to boil his peace before placing them in his shoes. If, now, we pick the worries out of our minds, macerate them, reduce them to pulp by a process of comparison, add to them a seasoning of patience, a pinch of fortitude, a dash of cheerfulness—treat them, in short, as the amiable Mr Toots proposed to treat our raw materials, 'cook 'em,' we might hope to pace forward on our pilgrimage with

something of the feeling of relief attained by the astute wayfarer, who had reduced his worries to what we saw styled the other day in an English newspaper 'a trifling minimum.'

As evil is wrought by want of thought, what a worry to some children is the nickname carelessly bestowed upon them by some cheerful senior. It is not ill natured, but it is apt, and it sticks and sticks and bites into the child's mind, embittering its days and haunting its nights. He may give no sign, never openly rebel against its tyranny, but the heart knows its own bitterness. Hearing the old name once more as a man, he will laugh; but while he laughs, he knows that it has given him many a heartache in years gone by, and that the scar remains though the wound has long since ceased aching. Another source of more transient but of oft-recurring worry is over-accuracy in trifles. Many otherwise sensible people will overweight a passable story with needless particulars, or, worse still, interrupt you in an anecdote so slight as scarcely to bear repetition, by a correction of the day of the week or the hour of the day on which it happened. But if accuracy, over-accuracy, be sometimes an impertinence, what is to be said of the 'self-sufficient and insufficient' young gentleman who regards exactness as 'a mere matter of detail,' as he phrases it, and whose inaccuracies are as severe a test of the power of bearing worry as the most heroic soul could desire?

But since the catalogue of worries is all but interminable, we—lest we, too, should prove an exemplification of the point under consideration—will draw to a close; remarking in conclusion, that worries, like weeds, grow rankest in waste places, in neglected gardens; and though there be some so fast rooted that, like the quitch or couch-grass, it is next to impossible wholly to extirpate them, we may yet, when they are obtrusive, cut them over the head with the help of the switch with which Disraeli provided us, when he bade us reflect how small this same worry would probably appear to us this day twelvemonth. And if we are not strong enough to do for ourselves what time will do for us, let us take example by a man who showed his wit and wisdom not more in his works than in the habitual cheerfulness of his life, of whom it is recorded that he treated every unalterable accident as if it were the best thing that could have happened.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XL.—WHICH LINNELL?

FOR the next two days, in spite of his fears for Psyche's health, Haviland Dumaresq lived once more in one of his wild old-fashioned opium-dreams—without the opium. An opium-dream actually come true at last! Psyche rich! Psyche provided for! Psyche her own mistress in life after all! Psyche free to choose whom she would; to bestow herself with regal imperiousness where she willed; to carve out her own future, no man compelling her. His waking vision had worked itself out, in a most unexpected and inconceivable way! Psyche was at last where he had always wished her to be, and never truly hoped or expected to see her.

It was grand! It was glorious! It was sublime!

It was magnificent! What was Linnell's life to Psyche's happiness?

One nightmare alone intervened to mar his triumph. Not Psyche's blindness. That would surely come all right now in the long run. The mistress of so great a fortune as that had nothing to do but open her eyes and see straightway. His nightmare was the fear lest Sir Austen, if indeed it were really he who lay ill at Biskra, might manage to get the will set aside, and to claim his own share in the Linnell succession. That nightmare weighed upon his spirits not a little. He occupied himself for most of the intervening time, before Cyrus returned, with writing an interminable letter to Burchell and Dobbs about this alarming and distressful contingency.

There was another contingency, too, on the cards of course: the contingency that the man who lay ill at Biskra might prove to be, not Sir Austen at all, but his cousin the painter. That chance, however, Haviland Dumaresq could hardly fear, and dared hardly hope for. Did not even the man's own lawyers give him up for lost? Had not probate been granted for the will by officialdom itself? Was it likely anything would ever again be heard of him?

Yet if, by any chance it should really turn out to be Charles Linnell, Haviland Dumaresq felt sure in his own mind that all would be for the best, and Psyche in the end would be no loser by it. For if Linnell left her his heiress when rejected and refused, why surely when he turned up again, safe and sound at last, he could hardly do anything else than marry her. The load of blood-guiltiness would then be lifted from his own soul, and from Psyche's. Poor innocent Psyche! How much and how vainly had he made her suffer!

So he watched and waited, watched and waited, watched and waited for news from Biskra.

Away over there in the desert, meanwhile, Cyrus Vanrenen, the slave of duty, sat in the best bedroom of the bare little hotel, by the bedside of the unknown sick man from the south, who seemed at intervals delirious and dying. Time after time, reason would apparently return to the patient in a sudden flicker; but time after time, as fast as it flared up, the flicker died out again before Cyrus could make out exactly what it was the stranger so eagerly wished to tell him. For the wanderer's mind seemed sadly terrified and ill at ease: sometimes, Cyrus fancied, he gave one the impression of being haunted by something very like remorse—or might it be only pure panic terror?

All that Cyrus could gather from his rambling talk was merely this: that somebody had been murdered. He recurred over and over again in his delirium to some mangled corpse, which he seemed to behold in his mind's eye, lying unburied on the sand, away beyond Ouargla.

'Cover it up! Bury it!' he cried more than once in an agony of despair, or perhaps of penitence. 'They're coming up from behind! They'll see it and discover us! Just heap the sand above it a little with your hands, so, so! How hot the sand feels! Oh God, how hot. It makes one's hands sting. It burns one as one touches it!'

Cyrus soothed him gently with his cool palm. 'Come here, Corona,' he murmured in an undertone to his sister. 'The poor fellow's delirious! Come you here and look after him! A little eau de Cologne on his forehead, if you can.—There, there, that'll ease him.'

The stranger shrank back in horror at the cry. It was more than delirium. It was the temporary unhinging that often follows a great crisis. 'How it bleeds!' he exclaimed in dismay, looking down at his hands, his eyes all bloodshot. 'How it bleeds as one touches it! How pale, how white! I can hear them coming up even now from behind! Fiends that they are, if they find the body, they'll mangle it and mutilate it!'

Corona drew a tiny bottle from the charms at her *châtelaine*, and poured a few drops of eau de Cologne on her palm with quiet tenderness. Then she pressed it to his head. 'That'll relieve him a bit, I guess,' she whispered, leaning over him. 'One can see, he's terribly anxious in his mind about something.'

'Seems like remorse,' Cyrus suggested in an undertone.

Corona shook her head in charitable doubt. 'More like terror,' she answered with a scrutinising look. 'They must have chased him hard. He ran for his life, and just got off with his bones whole, I reckon. These Arabs must pretty nearly have made a corpse of him.'

At the sound of that word, the mysterious patient, drinking it in greedily, cried out once more in a wild cry of alarm: 'The corpse! The corpse! I must bury it! bury it!'

'He's stronger now,' the white father remarked, in French, as the patient clutched Corona's arm spasmodically. 'He couldn't have clutched like that I'm sure at Ouargla. The quinine's done him good. But ever since we've had him, he's talked this way. He's terribly troubled in spirit about something.'

The patient lay stretched on the bed in a nightshirt supplied by the people at the hotel. His own Arab clothes hung up from a peg behind the bedroom door. A happy thought seized Corona. 'Perhaps his underclothing's marked, Cy,' she suggested hopefully. 'If so, we could see which of the two it is—if it's really either of them.'

Cyrus rose and examined the clothes with anxious care. Not a sign or a mark could be found upon them anywhere. He shook his head with a despondent sigh. 'No good,' he answered, gloomily. 'The man's dying. And he'll die without our ever having been able to identify him.'

The white father understood the action, though not quite the words. '*Inutile, monsieur*,' he put in with a decisive air. 'We searched everything. Not a scrap of writing about him anywhere except the papers detained at Ouargla. *Du reste*, it would be hopeless to expect a name. He could only escape by assuming Islam. Through that fanatic population, so lately roused to a pitch of savage enthusiasm, no confessed Christian could possibly make his way in peace or safety. We wouldn't even venture to penetrate there ourselves. To be suspected of Christianity in such a case is to sign one's death-warrant. A name written in European letters on an article of clothing would suffice to condemn any man to instant massacre.'

'We must give it up then, Corona,' Cyrus exclaimed with a groan. 'We can only describe what he's like to Miss Dumaresq; and he ain't like much except a scarecrow at present. But perhaps she'll be able to say, even so, if it's him. We could get the body photographed, if he dies in the hotel here.'

That evening, in the *salon* of the little inn, a new guest, a big-bearded Englishman, joined the small party of desert travellers. He was a bluff engineer of the rougher type, with much-bronzed face and unpolished manners, who had seen service in South America and Mexico long enough to forget his aboriginal position as an English gentleman. His present business, he told them with the frankness of his kind, was to explore the desert region, with a view to satisfying himself as to the feasibility of the famous Roudaire scheme for flooding a portion of the Saharan depression, and converting the area into an inland sea. He didn't exactly think the thing could be done, but he thought if only you could float your company, there was a jolly good engineering job in it. Like everybody else at Biskra, however, he was deeply interested in the story of the stray refugee from Khartoum, and asked many curious questions of Cyrus as to the man's appearance, state, and chances of recovery. It was seldom indeed that the little forlorn Saharan town had possessed so striking a sensation; and it made the most of it. Biskra gossip lived for the moment on nothing at all but the name and fame of the survivor of the Soudan.

'There were a pair of them at first!' the engineer repeated thoughtfully as Cyrus finished his uncertain tale. 'And they ran away from a caravan on camels! *Two* camels or *one*, I wonder? One of them dead, and one escaped! A curious coincidence. Reminds me exactly of that singular story old Juarez told me when I was over in Mexico!'

'What story?' Cyrus asked, anxious for anything that might cast any light upon the stranger's mysterious history.

'Well, perhaps it ain't quite fair to this man to tell the circumstance,' the engineer answered with a tinge of hesitation. 'It seems like raising suspicion against him without due ground, when, for all I know, he may be all right—as right as ninepence. But it *does* look odd, certainly, this raving about the corpse. Fishy, decidedly. Reminds me to a T of that curious story of poor old Juarez's. Juarez, you know, was a Mexican president: president, they call it, for the sake of the sound: dictator or despot comes nearer the mark: just what the old Greeks we read about at school used to call a tyrant.'

Cyrus nodded a cautious assent, though his personal acquaintance with ancient Hellas was strictly confined to the information contained in Cornell's Universal History for the Use of the Common Schools of the State of Ohio.

'Well,' the engineer continued, stroking his beard with his hand in a contemplative way, 'it was like this, you see. On one occasion, when they were getting up what they call in those parts a revolution—a jolly good riot, we'd call it in Europe—old Juarez had to fly for his life from Mexico City, away across the plain, with a small band of devoted adherents. So he turned

out at dead of night and ran for it like wildfire. They rode on and on across the plain of Mexico, hotly pursued the whole night through by the opposite party, till one by one, the devoted adherents, finding the pursuit a good deal too warm for their sensitive natures, dropped off at a tangent in different directions, and left Juarez at the dawn of day almost unattended. At last, the old blackguard found himself reduced, as luck would have it, to a single companion, almost dead-beat, and with the hue and cry still full pelt after them. He told me the story himself, at Mexico, long afterwards. He was a rare hand at a story, was old Juarez. Well, at the end of his ride, as he was nearing a little mountain fort still held in force by his own party, blessed if his horse didn't give way all at once, and come down a cropper on the plain under him. Juarez, in a dead funk, called out to his friend to halt and save him. The friend halted, like a fool as he was, and took the old reprobate up behind him—two together on the same tired beast, you understand: and on they rode for dear life once more, full pelt to the shelter. Presently Juarez, looking back over his shoulder, saw the enemy were gaining on them fast; and making sure his horse could never reach the gates of the fort, burdened as he was with two riders abreast, he decided like a shot on immediate action. "And what did you do?" said I, when he reached that point, just as I'm telling it to you myself this moment.

"Why, fortunately," said he, "I had the presence of mind to draw my pistol, and shoot the other man dead on the horse before me." His friend, you must recollect, who'd risked his own life to stop and save him. "I'd the presence of mind," says he, "to draw and shoot him."

'My goodness!' Corona cried; 'you don't mean to say he actually killed him!'

'Yes, he did, honour bright, I give you my word,' the bearded engineer responded cheerfully. 'A rare old blackguard, old Juarez was. And, what's more, he boasted of it, too, just as I told you. "I had the presence of mind," he said, "to draw my pistol straight off and shoot him." He thought no more of it than that, I assure you. An episode of his life—that was all—to Juarez.'

At the door of her room, that night, as she went to bed, Corona paused, candle in hand, and looked anxiously at Cyrus. 'Cy,' she said, 'I don't know why, but I wish to goodness that engineer hadn't told us that awful story about the wicked old Mexican.'

'So do I,' Cyrus answered with averted eyes. 'It's—it's made me feel uncomfortable, some, about the man on the bed in the room down yonder.'

'I can't help fancying, myself,' Corona went on, 'that this is the wrong one, and he either killed or deserted the right one, to save his own life, at a critical point, just like the Mexican.'

Cyrus's face grew gloomier still. 'We ain't got any right to judge,' he answered, leniently. 'But suppose it was the right one, though—eh, Coroney?—and he'd either killed or run away from the wrong one? Wouldn't that be worse, almost, in the end for Miss Dumaresq?'

Corona's honest heart recoiled with horror from the bare insinuation of so hideous a solution. Psyche's lover could do no wrong. 'Oh no, Cy,'

she exclaimed loyally. 'It couldn't be that. I'd stake my life on it. I'd bet my bottom dollar against that, any way. If there's anything wrong, it *must* be the other one. Psyche couldn't ever fall in love with a man who could go and do a thing like that, you may be certain.'

FIBROUS PLANTS FOR PAPER-MAKING.

UNHAPPILY, as a progressive people we seem threatened with dire calamity—even scarcity of intellectual food. The rapid strides forward in education of late years, among the lower classes especially; the vast, indeed almost insatiable, demands for periodic literature and cheap newspapers and books; the greater facility for communication by post, and the wonderful growth of manufactures and commerce—all these are causes recently contributing to an enormously extended consumption of paper; while there is no corresponding increase in the supply of the raw materials, which are becoming altogether insufficient, and their cost is greatly enhanced. The evil is a serious one; it cripples the trade, one of the most important in the United Kingdom; and checks the expansion of a most pressing requirement, characteristic of the age, nor, assuredly, will it owe its diminution to any decline in the demand for paper; but as time goes on, and with it development of intelligence and improved capacity for intellectual enjoyment, it must assume larger and still larger proportions.

As is well known, paper in England was at one time made chiefly from linen and cotton rags—a generic term inclusive not merely of rags properly so called, but also of the refuse and sweepings of flax and cotton mills; old ropes and the waste of jute likewise enter into the manufacture of the coloured and coarser sorts of paper. One might imagine there would be ample of each material available, seeing the many tons of raw cotton, jute, flax, and hemp imported and worked up into fabrics. But it must be remembered that in the same rate as manufactories of the kind increase, competition becomes keener; and in order to eke out a profit, their owners find it more and more necessary to look closely to their by-products, many of which, formerly discarded as useless or given over to the paper-manufacturer, are now found to possess a textile value, and constitute the basis of a distinct branch of the trade.

Now, our importation of rags is but a fraction of the materials we have for long consumed for paper. About thirty years ago, when a cotton famine was impending, manufacturers were only too glad to welcome the advent of esparto in the markets, a species of coarse tough grass indigenous to Spain and the north of Africa, which entered speedily into consumption, and to this fibre more than to any other substance we owe the development of the paper trade to the huge proportions it has acquired to-day. But the urgent want for it has been its ruin; the native

cultivators, eager to send the largest possible quantities to market, have recklessly plucked it up roots and all, thus leaving nothing to grow fresh crops; and though it may be raised from seed, it cannot be harvested for twelve or fifteen years after sowing—a system, moreover, unlikely in Spain—and there has been a great falling-off in production, and at no distant date it appears doomed to practical extinction. Though inferior to rags, it answers excellently when used in admixture with them.

Attempts to introduce any new succedaneum in addition to esparto have met with comparatively scant success. Straw from wheat, oats, and rye, has been tried in Britain, the United States, and elsewhere, either alone, or in combination with other materials, on account of its brittleness; but as present treated the yield is small; the price, generally speaking, does not fall very far short of rags; and in England, owing to its further relegation to agricultural purposes and as fodder, it has become hard to obtain, and, in consequence, it is imported in large quantities from Holland and Belgium.

The only other fibre that has seriously threatened to compete with rags and esparto is wood; and since the supply in a raw state is indeed unlimited, much time and trouble have been given to the best methods of preparing it for paper-making. Mechanically prepared, it has little felting property, essential to the formation of a good sheet of paper, and can be used merely as a 'filler-up' in cheap and inferior goods; while the fibre-matter derived by chemical process, though found to be fitted for the finer qualities, and extensively adopted in America, yet is costly; besides, it is only feasible to reduce the wood to pulp in the countries where it is grown.

Even were these substances imported from foreign countries plentiful and cheap, it would be little to our credit to thus furnish ourselves, were our colonies and dependencies equally competent to the task; but under existing circumstances, seeing that foreign sources fail, no choice is left us but to fall back on something nearer home, to some fresh and untried store.

It is futile to think of England herself cultivating fibrous plants for paper-making, even were the climate suitable, the high value of land rendering the idea absurd; and it is to the tropics alone we must look for any reliable supply of new material. There, east and west, these plants abound, in India in particular; its every plant is fibrous more or less, and the stock is inexhaustible; in fact, there is hardly a fibre known that India is incapable of producing. The pre-eminence of the country in regard of this, and the neglect with which the plants have been treated, is almost incredible. Few are objects of European commerce, or are known to the manufacturers, though they are possessed of the greatest strength, and in other cases, of the extreme of fineness, and are admirably adapted

in every respect for textile and such-like uses.

The manufacture of paper from raw indigenous fibre has been practised by the natives of India from very early times, introduced there by the Chinese, who are generally allowed to have been acquainted with the art of paper-making from pulp for a period of at least two thousand years; the introduction causing the natives to largely reject the inner bark of the birch or palm leaves, the slabs of rock, and plates of metal, the objects that they had previously employed in its stead. In India of the present day small local manufactories for it are scattered throughout the country, and although often unbleached, and not adapted to European requirements, yet it is strong and durable, and offers ample evidence of the substances ready to hand, which we might also apply to the growing demands of the home manufacture. Strange to say, though India literally teems with fibre-plants, an Indian paper-making fibre is a question still under discussion. From among the vast array at command for the purpose, selection has occasionally fallen on the lily and aloe-leaved plants, belonging to the genera *Agave*, *Aloe*, *Yucca*, *Sansevieria*, *Bromelia*, and others, all of which abound in excellent white-coloured fibres. Paper was formerly made from the *Sansevieria* in Trichinopoly; and some has been made of the *Agave* in Madras. To cultivate fibre specially for paper has many drawbacks; and as obviating this difficulty, perhaps none is better than from the so-called *Munj* or *Sara* grass, and the *bhakar* grass, both now in use in the Indian paper-mills, as near Lucknow. Large tracts of country are covered with grass jungle, burnt down in the autumn of the year, in order that the young blades may spring up and afford pasturage for cattle; and there seems no reason why this refuse—for at present it is but refuse—should not be saved, by being cut and gathered, before it becomes perfectly dried, and be converted into material for paper. Rice-straw has been suggested as similarly useful, and the supply would be practically unlimited. Various experiments have likewise been made with the bamboo, thus utilised from time immemorial by the Chinese and in Japan; but here the matter of cultivation must needs be reckoned with.

The Sedges, which in appearance nearly resemble the Grasses, but they usually flourish in moist situations, together with the Rushes, might be turned to good account; the family famous, as we are all aware, of having yielded the papyrus of the Egyptians, consisting of thin slices of the vegetable tissue, caused to adhere together under high pressure. But the notion is becoming current that the paper-mulberry tree, more particularly native to China, Japan, Polynesia, and Siam, will yet be cultivated as a hedge-plant in India over the larger portion of the plains, where it is presumed it will thrive to perfection, and that this may be recognised as the Indian paper-fibre of the future.

It would be easy to multiply the names of plants utilised by the natives, and which would in all probability repay the most careful consideration of English manufacturers. Numerous varieties of the Mallow family may be mentioned, all noted for their fibres, of a fine, soft, and

flexible quality. '*Hibiscus cannabinus*,' a small herbaceous shrub with prickly stems, is largely cultivated in the North-west Provinces and the Punjab; in Sind, it is made into nets and ropes; and in the Dacca district, Bengal, and in the Madras presidency, it serves for the manufacture of paper. The edible hibiscus, the 'ochro' of the West Indies and the 'ram-turai' of India, yields a fruit extensively used as a vegetable; and the bark abounds in strong fibre, well worthy the attention of the paper-manufacturer, it being admirable in itself; and the supply would be large; and since the plant is already cultivated as an article of diet, it might be procured at little expense. It also appears excessively easy of separation from the stems.

The same remarks hold good for the fibres of the cotton plants. A leguminous plant, one of the most gigantic and extensive 'climbers' that India possesses, has been also strenuously advocated as a paper-maker, and its abundance and hardy vitality at anyrate sufficiently warrant the idea; it flourishes copiously, throwing its immense arms from tree to tree, until whole forests are bound in almost impenetrable clumps. Nothing will exterminate it; it is frequently cut to the ground because injurious to the trees; but the lapse of a few months suffices to enable it to bid defiance to control, as before. The natives universally convert the fibres into ropes; and of its high merit there can be no difference of opinion.

Like jute, the flax produced in the colder centres of cultivation is beyond the reach of the paper-maker. India, however, grows immense quantities for the sake of the seed, the linseed so called, both for home use and exportation, for the expression of their contained oil; while as a source of fibrous matter the plant is utterly disregarded, because the climate does not admit of the formation of the soft flexible fibre customary in the market, but only of short fibres, which, however, would answer capitally for paper, and with little outlay.

But among cultivated plants there is one that, taking all in all, would perhaps prove superior to any other—the Plantain or Banana; and against it, as against so many, the objection could not be raised that its growth is remote from the sea—thus doing away with freight charges—for, as every one acquainted with tropical countries knows, it is reared everywhere for its fruit. It is a prime necessity of life in the tropics. The poorest and meanest, even though he have no other possession, invariably has his plantain in front of his hovel, and similarly it has found space in the most splendid gardens. The farinaceous portions of the fruit contain all the nutritious properties of meal; and in many regions it acts in place of bread. The clusters weigh from thirty to eighty pounds; and immediately after they are gathered, the stems are cut down and allowed to rot on the ground; and from each stock six to eight young stems spring up and become large and fruitful; and by this method, successive relays of this food in a fresh state can be had nearly the whole year round. Millions of stems are thus thrown away annually; absolutely no use is made of them by the natives, even for manure or burning; and the fruit already pays the expenses of the culture. Each plant would

yield from three to four pounds of fibre, or about nine thousand pounds per acre, well adapted to the paper-maker. The supply would be always certain; and from the nature of the stem, consisting almost entirely of water and of fibre, the separation of the latter would be readily accomplished. A difficulty lies in the fact that as present cultivated the stems would have to be collected over wide areas. Whether extension of cultivation would pay is questionable. This would at the same time increase the food of the world to an indefinite extent, impossible to be consumed on the spot. But this is immaterial, since the fruit contains a large quantity of saccharine matter, and may be preserved as figs. In this state, kept even for thirty years, it is said to remain palatable. The fibre, however, it appears, is largest in quantity and finest in quality previous to the ripening of the fruit; but exclusive cultivation for paper, with frequent cropping, would, it is feared, lead to disaster.

In competing with rags in the market, fibrous plants labour under one great disadvantage. The former are already far advanced on their road towards fabrication of paper; whereas in the case of an herbaceous substance newly appropriated, additional expense must be incurred in cleansing and otherwise bringing it into a condition corresponding to ordinary rags. Thus the benefit arising from seeking a new fibre, being the refuse of some previous industry, so that the cost of production may have been already partially or wholly defrayed.

The bulk, and consequent high charge for transport here, are also items that cannot be forgotten in the introduction of these Indian fibres. But surely this obstacle might be in great part removed were the early stages of manufacture carried out in India itself, the raw fibres being reduced there by some cheap and ready mode to a state of crude pulp; and thus, when dried, in convenient portable form be shipped for home; and, arrived here, it would be quickly changed, by our superior methods and machinery, into the finished product. In India every facility for this rough preliminary preparation appears to exist, the labour being exceedingly low-priced, and the workmen intelligent and ingenious; and the actual process might be easily effected with aid of the 'Dhenkee,' a simple instrument found in almost every house, in principle much like the European tilt-hammer, and employed for husking rice and a variety of other every-day domestic purposes.

Failing successful trial of these fibres in the English markets, it seems incumbent upon us to foster by every means in our power their use in the interest of India herself. There is no doubt at all we have destroyed the native manufactures by competition, and we owe something by way of compensation. The Indian paper-mills should be qualified to meet their own markets, and not only this, but to aim at lessening not merely the government but the commercial imports of European-made papers. There is good reason to believe that nothing will tend more to ensure permanent tranquillity and prosperity among the people than a sufficiency of remunerative industrial employment, the higher classes deriving the resulting revenues. Would statesmen give their attention to this important subject, the conversion

of the vast variety of fibrous matters—without assignable limit, it may be said, now permitted almost entirely to run to waste—into valuable materials for manufacture, would present itself among the first to promote their wishes.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

PART II.—SO NEAR, AND YET SO FAR.

In a meadow on a cliff, at a favourite sea-side resort, the pupils of Dr Calthorpe's school were playing cricket one fine Saturday afternoon. Full of life-energy and the inexhaustible spirits of boyhood, without a second thought in the world, they were heart and soul in the game; while two ushers on duty performed a quarter-deck walk in the shade of a hedge that bounded the field on the roadway side, seizing the opportunity to study a favourite author, but keeping wary eyes and ears open on their youthful charges at the same time. The school was situated at the outskirts of the town, a large handsome building, nicknamed 'the House of Lords,' in consequence of the many sprigs of nobility the Doctor prepared for Eton.

As the locality was retired, with a charming view over a sapphire sea, it was the custom for ladies, nursemaids, children, and a few stray boatmen, to stroll on the cliff when the Saturday afternoons were fine, to see the play, and how very much like other boys young earls ran and enjoyed themselves. Several little ragged plebeians hung on the five-barred gates to shout and applaud, only too well pleased if a strongly hit ball chanced to come outside the field, that they might have a run for it, and in a humble degree be participants in the game so dear to the hearts of English boys both gentle and simple.

Leaning on the top bar of a gate was a person who seemed to be deeply absorbed in watching these youngsters. He was a tall thin man with a dark sunburnt face and gray hair—gray, not from age, for on close inspection he was not old. His features were well cut; but, either from ill-health or care, he seemed to have prematurely withered. His dress was neat, but faded, in fashion far from modern. One boy he had singled out from the others, no doubt on account of his beauty—a bright sparkling lad, who flew hither and thither with the speed and grace of a young Mercury; a face rosy with health; full blue eyes, and hair shining like pale gold in the sunshine. Presently, a ball came flying over the gate; the spectator caught it; and the young lad just described followed, running. 'Come, I say, just throw it, will you?' he called out; for the man, instead of sending it back, retained the ball in his hand. But he neither threw it nor answered the young Antioch who came panting to the gate. Giving the ball with one hand, he laid the other with a retaining grasp on the boy's shoulder.

'Am I wrong in supposing you Mr Desborough's grandson, Felix Gravenor?'

'You're right and you're wrong. I am Mr Desborough's grandson; but my name is Graves.'

'Ah!' exclaimed the man, suddenly removing his hand as if stung.

The boy ran back to his game.

One of the ushers, a little man with spectacles,

was near, and heard the words. 'You appear interested in that boy,' he observed.

'I knew his father,' said the other sadly.

'Ah! he died long ago—before the boy was born, I am told.'

'Alas, yes.'

The usher looked at him curiously, for there was a true tone of regret in his voice.

'He is a fine lad,' resumed the man, his eyes still following Felix, who was once more in the game. 'Tell me—that is, if you will—is he promising—clever?'

'He has good abilities, and learns without much trouble. Whether he will retain knowledge or not, I cannot say. He is the only child of a devoted mother, and his grandfather spoils him.—Here comes Mrs Graves,' continued he, pointing to an open carriage approaching along the white dusty road. 'She is staying down here for a few days.'

The man withdrew to a little distance, taking his stand behind two boatmen, and the interest with which he had watched the boy was now transferred to the mother. The carriage drew up at the gate, whence the lady could have a good view of the field without alighting. Little Mr Barrett knew her, and raising his trencher, advanced to within speaking distance.

At three-and-thirty, Lena looked quite a young woman, who had perhaps been prettier in youth, but was still attractive on account of her fine complexion. Since that dreadful wave of shame and sorrow had passed over her, she had lived under her father's roof, returned to the sharp tongues and cruel stabs of her sisters. But she had suffered so much that they seemed only like wasp-stings compared with her severe wound, that had not yet healed. Lena had never doubted her husband, but dared not say so, taking refuge in silence. When his name was suddenly mentioned by her sisters and father, it had the effect of an electric shock first, then made her tremble. All her happiness now was centred in her boy, who, as he grew in stature, also grew in his grandfather's affections. The one happiness in Lena's life was to go occasionally to stay for a few days near Dr Calthorpe's school, as she was doing now.

Mr Barrett was quite prepared for the habitual questions she put to him: Was Felix's appetite good? Did he sleep well? Was he attentive in his studies? And how about his arithmetic, for which his grandfather was especially anxious? All these questions were answered satisfactorily, excepting the last. Arithmetic was by no means one of his strong points.

During this dialogue at the gate, one of the boatmen, who, at a little distance on a rising ground, watched the players, was startled by a peculiar sound, like a sob, behind him. He turned, to see a face close to him so convulsed with anguish that he exclaimed: 'You are ill, sir. Lean on me. There's a seat ahead; let me pilot you to it.' Rough sailor though he was, he led him gently to a bench that was placed to command a view of the open sea. He removed his hat, and noticed that the stranger was shaking as if with an ague.

'Thanks. It was a sudden faintness. I'—

'Cast anchor here for half an hour; the breeze will soon bring you to.'

But the wanderer sat there much longer, as if

regardless of time, gazing out straight before him with eyes that saw nothing. When the day waned and the rising moon threw a silvery wake on the rippled waves, he rose and descended to the town. In passing Dr Calthorpe's house, he rung the bell, asking the porter if he would oblige him with the name of the hotel at which Mrs Graves put up. It was given. He then made his way to the railway station, and thence back to London.

That same evening Mrs Gravenor sat at the open window of a small family hotel overlooking the sea. She had no lights in the room, for she loved to meditate in the twilight; gazing over the vast expanse of water soothed her. There was the distant sound of a band playing on the esplanade, and a few promenaders were returning as the moon rose higher. Glancing downward, she observed a solitary figure approaching from the opposite direction, whose outline was clearly defined against the background of luminous waves. The man's outline, his easy swinging gait, first made her heart stand still, then beat violently. This person walked slowly, and on passing the house, glanced up at its windows. She of course was invisible; but there was sufficient light for her to discern his cast of features.—It was her husband!

She tried to call 'George!' but no sound issued from her lips. For an instant she sunk upon a couch, then springing up, hastened to an adjoining room, hastily donned a hat and mantle, then flew wildly from the house in the direction he appeared to be taking. She ran along the esplanade, but failed to overtake him, for he had turned down a neighbouring street. She retraced her footsteps, agitated, but with a feeling of ineffable joy pervading her whole being. He had returned! She knelt down with prayers of thankfulness. What signified now the eleven long sad years she had endured? He lived. They should meet again!

An express train brought an unexpected and unwelcome visitor the following day from London, Mr Thorel. His father had been a Swiss, and married the eldest sister of the late Mrs Desborough. Although Lena's cousin, she had never seen him until he came from Geneva to take the management of the foreign department at the bank, for which he was well qualified. He became naturalised, and intended to become a partner of the house some day, and to marry Lena, with whom he fell in love at once. In age he was better suited to the eldest Miss Desborough, who would not have objected to become Mrs Thorel. Lena, however, thoroughly disliked him. When he spoke to her, elongating his thin lips and showing his white pointed teeth—which all stood apart—in what he imagined to be a smile, to which his eyes did not correspond, she shrank from him. When he took her hand in his moist one, she shuddered. Yet Mr Thorel was considered good-looking. He was a black-haired man, with a pale face, on which a gleam of red never appeared. His features were good, but his eyes were too small. Below the middle height, with an erect figure and broad shoulders. Such in appearance was Mr Thorel. In early days he had proposed to Lena; but although favoured by her father, she gave him a decided refusal.

'You were too premature,' observed Mr Desborough. 'Wait until she knows you better.'

The more Lena saw of him, the less she liked him. His continued assiduous attentions, in spite of her rejection of his suit, offended her. Then Captain Gravenor, the handsome frank officer, appeared, and Thorel lost her.

During the years following the Captain's disgrace, no news coming of him, Thorel's hopes began to revive. 'If he is dead, I will have her yet,' said he.

At length he was admitted as a junior partner in the banking-house; then he took a fine house, and drove to Nicholas Lane in a mail Phaeton, living in far greater style than Mr Desborough himself. Such was Mr Thorel at five-and-forty.

Mrs Gravenor was surprised when his name was announced; however, she received him. As she entered the room, he scarcely knew her. Could this bright-eyed woman be the melancholy resigned Lena? What a mighty magician is happiness! Since last night, renewed hope had changed her expression, renewing her early beauty. She even smiled when they met—she was in harmony with all the world.

Mr Thorel wondered, but naturally set down the change to the sea-air. Although smiled upon, he looked serious.

'Lena,' said he, 'I am sorry to be the bearer of bad news. Your father has had another of his attacks. Dr James pronounces it serious. Your sisters sent me for you.'

'I am grieved, but scarcely surprised. I have thought him looking too flushed for some time. I will come; but I must first say good-bye to my boy.'

'That will take time,' observed Mr Thorel. 'Is the farewell necessary?' He looked angry, being in fact jealous of the love she bestowed on Felix.

'Indeed it is,' said she. 'You must amuse yourself with luncheon while I am gone.'

On passing through the hall, the servant was sorting letters he had just received from the postman for the hotel visitors. 'Two for you, ma'am,' said he, handing them to her.

Entering a fly, and flurried by the hasty news, Lena held the letters mechanically in her hand for some minutes before she looked at them. Why, whose writing was this? With tears streaming from her eyes, she kissed the superscription again and again. It was from her husband. She then tore it open; but her agitation prevented her reading the contents; the characters danced before her eyes. Struggling to master her emotion, instead of alighting at Dr Calthorpe's house, she drove on to a little distance, where a narrow slanting path led to the beach. Here, on a seat in a quiet nook, she read the precious lines. It was not a long letter; but the contents written under such circumstances are too sacred for transcription. It concluded by bidding her to have faith in him, and wait. He intended devoting himself to the endeavour of discovering the mystery of the forged cheque. If his innocence were proved, he would claim her before the eyes of the whole world.

Felix was distressed to see traces of tears in his mother's eyes; he thought them tears on account of his grandfather's illness, as did Mr Thorel, when Mrs Gravenor rejoined him; but

they came from another source than that of grief—they were those of thankfulness.

Mr Desborough was a *bon-vivant*. For some time past he had been advised to relinquish his favourite wines, which he was reluctant to do; the result was he became subject to slight attacks of apoplexy. This last one was more serious, and alarmed his family. But he did not die, as was anticipated. He was obliged to change his diet; and in time the doctors brought him round. But for several months he was unable to continue his accustomed attendance in Nicholas Lane, the management of the bank being intrusted to Mr Thorel in the interim.

THE GIRAFFE AT HOME.

By H. A. BRYDEN.

Of all that wonderful profusion of game with which the continent of Africa has been so richly endowed, the Giraffe is perhaps the most singular, certainly one of the most beautiful. Sharing with the zebra, and its extinct cousin the true quagga, the gnu, and the hippopotamus, the distinction of being peculiar to Africa and to no other country, its towering form, extraordinary shape, and rich colouring, point to it, even among the zoological marvels of the Dark Continent, as one of Nature's rarest and most singular efforts. Even in the days, now becoming remote, when this great game was to be found close to the Orange River, its shy habits, and the parched nature of the country inhabited, rendered it always a prime reward for the hunter's skill and labour. At the present time, the giraffe-hunter must wander far afield indeed before he may hope to set eyes upon this stately quarry. Ever since youth, one of the writer's most cherished ambitions had been to see the tall giraffe in its native haunts. Last year this longing was happily gratified; and in the distant thirstlands of the North Kalahari, and amid the waterless mimosa forests fringing the southern border of the Botletli River, in the region of Lake Ngami, several troops of these long-sought animals were seen, and specimens brought to bag.

To have witnessed these beautiful quadrupeds browsing quietly in their desert haunts; to have witnessed their swift and extraordinary paces when pursued; and, after the fastest gallop that an African hunting-horse can compass, to have at length laid low that colossal form—these are rewards surely sweet and ample enough to repay the many weeks of toil and trouble that have been expended in reaching those remote hunting-grounds.

It has been asserted by naturalists, with some show of reason, that the giraffe was never to be found south of the Orange River. There is certainly no actual and direct evidence that even in ages past it browsed within the confines of the present Cape Colony; but this may probably be put down as a moot if interesting point, never now likely to be decided.

In the quaint old-fashioned travels of Paterson, Le Vaillant, and Campbell—*circa* 1777, 1784, and 1813 respectively—it is undoubtedly shown that giraffes were shot very close to the north bank of the Orange; and there seems no real reason, other than the known peculiarities of geographical

distribution, why this animal should not have wandered farther southward. In support of this latter hypothesis may be adduced an old Hottentot tradition to the effect that the giraffe was anciently found in the Amaebi thorn-country, in the present Queen's Town district of Cape Colony. There are, too, to be seen to this day in the Bushman caves near Graaff Reinet and other portions of the Eastern Province of the Cape, rude but unmistakable likenesses of this animal, which may or may not be considered evidence in favour of the contention that the giraffe did once make its habitat south of the Orange River.

Five or six decades since, the giraffe might have been found in many parts of Great Namaqualand, and in the country of the southern Bechuanas. In the Kalahari Desert, between these countries, it was extremely plentiful. In 1837, Captain Cornwallis Harris met with it in the present Transvaal territory; and in considerable abundance near the junction of the Marico and Limpopo rivers. Even till within the last few years it has lingered in the unhealthy low country lying upon the eastern border of the Transvaal. But year by year it has been hunted from one sanctuary to another, until now the giraffe must be sought in the far corners of Khama's Country, or in the waterless recesses of the North Kalahari, before it can be chanced upon. Even, then, its habits are so shy, and its love of extreme solitude so constant, that great precautions have to be taken, and the most skilful of Bushmen hunters employed to track the beautiful giant to its forest fastnesses.

The giraffe, for at least three parts of the year—that is, during the spring and winter months in Africa—seems to be perfectly independent of water. I have taken great pains to get at the truth of this matter; and all hunters, native and European—including of course Boer hunters—that I have met confirm this fact. It is certain that the only giraffes found by myself and my hunting companion were standing in perfectly waterless bush, far remote from water; and it is equally certain that during that season (the winter) they never attempted to drink in the Botletli River, their only possible source of supply. This faculty of going for months without water the giraffe seems to share in common with certain of the South African antelopes, notably the eland, gemsbok, and hartebeest among the larger antelopes; and the steinbok, duyker, and springbok among the smaller. The food of the giraffe consists almost exclusively of the leaves of the giraffe acacia (*Acacia giraffæ*), known throughout the interior as the 'Kameel-doorn' or 'Camel-thorn.' The Boers know the giraffe only by their Dutch name of 'Kameel;' and English hunters and traders invariably term it 'Camel'—a sufficient explanation of the name of its favourite tree. There are few more beautiful sights in nature than the spectacle of the giraffe, its tall neck upstretched, plucking with long prehensile tongue at the sweet young leafage of the acacia. In August of last year, the writer had the great good fortune to surprise a troop of nineteen, all feeding busily in this manner, fifteen being gathered round one tree. It was a sight never to be forgotten.

Although familiar to the Romans in the days of the Empire, when camelopards—doubtless from

North Africa—were exhibited in the arena, this animal seems in later times to have become completely unknown to Europe. There is indeed vague mention of an animal resembling the giraffe shown at Venice some three hundred years back; but until the close of the last century, it seems to have been classed more among the creatures of chimera or fable than as anything belonging to earth. Colonel Gordon, an officer serving under the Batavian Government at the Cape, appears to have been the first to dispel this illusion, and in about the year 1777, in company with Lieutenant Paterson, a British officer, he shot a giraffe just across the Orange River. A quaint portrait of this specimen is given in Paterson's book of Travels, published a little later. Le Vaillant, the French naturalist, to his own incredible joy slew another giraffe about the year 1784; and some of the most ecstatic portions of his amusing if highly-coloured narrative are devoted to the chase and death of this specimen, as well as to an analysis of the traveller's own over-wrought feelings upon such an unparalleled event. In Le Vaillant's Travels also, a figure of the giraffe is given. Even at the present day it is difficult to convey an adequate idea of this quadruped. From the scarcity of its occurrence and the singularity of its gait when roused, no animal in the wild state is so difficult to depict. A dead specimen is not easy to draw, even if the hunter—as very seldom happens—is a draughtsman; while the skin is so thick and of such enormous weight as to require cutting in half and disposing on two pack-oxen to be brought into camp.

On three succeeding occasions last year, as I had a camera with me, I employed Masarwa Bushmen to carry my photographic implements for me, in hopes of 'taking' a dead specimen. On these occasions, after long hot days of severe toil, no giraffes were sighted. Needless to say, during the next hunt, when the camera was left behind, a big troop was found, of which four mighty camelopards were laid low.

It is true there are specimens of the giraffe in the gardens of the Zoological Society in Regent's Park, but these pallid and undeveloped captives do not fairly represent the mature specimens of wild Africa. The colour of an old bull giraffe is of the richest dark orange chestnut, deepening almost to black upon the back. Old cows in the same way darken very much with age. The younger and mature members of the troop present the most beautiful array of colouring, varying from a rich ruddy orange to a bright lemon fawn.

It is a thousand pities that the authorities at the Natural History Museum do not procure good representative specimens of the giraffe while yet they can be obtained. Within the last few years, wonderful strides have been made in the stuffing and setting-up of skins; and the specimens of rare game sent home recently by the great hunter Mr F. C. Selous now afford faithful representations of the living animals, instead of, as in the case of many of the older specimens, absurd and hideous caricatures. The only stuffed giraffe in the collection of the Natural History Museum is certainly of great size; but it is wretchedly set up, and gives no sort of idea of the animal in its natural state. This specimen is very old and worn, and was shot, I believe, during the

expedition of Dr Andrew Smith about the year 1835. Similarly, at the Cape Town Museum the solitary example is little better than a misshapen monstrosity, and the skin is in a wretched condition. When it is remembered that this very skin lay for three years upon the open beach at Walfisch Bay before it was sent to Cape Town and set up, some idea may be formed of its miserable plight. But the Cape Government is not renowned for its anxiety to further the interests of science and natural history, and hard working and zealous as are the Museum authorities, the establishment is in a pecuniary sense very ill supported.

The most beautiful point about the giraffe is the eye, which is large, dark, full, and of the most melting tenderness, and shaded by long lashes. The eyes of the most beautiful gazelle cannot hope to surpass the bewitching softness of the timid giraffe's. Dependent as this animal is, from its sheer defencelessness, for its safety upon its scent and vision, these senses are extraordinarily acute; and the eye is so formed and set in the head that the animal has, without moving, a wide field of vision both in front and rear.

The pace of this animal is singularly deceptive. When the hunter first sets eyes on it as it moves away, he thinks it is merely going slowly at a curious gliding walk, and can be quickly overtaken. He canters slowly, and is surprised to find he is still losing ground. Even at a hard gallop it takes a good South African horse to run up to a giraffe; and unless a tremendous dash is made during the first mile of chase, forcing your horse at top speed with spur and sjambok, the tall quarry is as likely as not to get clean away from you. When pressed, the gait is most extraordinary. The giraffe progresses by moving two legs on one side simultaneously, and when forced to its greatest speed, its action resembles a series of striding leaps in which the hindlegs are kept very wide apart. As it runs thus, the great neck swings up and down, and the long black tail switches with the regularity of clockwork. Its limping, pitching action can only be compared to a gigantic and awkward automaton, or to the motion of a great ship pitching on a troubled sea. Nothing can be more wonderful or more exciting than to have a large troop of this most beautiful and stupendous game thus rocking and swaying in front of one.

As a rule, the giraffe is found in open bushy forest, and when pursued, it invariably runs for the most thorny and entangling portion. Its own thick hide and great weight enables it easily to force a way through the densest obstacles, which tear the rider and his horse terribly. It is not only advisable, it is a necessity to wear a stout thick cord coat when hunting these animals in forest-country. Nothing is more remarkable than the way in which these tall creatures duck and evade the branches of trees. The long neck is bent and the beautiful head lowered, so that branches which all but graze the withers are passed; and the operation is performed with great rapidity. In the same manner trees and bushes are avoided with sudden and astounding ease, the great creatures sheering and tacking in thick forest in a perfectly bewildering way. Curious though it may seem, the giraffe is ex-

tremely hard to find in forest-country, even although a troop may be feeding with their heads above bushes and low trees within the vision of the hunter. The long neck has a strange resemblance to the trunks and limbs of dead trees, and the colouring of the animal assimilates very wonderfully, especially in winter, with the sun-scorched vegetation, the yellow glare around, and the play of light and shade through foliage. Every distant tree or limb is therefore most anxiously scanned when giraffes are known to be in the neighbourhood.

The flesh of young giraffes and of fat cows especially is excellent; there is the least musky flavour perhaps, but it is not unpleasant. The tongue and marrow-bones are great delicacies, the latter, particularly, furnishing the rarest and most delicious banquet of the African hunter.

Few beasts of the chase are more poorly endowed with means of defence; but even the mild giraffe when wounded and brought to a stand, will, if the hunter approaches from the front, chop at him with its forefeet, and a blow from such a limb is an exceedingly dangerous one. I have questioned many hunters on this point, and cannot ascertain that the giraffe uses its legs in any other system of defence.

At the present time, the giraffe is mainly sought after for the value of its hide, which, even so far up country as Khama's Town (Palachwe), now commands a value of from two pounds ten shillings to four pounds ten shillings a skin, varying according to age and sex. The hide of a tough thick-skinned old bull, from an inch to an inch and a quarter in thickness, is of course the most sought after. When one of these great creatures lies prone upon the veldt, it seems as if enveloped in a mantle of brass, and the fingers can make no impression whatever upon the carcase. Not many years since, the hides of the rhinoceros and hippopotamus furnished ox-whips and riding-whips—colonially known as *sjamboks*—all over South Africa. But the rhinoceros is all but exterminated south of the Zambesi; the hippopotamus becomes scarcer year by year; and the hide of the giraffe is consequently in greatly increased demand. A few years back, there happened a dearth of sjambok hide, the price of whips rose immensely, and a giraffe skin sold readily for five pounds and more. Forthwith, parties of Dutch and native hunters flocked into the Kalahari, and scores upon scores of giraffe were slaughtered. On coming out with their loads, the hunters discovered that they had overstocked the market, and that prices had rapidly fallen again. Most up-country natives, especially the Bechuanas, use the hide of the giraffe for making the neat sandals they habitually wear, preferring it for its strength and toughness to any other. It seems a pity that for the sake only of whips and sandals, and to furnish the hunter with meat and an exciting form of sport, this stately creature should be exterminated from South Central Africa, as it bids fair soon to be.

It is a difficult matter to restrain one's sporting instincts, and to content one's self with merely looking on at such extraordinary creations of animal life. Upon a first and even second occasion, it is, I will admit, from personal experience, a physical impossibility to repress one's natural

hunting instincts—instincts deeply implanted during long ages—in a moment of such supreme excitement. But having fairly tasted the delights of giraffe-hunting, and they are very keen, I would never again, if I could help it, lay low another of these creatures, except to furnish a supply of absolutely necessary meat.

Its speed and staying powers and the nature of its habitat will always render the giraffe well worthy of the sportsman's skill; but in these days, when game is vanishing, almost as if by magic, from the face of the earth, unless its flesh is actually and imperatively needed, this, the most rare and characteristic of the African fauna, should, in my judgment, be suffered to go unmolested.

The North Kalahari will not for long retain its waterless renown; already concession hunters are everywhere securing 'veldt'; water will sooner or later be found in places hitherto considered to be lacking; and one of the last southern strongholds of the giraffe will then be gone.

Khama, who owns or controls a very large proportion of the best giraffe country now left to South Africa, might be induced to protect these rare and harmless animals. Already he only allows his own people or his own friends to shoot them, and a chief of such intelligence and such power could do very much towards staying extermination in his vast territory. But, on the other hand, after Khama, the deluge—otherwise extermination—is, I am afraid, pretty sure to come. The British South Africa Company, which it is said intends to preserve game, may, however, do something in the countries under its control.

Roughly speaking, the present geographical distribution of the giraffe may be said to extend from Khama's country—Bamangwato, North Bechuanaland—in the south, to the southern Soudan in the north; and in dry, suitable localities, where the giraffe acacia is to be found, its range extends all over Africa between these limits. Utter extinction is for the present, therefore, happily not immediately assured. But as Africa becomes opened up year by year—almost month by month—these beautiful and defenceless animals must surely pass away. At the end of another century, our successors will probably, as they gaze at pictures of the extinct camelopard, marvel that so extraordinary a creature could have lingered so late into the world's history. Yet another hundred years and their successors will be inclined to rank the giraffe among dragons, unicorns, and other creations of fable.

CHIT-CHAT ABOUT EYES.

AMONG the five different organs by means of which alone we are enabled to perceive the various phenomena of the external world, there is none of so great importance to us as the Eye. There is no sense we make use of to such an extent, or is so often necessary to supplement and render sure the action of the other four, as that of sight. To direct our sense of touch, to aid our localisation of sound, and in many ways to help our appreciation of smell and taste, the eyes are invaluable to us. Since,

then, we make more use of this sense than of the others, we surely ought to know in proportion more about the organs through which the sensation of light is produced than of those through which the other senses do their work. But beyond the elementary facts, the study of the eye is complicated, and needs much time and patience—far more, indeed, than hundreds of busy men and women can afford to devote to it. However, as we are all possessors of the articles in question, it may not be uninteresting to call to mind a few facts about the eyes—curious, obvious, inexplicable, and true.

Purkinje discovered a very simple and highly entertaining experiment by means of which the *retina*, with all its veins and blood-vessels standing out in relief against it, can be thrown into the air before one's eyes. It is called the Arborescent Figure, from its likeness to a many-branched tree, and is produced in the following manner. In a dark room at night move a lighted candle backwards and forwards before the eyes—these being firmly fixed on the wall beyond. After a few seconds the air will assume a reddish appearance, and running over it in all directions may be seen the veins and blood-vessels in bold relief; while towards the centre of the figure there rises up a dark trunk, from which the veins branch out on all sides. The trunk is visible where the optic nerve enters the eye; and this experiment is chiefly interesting to the student as proving that the parts of the retina which actually receive and produce the sensation of light must lie behind the blood-vessels, since these cast their shadow on to it, and we are enabled to see them, as we see any other object—externally.

It is remarkable, also, that although the optic nerve is of all parts of the eye the most sensitive to light, yet, should an object fall on it as we look round us—and some object must always be thrown on it—it is invisible to us; and in our field of vision there is in reality a gap, though in ordinary sight the surrounding edges of this gap draw up together, and so fill it. But by closing one eye, by practice one may actually force the object which is reflected on to the optic nerve to disappear completely from the field of vision. Bernstein—whose work on *The Five Senses of Man* is full of interest from cover to cover—tells us that even the sun itself can be made to disappear if it fall exactly on the blind spot where the optic nerve enters the eye. This may account for the fact that some people can close one eye and stare the summer sun in the face without wincing.

Towards nightfall, as the light grows scarce and dim, the pupil of the eye increases to its greatest size so as to catch and absorb all the rays it possibly can. Thus, a cat's eye will grow large at dusk; and those of the night-loving owl are so made as to produce a greater convergence of the rays of light, so that in faint light it can distinguish objects closer. It is as great

a mistake to suppose that cats can see in the dark, where *no* light is, as it is to suppose that under the influence of passion or excitement man's eyes have the power of emitting light. It is impossible, as has been proved beyond a doubt by many experiments in utter darkness. True, a cat's eyes have a wonderful brilliancy; but this is due to a 'carpet of glittering fibres' called the tapetum. It may be to some extent in virtue of this glitter that they possess their alleged power of fascinating small birds and other creatures, though we certainly need not suppose that the terror and inability to move evinced by the victim are due to the power of the eye alone. Fear of the approaching monster, which instinct tells them is hostile to their life, is fully as paralyzing as any eye glitter.

Kalm mentions having seen a rattlesnake 'lying at the bottom of a tree on which a squirrel was seated, fixing its eyes on the little animal, which from that moment cannot move or escape, but begins a doleful outcry; comes towards the snake; runs a little bit away; comes nearer, and finally is swallowed.' But, as if to show that this result of bewilderment is not all to be put down to the eye alone, Dr Andrew Smith says: 'I have heard of cases in which antelopes and other quadrupeds have been so bewildered by the sudden appearance of crocodiles, by the grimaces and contortions they practised, as to be unable to fly or move from the spot towards which the crocodiles were approaching to seize them.'

This power is in the human animal often developed to a very great extent, and the part that the eye plays in fascinating a fellow-creature by mesmerism—thus opening the way to almost infinite psychical results and unveiling unknown depths of possibility—is decidedly great in proportion to the magnetic force of the system, or rather the mind, for which it acts.

The meaning of the evil-eye, the 'Ophthalmos baskanos' of the Greeks, the 'fascinare' of the Romans, was probably far more than a vulgar superstition. We find traces of it in almost every country, notably to this day among the canny Scots who inhabit the Western Isles of the sea, of 'Ulva dark and Colonsay,' of Skye and the Hebrides; and of the Turks, who distrust the evil-eye of the stranger. But in old classical days the power seems chiefly to have been used for the purpose of grievously afflicting the livestock of disagreeable neighbours. So we find to this day in Ireland, parts of Scotland, and the west of England, where this belief is still prevalent. Certainly, in some form or other, mesmeric fascination by the eye has always been known; but that any one person, with no matter how evil an eye, should be able to 'teneros fascinare agnos' to any extent or number is ridiculous, and not seriously to be entertained for a moment.

But before we leave the human eye to notice one or two peculiarities in the eyes of insects and other creatures, we must not forget several other facts, which show us how very easily the senses may conjointly subject us to the most complete and perfect hallucinations. For instance, we can

'perceive' light without the smallest aid from the retina. If the optic nerve is sufficiently excited to reach the sensorium and create a disturbance at that centre of the brain where the optic nerve terminates, we shall then see light and sparks. If, moreover, the optic nerve is cut or mutilated in any way we should see a brilliant flash of light, though without any sensation of pain. And so it is with the other nerves: the auditory nerve has only to be excited, not necessarily by sound, so as to reach its centre the brain, and we shall hear a sound. How many ghosts might not be destroyed in this way?

Another curious fact about the eye as regards its perception of colour is, that, according to Bernstein, one in twenty persons are afflicted with red-blindness. In the normal eye the edges of the retina are not sensitive to the sensation of red light—that is, cannot *see* red colour. In some eyes this peculiarity will extend itself to half the extent of the retina; and in very many others (to no less, indeed, than one in twenty) this spreads over the whole of the retina. The possessors of such eyes will confuse in the most curious manner dark green and yellow with red. This is not always apparent; but a few tests will surely bring it out, and we should be amazed to find how many of us are subject to this partial colour-blindness.

All the muscles of the eyes are so arranged as to enable us to bring both eyes to bear on the same object at once. If we wish to look to the right, an exterior muscle sets the right eye in motion; but an interior, the left. Thus, we can look inward at the tip of the nose, but not outwards, one eye to the left, the other to the right; or one eye up, the other down.

The eyes of insects present several peculiarities. Often in the same individual we shall find two sets of eyes, the simple and the compound; these latter having a large number of minute hexagonal facets, each of which is in reality a cornea; and the marvel is that every single facet belongs to a distinct eye with pupil, iris, lens, all complete. The number of these corneas varies very considerably. While the ant possesses fifty only, the ordinary house-fly has four thousand; butterflies have no fewer than seventeen thousand; and some beetles rejoice in as many as twenty-five thousand.

The fish has also one striking though obvious peculiarity: its pupils are large, to absorb all the light they can; but the eyes are provided with no lachrymal apparatus, Father Ocean himself being so assiduous in performing for them the washing process that tears are not necessary.

The conditions of light naturally affect the eyes of animals considerably; and in the Mammoth Caves of Kentucky and in those of Adelsberg the creatures have been found blind or in various stages of blindness.

There are many insects which have a very much larger field of vision than we have. This is due to the greater concavity of their eyes, enabling them to see round the corner, so to speak, behind, and at the sides. This development in man would have its objectionable points, but also its good ones, not the least of which might be the detection of pickpockets.

The writer was once in the isle of Skye, being driven along a lonely road in a one-horse cart. Suddenly the animal began to shy violently towards one side of the road, though there was nothing in sight that could possibly have frightened it, both sides of the road being flat moorland for miles. However, nothing could induce the creature to move forwards until the driver eventually got down and led him past the objectionable thing, whatever it was. As he again took his seat on the box, he shook his head and said mysteriously: 'Ah! he'll be seeing something that we cannot see! A man was murdered here two years ago on this very spot.'

But this is no occasion for discussing the question whether animals in general, and horses in particular, have abnormal powers of vision which enable them to see the immaterial. Anyhow, the formation of their eyes in no way warrants any such supposition; and probably, if there is anything in the stories, the keen sensitiveness and heightened instinct of the animals played no little part in the occurrences.

To return for the last time to the human eye. An interesting point is the cause of the different shades of colour we see in them. On a certain membrane in the interior are numerous cells, called 'pigment' cells. When these are present in very great numbers they produce that deep black colour of some eyes, and in proportion to their numbers, decrease also the depth of colour, till finally a light blue is reached. In certain eyes these pigment cells do not exist at all, being wanting, indeed, all through the system, hair and skin. A person of this description is called an albino, and among animals we find a parallel in the case of the white rabbit.

The human eye is indeed the mirror of the soul within, and no part of the face betrays so clearly the state of mind as do the eyes. The cold glitter of greedily, cunning avarice; the sneaking glance of the cringing sycophant; the firm straight look of the brave and strong; the restless motion of the anxious or fearful; the inquiring gaze, the hesitating, the angry, the smiling, the proud, the humble, and lastly, the lover's, combining admiration, feeling, and longing, and who knows what else besides!

An article on the 'Eyes of Genius,' which appeared recently in *Chambers's Journal*, began by quoting a saying of Emerson's, to the effect that 'Each man carries in his eye an exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of man.' Shelley, who himself possessed a pair of beautiful eyes, like those of a deer, uses some remarkable expressions in his poetry:

Like a Thought, which makes
Unwonted tears throng to the *horny* eyes—

the epithet being so descriptive of that cold, resolutely hard eye of the selfish man, which nought can soften, and to which tears even are unwonted.

Again, when Panthea enters in the second act of *Prometheus Unbound*—from which also the above lines are taken—and Asia says:

I feel, I see,
Those eyes which burn through smiles that fade in tears,
Like stars half quenched in mists of silver dew.

And further on in the same scene, Asia, knowing

that truth is to be read in the eyes rather than on the lips, asks Panthea to

Lift up thine eyes,
And let me read thy dream.

And when Panthea has spoken, but failed to convey her meaning to Asia, the latter says:

Thou speakest, but thy words
Are as the air: I feel them not. O lift
Thine eyes, that I may read his written soul!

Panthea. I lift them, though they droop beneath the
load
Of that they would express: what canst thou see
But thine own fairest shadow imaged there?
Asia. Thine eyes are like the deep, blue, boundless
heaven
Contracted to two circles underneath
Their long fine lashes; dark, far, measureless,
Orb within orb and line through line inwoven.

THE WILD WHITE MAN OF NORTH QUEENSLAND.

THE doings of white men amongst the aborigines of Australia are indeed interesting records, and many of the stories seem stranger than fiction, especially when there exists in the minds of Englishmen an idea that that race of mankind partakes a little of savage cannibals. Amongst those persons who have abandoned civilisation and lived for a time amongst the Australian Blacks, as that race is generally but wrongly called, the most interesting perhaps is James Morril, the Wild White Man of North Queensland, who spent seventeen years amongst that people.

On the 28th of February 1846, a barque named the *Peruvian*, of Dundee, left the port of Sydney, New South Wales, bound for China. She had a crew of twenty-two, all told, and was commanded by Captain Pitkelly. There were fourteen sailors, amongst whom was Morril, and seven passengers—Mr and Mrs Wilmot, their child and nursemaid, Mr J. B. Quarry and child, and Mrs Pitkelly, the captain's wife. For a full week the vessel experienced tempestuous weather, and was blown along for several days with only the bare masts. Early on the morning of the second Sunday out (March 8) the vessel struck on the Horseshoe Reef, one of the dangerous shoals of the great Barrier Reef which stretches for nearly twelve hundred miles along the Queensland coast, south-east of Port Denison, and was soon washed up so high that only the spray from the breakers reached her. The boats were destroyed, one at the time of the collision with the rocks, and the others when attempts were being made to leave the vessel in them. The second-mate was washed overboard by the first sea that swept the vessel after she struck; and the first-mate, who was the captain's brother, was lost whilst he was endeavouring to make the last remaining boat fit for the sea. From casks, rigging, spars, &c., a raft was formed, upon which the survivors, after securing a cask of

water and some tinned meat and soup, drifted from the wreck. Their sufferings during the days that followed were fearful. For twenty-two days they drifted about without any signs of rescue from passing vessels, when Mr Quarry died. Next followed his child, Mrs Wilmot and her child and the nursemaid; then the carpenter, cook, and two seamen, two apprentices, and two black men. Provisions soon began to run short; but when the pitiful community took to the raft they had made a unanimous determination that, come what would, no proposition should ever be made or entertained to sacrifice any one as food for the others. One morning they saw the topsails of a brig, only to watch it disappear as the breeze freshened with the opening day. Again the raft drifted on the Barrier Reef, and two days afterwards they sighted Cape Upstart. Tossed hither and thither with the tides and currents, they came in view of Cape Bowling-green two days later.

At last, after forty-four days from that on which it drifted from the wreck, the raft was washed ashore on the north-eastern side of Cape Cleveland—the captain and his wife, Mr Wilmot, Millar (sailmaker), Gooley and Morril (seamen), and Wilson (apprentice), seven in all, reaching the land alive. Shortly after landing, Mr Wilmot and Gooley died; and Millar, finding a native canoe, paddled away in it, in the hope of discovering food and relief; but he never returned, his body being found some time after by the natives. The survivors sheltered themselves in a kind of cave, subsisting on shellfish for a fortnight, when some members of one of the aboriginal tribes found them. At first, they were afraid of the white people; but soon each of them became the centre of a group of the dusky race, whose curiosity led them to examine each carefully from the crown of the head to the sole of the foot. They next supplied them with food, and by signs indicated the direction in which there was plenty more. That night, both blacks and whites camped and slept together; and next morning they all started off for the big camp, Wilson, the young apprentice, who was a mere boy and almost unable to walk, being carried. On arrival at the camp the white people were supplied with food, but carefully covered with boughs, to conceal them from the general gaze. Members of the tribe from the surrounding district kept coming in, and a grand exhibition was made of the articles that had been found with the whites. When they were brought forth for public view they were observed by some of the people with curiosity, whilst others ran away in fright.

After a short time, the shipwrecked survivors were conducted to huts prepared for them, at the entrance of which small fires had been lit, and were supplied with such food as the aborigines possessed. For a long time parties of the tribe, which was a large one, kept arriving to see the strangers, who settled down as mem-

bers of the wild community. They were shown how to obtain food, but although treated with rude indulgence, they suffered frightfully. The whole of the poor unfortunate creatures struggled along together for twelve months, when the captain died, and his unfortunate wife only survived him three months, dying of a broken heart. The remaining two endeavoured to find their way south, but got no farther than where the present town of Bowen stands. Twelve months after the death of the captain, the young apprentice died; and Morril was left the sole survivor of that ill-fated party, with only the aborigines for his companions.

During his residence with this tribe of the Australian race, Morril accompanied them in their marches, fought with them in their tribal wars, went with them on their hunting expeditions into the country, or their fishing excursions to the sea-shore. He soon lost all European habits, and forgot almost his mother-tongue, becoming, in fact, a real domesticated aboriginal. At first, his associates at times treated him roughly, and would perhaps have killed him but for the interference of the women, with whom he became a great favourite. One old woman went so far as to recognise in him a dear departed son, who in dying hoped that he should return 'a white fellow.' During the early part of his sojourn in the bush he used to build 'gunyahs,' or huts, to sleep in during wet and cold weather; but as the natives often expelled him from his retreat and took possession, he discontinued labouring for their comfort. After this, he frequently covered himself with a sheet of bark during wet nights, when he slept tolerably well, and was fairly comfortable. The domain of the tribe with which he associated extended from the Burdekin River to the Black River, a distance of some thirty miles; and their headquarters were in the pockets of Mount Elliott, one of the highest mountains in Queensland, rising 4075 feet in height. A favourite haunt of the tribe was near Cape Marlow, about twenty-five miles northwards, by the shores of Cleveland Bay, and here Morril spent much of his time. Often did he climb up the rugged sides of Castle Hill, and from the summit scan the blue waters of the bay, in the fond hope of seeing a sail that would rescue him from solitude; but for this trouble he was never rewarded.

In 1861 he heard that white people had been seen in the neighbourhood, and with the object of coming in contact with them, he joined a friendly tribe who inhabited the country lying between the Burdekin and Cape Bowling-green. This tribe did not contemplate his leaving them, and for his own security from other tribes of an unfriendly disposition he was never free nor safe to go off alone on an expedition of discovery; and even had he come suddenly in contact with those of his own race, he would undoubtedly have shared the fate at that period indiscriminately meted out to the aborigines.

During the early part of January 1863, the tribe with which he lived organised a kangaroo battue in the near vicinity of a sheep-station on the Lower Burdekin, and one day Morril was detailed with a party of the women to look out for whites. One of the women who had strolled

off by herself soon told Morril that she had seen a white man's hut, and when she was directing him to the locality, they sighted some sheep. Upon Morril deciding to go on, the woman ran back. He then went to a water-hole, where he washed himself so as to appear as white as possible, and walked on in the direction of the sheep. Soon he came in sight of a yard, and then a hut, from which he heard voices, and at that instant felt confused and alarmed, and was almost impelled to run away. Mounting as high as he could on the fence, he called out the sailor's salutation he had so often repeated to himself when alone: 'What cheer, shipmate?' On hearing this, one man looked out of the hut, and seeing Morril, who was wild-looking in appearance, immediately called out: 'Come out and bring the guns, Wilson; here's a naked man on the fence that is white or yellow, but is not black!' Morril then threw up his arms and called out: 'I am a shipwrecked sailor. You would not shoot a British subject!' Then the men, who were stockmen, and who had regarded him as some sort of a bushranger, took him into the hut and gave him bread to eat, which at first he could not swallow. Having almost forgotten the English language, it was some time before he could explain himself to the settlers. That night he returned to the aborigines' camp, and upon his advice, they moved off some miles farther from the hut. When he told them that he intended to return to the whites, the natives at first understood that he would be away for three or four days only, and begged of him to talk to his countrymen and tell them not to shoot the natives. When they learned that he was going a long way off to see a great many whites, and that he would be away three or four moons, some of them declared that he was going to leave them altogether. Some in anger told him to go, saying that he would be drowned with the rest of the white men. Years before this, numbers of them had lost their lives during a great flood, and it was a consoling belief with the survivors that another great flood would drown all the white men, with their horses, cattle and sheep. Others lamented that he would be too far away to do anything to save them from the whites. They begged of him to induce his countrymen to let them have at least the swamps and salt-water creeks, upon condition that they (the natives) abandoned the upper reaches and rivers. With much lamentation on the part of many of his tried associates, on the following morning Morril ended his almost seventeen years' sojourn among the natives.

Morril was not, however, long to survive his release. Mr James Gordon, at that time the sub-collector of Customs at Bowen, took him to Brisbane, and presented him to Sir George Ferguson Bowen, the Governor of Queensland, who, however, took little interest in the 'Wild White Man.' Whilst in that city he joined the Baptist Church. Returning to Bowen, he was employed in the Customs department as one of the crew of the pilot-boat; and in 1864 he married a servant of the police magistrate's of that place. Townsville, now the leading city in North Queensland, and the seat of a bishop and his cathedral, was then just beginning to grow on

the shores of Cleveland Bay, and at the foot of Castle Hill, the peak Morril often climbed to scan the horizon in search of a sail. In April 1865 the first bonded goods arrived at the new seaport in the schooner *Ariel*, in the charge of none other than Jimmy Morril; and in June of the same year, when the first land of the new town was sold, a quarter of an acre was knocked down to Morril at the upset price, no one being inclined to bid against him, and thus he obtained an allotment of land in what he termed his country. He died in the following October at Bowen, leaving a widow and a posthumous son, who, at the time the writer of this article was a resident in Townsville (1886-89), was driving a team in the neighbourhood of that city. From the time of his release from the aborigine life to his death, Morril always had a deep affection for the aborigines; and Mr Gordon, the person above named, informed the writer that he used to relate some very touching incidents concerning that race, which often brought tears to his eyes.

ONE DAY.

I.

It came not when the roses grew
In pale and ruddy splendour;
When crystal drops of pearly dew
Lay in their petals tender;
When calla-lilies tall and fair
Their sweet perfume were flinging;
When soaring larks high in mid air
Their lays of love were singing.

II.

Nor yet when gaily in the meads
The daisies white were bobbing,
When through the sedges and the weeds
The soft south wind went sobbing;
The violets saw not that day,
Nor yet the primrose sprightly;
It came in mists and vapours gray
That day that ended brightly.

III.

The purple clouds high overhead
Fantastically were shifting,
And leaves of russet, gold, and red
From off the trees went drifting.
I know how fast my pulses stirred
That day in late November,
When some one softly spoke a word,
A word I well remember.

IV.

A simple word, and yet I thought
The branches bending o'er us
Took up the word as if they sought
To make a joyous chorus,
If flowers were dead and bird-notes stilled,
I heard the old sweet story,
That autumn day, 'I love you' filled
With more than summer glory.

MAGDALEN ROCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 403.—VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THAT SUPPLE BACKBONE.

BY MRS LYNN LINTON.

As we cannot have everything in life we must content ourselves with a portion, and he is the wisest man among us who knows most clearly what portion he desires and bends all his energies with most earnestness in trying for it. But he is a fool who wants two irreconcilable things—who thinks he can hold with the hare and run with the hounds, and turn up smiling with the victors at the end. One of two contraries a man has to choose between—the stiff upper lip of the independent or the supple backbone of the time-server. If the former, he will keep his own self-respect and gain the respect of others, but also he will be sure to have the ill-will of his superiors, and be under the frost of those whose doubtful bottles he refuses to hold and whose muddy boots he declines to black. If the latter, he will in all probability come to worldly success, and find grateful patrons willing to give him a good push forward in return for his complaisance to them. But though he may be praised as a good-natured accommodating fellow, he will not be esteemed; nor will he be able to respect himself—conscious, as he will be, that he has not kept alight the sacred flame of masculine honour. All the same, that supple backbone will lead him far; and if that is what he wants, let him rejoice and be glad—but he must not be nice as to the road by which he travels nor the means by which he arrives.

Co-trustee with the unscrupulous scoundrel, but himself not naturally dishonest, that supple backbone has rather a heavy load to bear. A few years ago that clipper A1 at Lloyd's cost seventeen thousand pounds, and to-day is even in better condition than when she was built. The trustees decide to sell her for the benefit of the widow and orphans. The strong-willed superior so decides; that supple backbone of the inferior bends as usual and acquiesces. The ship is sold to the brother of the former, who gives seven

hundred pounds for his bargain; and the latter has not the courage to remonstrate. He does not pocket a 'red cent' himself, but he has not grit enough to stand out for justice and honesty, and so consents unto sinners, and is lost with them in the same deep pit of shame.

The managing clerk of a conscienceless attorney, with that supple backbone draws out a bill of costs that will stint the poor client for many a year to come—writes down the heads of an affidavit which he requests the unwary dupe to sign at the foot of the page, leaving a wide space of blank paper between—carries the hush-money by which a dangerous witness is bought off and justice effectually defeated—carries the bribe by which a double tongue is secured, and he who would have told the truth is bound now to the maintenance of a lie. All this he does without remonstrance, without hesitation—not because he is indifferent, but because he is a coward and a tool, and that supple backbone has not the power to stand upright when the hand of a stronger is laid on it. What indeed will not one of this kind do when under such pressure! There is no villainy for which a tool is wanting. Were all men who are not naturally evil, stiff-backed, there would be infinitely less crime than there is. That supple spine makes itself the hand to do the dirty work of the stronger; and between the bold brain to plan and the complaisant agent to effect, no crime is too bad, too base, or too mean to fail in execution. Ah! that supple backbone has much to answer for! As the receiver is as bad as the thief, so is the living tool that does the work as guilty as the one who plans the deed. His weakness matches the other's boldness, and is as the powder by which the ball is sped.

That supple backbone finds no more difficulty in flattery than it found in complaisance. The veriest old hag with money has her poet to praise and her artist to flatter her; the dullest block that ever wore a wig has courtiers as grovelling as worms, and with backbones as supple as that of the looped caterpillar, if he is highly placed and grandly named and standing on

the stage where the rich and powerful assemble. Men and women, with spinal columns as flexible as so many reeds, gather about the titled block and belaud and bepraise him as though he were a nineteenth-century demigod born within the sound of Bow Bells, instead of as in olden times to the chanting of Homeric hymns and the cries of *Evoë, Evoë!* No matter by what shady means he has made his money—it is made, and it is money. He has the influence of wealth, of position, of social power; and the flexible backbones bend before him, proud in their self-abasement. They are all on the lookout for crumbs, like so many gaping carp at the edge of a pond; and when those crumbs are thrown, then is their satisfaction assured and their self-abasement complete.

On all Boards, Committees, and the like, is sure to be such a proportion of these supple backbones as ensures the due despatch of business. Every 'strong' man has his following, and these outnumber the dissentients, who, moreover, do not organise. Talk of pocket boroughs—why! every man who does public business knows what it is to have so many votes in his hand, safely lodged there simply because of the suppleness of sundry backbones! In all parochial work the supple backbones carry the day. When by chance a rector is weaker than his recalcitrant parishioners, the coil into which things get is lamentable; for the minister is *ex officio* the lawful head, but what can the lawful head do when opposed by a rebellious tail? This suppleness of backbone, indeed, is the very essence of party government. The units of the party must have no sense of right or wrong—must not harbour such an inconvenient thing as a conscience—must look on a stiff upper lip as a moral blemish—must cultivate a willowy set of vertebrae, which sway into the right hand lobby or the left according to the bidding of the fogleman. The independent members are like those strange bodies which fall to the earth unbidden, no one can calculate when or where. But the supple kind make the life of the party and the continuance of the ministry.

What is public opinion but the consentaneous swaying of the supple backbones of society, as the ears of a barley-field which the wind passes over? Shout a thing loud enough, and shout it often enough, and you will get believers and repeaters and followers. It is all a matter of strength of lungs and suppleness of backbones. The few who dare to stand out against the popular cry of the moment are those unmanageable creatures with stiff upper lips—too stiff to bear with hooks and bridles. The majority are glad to be saved the trouble of independent judgment, and the still greater trouble of digging down to the root of things. Those supple backbones cannot do this. The utmost they can accomplish in that way is a little surface scratching about the upper part of the field—there where Public Opinion is shouting out her laws. When they have scratched about as deep as a bumble-bee might, they proclaim themselves satisfied and illuminated. Then they, too, bow before the 'mawmet' of the moment and invoke anathemas on those bold 'pies' who dare to

intone their psalms in a different key. Think of what would have befallen the man with the stiff upper lip and independent judgment who, when the rushing crowds tore through the streets of Paris shouting '*à Berlin, à Berlin,*' had confronted them with a negation and an exhortation to turn back and leave off screeching! They would have made short work of such a one; and the supplest of those swaying backbones would have been the cruellest in the punishment. No; it requires exceptional courage to stand out against a popular cry; and only those who have cultivated clearness of understanding, honesty of purpose, and boldness of mind, can face the obloquy resulting from the opposition. That supple backbone which bends to the breeze and swims with the stream is then the safest—whether the most respectable profession is another matter.

Even in private life, where sweetness of disposition and complaisance of habits are of prime importance, a swaying backbone, over-supple, is a nuisance rather than a pleasure. Tyrants alone like to live with slaves; but even they will compound for the shock to their dignity given by the insubordination of a rebel, for the pleasure they have in crushing him. But not the hardest-handed husband—not the most self-willed wife, likes to feel that the 'environment' in which he or she lives is nothing but one great amorphous mass of jelly—a slimy slippery substance which yields on all sides and takes no permanent shape—which has no form and no colour and no independent life of its own, but is just a slippery slimy mass to be run into any mould that is desired. A woman who has no opinions of her own, no principles, no thoughts that are not prompted, no likings that are not shared, becomes in time more irksome than even a fiery little 'scrat' who fights over the best way of making mutton broth, as if it were a matter of vital importance to body and soul, and who refuses to be guided or governed by living man or established code. If this last bantam is provoking, the invertebrate molluscous creature is maddening. Swansdown is all very well in its place, but when we want a serviceable rope we take hemp or haphy metal and let the soft stuff fly into space. To be able to say No to another's Yes is sometimes both necessary and wholesome, and also gives more happiness than the more servile echo. There are occasions when that No is our bounden duty—when the echoed Yes would be a sin. But sin or not, that supple backbone sways to the side of Yes; and what mischief can be caused by this complacency is caused—with no self-blame accruing.

So that on the whole a supple backbone is a doubtful good, for all the sweetness and good temper with which it is associated. It can so easily run over into servility—into unfaithfulness—into want of self-respect all round! We all have our hidden treasures of thought and principle to guard; and we must keep that dragon we call our conscience awake and not set it to sleep with cakes here or sweet songs there. And we all have that thing we call our self-respect to maintain; and when the backbone is too supple, this slips away like that jelly we spoke of, and we hold it no more as our own. As a rule, this invertebrate molluscousness does not belong to the northern nations; but even they need to

be prodded now and then—to be brought back from over-suppleness by reminders of what the brave past was, and what it did for them and gave them.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XLI.—THE MYSTERY SOLVED.

To Haviland Dumaresq's delight and surprise, Psyche still bore up bravely. Why, it would have been hard indeed to say. Whether, in spite of herself and her gloomy presentiments, she still cherished internally some secret hope that Linnell after all might have escaped from Khar-toum and across the desert to Biskra, he hardly knew; but in any case, he was pleased to find her still so buoyant. He hugged himself on the discovery. This trouble would pass over in the end, he felt sure. The mistress of such a splendid fortune as hers must surely be happy!

Poor sordid old thinker! For himself, he would have scouted all ideas of gain; but for Psyche—he was as greedy as the veriest money-grubber in the city of London. Nay, in his own mind, Haviland Dumaresq already gave himself, on Psyche's behalf, all the airs and importance of a wealthy person. Psyche was now a lady of position. He could hardly help letting Sirena feel the difference in his treatment of herself. And even to Psyche he often implied by a half-uttered side-hint that he regarded her as the possessor of a great estate, with infinite possibilities for the future still lying before her.

But Psyche, poor Psyche, only shrank back in horror from the hideous thought, and cried to herself with unspeakable remorse, a thousand times over, 'His money! His money! And I sent him to his death! I could never touch a single penny of it.'

And still she bore up, till despair should deepen into perfect certainty. For her father's sake, and with all the force of her father's nature, she strove to be calm: she schooled herself to fortitude—till news should come from Biskra.

One bright afternoon, Sirena and Dumaresq had taken her between them out upon the dry African hillside, where the pine-trees grew green and the broom blossomed yellow, and the chirp of the cicadas resounded from the rosemary. They seated her down on the arid rocks, under the shadow of a tall and flowery eucalyptus. Birds sang, and bees hummed, and in the valley beneath, the murmur of water plashed among the stickles. The high-road to Birmendreis ran just below them as they sat, and Psyche, looking down at it, with all her might, half fancied she could dimly make out a long white line that threaded the valley; for her eyes were almost wholly blinded now, and she never expected to see any more with them.

As she looked, however, and strained her eyeballs, dark objects passed now and then in shadowy show along the white strip, as one may sometimes see reflections from the street thrown up in vague outline on the ceiling through the curtains. One of them, Sirena said, was an Arab on a donkey; another, a cart going in to Algiers with fruit for the market; a third, a group of veiled Moorish women, coming home from their weekly visit to the cemeteries. Psyche could

dimly realise, when told, how each object answered to Sirena's description.

And then came a fourth, a smaller one than the rest; and that, Sirena imprudently blurted out, was a telegraph boy from the office at Mustapha Palais.

At the word, Psyche's heart rose up to her mouth within her. She followed the dark spot vaguely along the dim white line. 'He's going to the Orangers,' she cried with a start, as the object halted against a second white blur in the distance. Then the truth flashed across her with a wild surmise. 'Sirena, Sirena, it's a telegram from Biskra!'

Sirena, alarmed at her own imprudence, ran down the hill in hot haste and tore it open hurriedly. It was addressed outside to Haviland Dumaresq; but in her flurry and excitement she never paused for a moment to hesitate over trifles like that. A question of life and death was at issue now. She unfolded the paper and glanced at the contents. Her heart stood still within her in horror as she read: 'Patient convalescent and quite sensible, though very weak. He gives his name as Sir Austen Linnell, and has come direct through the Soudan from Khartoum. His cousin also escaped from the massacre, and accompanied him on his retreat as far as the desert, but was shot through the heart by Arabs near Ouargla some ten days since, and died without pain. Break the news gently to Miss Dumaresq.—VANRENNEN.'

So it was all over! The refugee was the wrong one!

She hurried back, panting, but restraining her tears with a terrible effort, for Psyche's sake, and handed the paper without one word of note or comment to Dumaresq. The gray old philosopher read doom in her face, but spoke not a syllable, lest the shock should come too suddenly upon Psyche. He took the telegram from her hands and read it through in silence. Psyche gazed up at him with appealing inquiry from those sightless orbs of hers. 'What does it say, Papa?' she murmured, gasping.

Dumaresq pressed her hand in his. His eyes were full. His voice was too choked for distinct utterance. 'My darling,' he whispered in a very low tone, 'try to bear up. For my sake, Psyche, don't let it kill you.'

Psyche glanced over his shoulder anxiously at the paper. Her eyes, too, were flooded with rising tears. She brushed them away and tried hard to spell it out. But it was too late now. No effort of will could bring back sight any more to those blinded pupils. Not even her eager desire to know the whole truth—to end this suspense, to face the worst—enabled her to break through that thick black cloud that obscured her vision. The world of form and colour was gone, gone utterly. She could see not even in dim outline. Nothing but darkness rose up before her.

'I can't make it out,' she murmured, grasping her father's arm hard. 'Read it to me, Papa. I can bear it. I can bear it.'

Dumaresq's voice faltered terribly. 'I can't read it,' he cried in turn, breaking down in the effort.—'Read it to her, Sirena. I've no voice left. The worst will be better than this suspense she's been living in.'

Sirena read on as far as the words, 'Sir Austen Linnell;' then Psyche's breath came and went suddenly, and she clenched her hands hard to keep herself from fainting.

'And *Him*?' she said slowly, holding up with an effort. 'Does your brother know anything about *him*, Sirena?' And those dim eyes fell upon her faithful new friend with unspeakable pathos.

Sirena hesitated a second in doubt. Then, in a voice half broken by irrepressible sobs, she went on once more till she came to the words, 'died without pain! the Arabs at Ouargla!'

Psyche drew a deep breath again, and sighed once. Strange to say, she seemed more composed now at the last moment than either of the others. Surely the bitterness of death was past. Compared to her worst fears—her worst dreams of unspeakable Oriental torture—that 'died without pain' was almost comfort.

'I know when he died,' Psyche murmured low after a short pause: 'I had a presentiment. That day when I saw him lying dead by himself on the sands in the desert!'

Her unnatural composure terrified Dumaresq. Such deadly calm at such an awful moment could bode no good. He peered down into her eyes, those deep, clear eyes of hers, and saw they were now tearless as well as sightless. 'Cry, darling, cry!' he exclaimed in his terror, clasping her to his bosom in an access of wild despair. 'Cry, Psyche, for my sake, try to cry! If you don't, your grief will surely kill you.'

'I can't, Papa,' Psyche answered quietly, as pale as death, but horribly calm and immovable. 'I cried so much at Petherton—in the nights—alone—when nobody knew I was crying at all—that I taught myself how to cry, internally, somehow. And now, when I'd like to let the tears come most, I feel I can't. They won't break through. My eyes are so hard—like iron balls. There's no cry left in them.'

The old man seated her gently on the rocks once more. Those great blind eyes of hers gazed blankly and despairingly over the dark, dark world that stretched in front of her. She had nothing left to live for in it all now. She sat bolt upright, immovable as stone. Her heart stood still like a stone within her. She said nothing, she saw nothing, she thought of nothing. A great numbness seemed to steal over her senses. She wasn't even unhappy in any active sense. She was conscious only in a dreary, weary, half dead-alive way of a vast calm blank spread for ever before her.

She was sinking, in fact, into utter lethargy. Long grief and despair had driven her senseless.

They sat there long, those two others, watching her anxiously. Many times Sirena looked across with a mute inquiring look in her eyes towards Haviland Dumaresq; and each time the gray old philosopher, heart-broken himself and torn with remorse, framed his lips into a mute *no* when Sirena would have spoken to his heart-broken daughter. It was better to let this dazed and paralysed mood wear itself out to its natural term by pure inanition. Psyche had so discounted her grief already that the final announcement came, not as a sudden shock, but merely as a clear and fatal certainty where before there had been nothing but doubt and hesitation.

At last, with a sudden return of power, she rose from her seat on the great rock, and moved towards the house, neither seeing nor yet groping, but finding her way, as it seemed, by pure instinct. Her tread was firm and her voice steady. 'Say nothing of all this at the villa, Sirena,' she said calmly, turning round, as she reached the road. 'I can bear it all now. I feel stronger already. He died without pain, Sir Austen says. And it's something at least to know exactly what happened to him.'

Sirena walked on by her side and wondered. But in truth Psyche had no reason to weep. A strange yet natural strength seemed to buoy her up. It was the strength of despair, backed up and reinforced by the strength of duty. Her own life was cut off from her altogether now. She had nothing left to live for henceforth but her father. When *he* was gone, she might fade away as she would, like a withered flower.

A NEW DEPARTURE IN PROFIT-SHARING.

By far the most striking and original method of solving the social problem, the relation between master and workmen, in force at present, is that founded and carried out by Mr Alfred Dolge, proprietor of lumber-mills, and the largest piano-felt and felt-shoe manufacturer in America, at his factories in Dolgeville, New York State. The sleepy village of Brockett's Bridge has been transformed mainly by his capacity and business energy into a busy hive of industry, and has assumed the name of its benefactor. It is interesting in another sense as the scene of a social experiment which has proved successful so far as it has gone, and which its founder terms *Earnings-sharing*, as distinguished from what is generally called '*Profit-sharing*,' in which Mr Alfred Dolge is no believer. The Emperor of Germany recently expressed his high appreciation of this attempt to solve the labour problem.

Edme-Jean Leclair, the Parisian painter and decorator, is the father of modern profit-sharing; but the past few years have witnessed other no less hopeful and interesting developments. Since 1843, when Leclair astonished his sceptical workmen as to his intentions by throwing a bag of coin (four hundred and ninety pounds) on a table for distribution amongst forty-four of them, developments of his system have spread. In 1891, about fifty British firms, eighty-one in France, Alsace, and Switzerland, and twenty-nine in the United States of America, practised some system of profit-sharing. A usual agreement in the case of British firms adopting the system is, that the surplus profits of the business (if any), beyond such definite sum as is for the time being reserved to the firm for their own benefit, are divided into two equal parts: one part is distributed (not of legal right, but gratuitously) as a bonus to the employees in the manner adopted in the rules of the firm; and the other part is retained by the firm. This does not entitle to any voice in the management, and its weak point is that drones and working-bees have share and share alike. The plan we here describe seems fairer, in so far that it is based on the

workman's own earnings; and in the case of the firm adopting it, strikes and labour troubles are unknown.

None of the pioneers of profit-sharing have ever posed as philanthropists; they have simply acted as business men anxious to improve the prosperity of their different establishments by turning out good work, promoting greater care of implements and economy of material, and welding in closer relationship master and workman. Leclair on being styled a philanthropist, said: 'I am simply a business man. I would rather gain one hundred thousand francs and give away fifty thousand, than gain twenty-five thousand and keep the whole for myself.' Mr Alfred Dolge, whose system we describe, at his annual reunion at the close of last year repeated what he had told his workmen over and over again, that his plan of distribution of earnings was not an act of benevolence, but simply a matter of business on his part. He had always aimed at producing the best quality of goods that could be made. He knew that he could not do so unless he interested his employees in their work, so that they might use their best endeavours, and tax their brains to improve its quality and lessen the cost of his products. Justice dictated that demanding this from his workmen, he owed them the compensation of more than ordinary wages.

A brief outline of the more prominent methods of profit-sharing will enable us to compare them with that of Mr Dolge. Leclair found that a mutual aid society which he had established in 1838 became 'a powerful means of moralisation and a living course in public law.' M. Frégier in 1835 had dropped the hint to him that the best expedient to adopt in doing away with the antagonism between capital and labour was to allow the workmen some participation in profits. Neither Leclair nor the author of this suggestion took the matter seriously at first, until the house-painter, after much thought, concluded in 1842 that the thing appeared to him possible and one of the simplest to put into practice. As now constituted, the net profits of the firm are divided in certain fixed proportions between the managing partners, mutual aid society and the regular workmen. Five per cent. on the capital of four hundred thousand francs is deducted like wages from the gross profits in order to find the net profits; fifty per cent. of the remaining profits go to labour in cash, twenty-five per cent. to management, and twenty-five per cent. to the great provident society, which is now half owner of the capital of the firm. Between 1842, and 1872 the year of Leclair's death, the mutual aid society and his workmen had received forty-four thousand pounds; in 1882 the sum had reached one hundred and thirty-three thousand pounds. In 1882 and 1889 the dividend that was paid to wages was over nine thousand pounds in each case. The effect on the workmen has been to help to make them sober, thrifty, and industrious.

Other notable profit-sharing concerns are the Co-operative Paper Works, Angoulême, founded by M. E. Laroche-Joubert, where the dividend is paid in cash; and between 1879-88, more than forty-four thousand pounds was so distributed over and above wages. At Godin's iron foundry, Guise, employing sixteen hundred hands, the

workmen's share of profits accumulates towards the purchase of shares in the firm. Profit-sharing in some form has been in force here since 1877, and began with a bonus. Nearly one thousand workmen received additions to wages in 1889. The result is that out of a 'squalid, ignorant peasantry' he has produced an industrial community with the discipline of a regiment and the commercial alertness of the market-place.

The celebrated scheme of Messrs Briggs, Whitwood Colliery, Yorkshire, lasted from 1864 to 1875, until the participation of the workmen in a strike caused its collapse. When the net profits exceeded ten per cent. on the capital embarked, all those employed by the company, managers, agents, or workpeople, received one-half of this excess profit, in proportion to their respective earnings. About thirty-four thousand pounds were so distributed in nine years. We have not space to mention here the names and methods of the fifty British profit-sharing firms. These will be found in Gilman's *Profit-sharing*, and in the description of the Profit-sharing Scheme by Bushill, Coventry.

It is worth noting that at Shanghai, where few of the local native banks have a capital of more than ten to fifteen thousand pounds, every employee down to the lowest coolie has a share in the annual division of profits.

Mr Alfred Dolge, after a study of all the known systems of profit-sharing, came to the conclusion that the one he has adopted is the only practicable one for the amelioration of the condition of working-people. It is not Profit-sharing, but Earnings-sharing; and he says it does not in the least resemble communism or socialism, or the scheme of paternal government now in practice in Germany. It depends entirely on the development of each employee's individuality, and places him on the same level with his employer. So-called profit-sharing, as generally practised, he considers as simply the division of a certain share of the earnings, not of the profits of the business. He objects to the lazy and incompetent workman receiving the same percentage as the intelligent and industrious one, as it appears to him to destroy all individual ambition, and is a kind of alms-giving. Besides, if the profits of a business are to be shared by employees, then it follows that they also share the losses.

Alfred Dolge was born at Chemnitz, Saxony, in 1848, and learned his father's business of piano-making. He went to New York in order to perfect his knowledge of piano construction, returning to Leipzig in 1868. His visit to America determined him to settle there. When Dolge came back to New York, he found work in a piano establishment, and soon noticed that the quality of the hammer leather was very poor. He knew that a much better leather was to be had in Germany, and so he ordered a small quantity by way of experiment. His first venture was so successful that it was soon repeated, and he made a handsome profit by the sale of his skins to piano-makers. He induced his employer, Mathushek, also to import Poehlmann's wire, which was found more suitable for upright pianos. A reduction of wages at the factory in New Haven, in 1869, made him quit the bench and start as an importer of piano materials. He succeeded in placing the materials of the German manufac-

turers on the American market in spite of strong competition. There was one article used in the manufacture of pianos, hammer-felt, which he had not in stock; it had to be imported from Europe; and there were only two makers of it. Dolge determined to begin its manufacture in America and organised the Eagle Felt Company. He had many difficulties to contend with ere he produced good felt for the piano-manufacturers, and lost a considerable amount of money. The excellence of Dolge's manufacture, however, was recognised at the Vienna Exhibition of 1873; and next year the demand had so increased that he had to enlarge his factories at Brockett's Bridge, the village, about two hundred miles from New York, which is now, after himself, called Dolgeville. The village is on the verge of the Adirondacks, has a population of two thousand five hundred, between six and seven hundred of whom find employment in Dolge's factories. The increased demand for organ and piano felt continued not only in America but in Europe, and sawmills and lumber-factories for the making of sounding-boards were added. The felt-shoe industry was also begun, and now fifteen hundred pairs of shoes are made every day in Dolgeville. A business of over three hundred thousand pounds was done in 1890. His own success is reflected amongst his workpeople; and in Dolgeville, which he has largely built up, he has opened roads, introduced the electric light, and contributed most of the funds for an excellent school-house, towards which he subscribes five thousand dollars annually. He has also given a park of four hundred acres to the workpeople, assisted them in building houses, founded a club-house, where good entertainments are given, and a free library.

The result of Alfred Dolge's practical experience, and study of political economy, is comprised in his earnings-sharing scheme. In the creation of wealth he claims that certain of the employees contribute a larger share than is represented by their wages, which are regulated by market-rates; and that these earnings can be determined by a method of book-keeping; and that it is the duty of the employer, as a simple matter of justice, to pay such employees their real earnings, and not merely their wages; and that by so doing he will prevent strikes, produce better results, and in the end profit personally thereby. Alfred Dolge formulated his scheme by the help of the best legal advice. It embraces: (1) A Pension Scheme; (2) an Insurance Scheme; and (3) an Endowment Scheme. This differs from many forms of profit-sharing in that there are no cash payments. The following came into force on January 1st 1890, after several years' experimenting with a Pension (1882) and Life Insurance plan (1886).

Under the Pension Scheme, every employee over twenty-one, and under fifty years of age, after a continuous service of ten years, in case of inability to work through any cause, is entitled to a pension at the rate of fifty per cent. of wages earned during the last year next preceding that of stoppage of work; this rises by gradations to one hundred per cent. after twenty-five years' service. This pension is paid from a fund contributed to by the firm, on account of every employee, according to age and wages earned. The pension fund will soon be self-supporting,

and showed a balance in hand last January of thirteen thousand dollars. Nearly three thousand dollars was paid by the firm to the pension account in the previous year.

Under the Insurance Scheme, every male employee after twenty-one, for each five years of continuous service, is entitled to a Life Insurance Policy of the value of one thousand dollars; so that, after fifteen years' service, he is possessor of three policies worth three thousand dollars. Seventy-five policies of a value of one hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars were in existence in January last, and the premiums paid by the firm during 1890 amounted to over five thousand dollars.

Under the Endowment Scheme, every male employee who has been in the service of the house for five years is entitled to an endowment account, upon which he will be credited at the end of each year according as the manufacturing record shows that he has earned more than has been paid to him in the form of wages. Any losses caused through bad work are charged against his account. This endowment money is payable only at his arriving at the age of sixty, or at death. Interest upon any balance is credited at the rate of six per cent. at the end of each year. Since this system of earnings-sharing began a few years ago, Mr Dolge has paid to assistants, foremen, clerks, and working-men, and for their benefit, over one hundred thousand dollars. None of these laws, of course, deprive the house of the power to discharge a workman for any good reason, or alter the right of the workman to quit at any time. A neat passbook is put in the hands of each workman containing the printed laws of this system of distribution of earnings, with blank columns in which the share falling due can be entered.

The wise and practical advice given to his workmen at the annual reunions is always good. Mr Dolge told his workmen once, if they wished to increase their earnings, to live better and enjoy more comforts, they must cultivate their minds, use their brains, and develop their intelligence to such a point that they might use their mental and physical powers to the best advantage; for that, after all, was the only advantage that he or any other employer had in the race of life over his employees. Brains more than the exertion of muscular force had built their imposing factories, developed the felt business and the elegant styles of the shoes produced. Brain-work was better paid because it produced higher and wider results than manual or merely physical labour.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

PART III.—A FRIEND IN NEED.

THE entrance to Providence Court, Bucklersbury, is so narrow, being an arched passage, that it can easily be passed unnoticed. This passage running through a house to the rear opens on a small paved yard. Gloomy even in summer, overshadowed by tall buildings on all sides, it is chiefly occupied by the offices of various agents. At the farther end, in the darkest corner, a small house of two stories was occupied by Mr Issachar, the usurer and money-lender. He resided there all the year round, never taking

a holiday, having given up all recreation years ago, when he buried his Christian wife, for whose sake he had been cast out from his people. His only diversion was money-making, not on account of the luxury it purchases, but as an amusing game of speculation. He had no children to inherit it. His affections had withered up, for he was alone in the world. In leading a meditative life, his intellect had become clearer than ever. His advice was sought in many a pecuniary speculation. Those who took it generally prospered.

One fine morning Mr Issachar sat at a desk close to the wire-blind at the window of his dark office, upon which the sun never shone. Though a hot day on the outer side of the passage, it was chilly in the court, and Mr Issachar had a fire. He was engaged in taking extracts from financial papers. A small spare man, with hair and beard white as snow, wearing a velvet cap and gold spectacles. His complexion was of the clearest olive; his forehead high, crossed and recrossed by countless lines, delicate as cobwebs; a fine brow, under which his Oriental, long, and even beautiful brown eyes still retained their lustre.

Presently footsteps broke upon the silence of the court. Mr Issachar raised his head, listening. They advanced towards his house. 'The trained walk of a gentleman.' Long practice had enabled the Jew to judge of a person's position by the tread. 'Military, I think,' said he.

The regular tramp, tramp of the footfalls stopped at his door, and there was a rap from the highly polished brass knocker, which had been screwed on when the house was rebuilt immediately after the Fire of London.

The door was opened by a young clerk, a German Jew, for Issachar clung to his ancient race. 'A gentleman wishes to see you, sir; he will not send in his name.'

'I will receive him.' Mystery surrounded so many of his clients, that this was nothing unusual.

The visitor was a tall well-made man, with a sunburnt face, and hair prematurely gray. Removing his hat as he entered the room, he stood for a moment regarding the money-lender without speaking, who on his side looked up at him with a questioning expression on his face.

'We have met before, Mr Issachar. Am I changed past recognition?'

The Jew fastened his intelligent eyes upon him, scanning every feature; then he said slowly: 'You are indeed altered; yet I know you by your figure, your eyes, your voice: they are the same as of old. To change like this in so short a time denotes mental suffering. You have been through a fiery furnace, Captain Gravenor.'

'So short a time! Why, it is eleven long years,' cried his visitor with a bitter laugh.

'To me it appears short because my life is monotonous. Many events, change of scene, cause time to seem longer. As you left me, so you find me. I have often thought of you—felt for your blighted life.'

'You believed in me—that is why I come to-day.'

'I never doubted your innocence. How long have you been back? Tell me your story.'

'But a few weeks. As for my story there is not much to tell. I was not badly treated on the whole—out there. I tried to become resigned

and found comfort by going back to the early lessons of a pious mother. Had she lived, I might have been a less thoughtless man.' He sighed. 'Well, I got a good name in several respects. When the time came for freedom, I went to Melbourne, and lived for eighteen months by my own exertions. I set up as an accountant and prospered better than I expected. But a desperate yearning for home possessed me. I returned—to learn that I had a son.' He buried his face in his hands. There was a silence.

'I, too, once had a son—he died. You are better off than I am. Yours lives.'

'He is ignorant that he has a father. They have even discarded my name. I have seen him. A noble boy, with his mother's beauty. Then I felt a wicked thirst for revenge spring up within me against the villain who has debarred me from the happiness of his infancy—of witnessing him budding into boyhood.'

'Never doubt but there is a hand that will repay. The treacherous only prosper for a time.—Can you fix upon your enemy?'

'Yes. But I have no proof.'

'There are strange mysterious agencies at work around us—hidden influences, which we human beings cannot fathom. How is it you walk into this room when I was just about to advertise for you?'

'For me?'

'Yes; for I knew the time had expired for your release. Lift that marble letter-weight on the table before you; read the strip of paper under it.'

Captain Gravenor obeyed. 'Captain George Gravenor, formerly of the — Regiment, is requested to communicate with Messrs Everett, Solicitors, Bedford Row.—Colonial papers, please copy.'

He let the paper fall from his hand. 'How wonderful—how extraordinary!' he cried.

'Listen!' said Issachar.

Captain Gravenor sat down quite overcome. Here was a friend—at last, at last—one who believed in him.

'Living here apart from the world,' commenced the Jew, 'it interests me to follow the career of many persons who pass as in a phantasmagoria across life's stage. A brilliant entrance—an exit to be soon forgotten. Monarchs have lived and died; dynasties have passed away; new countries risen. Statesmen made great names, now forgotten. Genius has flashed like a meteor for a time, and soon died. Three generations of names are contained in those safes, and he indicated the rows of them around the office. 'All since I have sat at this table, in the same chair, with the same velvet cover, not yet worn out. There are many persons whose actions I have followed, and still follow, noting their lives. I piece the fragments together as a child does a puzzle. I think I know the hand that worked your ruin, and say, Wait.'

'I must and will clear my name,' cried Captain Gravenor with energy. 'Can you help me to do so?'

'You must remain in London.—How do you propose living?'

'The very subject on which I came to speak. Can you—will you, recommend me as an accountant?'

'Yes; I believe I can do that.—How do your finances stand?' asked Issachar confidentially. 'Can I lend you money?'

'Thank you for a kind offer, Mr Issachar. With my frugal habits I have sufficient for the present. Should it fail, I will come to you.'

'Agreed,' said the Jew. 'Wait. When affairs are ripe, you shall act. I was about to advertise for you, that you might be at hand when a certain event will assuredly come to pass, or I am much mistaken. It will clear your name from all blemish.'

'Do that, Mr Issachar, and I will kneel to you,' replied the Captain in a subdued voice, much overcome.

'No,' said the old man. 'I am only a poor human being, a descendant of a despised race. Perhaps in your case I may be an instrument in the hands of Providence.'

Very soon after this interview, Captain Gravenor, under an assumed name, set up as an accountant in a room near Broad Street, where he found employment, thanks to the recommendations of Issachar. He remained unknown and unrecognised, walking the London streets like a ghost returned to his former haunts, with a strange feeling that George Gravenor was another person from himself altogether. On Saturdays, his one great but melancholy pleasure was to take a return ticket to the seaside place where Felix was at school and watch the boy at play. Sometimes he had a sight of Lena, but this was seldom, as she was her father's companion during his convalescence, reading and writing for him untiringly. Neither she nor her boy knew whose eyes were upon them. Felix imagined his father to be dead. Young as he was, it seemed strange, he thought, that no one ever spoke of him; from an early age he had been checked when he ventured a question.

'I should like to have a photograph of my Papa,' he said one day to his mother. 'The other boys at school have them whether they are alive or dead.'

A look of positive fright passed over Lena's face, and she burst into tears. 'Never ask me that again, Felix,' she sobbed.

Once he ventured, also saying to Mr Desborough: 'Did my Papa go to Eton when he was a boy?'

'I do not know.'

'I wish he hadn't died.'

'You must look upon me as grandfather and father as well, Felix. Do not speak of him again.'

Youth is thoughtless. The boy had a vague impression of mystery—that was all. He never renewed the subject.

It was seven months since Mr Desborough had visited Nicholas Lane; he could walk pretty well now, and was anxious to resume his old habits. Mr Thorel had taken his place efficiently in the interim. He reported affairs at the bank to be perfectly satisfactory, and Mr Desborough's presence to be quite unnecessary.

One morning Mr Thorel drove across the Park from his house in Kensington Gore to Portland Place. Dressed in the height of fashion, with an exotic in his button-hole, he entered Mr Desborough's library, where Lena sat reading the *Times* to her father.

'I have come for the key of the strong-room,'

said he. 'Lord Harbury is coming this morning to Nicholas Lane for his jewels; his son is going to be married.'

'I will go with you,' said the banker. 'I shall be glad of an incentive to renew my duties.'

'But are you equal to it? Do you think if'—

'Quite, and I shall go,' said Mr Desborough. Rising, he opened his desk, taking out the master-key of the iron room at the bank, where plate, jewels, and securities were deposited—a key never out of his possession until his illness obliged him to intrust it to Mr Thorel in the course of business; but it was returned to him immediately.

His unexpected arrival at the bank was received with many congratulations from his numerous staff; and the old gentleman resumed his chair in the private room with unalloyed pleasure, awaiting the visit of Lord Harbury, who arrived at twelve o'clock.

Mr Desborough unlocked the strong-room door, then the iron safe containing Lord Harbury's family jewels, which were in an ebony casket. The nobleman pulled out its tiers of drawers to examine them. He held up a beautiful diamond necklace with a large opal pendant. 'This opal is considered the heirloom of my family; it is one of the finest in Europe. My future daughter-in-law will wear it on her bridal day.' At this moment one of the small diamonds surrounding it fell from the setting on to the table. 'Now, how does that come about?' said he. Adjusting his glasses, he closely inspected the jewel. 'The setting is damaged. How strange! Why—no—yes—impossible!' He looked up blankly at the banker.

'What is wrong? What is wrong?' cried Mr Desborough anxiously.

'Are you a judge of precious stones? If so, tell me if you call this an iridescent opal? There are greens and red in it, but no real fire. Mr Desborough, my opal has been changed!'

'My lord, that is impossible.'

'Take care what you assert, Lord Harbury,' said Mr Thorel in a menacing tone, a dark frown upon his face.

'How dare you dictate to me what I should say?' cried the nobleman in sudden anger. 'I swear that this is not an opal at all, nor even a first-rate imitation.—Desborough, how do you account for this?'

'The opal is as you brought it,' again interrupted Mr Thorel.

'I am bewildered,' exclaimed the banker.

'It is *not* as I brought it; this is a false one.'

'Then it was changed before you deposited it with us. Such things do happen in aristocratic families,' remarked Mr Thorel insolently.

'Not in mine, sir,' replied the nobleman haughtily. 'Besides, I took the precaution of having the jewels examined by Hancock on my way here—seven years ago, when Lady Harbury died. We will go to him now, if you please.'

The result was as Lord Harbury had detected: the opal had been stolen. This was a valueless counterfeit.

Poor Mr Desborough was much agitated. Once made public, this affair would damage his credit, and ruin him. 'We must go to Scotland Yard,' gasped he faintly.

'You are not fit, uncle ; I will go,' cried Mr Thorel. 'We will sift it to the bottom.'

'Let me take you home,' said Lord Harbury kindly. 'I am very sorry to cause you anxiety, and you only just recovering from an illness.'

'I do not value my life, my lord, but I do my honour. Who can have done this?' He was much shaken.

When he sat down in his study to think, after recovering from the first shock of the discovery, his energy returned to him in a remarkable manner ; always a clear-headed man, he took a sudden resolution. He wired for a celebrated detective to come at once. The result of their conference was a strong suspicion of one person.

'You must come with me to the bank immediately,' said the old gentleman. 'I cannot rest until the contents of the strong-room are thoroughly examined.'

FIRST NIGHTS OF FAMOUS PLAYS.

THE mental condition of every one assisting at the production of a new drama—audience, actors, or playwright—must always prove an interesting study. In the good old times, when the gallery was crowded with 'prentices from Cheapside, the boxes with 'persons of quality,' and the pit with celebrated wits, most plays were either 'troubled with convulsive fits, or died the first night,' says the author of the *Stage Beaux*—Tom Brown of Shiffnal—'or by mere dint of acting, held out to the third ; which is like a consumptive man's living by cordials, or else die a violent death, and are interred with the solemnity of cat-calls.'

In glancing back into the early part of the last century an advertisement will be found, published in the *Daily Courant*, announcing that Addison's new tragedy of *Cato* would be presented 'at the Theatre-royal, Drury Lane, on Tuesday, the 14th of April.' This was in 1713. The four first acts of the play, written nine years before, had been submitted to Colley Cibber, actor, author, and joint-manager of Drury Lane Theatre. Cibber's pleasure on reading the manuscript is reported to have been unbounded. But the manager's delight was nipped in the bud. 'Whatever spirit Mr Addison had shown in writing it, he doubted he would never have courage enough to let his *Cato* stand the censure of an English audience : that it had only been written for the amusement of his leisure hours in Italy, and was never intended for the stage.' But it was now an open secret that he had framed a tragedy ; and having been lately introduced to Pope—probably at Button's or the Kit Cat Club—Addison brought *Cato* with him in order to have his sincere opinion about it. 'I told him,' says Pope, 'that I thought that he had better not act it : that he would get reputation enough by only printing it. This I said as thinking the lines well written, but the piece not theatrical enough.' But the time came 'when those who affected to think liberty a danger, affected likewise to think that a stage-play might preserve it.' The forcible utterances touching liberty which this tragedy contained, it was thought, must rouse the people to a sense of the danger they suffered from the evil machinations of the Tories. The play was speedily

prepared for representation. For years no social event had excited more interest in society. Political circles looked forward to its effects with intense anxiety. A prologue was written by Pope, and a humorous epilogue by Dr Garth. The eventful evening arrived : the theatre presented an appearance of exceptional brilliancy—critics, poets, and playwrights : men of every political creed were in the pit. The boxes were filled : stars in the breasts of peers and diamonds on the necks of ladies dazzled the eye. The play began ; and in the excitement all criticism was forgotten. Cato's first speech in defence of freedom—

'Twill never be too late

To sue for chains, and own a conqueror.

Why should Rome fall a moment ere her time?

No ; let us draw her term of freedom out

In its full length, and spin it to the last ;

So shall we gain still one day's liberty :

And let me perish, but in Cato's judgment,

A day, an hour, of virtuous liberty

Is worth a whole eternity in bondage—

was greeted with loud applause from the Whig party on one side of the house, and echoed by plaudits not less boisterous from Tories on the other ; for the Tories had resolved to turn the tables on their opponents by a warm recognition of all that was uttered in favour of liberty. Throughout the five acts the applause never lagged. 'Yet not until the last sentence was spoken, and the curtain fairly dropped,' says Mrs Inchbald, 'did the author even venture to move.' Addison had placed himself on a bench in the greenroom, 'his body motionless, his soul in tumult, keeping by his side a friend, whom he despatched every minute towards the stage to bring him news of what was passing there.' The tragedy was acted for thirty nights. But it was never considered a good stage-play : its run was chiefly due to the political points of view from which it was regarded.

It was early in the year 1772, when Goldsmith was forty-four years of age, that he fell in with a friend at some old Fleet Street tavern, and begged his honest opinion as to the merits of the plot which he had conceived for a new comedy. The motive of the play, it was understood, turned upon 'one gentleman mistaking the house of another for an inn.' The critic pronounced the device too broad and farcical for comedy : upon hearing which Goldsmith exclaimed : 'It is all I can do ; for alas, I find that my genius, if I ever had any, has of late totally deserted me !' In order that he might be freer from interruption while engaged in writing this comedy, the author took lodgings in a farmhouse close to the village of Hyde, six miles from London. When he returned to town, Goldsmith submitted his play to George Colman ; but tedious weeks and months went by and no satisfactory answer came. The spring passed and brought him no hope. At last, early in the following year, he wrote Colman a pathetic letter. In answer to this appeal his manuscript was returned : it was accompanied, however, by a note stating that notwithstanding its faults the play would be produced. But no name had yet been given to the comedy. Joshua Reynolds suggested 'The Belle's Stratagem'—afterwards used by Mrs Cowley for one of her comedies ; another friend

considered 'The Old House a New Inn' more suitable. But the author finally selected *She Stoops to Conquer*; or, *the Mistakes of a Night*, as the most appropriate title. Garrick wrote a prologue for the play; and the 15th of March 1773—the date fixed for the first representation of this noted comedy—at last arrived. Goldsmith's friends, resolving to celebrate the day as became its importance, agreed to dine in company before visiting the playhouse. The poor dramatist was exceedingly nervous; neither the friendly sallies of Dr Johnson, encouraging words from Reynolds, nor the epigrams of Edmund Burke, could divert his thoughts. Dinner over, Goldsmith declined to accompany his friends: he resolved to absent himself from the theatre until the fate of the comedy was known. Meanwhile, the playhouse was filled by an expectant audience. At six o'clock the curtain rose, the prologue was spoken, and the play began. The house, quickly catching the humour of the scenes and the wit of the dialogue, warmed into hearty laughter. After the second act no doubt existed of the comedy's success. All eyes were turned upon Dr Johnson; 'and when he laughed, every body thought himself entitled to roar.' In fact, Tony Lumpkin's antics and Marlow's mistakes kept the house in excellent humour. All this while Goldsmith was wandering about moodily in St James's Park. Here a friend met him, and at last prevailed upon him to visit the theatre. The success of this comedy was doubly assured at the time from being witnessed on the tenth night of its production by George III.

When the newspapers announced the date fixed for the *School for Scandal*—'a play never before performed'—they made no mention of the author's name: the advertisements declared that the comedy 'would be ornamented with scenes which did honour to the painters, and furnished with dresses new and elegant.' In those days new dresses were the exception rather than the rule. The evening of the 8th of May 1777 was the date fixed for the first performance. The doors of Drury Lane playhouse opened at half-past five o'clock, and before an hour passed, 'a brilliant and crowded audience,' says the *Public Advertiser*, 'had assembled.' The curtain rising in due time, Garrick's prologue was given with much pleasantry. It adverted to the title of the comedy, and 'shot an arrow of pointed satire at the too general proneness to detraction observable in the daily and evening papers.' Then the comedy began. 'The loudest testimonies of applause,' remarked the *London Evening Post* on the day following, 'greeted the comedy between every act.' But the full force of enthusiasm was reserved for the screen scene, which produced a burst of applause 'beyond anything ever heard in a theatre.' A record of the sensation this scene caused is to be found in the *Life and Times of Frederick Reynolds* the dramatist. On this very night he was returning from Lincoln's Inn about nine o'clock; 'and passing through the pit passage from Vinegar Yard to Brydges Street,' he writes: 'I heard such a tremendous noise over my head that, fearing the theatre was proceeding to fall about it, I ran for my life; but found the next morning that the noise did not arise from the falling of the house, but from the falling of the screen in the fourth act, so violent and so tumultuous

were the applause and laughter.' Sheridan had gained the reputation that night of having written the most brilliant comedy in our language.

'What think you of a Newgate pastoral amongst the thieves?' Swift once remarked in Gay's presence. Gay was inclined to think a comedy having scenes laid in the famous prison might be better still. When he mentioned his idea to Swift, the doctor did not much like the project; and when the play was written, neither Swift nor Pope thought it would succeed. It was offered to Colley Cibber and his brother-managers at Drury Lane, and was promptly rejected. Gay then took it to John Rich, proprietor of Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre. Rich accepted the play, and it was speedily put in rehearsal. The following announcement was printed in the *Daily Post* on the 29th of January 1728: 'Never before acted by the company of comedians at the Theatre-royal in Lincoln's Inn Fields. The present Monday, being the 29th day of January, will be performed the *Beggar's Opera*.' On the night of its first representation, Gay's many friends assembled at the old playhouse in the Fields. A vast crowd of 'women of quality and men of parts' was present. A ballad opera was a form of entertainment new to the public, and its success was assured before the curtain fell. The acclamations which rang through the house were said to have been deafening. For sixty-three consecutive nights the *Beggar's Opera* was performed that season. Nor was that all. It drove the Italian opera, which it burlesqued, out of town. Its songs were sung in every drawing-room, its verses printed on the fans of ladies of quality. In the character of the heroine, Polly Peachum, Miss Fenton gained both fame and fortune.

Edmund Kean's appearance shortly before his death in Grattan's play of *Ben Nazir* was one of the most anxious first nights ever witnessed. The incident has been placed on record in graphic style by the author himself. 'The night at length arrived,' writes Grattan. 'Everything was ready. I saw Kean in the morning: he expressed himself with the utmost confidence; strutted about his drawing-room in his lodgings in Duke Street, Adelphi, decked out in his magnificent dress; and declaimed with great vigour some of his favourite passages—the book in his hand. Notwithstanding all this, I had serious doubts of the night's result. I was certain he would be imperfect; but I reckoned fully on his giving the principal passages with ample effect; and I calculated on subsequent representations repairing any defects which might appear on the first.' Grattan then repaired to the theatre. He knew that Kean felt deeply the importance of ensuring success in *Ben Nazir*. He knew that a crisis had arrived in his professional fate. The whole tide of public feeling was with him. He had regained his place at the head of the acted drama. To confirm him there, beyond competition or cavil, there was only wanting one vigorous display of power in a new part, and that part was now ready written to his hand. Nothing, in short, could have exceeded the ardour with which he had undertaken the study of this play. He had carried it away with him on the provincial tour on which he had set out after playing his dozen nights in London to enthusiastic

audiences. He had repeatedly said that he hoped to reap as much fame from it as he had gained from Maturin's *Bertram*. The dress in which he was to appear was magnificent; an idea may be formed on that head from the fact that it cost fifty guineas. Kean reckoned on playing *Ben Nazir* a hundred nights. The house was crowded in all parts when Grattan took his seat in a private box behind the dress circle. A fair share of applause was given to some of the early passages; and the audience seemed well prepared for Kean's appearance, with which the third scene was to open. He did at length appear. The intention of the author and the keeping of the character required him to rush rapidly on the stage giving utterance to a burst of joyous soliloquy. 'What was my astonishment to see him, as the scene opened,' says Grattan, 'standing in the centre of the stage, his arms crossed, and his whole attitude one of thoughtful solemnity! His dress was splendid; and thunders of applause greeted him from all parts of the house. To display the one and give time for the other were the objects for which he stood fixed for several minutes and sacrificed the sense of the situation. He spoke; but what a speech! The one I wrote consisted of eight or nine lines: his was of two or three sentences, but not six consecutive words of the text. His look, his manner, his tone, were to me quite appalling; to any other observer they must have been incomprehensible. I was utterly shocked. And as the play went on and as he stood by, with moveless muscle and glazed eye, throughout the scene which should have been one of violent, perhaps too violent exertion, a cold shower of perspiration poured from my forehead, and I endured a revulsion of feeling which I cannot describe, and which I would not for worlds one eye had witnessed. The act closed—a dead silence followed the fall of the curtain.' The stage-manager came forward and made an apology for Kean's imperfection in his part and an appeal in behalf of the play. Neither excited much sympathy: the audience was disgusted. 'I now, for the first time during the night, went behind the scenes. On crossing the stage towards the greenroom I met Kean, supported by his servant and another person, going in the direction of his dressing-room. When he saw me he hung down his head and waved his hand and uttered some expressions of deep sorrow and even remorse. I bore my disappointment as well as I could; returned thanks to the other actors for their exertions, and renounced dramatic writing for ever.'

When Sheridan Knowles offered Charles Kemble the *Hunchback* for Covent Garden Theatre, it was immediately accepted. Fanny Kemble, then in her twentieth year, has recorded her first impressions of the comedy. 'After my riding lesson,' she writes, 'I went and sat in the library to hear Sheridan Knowles's play of the *Hunchback*. He read it himself to us. A real play, with real characters, individuals, human beings. It is a good deal after the fashion of our old playwrights, and does not disgrace its models. I was delighted with it; it is full of life and originality; a little long, but that's a trifle. I like the woman's part exceedingly, but am afraid I shall find it very difficult to act.' She was cast for Julia, her representation of which Knowles subsequently acknowledged far out-

stripped his most sanguine hopes. The author enacted the part of Master Walter. The play was produced on the 5th of April 1832. The crowded house which assembled to witness its performance was unanimous in its appreciation; and during the latter scenes, between Julia, Clifford, and Master Walter, 'the audience was overwhelmed with tears.' When the curtain fell, the *Morning Chronicle* states, 'the applause was tumultuous, and a general call made for Knowles. He was confused by the novelty of his situation, and exclaimed that, "conscious of his own unworthiness, he presumed that the audience was applauding their own kindness." The comedy ran to the close of the season, being only interrupted by a few benefit nights.

The famous play, the *Lady of Lyons*, was in rehearsal in the early part of 1838. On the evening of Thursday, February 15, it was announced for representation. Curiosity had been for some time excited regarding the power and brilliancy of this play, and the first representation was therefore attended by an unusually large audience. Men and women of rank and fashion filled the boxes. The curtain rose, and the play began amidst breathless interest. Macready, who took the part of Claude Melnotte, had never acted with greater force and energy; Miss Faucit (now Lady Martin) played with dignity and grace; and before the first act was finished, every one predicted that the drama would prove successful. Curiosity regarding the author was now rife: a thousand surmises were made as to his name. None seemed to recognise the work as Bulwer's. As the play went on the applause increased. Miss Faucit not merely won plaudits; she drew tears from the audience. 'Her first indication of changed feeling,' says the *Morning Chronicle*, 'from agony to rage, at the word *mother* addressed to the widow Melnotte, was an exquisite touch of genuine nature.' Meanwhile, Bulwer was not present to witness the triumph of his production; he was detained in the House of Commons by a debate on the ballot, in which he took part. The curtain had risen on the last act when he entered Lady Blessington's box. The audience was following the play with rapt attention; and finally, as the curtain fell, burst into a tumult of prolonged applause.

RANKEILOR'S DIAMOND.

By CARROL KING.

I was lying lazily in my hammock, which swung in the cool breeze, hung from a giant limb of one of the great trees in the compound. I was realising, somewhat uncomfortably, the condition of my finances, and forcing myself to look the situation squarely in the face. I was slow to believe that pleasure is a more costly thing than labour, and its products far from being as satisfactory. When I left England, I assured my father that five hundred a year and my pay would be more than enough to cover all reasonable wants and wishes; and now, after nine or ten months in Bareilly, I was so straitened 'for lack o' gear,' that I must either overdraw, borrow, or live an exceedingly retired life for the next three months. The privilege of playing guinea pool, in Ashton's rooms, with much better players than myself,

and the not very heavy book on half-a-dozen sporting events, had combined towards this rapid result, as I could not help ruefully acknowledging.

As I mused, I became suddenly aware of a laughing face looking down into my hammock. Rankeilor, the captain of my company, had swung himself noiselessly into the tree, and perched astride a rough limb that swayed alongside of mine. 'Well, Campbell,' was his gay greeting, 'you are enjoying the *dolce far niente* in the shade. I am just released from duty.'

'You are mistaken about the *dolce*,' I replied. 'I am tasting the bitter, not the "sweet do-nothing," and shall have to taste it for some time to come.'

'I have been a bit remorseful over you, lad,' he said, speaking more gravely than was his wont, and without looking at me, scraping down gray fragments of lichen from the trunk of the old tree. 'I have not forgotten that it was I who first introduced you into Ashton's rooms and to his fast set. I have been foolish enough myself; but I had no right to drag you into a like scrape.'

'Nonsense, Rankeilor!' I said hastily. 'I was just charging myself with moral supineness when you came upon me so suddenly—resolving to pull myself together, and resist even sixpenny Nap in future!'

He smiled his bright sunny smile. 'All right, lad. I'll back you up.—I am afraid I need not say what I came to say—to ask, rather. You could not lend me a tanner for two days?'

I shook my head regretfully. 'I am completely cleaned out, Rankeilor—not a rupee left. And, what is worse, Ashton holds one or two IOUs, which he must hold till next pay.'

'Ashton holds them,' he repeated, a quick impatient frown crossing his features. 'Then you positively have not a single coin to throw at a fellow, Campbell?'

'Not one, Rankeilor. I am awfully sorry; but—'

'Oh, never mind,' he interrupted, with ready kindness. 'I shall have plenty in a day or two, and may be able to give you a lift—who knows?' He reached up to the limb above, to steady himself for an elastic spring downwards.

'Hallo! What's come of your big rose diamond?' I asked, looking at the empty setting of the ring he always wore on the little finger of his left hand.

He, too, looked at the empty ring, and although he laughed, I saw that he had changed colour, and his laugh, to my ear, who knew all his moods, bore an inflection of pain or vexation.

'I—shall have it reset in two days at the furthest,' he answered. 'And I mean to make the setting more secure.' With a nod he sprang down, and vanished.

I wondered idly why he had shown some little confusion or annoyance at my question. The ring was a lady's ring—a large, exceedingly beautiful rose diamond, set between two opals. Of course he was bantered unsparingly about it by his brother-officers, and equally, of course, he retained his bright good-humour, and replied with ready wit, making none of them any the wiser regarding the donor of the ring. I alone knew that it was his mother's old engagement

ring, and that she had asked him to 'make it his talisman—his charm against evil.'

'It is time for your rope-drill, sir, and the men are turning out,' said Farrel's voice, breaking in on my thoughts.

I sprang down at once, casting a regretful look at the hammock that I left swinging in the cool shade of green boughs. I hated rope-drill, and the men hated it even more cordially than I did. It was an arrangement of ropes and knots whereby eight or ten men could be made to represent fifty or a hundred—by dint of hard work and much running about. However, the weather was not yet hot enough to make active exercise positively disagreeable; so we went at it with a will just inside the wall of the great compound, in the centre of which stood the officers' bungalow.

After we had finished and I had dismissed the men, who trotted away thankfully, wiping their hot brows, I threw myself down on the ground, hot and panting. Petersen, one of the men, had remained to gather up the ropes and convey them to their place. Suddenly he darted away from the ropes and dashed his cap at some object with all his force.

'What is it?' I asked, raising myself on my elbow with languid curiosity to watch his movements.

'It's a rabbit, sir! He's got into a hole here; but I'll have him for supper yet.' He began pulling away some light shrubs around the mouth of the hole or ditch into which the rabbit had disappeared. I lay down again heedlessly, to lounge away a few of the fifteen minutes that would intervene before the bell sounded for tiffin. Suddenly I heard the man calling me by name.

'Mr Campbell, sir, won't you please come here just for a moment?'

I jumped up, and went to the mouth of the hole, into which man and rabbit had both disappeared. Petersen was emerging from it feet foremost, dragging something after him.

'This is a queer place, sir,' he said: 'it goes in ever so far. It's a regular tunnel, it is; and I found them things inside!'

He held up a trowel and pickaxe—a very small one—both which bore evidence of having been recently used for excavating purposes in the half-dried, freshly-turned earth adhering to them.

'Where do you suppose it leads to?' I asked, taking the trowel in my hand.

'Well, sir, I didn't go in very far; but it goes off that way a good bit.' He described a sweep with his arm, passing the officers' quarters, to the left.

'And that leads?'—Only for an instant did I stand with bent brows; then, as if a 'brain-wave' had flashed from the one to the other, we both exclaimed at once: 'Good gracious! The fort!—the fort, with all the money!'

'It must be that,' I said, in consternation. 'Petersen, you go in again and penetrate to the very end. I shall walk above, as your voice directs.—Mind, you must shout well. We must look into this.'

The man obeyed at once, and crept back into the hole.

As soon as he had completely vanished, I

threw down the trowel, and prepared to follow above-ground, when a single dazzling point of light glittered like a star from amidst the displaced earth fallen from the trowel, where I had thrown it down. With a strange, sinking feeling of genuine dismay at my heart, I stooped, and picked up—Rankeilor's diamond! I had not time then, however, to speculate. Petersen was already shouting, his voice muffled and indistinct, as from a distance. I rolled the precious stone in a corner of my handkerchief, and sprang away to follow the man's progress. I replied to every shout by stamping violently on the ground. As we had feared, we were led directly to the 'fort,' where all the moneys of the garrison were packed and stacked from floor to ceiling. What was worse, before the faint muffled voice had ceased to lead me forward, I stood within two or three yards of the back wall of the fort! Evidently the tunnel was quite near completion: a single night's hard work, a brick or two removed from the wall, and the excavators would be richly rewarded!

I turned, and quickly retraced my steps to the mouth of the tunnel. A group of men, among whom I distinguished Captains Ashton and Fordyce, stood by the entrance. Plainly, they had been watching our movements, and must have thought them suspicious.

Obedying a swift impulse, I lifted my handkerchief and slipped the jewel into my mouth, where it lay 'rolled like a sweet morsel under my tongue.' I saw that Captain Fordyce held the trowel in his hand, and Captain Ashton had just laid down the pickaxe.

'Campbell! You, Campbell! It can't be possible!' exclaimed Ashton, in amazed crescendo. 'Who would have thought or believed it! I should sooner have named any other man in the garrison, had I been asked to pick out the—*the delinquent!*'

'The delinquent!' I repeated haughtily. 'How dare you use the word to me? I have been discovering a bold and daring attempt to rob the fort—an attempt that has come dangerously near to success too! Another night's work would have finished the!'

'What did I tell you, Fordyce?' interrupted Ashton, shaking his head. 'I told you, when we discovered this tunnel yesterday, and resolved to watch it, that the—the excavators would be sure to wear a bold front, and proclaim themselves explorers only!'

'I will not submit to this!' I cried with intense anger. I never was a patient man, and Ashton's half-compassionate, half-contemptuous tone drove me wild. 'You exceed your authority, Ashton! As for Petersen, he was obeying orders. I am going now straight to Colonel Pryor, to lay the whole infamous business before him. I think you will scarcely dare to say that that is the course of action a guilty man would follow!'

I turned sharply round to do as I said, when the men, coming upon me like an avalanche, seized and overpowered me in a moment, and with either arm in a powerful grip, I realised with speechless anger that quietness would serve my turn best, at least for the present. Both Ashton and Fordyce were my superiors in rank. I was comparatively a new-comer, while

they were veterans in the service. Even if this proved a mistake, their mistaken zeal would do them less harm than good in the colonel's eyes in so serious an affair as this.

'Escort Mr Campbell to his quarters, men,' said Ashton's quiet voice. 'Petersen can be taken to the guardroom for the present.—Fordyce, we had better go at once to Colonel Pryor.'

I was 'escorted' to my quarters by the obedient automatons on either side of me. Once fairly into my rooms, the first use I made of my privacy was to lock away Rankeilor's diamond in a secret drawer of my desk; and then, though chafing like an imprisoned eagle, I forced myself into quietness, in order to think out as best I could what relation Rankeilor bore to this strange discovery of the secret tunnel.

I had abundance of time to pursue my reflections, for, with the solitary exception of the orderly who brought my luncheon, no one came near me for several hours. Over and over, round and round again, spun and whirled in my brain the events of the day and my strange discovery. The conclusion I came to was startling; and the instant I found myself being driven towards it, like a horse swerving from a desperate leap, I turned away and began my summary all over again. One or two things I was quite sure of: Rankeilor's diamond had sparkled and scintillated on his finger last evening at the late mess dinner. Ashton and Fordyce had both declared that they had watched the tunnel since 'yesterday afternoon'; Rankeilor must therefore have lost the jewel in the tunnel while it was being watched, and at night, or very early in the morning. What could that possibly mean except?—I always stopped there, and began all over again. I remember, with a strange feeling of disloyalty to one who had been the kindest of friends to me, how Rankeilor had two or three times told me that he would have 'plenty of money' within a day or two at the furthest, and would even be able to help me out of my tight places. One thing I was clearly decided upon, in the slow crystallisation of repulsive ideas forming in my brain against my will—that was, that so far as I was concerned in the matter, I would shield my friend's name. I would preserve utter silence on the subject of his lost diamond, for the present at least, no matter what the penalty might be.

A quick footstep in the corridor caught my ear; my door was thrown open, and Rankeilor walked in, his face suffused with a fiery glow of indignation. 'What a thundering shame, Campbell!' was his impulsive salutation, holding out both hands to me. 'If Ashton and Fordyce knew you as I do, they would laugh at the thought of bringing such a charge against you!'

'As you do,' I said, forcing a smile. 'I mean—as *you* laugh at it!'

He looked at me attentively, as if something in my manner had struck him as unusual.

'Tell me all about it, Campbell,' he said, speaking with authority and kindness, both. 'Let me hear your version of the affair.'

'Mine is very simple. I was at my rope-drill, as the men can testify. I had dismissed the men, all but Petersen, whose duty it was to see to the ropes, when I saw him fling his cap at a rabbit

just darting into its hole, as we thought. Cap and rabbit both disappeared, and Petersen crawled in after, and found—what made him forget the rabbit. We had just finished exploring the tunnel; in fact, I have not yet had Petersen's report. Ashton and Fordyce, with one or two men, seized and arrested us, and scoffed at my explanations.'

Rankeilor looked grave.

'May I hear their account of it?' I asked after a pause.

'Yes. It seems that they discovered this tunnel yesterday, and without exploring it very thoroughly, suspected it might lead to the fort, and watched it, from that time and all night, by turns. No one approached it until the lunch-hour to-day, when they both—Ashton and Fordyce—saw you and your man near the entrance. Then, as they suppose, with a view to discovering how far the tunnel had yet to penetrate before reaching the fort, the man crept inside, and you walked towards the fort until within a few yards. Then they called up their men and arrested you both on the spot.—Is that correct, Campbell?'

Before I could reply, a knock at the door was followed by the entrance of an orderly, who informed me that Colonel Pryor desired my presence in the anteroom. I went at once, followed by Rankeilor. There were only two men—my accusers—present in the anteroom with Colonel Pryor when I entered. It was quite an informal inquiry; but I saw that the old 'chief' noted keenly my every word and look. I told the plain unvarnished tale, with simple directness, to Colonel Pryor, and he listened with courtesy. When I had ended, he looked towards Ashton and Fordyce.

'You found this tunnel yesterday afternoon, you say, gentlemen?'

'We did, sir, and we watched all night and all day; to-day, one or the other of us kept near it.'

The chief mused for a moment, his stern old face masked and inscrutable as that of the Sphinx. 'Did you leave any one on guard at the tunnel when you came to me first, to report? Who is there now?'

The two officers looked a little foolish.

'We did not post a sentry there after discovering the—tunnelers,' said Ashton, somewhat lamely. 'It will be time enough in the evening.'

'Well, gentlemen,' said the colonel in his short decisive manner, 'I do not see why Campbell should not have found out this tunnel as well as *you*, with intentions as innocent as your own.'

The officers were silent.

'It seems to me that you failed in your duty when you did not report such an important discovery to me last night. And it does not seem just to attach any stigma to Campbell's finding of it, unless you share it! If Campbell and his man had been the excavators, they would not have risked drawing attention to their work in broad daylight. I am greatly surprised at your finding no one there during the night, for certainly that tunnel was made in the hours of darkness! I shall post sentries there to-night. I think you had better confine yourselves to barracks till to-morrow afternoon—you three dis-

coverers, I mean—and let me deal alone with this henceforward.'

He left the room; and I never saw darker, angrier faces than were those of Ashton and Fordyce on hearing the colonel's ultimatum.

Without speaking to any of them, I returned to my own room, again followed by Rankeilor, who in his friendliest manner laid his hand on my shoulder.

'Campbell, old fellow, I don't mean to leave you alone till you make a clean breast of it! I see clearly that you suspect me of some complicity in this business, and I shall haunt you until you confess. Come, out with it.'

I gazed at him in bewildered fashion for an instant. Why should I be so anxious to shield this man's reputation, if he was himself so reckless of it? Or was this bold affectionate friendliness meant merely to draw out all my information and let him know where he stood? Well, he should have it! I would be reckless too, although the strong fascination of his look and manner, of the man altogether, had never been so strongly present to my mind as now.

'I don't suspect—I know, Rankeilor!' I said, looking earnestly at him. 'I found your diamond—where you lost it, in the very mouth of that tunnel, among the freshly-turned earth on the trowel!'

A series of rapid, startling changes crossed his features, leaving him as pale as death; but his eyes never flinched from their steady gaze into mine, only his hand dropped from my shoulder.

'You found my diamond there?—my mother's gift?' he said sternly.

'Yes; I found it there. I have it safely; and no eye has seen it but mine, nor shall any one hear of it from me, Rankeilor!'

His face softened again, and he replaced his hand on my shoulder with a smile. He had but opened his lips to speak, when a hideous sound, or rather a babel of sounds, arose from the opposite room in the same corridor: a rain of heavy blows, mingled with howls and loud protestations, and groans of—'Oh sahib! I *not* steal it! I *not* steal anything! Oh—oh, sahib!'

We both walked unceremoniously into Ashton's room, whence the sounds proceeded. It was not quite an unheard-of thing to find an officer beating his Hindu servant with his braces or anything that came handy; but Ashton was in a furious passion, and was kicking savagely as well. Without a moment's hesitation, Rankeilor sprang forward and wrenched the man's arm out of Ashton's angry grip.

'Go—run,' he said, and the poor wretch needed no second bidding.

Ashton turned fiercely on Rankeilor. 'How dare you interfere? The dog has been stealing! I have lost'—He stopped short, looking blacker than a thunder-cloud.

'I know,' said Rankeilor quietly. 'You have lost my rose diamond, which you took from me last night at baccarat, knowing well that it represented more than five times the value of the amount I owed you! Ashton, you shall send in your papers to-morrow! Fordyce too.—I have felt for some time that "monkeys" and "ponies" had gone quite far enough in your quarters; but when it comes to tunnelling through to the fort

for money to supply your table, it *must* stop! I give you your choice: either send in your papers at once, or the whole story of where the diamond was found—among the fresh earth adhering to the trowel—shall be told openly and freely.'

'Bah! Say no more!' said Ashton, with face and voice of exceeding disgust. 'I did not mean to stay long in any case in a corps of cads and tradesmen! I shall exchange into a horse-regiment.'

'You were glad enough to win the money of the cads and tradesmen,' said Rankeilor coldly. 'However, so long as you and Fordyce retire at once, you can go where you please.—Come along, Campbell.' He took me by the arm, and we crossed again into my room.

'Is it all square now, lad?' he asked, with his winning smile. 'And will you restore me my mother's diamond? You say you found it.'

'Rankeilor, I sincerely beg your pardon for having suspected you!' I held out my hand; and he grasped it warmly.

'It was natural,' he said; 'but I could not bear to tell you *how* I had lost my mother's beautiful gift; and until my next remittance from home, I knew I should not be able to redeem it. That was my reason for asking if you could lend me any money.'

'And I could not,' I said ruefully. 'But, Rankeilor, how can you be sure that Ashton and Fordyce are the defaulters?'

'I'll tell you how,' he answered readily. 'And if I am not mistaken, the chief guesses it as shrewdly as I do. When they reported the case, the colonel told them he would see to it, in a half-careless sort of fashion; but he asked them to wait there, in his house, until he performed an important duty. They did so with pleasure; and the old fellow, taking me along, went straight to the tunnel, and did exactly what you and your man Petersen, it seems, did. I crawled in; he walked above, and I guided him by shouting. He examined the pickaxe and trowel: the earth on them was fresh, quite different from that in the entrance. I am certain he believes, as I do, that that earth was turned over last night!—Campbell, my dear fellow, I forgive you with all my heart for suspecting me of—deuce knows what; but I refused utterly and indignantly to suspect *you* of the least approach to complicity in this—crime! Give me the full credit I deserve.' He laughed in his quiet cordial way; but I saw that he was a little hurt too. 'And let's "make a compact firm and sure" to help each other, and these young fledglings in our corps to escape from the snares of such fowlers as Ashton and Fordyce. Shall we?'

'I shall never play for money again while I live,' I said firmly. 'And I *don't* think I can ever distrust you again, Rankeilor.'

It was impossible for any one to guess whether Colonel Pryor suspected anything unusual in receiving the resignation of two officers on the same day. He could keep his own counsel—none better! The tunnel was safely blocked up, and the fort closely guarded. It was in 1860 that the incident occurred, and Rankeilor and I are still fast friends after thirty years. The snows of winter are beginning to besprinkle our heads, and our faces are tanned and weather-

beaten; but our hearts are fresh and firmly knit as in early manhood. His mother's diamond still shines on his finger, though she has long ago fallen asleep.

RAILWAY ENGINE-DRIVERS.

BEFORE a man can become an Engine-driver he has to serve some years in the locomotive works of the company, where he learns all the parts and fittings of an engine; he is then eligible for the post of fireman; at this rank he may remain a long time; in fact, he is fortunate if he is made a driver in the course of three or four years. It will therefore be seen that an engine-driver is always a competent man. This is a rule, and, like all such, there is generally an exception to it; but there is only one to this, and the circumstances of the case made it necessary that incompetent men should be employed; but the exception is hardly likely to take place again. The Midland drivers' strike in 1887 compelled the company to fall back upon men who had not sufficient experience; but risky though this was, no serious accident resulted from it. Drivers are skilled men, and therefore their number is limited. Many of them on the different lines of the country could supervise the building of an engine; and many of the locomotive superintendents have spent years on the footplate of an engine before they rose to their present high position.

A man on being appointed a driver will try his hand at first with a slow goods-train; and having shown himself competent and careful, he will then have charge of an express goods or slow passenger train; and the height of his ambition is generally attained when he is called upon to drive such trains as the Flying Scotchman, the Wild Irishman, or the Flying Dutchman. The general public has no idea what driving engines of these express trains means. It is no exaggeration to say that while the train is running the driver's whole life is in his work, and that he has no time to think of anything else but his engine and the signals ahead. An express train often travels at the rate of sixty miles an hour, and then signals will be passed about every four minutes, and it can readily be understood that an engine travelling at that high rate of speed will require constant attention. The strain on a man's mind working an engine a long distance without stopping is very great, and could not be endured for many hours together; besides, it would not be safe for an engine to travel more than one hundred and eighty miles without being examined, and that distance is about the maximum any engine runs on one journey. Two such journeys is a good day's work for both man and engine. The average time on duty for the men is nine hours a day, beyond which they are paid overtime. When they are not running, their time is devoted to examining the engine. This is a very important duty; for should any accident or delay be caused through negligence on the part of the driver in not seeing that the machinery is in good working order, he will

be severely fined, and probably reduced. This applies equally to the men in charge of goods and slow passenger trains; but as their speed is not high and they have constant stoppages, the liability of their engines getting out of order is not so great.

Engines are very much like racehorses—they have little tricks and peculiarities of their own, and require humouring; for this reason, every driver keeps to his own engine as much as possible. The express engines of most lines cost between three and four thousand pounds. Their working career depends very much upon the road they have to travel. Steep gradients play sad havoc with them, and will shorten their lives by two or three years. The speed of engines is regulated by time tables; but there is such a thing as making up lost time. This depends on the driver. If he is of a cautious and steady turn of mind, he will act up to the time table, and be late rather than travel beyond the authorised speed. There are many men, however, who delight in the speed of their engines, and who glory when they have the chance of a little fast running. This can only be indulged in when trains are late and a long distance has to be run without stopping. As the question is often asked, 'Which is the fastest train in the world?' it would be well to give it here with the particulars. The honour belongs to the Great Northern Railway Company. Their train which leaves Grantham at 4.18 P.M. and runs through to London (King's Cross) without stopping, arriving there at 6.15 P.M., is the fastest train in the world, covering a distance of 105½ miles in one hour fifty-seven minutes—averaging fifty-four miles an hour the entire distance. The speed of this train at certain places will exceed the rate of sixty miles an hour; but the passenger is unconscious of this unusual celerity, as the train oscillates very little.

Drivers have to stand all weathers, and with very little protection. In the summer they are sweltering in heat above and below; in winter the lower parts of their bodies are baked, and the upper parts are nearly frozen; but this they bear without much grumbling. The only weather they dread and do grumble at with just cause is the foggy and snowy weather; for to these two conditions of our climate can be debited the great majority of railway accidents. With all the care imaginable, drivers can never feel themselves safe in such weather till their work is done.

Behind the black and greasy faces of these men there are brave hearts, and seldom do they forget their duty to the public in times of accident. Nine times out of ten they could leap from their engine without much injury in cases of collision; but nine times out of ten they don't, but stick to their post till they know they can do no good. The recorded cases of their bravery, and the narrow escapes from accident owing to it, give a very poor idea of the actual number of such cases. Railway officials are never very communicative about an accident that all the world knows of, and they believe in the saying, 'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.' The public, therefore, are kept in ignorance of all but accomplished facts. But every year is adding to the safety of railway travelling; the splendid brakes

now in use on the more important lines have given even drivers and guards easy minds; and a thorough good system of fog-signalling would render their lives about as safe as that of the ordinary mechanic. Drivers and firemen are under a locomotive superintendent, and are only under the orders of other departments as far as the working of the trains is concerned. The large railways of England build their own engines and employ thousands of hands; these are all under the locomotive department. Crewe and Doncaster are the locomotive centres for the London and North-western and the Great Northern Railways respectively.

ACROSS THE SEAS.

HER foot falls faintly on the sand;
Her yearning heart would fain divine
What passes in that far-off land
Beyond the dim horizon's line.

A white wing flutters on the blue;
Her heart sways with the soft south breeze;
Ah! would she were a bird, and knew
To beat her way across the seas.

And to the vaulted heaven she lifts,
From alien shores, her dreamy eyes;
She follows where a white cloud drifts
Its northward way athwart the skies.

And will it meet the upward gaze
Of him whose thought is all for her?
And will he see it, in amazement,
And wonder why his soul should stir?

Or will his heart at once divine
That she has watched it far away—
That in its fragrant memories twine
Of love of him of yesterday?

Alas! alas! her eyes are wet
With foolish tears—the cloud above
Drifts by—eternal bonds are set
To human thought and human love.

And yet, who knows—it still may be
The moment hath its perfect part
In life, and speeds across the sea
To spend its sunshine in his heart.

MYRA.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 404.—VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH'S BIRTHPLACE.

No county in all England can show such a glory-roll of famous sons as the brave shire of Devon, the pride of the 'West countree;' and amongst all the names which she has written upon the pages of history there is not a more notable one than that of Sir Walter Raleigh. Even in these dull prosaic days, whence chivalry has been driven by a thirst for self-aggrandisement, and wealth has banished honour, a glamour yet clings around the memory of that Devonshire Squire's son, who was at once a dashing soldier and a daring sailor, a polished courtier and a bold explorer, a planter of colonies and a merchant adventurer, a governor of provinces and a country gentleman, a graphic historian and a graceful poet.

It was in a modest unpretentious manor-house that the great Englishman first saw the light somewhere about 1552. Hayes Barton is now a cosy farmstead, presenting probably very much the same appearance in this year of grace as it did in the sixteenth-century days; standing in a sheltered valley some few miles inland from the little watering-place of Budleigh Salterton, and at no great distance from the ancient port of Exmouth. The house is a long low one, with quaint gables breaking the level of its thatched roof, and a bold two-storied porch standing out in the centre of its front. Although 'restored,' the classic features have been carefully preserved, and fancy easily repeoples the old house with phantoms of the past. The 'Hall,' now divided into two, but with its wide fireplace and its deep stone-mullioned windows yet perfect, is as trim as when Mistress Katherine, daughter of Sir Philip Champernown of Modbury, and widow of Otto Gilbert, lord of Compton Castle, ruled there as Walter Raleigh the Elder's third wife.

The room in which the future hero of the family was born is under the west wing gable, just at the head of a dark and winding stairway; and from its triple-light window there is a peep of rolling upland and great waving elms, and a little hollow where a brooklet sings and slides

amongst the water-flags. A real English home-stead, peaceful, and out of reach of the world's worry and racket, it is just the spot where a boy would grow up self-reliant, fond of sport, and develop a taste for the healthy simple life of a country gentleman. One can imagine the youngster wandering about these wide-stretching meadows, fishing the stream yonder, and hunting the game in his father's woods; and picture him, too, on Sundays and saints'-days going with his pious mother along the high-banked lanes to East Budleigh, in whose ancient church slept generations of his kin. The old family pew yet remains, bearing on its age-black panel the date 1537, cut in quaint rude figures; and in the aisle may still be seen the slab which covers the grave in which rests his father's first wife. The letters are curiously turned upside down, but otherwise the inscription reads correctly:

ANNAE RALEIGH Uxor WALTERI RALEIGH
Hujusmodi sepulchrum hujusmodi
ANNAE RALEIGH Uxor WALTERI RALEIGH

In the fine old church at Sidmouth, some six miles away, there is a relic, amongst a collection of registers and documents, which brings us into very close touch with the Walter Raleighs, father and son. It is a deed by which the manor of Sidmouth leases tithes of fish to 'Walter Rawlegh the elder, Carow Ralegh, and Walter Raleigh the younger;' and is of great interest not only on account of their signatures, but because it shows that each spelled the family name differently, in that delightfully free-and-easy way which folks had in those days of unfettered orthography. The father signs himself 'Ralegh,' the elder son as 'Caro Rawlegh,' whilst the future Sir Walter writes it 'Rauleygh' in this his first known autograph.

That the family was of gentle degree is proved by its alliances with the proud and ancient houses of the Gilberts, the Carews, and the Champernownes, as well as by the place-names of the surrounding manors of 'Collaton Rawleigh,' 'Withycombe Rawleigh,' and 'Combe Rawleigh.'

As to the master of Hayes Barton himself, little is known, except that he was already a Protestant when his son Walter was born, though his wife remained a Catholic for some years after. Katherine Raleigh visited Agnes Prest in Exeter jail and tried to show the error of her faith; but the heretic speedily turned the tables on her visitor; and Mrs Raleigh returning, told that she never 'heard any woman of such simplicity to see to, talk so godly and so earnestly, insomuch that if God were not with her, she could not speak such things.' Both parents, so their illustrious son tells us, lie side by side 'in Exeter Church.' Through his mother, young Walter Raleigh was related to the Gilberts; and at their ancestral home of Compton Castle, near Torquay, spent several years with his two half-brothers. A notable trio truly, each destined to win fame: Adrian Gilbert, organiser of grand schemes for colonisation, and dabbler in alchemy; Sir Humphrey Gilbert, the high-souled navigator, who will go down with his ship in a September gale off the Azores, bidding his men be not afraid, and crying, 'We are as near heaven by sea as by land;' Sir Walter Raleigh, the court darling, the foe of Spain, the discoverer of new lands over seas, who will face the headsman's axe as fearlessly as ever he fronted foeman's sword, and die calmly like an English gentleman, with but one request, 'Give me heartily your prayers.'

At some period in the early life of Walter Raleigh, Hayes Barton evidently passed into the Duke family, in whose keeping the following letter was long preserved:

MR DUKE—I wrote to Mr Prideaux to move yow touchinge the purchase of a farne sometime in my father's possession. I will most willingly give whatsoever in your conscience you shall deeme it worth; and if at any time you shall have occasion to use me, yow shall fynd me a thankful frind to yow and yours. I am resolved, if I cannot entreat yow, to build at Colliton. But for the naturall disposition I have to that place, being born in that house, I had rather seate myself there than anywhere els. So I take my leve readie to countervaille all your courtesies to the uttermost of my power. From the Court the xxvi of July 1584.—Your very willing frind in all shalbe able.

W. RALEGH.

Evidently, in the height of his splendour, Raleigh yet felt an affectionate longing for the old home of his race, although it would not seem that he succeeded in regaining possession of it.

The Colliton of the letter is probably the 'Collaton Rawleigh' before mentioned, where at one time his progenitors had property, and which still claims to be the place where the first potatoes brought to this country were planted by him.

Lingering in the cool porch, with its two stone benches and low archway, as the sun westerns fast and throws a golden light across the waving woods, through which the evening breeze is sighing like the wash of waves upon a distant pebble beach, pictures of the past come and go, hazy and indistinct by lapse of time, but with traces yet of colours which will never fade. Away beyond the crest of those upland meadows, right in front of the house, over which a cloud of rooks are wheeling homeward with hoarse 'Caw, caw,' lies the English Channel. Three

hundred years ago, a great sea-fight is raging on its tossing waters, which is to settle the fate of Merrie England, and decide whether the Bible or the Inquisition shall rule her people. The Invincible Armada, manned by the chivalry of Catholic Europe, and blessed by the Pope, is being gallantly tackled by the little English fleet, and stout west-country ships are clawing to windward and pounding away at the stately galleons of Spain. It is a battle for the gods, where cavaliers of Castile are fairly fronted by gentlemen of Devon, and Spanish Dons are at a death-grip with English seadogs. The roar of those Tudor guns has not even yet ceased to echo, and through the mists of centuries we can discern much of that glorious battle. Medina, with his fleet stretching crescent-wise, is pushing onward to join Parma, and then, ho! for London town; but Lord Howard of Effingham, with Drake, Raleigh, Hawkins, Frobisher, and a score of other valiant captains, are worrying him like a pack of hungry hounds. The Spaniards cannot shake them off, and are already crying to the saints for help; but the only answer is the cheering of English seamen and the crashing of round-shot into their great galliases; and ever as the Armada steers on up Channel, ships are dashing out from every port to join in the fell chase and strike hard for Queen and Freedom. So the great fight drifts out of sight of the villagers of Budleigh and Otterton and many another village round, who are gathered on the cliffs; and folks wonder how it all will end, until the glad news comes how a great gale has blown in the halls of heaven and scattered wide the pride of Spain.

To the son of Hayes Barton belongs, if the tale be true, the credit equally with Drake of having prevailed upon the Lord High Admiral not to lay his vessels alongside the enemy, but to harass and hamper him by a running attack.

Looking out westward from the little window of the porch, the dark ridge of Dartmoor standing out boldly against the rosy sky recalls Sir Walter Raleigh in all the magnificence of his power as Lord Warden of the Stannaries, and Vice-admiral of Cornwall and Devon, going up, according to right ancient custom, to the wind-swept granite tors to regulate the proceedings, and administer justice in all matters concerned with the tin miners and workers of the west. Then the picture merges rapidly into a more homely one, when, disgraced at court, he retires to his estate at Sherborne, and lives quietly with his wife, his 'deerest Besse,' and their boy Carew. But the calm does not last long; and even in this peaceful summer's evening, with a veritable Lotus Island spirit in the hay-scented air, it is easy to think how that energetic restless heart would weary of quiet country life, and throb wildly for new scenes of adventure; and the longing send him at last out to the mystic West, the land of the dying day.

And now the sun dipping behind these hills which guard Hayes Barton is suggestive of the waning of Raleigh's star. Queen Elizabeth is dead, and James Stuart has no love for the gallant west-countryman. 'On my soul, man, I have heard but *rawly* of thee,' is the elegant pun with which—so says tradition—the uncouth Scotchman greeted the polished courtier and

soldier-scholar. His trial at Winchester about the wretched Cobham and Arabella Stuart business will ever be a stain upon the fair escutcheon of the English Bar; and if ever a hiss from bystanders was richly merited it was when Popham the Lord Chief-justice called his noble prisoner 'a traitor and an atheist.'

It is a melancholy picture to see the once bold adventurer and queen's favourite courtier spending a dreary twelve years as a prisoner in the Tower, and whiling away the monotonous hours by writing his famous *History of the World*, though not in the 'White Tower' cell, so long pointed out as the place in which he was confined. A breath of freedom comes when he is liberated to set out for Guiana to discover gold; but from first to last the demon of ill-luck controlled the expedition; and little as he foresaw it, the result of this second voyage to Guiana was his death-doom. With a fleet of seven vessels, manned, so he himself wrote, by 'a company of volunteers who for the most part had neither seen the sea nor the wars, who, some forty gentlemen excepted, were the very scum of the world, drunkards, blasphemers, and such others, as their fathers, brothers, and friends thought it an exceeding good gain to be discharged of'—Sir Walter Raleigh reaches the Orinoco, so ill, that for twenty days he has tasted nothing more solid than a stewed prune. Disasters follow thick; and the crushing blow falls when news comes of the defeat of his men before the Spanish settlement of San Thomé, and the death of his son Walter.

The following letter, preserved amongst the Cecil papers at Hatfield, which the poor heart-broken knight wrote to Lady Raleigh, throws a pathetic light upon the sad picture of this adventure:

'I was loathe to write because I knewe not how to comforte you, and God knowes I never knewe what sorrow meant till nowe. All that I can say to you is that you must obey the will and providence of God. . . . Comfort your hart (dearest Besse); I shall sorrow for us bothe. I shall sorrowe the lesse because I have not longe to sorrowe because not longe to live. . . . The Lord blesse and comfort you that you may bear patientlie the death of your valiant sonne.—22d of March (1618), from the Isle of Christophers.—Yours,

W. RALEGH.

'(Postscript)—I protest before the majestee of God that as Sir Francis Drake and Sir John Hawkins died hart-broken when they failed of their enterprise, I could willingly doe the like, did I not contend against sorrowe for your sake in hope to provide somewhat for you and to comfort and relieve you. If I live to returne, resolve yourselfe that it is the care for you that hath strengthened my harte. My braynes are broken, and I cannot write much. I live yet, and I have told you why. Whitney, for whome I sold all my plate at Plymouth, and to whom I gave more credit and countenance than all the captains of my fleete, ran from me at the Grana-dos, and Woolaston with him. Soe I [have] nowe but five shippes, and one of those I have sent home my fly-boate, and in her a rabble of idle rascalls, which I knowe will not spare to wounde mee: but I care not. I am sure there is never a base slave in the fleete hath taken the paines and

care that I have done, hath slept so little and travelled soe much. My frends will not believe them; and for the rest, I care not. God in heaven bless you and strengthen your hart.—Yours,
W. RALEGH.'

His forebodings were too true; and when, on the 21st of June, he crept back with the remnant of the fleet into Plymouth, his enemies had been busy, and he was arrested by a despicable cousin, Sir Judas Stukely, and hurried to London to be sacrificed—such was the irony of fate—by his king, to please Spain, the very power from which Sir Walter Raleigh, years before, had helped to save the throne on which James Stuart sat.

In vain did Lady Raleigh plead for her great husband's life from a monarch who, four months before, had assured the Spanish ambassador that 'not all those who have given security for Raleigh can save him from the gallows;' and so, on Thursday evening, October the 28th, she bids him the long good-bye in the Gate House of the Tower, and leaves him for ever with a last brave smile. Then the famous prisoner takes up a pen and writes his farewell verses:

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with earth and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days:
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
My God shall raise me up, I trust.

The sun has gone down now into the broad Atlantic, and the shades of evening are darkening the sweet Devonshire landscape; but the western heavens are a blaze of crimsoned purple, and the splendour of the dying day is typical of those last moments of Raleigh's life, which have left a golden glory about his memory for all time.

Let us pause a moment, and look upon a scene than which no finer or more ennobling has ever been played upon the great stage of History. In the dull gray hours of early morning, Sir Walter Raleigh comes out to meet death in the old Palace Yard. Sixty-seven stirring adventurous years have left their marks upon him; but he mounts the scaffold as cheerily as ever he did quarter-deck, and stands erect and smiling to take his farewell of life. The wild love of freedom flashes out in the very first words he utters: 'I thank God that He has sent me to die in the light, and not in darkness.' All his old courtliness shows itself as he gently dismisses the friends who have gathered round him, saying: 'I have a long journey to go, therefore I must take my leave of you.' The fearlessness of his nature asserts itself as he tosses off his doublet and asks to see the axe with: 'I prithee, let me see it! Dost think that I am afraid of it?' And the bold faith of the man shines forth in his answer to the sheriff's question as to which way he will lay himself upon the block: 'So the heart be right, it matters not which way the head lies.'

The grim executioner even is touched by his victim's fortitude, and weepingly kneels and asks forgiveness. This done, Sir Walter Raleigh places himself with his face to the east, prays silently for a brief space, and then gives the fatal signal by raising his hand. Utterly unmoved, the headsman stands irresolute, and the voice which has rung out in the crash of battle and sounded

clear above the howling gale is heard to cry: 'What dost thou fear? Strike, man, strike.' Then the axe is wielded once, twice; but or ever the second blow falls, the staunch heart has ceased to beat, and one of the most illustrious of Englishmen is no more.

It is very much the fashion nowadays to cry down the worthies of the past, to dwarf their virtues, and magnify their faults; nor has Raleigh escaped. True, he was not altogether an admirable character—was vain, extravagant, overbearing, and ambitious; but with it all he was a brave, hard-working, talented, God-fearing man; and will be ever remembered as one of that band of Elizabethan heroes who helped so largely to make our country great.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XLII.—THE MEETING.

FOR the next three days, the same unnatural peace of soul possessed Psyche. Sirena and Geraldine Maitland, who were constantly in attendance, could hardly understand her strange unvarying calmness. But Haviland Dumaresq, nearer to her in blood, and liker in fibre, understood it only too well. Psychologist that he was, he knew what it meant: a self annihilated.

When a soul is dead, it doesn't complain; it doesn't grieve; it doesn't even despair. It lives on with a vague sort of vegetative life; a life which stands to the psychical health in the same relation as the state of coma stands to the bodily functions. That was indeed the sort of life that Psyche was now fast falling into.

On the third morning after the final collapse, Sirena received a telegram from her sister, dated from Constantine: 'Sir Austen better, and able to travel. We are all coming on together at once. We shall reach Algiers by to-night's train. Come in with a carriage from the Orangers to the dépôt to meet us.'

She showed the telegram in much doubt to Dumaresq. How to comport themselves? The old man turned it over in his mind for a moment. 'Shall we let her know they're coming or not?' he asked, hesitating. 'Either way, Sirena, seems fraught with alternative danger.'

'Let her know,' Sirena answered with American boldness and feminine instinct. 'Say to her Corona and Cyrus are coming. She'll be anxious to know whatever they can tell her. You needn't mention that Sir Austen's with them.'

'But suppose she should want to go down and meet them?' Haviland Dumaresq suggested. The events of the last twelve months had so thoroughly unmanned him that that proud spirit condescended even, for the first time in life, to ask somebody else's advice about his own movements.

'Let her go,' Sirena answered after a second's consideration. 'It'll do her good, Mr Dumaresq, even to move. Anything that sort of takes her out of herself is good for her, I opine. She'll want to hear what Sir Austen has to say. And if she sees him, it'll satisfy her to learn the

worst at once. After all, Sir Austen was the last man to see him.'

'I can't bear to tell her,' Haviland Dumaresq cried, recoiling. 'Will you, Sirena?'

With a nod Sirena slipped from the room to Psyche. She told her the message very gently. Psyche, sitting by the open window, where the sun shone warm on her face, and the insects hummed, and the scent of the great white Japanese lilies floated in upon the breeze, listened with that strange dull calmness still all unbroken. 'We'll go to meet them,' she said simply, folding her hands on her lap in Quaker fashion. 'I can bear all now. I can bear anything. Do you know, Sirena, I felt almost happy in the warm bright sunlight just this minute—happy like a lizard—before you came into the room to tell me. The light fell upon me till I felt it with my face; and it seemed as if the world were all dead to me at once; and my eyes were gone; and my senses were failing: and just the sunlight and the breeze and the flowers remained, and the noise of insects, and the vague sense that, after all, he wasn't now so very, very far from me. He was farther away, you know, before we knew all. And now, I think, he knows all too—and perhaps he forgives me.'

'You must rouse yourself,' Sirena cried with a face all tears. 'Oh Psyche, you must really try to rouse yourself. You mustn't let your life just dream itself away and fade out like that. For your father's sake, dear Psyche, you must try to rouse yourself.'

'I can't,' Psyche answered, moving her sightless eyes quietly round in the broad sunshine. 'I don't seem to have impulse enough left now for anything but this. I like to feel the sun fall full upon my eyes. I can feel it hot, oh, so hot on my eyeballs. I'm quite resigned, quite resigned now, Sirena; and I feel somehow that if I were to try and rouse myself, the pang in my heart would come back at once as fierce and cruel and painful as ever. It would come like a spasm, and cut through and through me.'

'But you'll go down to meet Cyrus?' Sirena cried with a despairing look.

'Oh yes, I'll go down to meet Corona and your brother,' Psyche answered with a quiet half-inaudible sigh. 'I couldn't bear not to go down and meet them. I want to hear the worst at once, Sirena. I think when I've heard it, dear, it'll be all over. And besides, I want to thank them both so much for the trouble they've taken.' And she kissed her new friend's hand softly and tenderly.

At six o'clock that night, they were at Algiers station; Haviland Dumaresq and Sirena supporting and guiding the blind girl's steps; and Psyche, pale but resolute still, walking firm with unflinching feet between them. After all, she was still Dumaresq's daughter. Though eyes and nerves might desert her at a pinch, that unconquerable will should never fail to sustain her.

At ten minutes past six, the train steamed, snorting, into the bare station. As it came, Psyche's heart sank slowly within her. She knew not why, but a faint fluttering possessed her soul. She remembered that fluttering well of yore: how strange! how unexpected! She had felt it more than once—in her happy time—in the old, old days—that summer at Petherton.

She hardly knew herself what the fluttering foreboded.

The train pulled up at the platform in front. Haviland Dumaresq, too agitated in soul to know what he was doing, left Psyche for the moment in Sirena's care, and rushed forward along the line in search of Cyrus and Corona. Sirena drew Psyche gently along, and stopped at last in front of a full carriage, whence two or three people were descending deliberately with true African laziness among their rugs and bundles. Corona's grave face gazed out at her ruthfully in the background behind, and Cyrus stood beside her, looking very solemn.

'Take care, Sir Austen,' Corona whispered under her breath. 'Perhaps you'd better not get out just yet. My sister's there, and I—I fancy she's got a friend of hers with her. She's very much agitated. I don't want you to get out too soon and shock her.'

'Shock her?' Sir Austen answered in genuine surprise. 'Why, what do you mean, Miss Vanrenen? I'm wasted, I know; but I don't quite understand what there is about my appearance'—

But Cyrus would permit him to say no more. 'Not just now,' he interposed in an authoritative voice. 'We'll explain by-and-by. Let my sister get out first, and then I'll come myself. —Good-evening, Sirena. —Good-evening, Miss Dumaresq.'

At that name, Sir Austen gave a sudden start of astonishment. 'Miss Dumaresq!' he repeated with extreme incredulity. 'Not—not Miss Dumaresq, Haviland Dumaresq's daughter?'

As he spoke in a voice loud enough to be heard outside the carriage, Sirena started back with alarm to see Psyche's face, pale as death before, grow suddenly crimson, while a terrible thrill passed visibly like a wave through her whole body. Corona was pausing on the step now; and Cyrus, with one hand outstretched in a warning attitude above his shoulder, was endeavouring to prevent Sir Austen from descending. But Sir Austen, undeterred by his vain remonstrance, burst wildly to the door with incredible strength, for a man just recovered from the fierce throes of fever, and crying aloud in his paroxysm, 'It's she! It's Psyche!' rushed frantically out upon the open platform.

Next moment, to Sirena and Corona's unspeakable astonishment, Psyche herself, rushing forward with equal ardour to meet him, lay fainting and sobbing in Sir Austen's arms, in one fierce torrent of outpouring emotion.

For a full minute she lay there still, panting hard for breath, and now once more deadly pale in the face, with the awful pallor of a broken heart—too suddenly relieved from an unbearable pressure. Sirena and Corona, taking it all dimly in, but not even now understanding to the full what it really meant, stood reverently by, endeavouring to shade them with their screening bodies from the prying eyes of the other passengers, and too agitated themselves to make any effort at calming the agitation of those two weak and overwrought lovers.

At last Haviland Dumaresq, having walked in vain to the train's end, without recognising anybody, turned back in his quest, and came suddenly face to face with the unconscious couple.

Corona noticed, even in that moment of hurry, excitement, and surprise, that as soon as his eyes fell upon Sir Austen, a strange gleam of joy, not unminged with an expression of incredulous astonishment, lighted up the old philosopher's cold and clear-cut features. He advanced, all trembling, with outstretched hand. 'Why, Linnell!' he cried, in a voice half choked with its own delight. 'You back! You safe! They said you were dead! This is wonderful, wonderful! They told us it was the other one!'

'What! it isn't Sir Austen after all, then,' Cyrus cried, half piqued to think he hadn't really been hob-nobbing these last three days with a genuine unadulterated English baronet.

'No, no,' Dumaresq answered, still grasping the painter's hand hard in his trembling fingers. 'It isn't Sir Austen at all, thank God; it's his cousin, his cousin!'

Linnell turned round, with poor Psyche half fainting still, and supported on his arm. 'Yes,' he said quietly, with a deep sigh of regret. 'It is Sir Austen—I'm Sir Austen now: my cousin lies dead in the desert behind me.'

Corona and Sirena stood off, all agast. Then Cyrus's chance was gone for ever; and Psyche would yet be a real My Lady!

After all, it would be something to talk about in Cincinnati: 'Our friend Lady Linnell, who was once Miss Dumaresq.' And only to think they'd be able to call a real My Lady by her given name, Psyche!

For if there is any being alive on this oblate spheroid of ours who thoroughly appreciates at its fullest value the social importance of rank and title and 'our old nobility,' that being's home is by the setting sun, and his land is surely the great western Republic.

But Psyche only knew that HE had come back again.

(To be continued.)

THE TOMATO.

THE Tomato, the 'Love-apple' of our forefathers, has now become one of our most important vegetable products. At this season, when the annual crop has just been gathered, a short sketch of its history and manner of culture may be interesting.

Though almost unknown in this country ten years ago, except to those directly interested in horticultural affairs, the plant is not by any means a recent introduction, as we find that it was first grown in Britain as far back as the year 1596. It is a native of Central and South America, and was brought to Europe by the Spaniards in 1583. Its fruits were used by them and the Italians in the composition of sauces and salads, being for that purpose dressed with pepper, salt, and oil. Though introduced to British gardens as early as 1596, it seems to have been little more than an object of curiosity and ornament, on account of the unique beauty of its fruit, till the beginning of the present century, when we learn from the writings of a horticulturist of that time that 'of late years the tomato has come into great use for culinary purposes, and is become an object of cultivation for the market of the metropolis.'

In connection with the history of the tomato, it is interesting to note that its first appearance in Britain was made in the year previous to that in which the potato—a native also of South America, and a member likewise of the *Solanum* family—was introduced; yet how great is the difference in the estimation in which each has been held, and their economic value! The potato has long been a necessity of life with us; while the tomato, though rapidly rising in popularity and commercial value, is still almost unknown to the mass of the people. However, during the last decade the luscious fruits of the tomato have risen in public estimation to a surprising extent, and it is now a very important item in our national food supplies. The taste for it is steadily increasing, and the salesmen in our large fruit-markets agree that no garden produce meets with so ready sale.

Tomato-fruits eaten as they are plucked from the plants are delightfully cool and pleasing to the palate of those who have acquired a taste for them, and no other fruit or vegetable is capable of being cooked and served in so many attractive forms. They may be boiled, fried, baked, roasted, stewed, pickled, or preserved, and made up into sauces, soups, ketchup, and salads in a thousand-and-one ways to tempt the appetite. In a recently published book before us there are sixteen pages of short recipes for preparing the tomato, and these are only the author's selection from the many ways in which it is possible to prepare it for the table.

We have said that the tomato has rapidly increased in commercial value during the last few years. This will be easily realised if we consider the large number of glass structures in the country employed in its culture alone. We have the authority of an eminent horticulturist for the statement that there are at the present time no fewer than one million square feet of glass structures in Great Britain under which tomatoes are grown for market purposes. It is of course difficult to arrive at anything like an exact knowledge of the total weight of the fruits raised in these houses. In the case of the supplies which are sent from the Channel Islands, whence we get very large quantities all the year round, the information on this matter is somewhat definite. Last year (1890) eight hundred tons of tomatoes of the value of forty thousand pounds were shipped from these islands to various ports in the kingdom. Of this quantity, by far the largest part went to London, though Liverpool, Glasgow, Hull, and Newcastle also received considerable consignments. The natives of the Channel Islands have found the tomato a splendid source of wealth, of which they have not been slow to take advantage. They give the greatest care to the production of the fruits, selecting the varieties they grow with much thought and after many trials. Their climate is congenial to the tomato; but they have some heavy drawbacks to contend against. All their produce must be shipped off by steamers, and consequently it requires to be more carefully packed than in the case of consignments forwarded by rail. But they have surmounted this difficulty, and succeed in packing tomatoes, grapes, and other soft fruits so that they arrive at their destination in almost perfect condition. Their

mode of packing tomatoes, though effective, is very simple. They use light yet strong wicker-baskets which hold from twenty to thirty pounds each. The bottoms, sides, and ends of these baskets are covered with large sheets of paper, and then the fruits are put carefully in until the baskets are nearly full to the rim. One or two sheets of strong paper are then placed over the top and laced firmly with twine, and the basket is ready for shipment.

The Azores and Canary Islands also send large lots to London. From the north of France also come considerable quantities, which are nicely packed with fancy-coloured paper shavings. This manner of packing helps to attract buyers to the lots, and enhances their value.

For one or two seasons, small quantities have come from the United States, where the tomato is more extensively grown than in any other country in the world. The distance, however, is against this trade, as the fruit is of a very perishable nature.

Foreign and even Channel Island tomatoes, however, are never so fine as home-grown produce. They lack the perfection of finish, colour, flavour, and beauty which makes our home-grown fruits so delicious. This is caused by their being pulled before they are fully developed in size and colour, and the longer time that necessarily elapses between the acts of plucking and consuming.

Worthing, in Sussex, is the centre of the home tomato-growing industry, and a large part of the best fruits offered in the London and other central markets is raised there. The trade gives employment to many hands; and in recent years, numerous and valuable greenhouses have been erected for the culture of the tomato.

In other parts round London, in the midland and northern parts of England, and in Scotland, tomato-growing is rapidly extending, and, as a rule, those who have engaged in the occupation have found it profitable.

The tomato in this country is almost entirely grown under glass. There are a few attempts made each season to raise a crop out of doors; but except in very bright long summers, these efforts have been followed with very little success. Under glass it is comparatively easy to manage, very little gardening skill being required to produce good crops. The principal rules followed by successful growers are—to keep a moderately dry atmosphere in the house, to provide good ventilation, and to allow the plants very little nourishment or moisture until after the fruits are well set. The plants being annuals, require to be raised from seed every season. The seed is sown in March, and the plants are grown in pots or boxes in a good strong heat till May, when they are planted in the fruiting-beds. As they grow up, stout stakes are placed to them.

The one-stem mode of culture is now generally adopted. This is effected by pinching off all shoots that are thrown out from the main stem, which treatment induces the plants to produce a greater number of blossoms, and prevents them running too much to foliage. The fruits which are most suitable for marketing purposes are of medium size, about a quarter of a pound in weight, with smooth clear skin, round form, and warm red colour.

The varieties of the tomato are now very numerous; indeed, no other kind of fruit or vegetable exhibits such variableness in the forms of its fruit. There are large, round, smooth-fruited sorts of a beautiful scarlet colour when ripe; kinds which produce rich golden-coloured fruits; delicious plum and cherry-shaped sorts; currant-like varieties producing clusters of small pretty fruits; and there are kinds which give fruits with the soft skin, shape, and colour of the peach.

A representative collection of these varieties in healthy vigour, well and skilfully grown, each tree with many fine ripe luscious love-apples hanging amidst clean fresh foliage, is a grand sight.

There can be no doubt of the future importance of the tomato in this country as an article of diet. We believe that soon its only rival in the Vegetable Kingdom will be the potato; and if horticulturists, by the cross-fertilisation of suitable sorts, succeed in raising a variety that will be sufficiently hardy to give good crops when grown out of doors, the tomato, as in the United States, may become as popular with us as the potato.

A NOBLE REVENGE.

PART IV.—CONCLUSION.

CAPTAIN GRAVENOR had not worked many months as an accountant, when one day he was hastily summoned to Providence Court; and for the first time within his remembrance, found the office empty—no fire in the grate, the money-lender's chair vacant. He was shocked to hear that his one friend was no more. The young clerk had found Mr Issachar dozing, as he imagined; but in reality he was dead, having passed away peacefully in his sleep.

Sincerely grieved, Gravenor ascended to an upper room, where the old Jew lay calm and tranquil on his bed. He took the thin wrinkled hand in his own. Was it fancy, or did those cold fingers indeed clasp his? He thought so. Bending over him, he silently thanked the inanimate clay—of the man who had believed in his innocence.

The money-lender had many friends, who were also on the spot, taking the arrangement of his funeral. Some of these were executors. He left a large fortune. There were bequests to several hospitals, legacies to friends and to poor Jews. To the astonishment of Captain Gravenor, a codicil to the will named him as successor to the business, bequeathing him mortgages, securities, and all the property upon which he had lent money—a fortune in themselves. Upon examination, the Captain found that not only had Issachar advanced large sums on important bonds, foreign as well as English, but on jewels and ancient plate. There were gold and silver salvers and goblets of Benvenuto Cellini. One large packet was directed to himself. It consisted of deeds; and in a small case was a magnificent opal. On a slip of paper, Issachar had written: 'Herein you will find several important papers—all forgeries. I knew them to be such when I

received them—for they will arm you with the means of extinguishing the career of the wretch who ruined you—Jaques Thorel—at a blow. He also brought this fine opal. Whose it really is, time will show.' The date was nearly six months previous—soon after Mr Desborough's seizure.

Captain Gravenor soon decided how to act. He desired Mr Everett, the Jew's solicitor, and whom he retained as his own, to write both to Mr Desborough and Thorel, making an appointment to meet them on urgent business the following morning at the bank in Nicholas Lane. By a strange coincidence, it was only the day after the banker had searched through the contents of his strong-room in the presence of the detective. To Mr Desborough's intense relief, he had found the property deposited with him to be intact, as far as he could judge; but his papers had been disturbed; precise and neat in his business arrangements, he discovered that at once.

At the appointed hour, both the banker and Thorel were awaiting the solicitor, both concluding that his visit was connected with the stolen opal. Presently, Gravenor and Mr Everett arrived, having posted a strong detachment of police in plain clothes around the entrance.

'Captain Gravenor and Mr Everett,' announced a clerk, opening the door of Mr Desborough's private room.

A bomb-shell falling in their midst could not have caused greater consternation. The banker started to his feet; but the usually self-assured Thorel staggered to a chair and fell into it.

Seven months of rest had somewhat restored Captain Gravenor to a semblance of his former self. He was less thin; the dark sun-burnt skin had disappeared; his eyes were brighter, his hair gray; a dignified bearing taking the place of his early debonaire joyous manner. He looked taller than ever in his suit of mourning. Entering the room a few paces, he stood still, regarding the two men before him. Mr Everett turned the key in the lock and placed his back against the door.

'George Gravenor! Come back!' gasped the old gentleman.

Thorel glared at him with a murderous glance, but did not speak.

'Yes, Mr Desborough,' replied he, in a serious deliberate voice. 'I have returned to clear my honour and claim my wife.—Do you know these securities?'

'Good heavens!' cried the banker, taking them with a shaking hand. 'Yes; I recognise them. But I saw them only yesterday in my safe. How did you obtain them?'

'These are forgeries, upon which yonder ingenious villain raised a large sum of money from the late Mr Issachar. See! Here is his receipt for it, signed—'Jaques Thorel. He who could forge one thing could counterfeit another. It was he who forged your cheque to ruin me.'

'It is false—convict!' cried Thorel, suddenly making a dash across the room and seizing Gravenor by the throat. But he was no match for the Captain, who, after a short scuffle, shook him off, then held him by the collar at arm's-length.

'Go to yonder table and write a full confession of your guilt, and betraying an innocent man through jealousy—to a fate worse than death.

Outside the bank there are police to arrest you. Write, I say, at once.'

'Jaques, you are a villain! I am convinced you have purloined Lord Harbury's opal,' said the banker.

'Opal—opal!' exclaimed Captain Gravenor, producing a small box. 'Can this be it?'

'Gravenor, I curse you!' hissed Thorel. 'You have stood between me and the woman I loved. I am sorry I did not remove you from my path by surer means.—Yes, uncle, I did forge your cheque; I confess it, and glory in having given him a few years of suffering. I wish'—

'Stop!' said Mr Desborough, horrified. 'Say no more. Write the full confession. I demand it.'

Thorel took a pen, dipped it in the ink, and, with great self-command, wrote a few lines.

Mr Desborough took the opal, the splendid jewel, bright with its hidden fire. 'A forger, a robber.—Jaques Thorel, I disown you. No punishment will be too severe for you.—Give him up to justice, Gravenor.'

'Will punishment, however severe, restore to me the years I have lost—give me back the companionship of my wife—the happiness of seeing my boy grow up from infancy—will it restore my desolated home?—Thorel, you have injured me as much as one man can injure another; but it would render me no satisfaction to know you were leading a life of hard labour, enduring the degrading companionship of the hulks! No. I destroy these proofs of your guilt for ever!' said Gravenor, tearing the forged papers, the signed acceptances, and casting them on the fire. 'Go!' he said, pointing to the door. 'The world is open to you—to which will be published your odious infamous secret. Let that knowledge and your guilty conscience be my revenge.—Go, and repent—with a soiled name, a ruined reputation, as you gave me.'

For the first time in his life, the pale face of the wretch crimsoned. He opened his lips, as if to speak; but no words came. Then, overcome with shame, his head sank, and he slouched from the room, his self-assurance, his jauntiness, gone, destroyed by the coals of fire heaped upon his head.

'Captain Gravenor,' said the banker, grasping his hand, while tears coursed down his furrowed cheeks, 'you are a noble, generous man! How I have misjudged you!'

'Not so, Mr Desborough. I try to be a Christian, nothing more.'

'From this moment, the bank shall be that of Desborough and Gravenor.—Will you be my partner?'

'Yes,' answered the Captain, clasping his father-in-law's hand.

Thorel's confession was published in all the leading papers both at home and abroad. Former friends flocked around Captain Gravenor with their congratulations; but, though glad to see again their once familiar faces, he remembered that he had stood alone in his adversity. To one man alone he owed gratitude, who had believed in him, and saved him.

His honour is cleared; and if ever perfect happiness existed in this world, it is to be found in the home of George and Lena Gravenor. With the love of his wife and boy, the Captain is

slowly forgetting the years of trial he had endured; they have left their mark upon him, but only to elevate his character, rendering him a noble Christian man.

EXPULSIONS FROM PARLIAMENT.

A RECENT expulsion from the House of Commons recalls a power of Parliament which, although nowadays seldom put into force, has in the past been often exercised under singular circumstances against members. Many expulsions for commercial and other frauds took place in the early part of the eighteenth century. After the bursting of the South Sea Bubble, several leading members who had been identified with it were expelled from Parliament. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Aislalie, was one of these. He was said to have made a quarter of a million by transactions in the stock of the company, contrary to his oath of office. Aislalie was expelled without a division, sent to the Tower, and ordered to refund his ill-gotten gains. A similar fate befell Sir George Caswell, a wealthy banker of the day. On the 23d of January 1721 the Commons, having ordered their doors to be locked and the keys to be laid on the table, summoned Sir Robert Chaplin, Bart.; Sir Theodore Jannsen, Bart.; Mr F. Eyles, and Mr Sawbridge, directors of the South Sea Company, to attend in their places immediately. General Ross then acquainted the House—according to the records of the period—that 'they had already discovered a train of the deepest villainy and fraud that ever hell contrived to ruin a nation.' It was at once agreed *nem con.* that Sawbridge and Jannsen be expelled the House. A few days later, a like resolution was agreed to with respect to Chaplin and Eyles. In 1723 Lord Barrington, an Irish peer, was expelled for promoting, abetting, and carrying on a fraudulent undertaking called the Harburg Lottery. In 1730 Sir Robert Sutton and two other members were dismissed for participating in the direction of a shady concern called 'The Charitable Corporation.' One member, a Mr Ward, was in 1727 prosecuted by the Duchess of Buckingham for forgery. Being convicted, he was expelled, and ordered to stand in the pillory, where he had his footmen in livery to attend him. He is referred to in Pope's line in the *Dunciad*: 'As thick as eggs at Ward in pillory.'

A Mr Asgill was expelled in 1707 for having published a treatise on *The Possibility of avoiding Death*. The same fate on the same ground had previously befallen him in the Irish Parliament. Asgill was a solicitor, one of whose clients—the Dr Barbon who built the new square of Lincoln's Inn—bequeathed him a considerable sum of money. Barbon had purchased the rotten borough of Braumber—consisting of a single street—and Asgill availed himself of this property to secure a seat in the House of Commons, and with it the privilege of freedom from arrest. Officers were in waiting to take him when his expulsion occurred, but he managed to make his escape. Sir Richard Steele, of *Tatler* fame, was expelled from the House of Commons for having 'maliciously insinuated that the Protestant

succession in the House of Hanover is in danger under Her Majesty's administration.' He was expelled by a majority of nearly one hundred in a house of four hundred members. Another well-known case is that of Sir Robert Walpole. The accusation of corruption brought against Walpole by the Commissioners of Public Accounts was made in December 1711. They charged him with having taken two notes of hand—one for five hundred guineas, and the other for five hundred pounds—while he was Secretary of War, for forage contracts in Scotland. In consequence of these reports, he was heard in his own defence on the 17th of January 1712. Ultimately, the House resolved that he had been guilty of a high breach of trust, that he should be committed to the Tower, and expelled the House. Next morning, Walpole surrendered himself as a prisoner, and was committed to the Tower, where he remained till the prorogation of Parliament. A new writ having been issued for Lynn, he was re-elected; but on a petition by Mr Samuel Taylor, the opposing candidate, the House declared Walpole incapable of sitting in that Parliament.

Although no power exercised by the House of Commons is more undoubted than that of expelling a member as a punishment for grave offences, yet expulsion, whilst it vacates the seat of a member and a new writ is immediately issued, does not create any disability on the part of the offending member to serve again in Parliament. John Wilkes was expelled in 1764 for being the author of a seditious libel. In the next Parliament (1769) he was again expelled for another libel. A new writ was ordered for the county of Middlesex, which he represented, and he was re-elected without a contest, upon which it was resolved that 'having been in this Parliament expelled this House, he was and is incapable of being elected as a member to serve in this present Parliament.' The election was declared void; but Mr Wilkes was again elected. His election was once more declared void, and another writ issued. A new expedient was now tried. Mr Luttrell, then a member, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds, and stood against Wilkes. Being defeated, he petitioned against the return of his opponent. The House resolved that, although a majority of the electors had voted for Wilkes, Mr Luttrell ought to have been returned, and they amended the return accordingly. Against these proceedings the electors of Middlesex presented a petition without effect, as the House declared that Luttrell was duly elected. The whole of these proceedings were at the time severely condemned by public opinion, and were proved by unanswerable arguments to be illegal. On the 3d of May 1772 the resolution of the 17th February 1769 was ordered to be expunged from the journals 'as subversive of the rights of the whole body of electors of this kingdom.'

Our readers are already familiar with the more recent case of the late Mr Bradlaugh, who, having been expelled, or at least rejected, was immediately returned by the electors of Northampton, and no question was raised as to the validity of his return. Expulsion and perpetual disability had been part of the punishment inflicted upon Mr Arthur Hall in 1580 and on other members. During the Long Parliament, incapacity for serv-

ing in the Parliament then assembled was frequently part of the sentence of expulsion; but these cases and that of Walpole are declared by no less an authority than Sir Erskine May to be simply examples of an excess of their jurisdiction by the Commons. One memorable case of expulsion was that of Lord Cochrane, who, with others, was charged with conspiracy in the spreading of false reports of the death of Napoleon Bonaparte and the defeat of the French in battle, in order to affect English government stocks to his own profit. Lord Cochrane was fined one thousand pounds, sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment, and ordered to stand in the pillory, then situated opposite the Royal Exchange.

One case of a member fleeing from justice is that of James Sadlier, against whom a true bill was found for fraud in July 1856. A warrant was issued for his apprehension, but could not be served, as he had absconded. A motion was made for his expulsion on the ground that he was a fugitive from justice; but as this measure was considered premature, the House refused at that time to interpose. However, on the 16th of February 1857, reports of the Crown solicitors and officers of the constabulary were submitted, showing the measures which had since been ineffectually taken to arrest Sadlier and bring him up for trial. He was expelled from the House, as having fled from justice.

Expulsions have been generally resorted to for offences which render members unfit for a seat in Parliament, and which, if not so punished, would bring discredit upon Parliament itself. Members of Parliament have been expelled as being in open rebellion, as having been guilty of forgery, perjury, frauds, and breach of trust, misappropriation of public money, conspiracy to defraud, corruption in the administration of justice or in public offices, or in the execution of their duty as members of the House, of conduct unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, or of libels and various other offences committed against the House itself.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"JOHN HAYES!" exclaimed Judge Benton. 'What of him? That's a name I ought to know well enough. There wasn't a better-known man in Texas in early days, unless it was old Sam Houston himself.'

Judge Benton, Doctor Gossett—or Doc. Gossett as he was familiarly termed—and I had been out on an antelope hunt together, and the three of us were sitting on our blankets smoking and telling stories round a smouldering fire of buffalo-chips on Bijou Creek, about fifty miles from Denver. It was the Doctor who had mentioned the name of John Hayes.

'That's so,' assented he emphatically. 'He was a well-known man, and no mistake. John Hayes did me a good turn once, and that, too, by the mere force of his name, I can tell you.—But go on, Judge, and let us hear what they used to say of him in Texas.'

'Only this,' answered Judge Benton, 'that in those hard times, when our life was one continual

struggle against the Mexicans on one side and the Comanches on the other, it was reckoned that we had no braver man, no harder fighter, and no cooler leader of men, than John Hayes. He was a little man to look at, but he was all there. Our Texas rangers knew a man when they saw him, and they all allowed that they had no better man among them than he was. The Comanches jumped him once when he was alone on the prairie, and he made a running fight of it till they shot his horse from under him; but that didn't finish him by a good deal, for on foot he managed to get into the rocks he had been making for, and there he, single-handed, killed seven of them, and escaped. He was a perfect terror in a tight place, and could whip his weight in wild-cats.—But let us hear how Jack Hayes ever helped you. You never told us that you had been in Texas.

'No more I have,' answered Doc. Gossett with a laugh; 'but his name and reputation were known outside of the Lone Star State. I was in California in '49, and it was there the thing happened. You know how, when the great rush to the gold-diggings broke out, men just poured out of Frisco in streams as fast as they were landed from the ships. They packed their blankets and their grub on their backs, and simply struck out for the mines, with or without friends, just as might happen. I was alone, and had no particular friends; but I started up country along with a crowd who had been on the same ship as I, and we camped together just for the sake of company. We weren't partners, you understand, or anything like that; one half of us didn't even know the names of the other half, and for that matter there were a good few that one didn't want to know. But I tell you it was a wonderful sight to see those crowds of men on the march; and at night their camp-fires along the gulches made it look like an army broke loose.'

Here Doc. Gossett found that his pipe was out. He knocked the ashes out of it against his boot-heel and looked across at me. 'Will you let me have a pipeful of that English tobacco of yours, Thompson?' said he. 'I've a fancy to see what it's like.'

'Certainly—with pleasure,' I answered, handing him over the pouch. He filled up, and proceeded with his story.

'Well, it so fell out that a ruffian called Yankee Sullivan was going up to the mines at the same time along with a gang of rowdies of his own sort. He was a regular low-down shoulder-striker, a plug-ugly of the worst description. He was hanged afterwards by the Vigilance Committee in San Francisco, and richly he deserved it. He and two or three more of his gang used to think it fun, when they'd had their suppers, to go around to the different camps near by and see if they could spot any greenhorns, regular softies, you know; and as soon as they'd found one, they would simply turn to and say all the low mean things they could think of, and get off their jokes on him, and insult him, till the poor wretch would feel fit to sink into the earth with shame. We had heard of their goings-on; but they hadn't been round to see us, till one

night they plumped right into our camp and made themselves at home. They sat down by the fire and looked around, and passed a few words with some of our crowd—men, as I told you, I'd fought pretty shy of. Presently they spotted a couple of Johnny Raws among us, and set to work to roast them, and, my word for it, but I tell you those poor fellows got it hot. I wouldn't have been talked to like that for all the gold in California. I didn't know what to do. I was a bit of a raw hand myself in these days, and I thought my turn was bound to come next. After a while they got tired of tormenting those two poor craven-spirited wretches, and Yankee Sullivan stood up—he was a huge big six-foot man—and swung himself round to look for another victim. He saw close beside him a little dark-eyed man quietly sitting there whittling a chip with a knife, and watching him. Yankee Sullivan brought down his great paw on the little man's shoulder. "Well, sonny," said he, "and what's your name?"

'The little man never started or shrunk away, nor even moved, but he just looked up straight in his eyes and said in the gentlest voice: "My name, sir, is John Hayes."

'Never in all my life did anything do me so much good as to see Yankee Sullivan curl up when he heard that. He didn't seem as if he could say "Bo!" to a two-year-old boy. He never opened his mouth, but he just walked right out of our camp, and the rest of his gang after him. You bet they knew who Jack Hayes was, and they didn't want any fuss with him or with any one around where he was. His name alone was quite enough for them; that cooled them off mightily.'

'He did you a good turn that time, sure enough,' said Judge Benton. 'But for all that, a man may have a big name as a fighting man and yet not be able always to run a bluff on people so easy. Did I ever tell how Slade was once backed down by a boy here in Denver?'

'No,' answered the Doctor. 'Fire away.'

'First tell me who Slade was, please,' I interjected. I had not been long in the country, and was ignorant of many things that were familiar to the others as household words.

'Slade,' answered Judge Benton explanatorily, 'was a man who was hanged by the Vigilantes in Montana a few years back. He killed a terrible lot of men. He's got friends too, still, has Slade, who maintain that he never killed a man who didn't need killing badly; but however that may be, he certainly did kill a great many. He was a desperado, and a very cruel one. He had a spite against Jules, the Frenchman, for an old grudge, and he bided his time, and just laid for him till his chance came, and then he did simply kill him. Then, if any one ever dunned him for a debt, he used to remind him how he settled matters with Jules, and explain that that was his way of paying off old scores. One time he was down here in Denver on a visit, and he owed a bill at Ensor's drug store. The principal wanted to collect it, but he didn't quite like the job, and so he sent his head-clerk to ask Slade for the money. The clerk didn't like it either; but he had to do it or lose his place; so he started out, and soon found Slade on the street, and presented his bill. Slade looked at it, read it, looked up at the clerk, and

said roughly: "Did Mr Ensor tell you to give me this thing?"

"Yes, Mr Slade," answered the clerk, trembling.

"Very well," said Slade, handing it back to him, "you can take it right back to your principal, and tell him that if he or any other man dares to offer me a thing like that again, I'll do for him."

"The clerk was only too pleased to get off so cheaply, and he fled back to the store and told his story. Mr Ensor was nonplussed. He was very far from being a fighting man himself, and he began to think Slade's bill was a hopelessly bad debt. But he had in his store a boy of seventeen, named Powell, who was learning to be a drug-clerk. He heard all that went on, and fired up at the idea of a bully like Slade evading payment of a just debt just because he had the name of being a desperado. He spoke up. "Mr Ensor," said he, "if you'll give me that bill to collect, I'll see if I can get Mr Slade to fork out."

"Ensor looked at him, and thought it a pity to send such a youth into the jaws of such an old tiger as Slade; but business is business, and the boy was a Western boy, bred up on the frontier. He knew what Slade was as well as anybody, and understood quite well what he was volunteering for.

"All right, Powell," said Mr Ensor. "Try it if you like. You can take it to him."

"Powell stepped around to his room and got a short bowie-knife that he had there. He took this in his right hand, holding it with the blade lying flat against the inside of his wrist, under the cuff of his sleeve. He took the bill in his left hand, found Slade, and presented it to him without a word. Slade looked at it, recognised it, looked up and caught the burning eyes of the boy watching him like a panther ready to spring.

"Did you get this from Mr Ensor?" asked Slade.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy, clutching the handle of the knife hard.

"Did you hear the message I sent him about it?" inquired the desperado.

"Yes, sir," answered the boy again, shutting his lips the moment the words were out of them, and holding his breath for the struggle. "Now, then, it's my life or his," he thought, bracing himself ready to strike straight at Slade's heart if he saw his hand moving towards his pistol.

"But Slade just folded up the bill and put it in his pocket. "You can tell Mr Ensor," said he quietly, "that I haven't got the money about me at this moment, but that I'll call around before I leave town and settle it;" and the man-tiger turned on his heel and walked off; and what's more, he sent one of his chums round with the cash that afternoon. Curious thing for Slade to do, wasn't it?"

"You can bet Slade knew that boy had come prepared for a fight after that message," said Doc. Gossett. "Now, I take it, Slade was no fool, and knew he'd be thought a lot worse of if he killed a boy—killed him, one may say, for nothing; and then, too, he saw that the boy was mighty liable to kill him. Probably there were none of his own crowd round to spot him, so he just backed down. That's how it must have happened, I should guess, for there aren't many men alive

who can say—say it truly, that is—that they've bluffed Slade."

"Yes," said I, "after all, there is such a thing as conscience even in a ruffian like that. Slade knew he was doing wrong in threatening to kill an innocent person; and when he met some one who dared to defy his threat and stand up for the right, the brute courage which, I suppose, was all he had, failed him."

My companions were silent a moment; then Judge Benton removed his pipe from his mouth and observed thoughtfully: "You think 'tis conscience doth make cowards of us all." I've lived now many years in the Far West, and I never before heard any one suggest that a man like Slade had got such a thing as a conscience. Come to think of it, though, I suppose he may have had one. Certainly, he broke down when he knew he was to be hanged, and a bad conscience might partly account for it, for no one ever questioned his courage till then."

"Excuse me, Judge," said Doc. Gossett; "but I can't quite follow you there. First of all, I don't think a human tiger like Slade has any more conscience than a regular man-eater. He begins by killing one man, then another; then he finds that he's got a name as a man-killer, and he has to live up to it. He thinks about it all the time, and he knows that everybody he meets is thinking about it too, and expects him to go on. He knows, too, that every rowdy who is aching to make a name for himself as a desperado is constantly figuring how to kill him, and so he is known everywhere as "the man that shot Slade." By the time that he's got to look on all the world like that, his conscience, if he ever had any, is seared. Perhaps if he could only go off and live peacefully somewhere else, he might repent; but by the time he's killed twenty men, his name is known all over the United States. He can't give up because of the name he's got. But I don't believe he really likes it, I'll admit that. All the time he has got an uneasy sense that he's bound to die some day with his boots on, and he hates it secretly, as they all do; but that secret uneasiness is not conscience, at least not what I call conscience."

"Neither should I call it so," answered the Judge. "I allow that men of the stamp of Slade and Yankee Sullivan do dread the inevitable end of their career, though some of them break down when it comes, and some do not; but I take it that what Mr Thompson meant when he talked about Slade's conscience causing his courage to fail him was not the mere dread of dying with his boots on. Slade may have seen when he looked in the boy's eyes that the boy meant to kill him or be killed, but that never stopped him. He didn't fear being killed in a fight. What I suspect he may have felt was a sudden and overpowering sense of the odiousness of his tiger-like thirst for blood, and a wish, just for a moment, that he were young again like the boy before him with no one's life upon his soul. Even a man as hard as Slade has his moments of regret, when he feels that he would give anything to undo it all and to be young and innocent once more."

"That's what I meant," said I. "I thought a feeling like that might have checked him."

"Maybe so," said Doc. Gossett. "The only pity

is that, if he ever had such feelings, he didn't begin to attend to them about ten or fifteen years earlier. If he had, he might have come down perhaps to live as a peaceable ranchman, out here, say, on Bijou, and there would have been about a hundred more people left alive, that's all.'

'Yes,' said the Judge; 'if a man would only hold himself in when first his conscience begins to prick him, there would be less work for my profession in this world; and less for yours too, Doctor, for that matter. However, both Slade and his victims have gone before a Higher Court by this time, and somewhere and somehow justice is done at last.'

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE meeting of the British Association at Cardiff may be regarded as one of the most successful of these annual gatherings in the cause of science. The President's address, which largely dealt with the applications of the Spectroscope and Photography to Astronomy, was full of interest. In the course of his remarks, Dr Huggins, who himself has been the principal worker in these branches of astronomy, told his hearers how the modern gelatine photographic dry plate had rendered possible the portraiture of bodies so distant that they are quite invisible; but the light having on the chemical surface a cumulative action, the picturing of the unseen becomes possible.

The International Congress of Hygiene and Demography, which lately met in London, under the able presidency of the Prince of Wales, represents perhaps the most important meeting of scientific men which this century has seen. That this must be at once conceded, a glance at the sections into which the work of the Congress has been necessarily cut, together with the names of the presidents of those divisions, will at once show. Thus, we find that Section I., which dealt with 'Preventive Medicine,' was presided over by Sir Joseph Fayrer; Section II., 'Bacteriology,' was under the care of Sir Joseph Lister; 'Chemistry and Physics in Relation to Hygiene,' in the able hands of Sir Henry Roscoe; and so on. The amount of work performed by the various sections was enormous, as any one might judge from the condensed reports, which covered for the time several columns of the daily newspapers. It embraced, indeed, every matter which could in the most remote manner be associated with the question of Health, from food and air for the living to the best mode of sepulture for the dead. It is a matter for regret that none of the party politicians who, as ministers of the Crown, are supposed to have several of the subjects dealt with by the Congress under their especial care, thought fit to attend the opening of this important Congress.

At a recent meeting of the American Institute of Mining Engineers, an interesting discussion took place relative to the advantages gained from adding small quantities of aluminium to steel ingots. It was stated that for open hearth steel containing less than .05 per cent. of carbon, from five to ten ounces of aluminium per ton of steel

is sufficient; but that Bessemer steel requires about thirty per cent. more aluminium to secure the same results. It was also said that the action of aluminium is about twenty times as powerful as that of silicon. This action is believed to be as follows: the blowholes in the steel ingot are due to occluded carbonic oxide gas, and it is proved by experiment that aluminium has the power of reducing that gas. In one experiment where a large quantity of carbonic oxide was blown through a crucible of molten steel containing aluminium, the carbon in the steel was increased by thirty-five per cent. owing to the reduction of the gas.

Mr Francis Galton describes in *Nature* an unusual meteorological occurrence which had been reported to him by a friend in Shropshire. On a calm day, when there did not appear to be a breath of wind, the hay in a certain field suddenly acquired a rotary movement, and before many minutes had elapsed, formed a column which seemed to connect the earth with the sky. The height of this column may be gauged when it is mentioned that after the phenomenon had subsided the hay continued to fall in patches for a period of four hours.

Further boring operations at Dover, where coal was discovered some months ago, give satisfactory results. Six seams of coal have already been pierced, and these average in thickness about eighteen inches. It is believed that when a greater depth is attained the mineral will present itself in far thicker beds, and this theory is to be tested by continuing the boring before it is definitely decided whether a shaft shall be sunk at the spot.

The City of London is at last making active preparations for the installation of the electric light within its somewhat limited area, for the City proper only covers one square mile of surface. But within these limits there are no fewer than fifty-six miles of streets, comprising noble thoroughfares and narrow lanes. All these are to be illuminated by electricity, for the carrying out of which work the City has been divided, like ancient Gaul, into three parts, or districts, in each of which a different electric lighting company will lay its mains. Both arc and incandescent lights will cater for public approval; but it is already pretty definitely established that the former are more suitable for open-air purposes, and the latter for indoor use.

An interesting description of the Chinese varnish exported from Hankow comes from the British consul at that city. This valuable product comes from the gum of 'Rhus vernicifera,' incisions being made in the trunk of the tree before daylight, so that the gum which oozes from them may be gathered and strained through cotton cloth in darkness. The access of light causes the gum to congeal with all its impurities embedded in it. Moisture also causes it to solidify, so that in wet weather it cannot be strained; but, curiously enough, the varnish is always applied to the object to be treated when the weather is damp, for otherwise it will always remain sticky. The coat of varnish usually takes a month to dry, but we are not told how during that long period it is protected from dust and insects. The consul has suggested that this varnish may possibly have been one of the

ingredients comprised in the celebrated Cremona varnish, to which some of the mellow tones of the famous violins were to be attributed. He thinks that it might be worth the attention of modern musical-instrument manufacturers.

The *Pharmaceutical Journal* recently described the discovery of a quantity of quicksilver in a walnut tree. The tree, which measured about four feet in diameter, was being cut in a timber-yard when the saw encountered a cavity full of the liquid metal. This opening had evidently been bored out, and had been originally plugged with a piece of deal after the mercury had been inserted; but round this deal plug about eighteen inches of walnut wood had grown. It is estimated that the quicksilver must have been placed in the tree about two centuries ago, and probably under the mistaken belief that its presence would get rid of some insect pest which had attacked the wood. There is an old belief that the presence of metal will have a favourable effect in such a case, and the Chinese have a similar notion, which induces them to endeavour to cure an ailing tree by driving an iron nail into its trunk.

All who know anything about the physical theory of music are aware that the modern method of tuning a piano or any other similarly keyed instrument represents a compromise, and is known as 'equal temperament.' It was common a few years ago to tune church organs by 'unequal temperament,' by which device certain keys were more perfectly in tune, but at the expense of the others. Many attempts have from time to time been made to construct instruments with an extra number of digitals to the octave, so that each key should be in perfect tune; but, owing to their complication and the difficulty of using them, they have merely represented experimental contrivances. Curiously enough, it has been reserved for a Japanese inventor to show us how the idea can be successfully carried out. Dr Tanaka has made and patented an harmonium in which the octave is provided with twenty sounds, which are under ready control of the player. It has been exhibited lately both in Germany and England, and has been very favourably received. Such an instrument, if it can be produced at a moderate price, would be greatly valued in the musical world.

Many years ago it was proposed that photography should be utilised in establishing a national collection of portraits of eminent persons, and the scheme only failed because it was found that the permanence of a photographic picture could not be guaranteed. Now, however, with improved processes, which are old enough to have been proved, this want of permanence is a thing of the past. To name two only, the Platinotype and Carbon processes; both are capable of yielding pictures which are quite as lasting as the paper upon which they are impressed. So the old scheme has been revived, and has now been started under altered conditions. Under the imposing title of 'The British Museum of Portraits,' the collection is now in the process of formation at South Kensington. The movement is due to the Amateur Photographic Association, of which the Prince of Wales is President.

In the same manner that the old picturesque

line-of-battle ship has been superseded by the ugly modern ironclad, so the sailing merchantman has been almost extinguished by the steamer. Even the familiar form of the latter seems to be threatened by a new kind of construction, which from its shape is known as a 'whaleback.' Such a vessel was recently discharging her cargo, consisting of eight thousand tons of grain, at Liverpool, after a voyage from Montreal occupying fifteen days. This curious vessel is built of steel throughout, and her top, which can hardly be called a deck, is of convex form, so that any water which may be shipped runs off immediately. There are nine hatches or plates, which are screwed on or off as may be necessary; and the crew have further access to the outer world by means of two conning turrets, one fore and the other aft. The crew consists of twenty men, whose lives must be passed in the body of the vessel except during good weather. The length of the ship is two hundred and sixty-five feet, with a beam of fifty-eight feet, and a depth of twenty-four feet. Water-ballast can be pumped into the vessel in bad weather so as to submerge it entirely with the exception of the two turrets. Four other vessels built on a similar plan are running on the American lakes, but they are of smaller capacity.

A boat of quite another kind has been built at the works of Messrs Wyss & Co., and is now afloat for experimental purposes on Lake Zürich. This little vessel is built entirely of aluminium, and owing to the extreme lightness of that metal, its total weight is less than half that of a boat of the same size built of iron or steel. This vessel, or rather launch, is fitted with a two-horse-power petroleum engine, will carry six persons, and will travel at six miles an hour. It is noteworthy that the metal of which this launch is built was reduced from its native clay by electric process at the aluminium works at Schaffhausen. The dynamo machines at these works obtain their energy from turbines worked by the celebrated falls of the Rhine. The owners are therefore able to boast that the new vessel owes its origin to Swiss labour, Swiss material, and even Swiss motive-power. It is believed that such vessels made of aluminium, which possesses such advantages in strength, freedom from corrosion, and lightness, will gradually supersede, on the Swiss lakes at least, those built of iron.

For a long time past most of the public clocks in Paris, as well as the timepieces in banks, hotels, clubs, and in many private houses, have been kept going by means of pneumatic power supplied from a central station; and to supply them with the necessary compressed air, a network of pipes has been laid beneath the city streets. Owing recently to one of these pipes being broken during the operation of taking up a portion of the roadway, all the clocks upon the pneumatic system, to the number of about ten thousand, suddenly stopped, to the great inconvenience of the business portion of the community. It was impossible to remedy the mischief at once, and the easiest plan was found to be to start the clocks once more at exactly twelve hours after the accident, thus obviating the necessity of altering the hands of each individual clock. The system of supplying water, gas, electricity, air,

&c., from one fixed point is good in itself, for it represents economy of labour and materials; but this case of stoppage shows that it is not without its inconveniences.

M. Flammarion, a popular French writer on meteorological subjects, several of whose works have been translated into English, has lately been busying himself with an inquiry into the change of climate, which, during the past few years, has made itself disagreeably felt. From statistics which he has gathered, he shows that in every part of France and the Continent during the past six years, the thermometer has been getting lower and lower, the fall being more noticeable in the spring than in the other seasons of the year. Great Britain shows a similar excess of cold weather; while, strange to say, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Russia, which we have been accustomed to regard as cold countries, have during the past four years had a higher temperature than that to which they are accustomed. M. Flammarion goes farther back than this, and quotes history to show that in past years many trees which once flourished in Northern France are now found only in the south, while others have disappeared altogether. Among these are named the lemon, which no longer grows at Languedoc; the orange, which has deserted Roussillon; and the Lombardy poplar, which has disappeared from the country altogether. He also points out that many noted vintages have ceased to be, owing to the impossibility of growing the grapes under the altered climatic conditions. There is not now a single vineyard, he tells us, to be found north of Paris.

According to the United States consul at Jerusalem, the agricultural success of Palestine depends principally upon the wonderful capacity of the soil for vine-growing. At the present time this industry pays from forty to fifty per cent. better than any other kind of produce, the best wines being made by the German and Jewish colonists round about Jaffa and its neighbourhood. The old native vineyards are still in active cultivation, and it is believed that within a short time the hillsides of Judea will be covered with vines to an extent never previously known. It is curious to reflect that this result is either probable or possible in a rainless land; yet it is a fact that during the whole period of growth from the blossom to the fruit, no drop of rain comes to the thirsty soil, the nightly mist which blows in from the Mediterranean supplying its place and bringing in the needful moisture. It is perhaps due to these conditions that the vines are wholly free from mildew, and are not subject to diseases affecting them in other countries.

For some time past French agriculturists have been using as a remedy against vine, tomato, and potato insect pests a mixture which is known as *bouilli bordelaise*, which consists of three per cent. each of lime and sulphate of copper in water. The same effectual remedy has recently been tried with success in destroying a fungus which attacks beetroot, the leaves becoming at once more luxuriant and the root growing richer in sugar. It is believed that the remedy may be found applicable in other cases of plant-disease, and as it is very cheap in preparation and easily applied, agriculturists of an experimental turn are advised to give it a trial.

Some interesting particulars, gleaned from Reports by United States consuls concerning the macaroni industry of Italy, have lately been published. Originally, the term was applied to bits of paste and cheese pressed into balls; but modern macaroni, including vermicelli and the various fanciful forms of paste used in soups, is made of wheat-meal or flour, eggs, and water. Its manufacture is as much a household operation as is the work of breadmaking in our own country districts, and it may be said that the work is equally simple in both cases. The ingredients are made into a paste with hot water, rolled out on a board, and after being left for a short time to dry, the sheet of paste is rolled up and the ends cut off in slices. These as they separate form strings of macaroni. The material is also made on a commercial scale at various factories where steam-machinery of the most perfect type is in use. In these factories the paste is forced through moulds, which give it its familiar pipe-like form. Good macaroni cannot be made from soft or tender wheat, and for this reason foreign grain is never employed if Italian can be obtained. The industry is a very large one, small factories being found in every part of Italy; but it is impossible to ascertain the amount of macaroni actually produced.

A number of experiments were recently carried out with a new explosive called 'Ammonite' at the works of the Miners' Safety Explosive Company, Stanford-le-Hope, Essex. This new compound is a mixture of ammonium nitrate and nitro-naphthaline, both of which are in themselves inexplodable, but when combined, are capable of exerting enormous disruptive force. In the first experiment a cylindrical shot weighing twenty-nine pounds was fired from a mortar several times, five grammes of a different explosive being used on each occasion. While the gunpowder charge threw the shot a hundred and thirty-six yards, and dynamite two hundred and eighty-nine yards, the new explosive headed the list with a range of three hundred and twenty yards. Another experiment showed that while nearly every other explosive was fired by a weight falling upon it from a height, ammonite remained intact. A still more convincing proof of its freedom from ignition by percussion, was shown when rifle bullets were fired at a number of ammonite cartridges attached to a board. It is quite evident that in ammonite we have an explosive of very great value, which can be manufactured and handled with an amount of safety which cannot be claimed for any other compound of a like nature.

The recent meeting at Bournemouth of the British Medical Association was a most successful one, and several papers of great interest to laymen as well as to the profession were read. Among these was an able one by Dr Lauder Brunton entitled 'Twenty-five Years of Medical Progress.' In the course of this paper, Dr Brunton gave a curious instance of the manner in which evil often begets good. The stupidity and cupidity of the Spaniards of the Cordilleras many years ago induced them to reap a rapid harvest by cutting down all their cinchona trees without pausing to plant fresh ones. This made the valuable drug quinine to become for a time very scarce, and its price ran up to a fabulous amount.

Chemists then tried to prepare the drug synthetically, for it was evident that a fortune awaited a successful result. Perkins in the endeavour to solve the problem discovered the aniline colours, and the impulse which his labours gave to the study of aromatic compounds led to the production of salicylic acid, antipyrin, and other drugs without number, which have been invaluable to medicine. It may be mentioned that the wonderful staining powers of the aniline dyes have been most useful in histological research, and have made it possible to distinguish disease germs under the microscope which otherwise would have been quite invisible.

MY INDULGENCE PASSAGE.

An 'Indulgence Passage' is the name given to the permission to travel in a troop-ship which is sometimes granted by the naval authorities to people who cannot claim a passage as a right, but who, being themselves in the naval or military services, or closely connected with those who are, receive such an indulgence. This is of course a great boon to officers and their wives going on or returning from leave; or to one who, not being very well, wants a change; or to relatives wishing to visit those near or dear to them serving abroad.

I am a military officer, stationed at Malta, and I thought it would be very pleasant to get away from that hot-house during the month of August, even for ten days; so I asked for an indulgence passage in the troop-ship *Himalaya*, which was to call at Malta and proceed from there to Cyprus and Egypt. My request having been granted, and having received eleven days' leave, which would give a day to spare in case the ship did not return so punctually as she generally does, I started upon my indulgence passage, and felt much cooler even before Malta was quite out of sight. I doubt whether I could have looked back on the passage as an 'indulgence' if seasickness had tormented me; but, as almost for the first time at sea, it did not, and as every one on board was most kind, I felt with gratitude that I had been really indulged. Indulgence men-passengers pay six shillings and sixpence per diem for their food; and ladies, five shillings and sixpence. It certainly was an indulgence to have a look at Cyprus and Egypt, and a pleasant time on board for ten days with people many of whom were friends, and all of whom were connected with my own profession, for the sum of three pounds five shillings.

There are two classes of troop-ships. First, the great Indian ones, and then those that go to foreign stations not in India. To this second class belongs the old *Himalaya*, as she is affectionately called, because almost every one of any standing in the services has had a passage in her, and because she dates back from the Crimean war. Her size may be estimated from the fact that there were on board, when we returned from Egypt to Malta, no fewer than fifteen hundred soldiers, and yet there was room. She is fitted up with electric light and all modern improvements.

What strikes a person taking a passage for the first time in one of these floating barracks is the

excellency of the order and discipline that prevails. They might be described as gigantic hold-alls, for there is in them everything from a needle to an anchor; but there is a place for everything, and everything is in its place. Even the ladies, who sometimes do not know their place, and who are wont to quarrel about precedence in reference to berths, seats at dinner, and other important trifles, are gradually wheeled into line by the tact and experience of the paymaster, who, poor man, looks after such matters.

As for the ship's company, they seemed to be always doing something. They obeyed orders at the double, and so cheerfully, that it did one good to see them. We were much interested in some of the drills they went through. When the bugle sounded 'Man overboard,' or 'Fire,' or 'Prepare to abandon ship' (in boats), every man knew his place, and got into it in what seemed to us a very short time indeed. One poor lady became quite excited as she looked on at the last-named drill, and could not understand that it was only make-believe, as the children say. She ran about asking which boat she was to get into.

For the first two days of the voyage, people did not know each other well, and were either suffering from or fearing an attack of sea-sickness. After this, the saloon piano began to be played, then there was singing, and occasionally a little dance. When a regiment came on board, its band played every evening outside the saloon while we were at dinner. One evening the blue-jackets and soldiers gave a very good entertainment on the quarter-deck, when several amusing songs were sung. But indeed there was always something to interest us. A troop-ship is like a small town, and whether you look at the workshops where the different artificers are working, or at the doings of the blue-jackets and soldiers, or at the horses, dogs, and other less common pets of the officers and men, you will not find time hang heavy on your hands. Some get quite excited over the ship's run, and make small bets as to the day and hour of her arrival at the next calling-place. Then there are deck-quoits and other games which give an appetite for the numerous meals that seem to succeed each other so quickly. We spent one morning on our return from Egypt examining the three colours or standards of Nejumi which were taken at the battle of Toski. An officer on board was bringing them as a present to the Duke of Cambridge, and he kindly showed them to us.

The first land we saw after leaving Malta was Crete, along which we sailed for most of a day. It was very rugged, and we decided that one particularly high mountain was Ida, where the ancients said Zeus was educated. On the morning of the fifth day we arrived at Limasol, which is one of the apologies for a harbour at Cyprus. The officers of the ship told us that there was nothing to see, and that it was not worth while landing. That, however, is what they say of most places; so we did land, and were much amused and interested. Limasol is a little town, consisting of flat-roofed mud-houses, some stone stores that were made at the time of the English occupation, a rather nice Greek church, and a mosque. The streets, which are narrow and

dirty, now and then bring you into very quaint courts, round which sit apathetic Turks smoking their hubble-bubbles quite regardless of the speed of the nineteenth century elsewhere. Nearly as many things are sold in the streets as in the little open shops or bazaars. Women were selling brilliantly-coloured silks, embroidery, and of course the 'curios' and Roman antiquities of which every one here seems to be possessed. The great production of the island is grapes. In the little market I bought for a piastre, which is about a penny, two or three pounds of very fine ones. But, indeed, the table of weights and measures at Cyprus is decidedly vague. When I had selected a box of 'Turkish Delight,' the man proceeded to weigh it by putting into the opposite scale a horseshoe, two stones, and a small coil of wire! Of course I was satisfied.

In these days, when national customs and costumes are being more and more assimilated, it is pleasant to come upon a place like Cyprus where this is not the case. Men and women dress for the most part like Turks and Greeks; but the boots they wear are a national peculiarity. They come up over the knee, and are an inch, or sometimes as much as two inches thick in the soles, which are studded with nails so broad that they look like iron plates. I was told that some people do not take off these boots day or night as long as they last; and of one man who, being unable to do so, went to a doctor, when his foot came off along with the boot!

We had six hours to remain on shore, and might have seen more of the island if there had been roads and we could have got a conveyance. The only road, however, in this part of the island is that which goes to Polimedia, where our soldiers are encamped in winter, and on to Mount Troödos, which is their summer camp. This last place was between thirty and forty miles from us; so we could not think of it. Nicosia, the capital, was also too far away; and so was Famagusta, with its famous ruins and monastery.

So, after spending some time at the little club, we returned to the ship. On our way we passed a place where they were auctioning skinfuls of wine. The auctioneer handed me a glass to taste. I thought it horrible, though it must have been necessarily pure, for anything the Cypriots could adulterate it with, even water, would cost more than the juice of the grape. If they ever knew the art of making wine, they have lost it now.

We left Cyprus at 2.30 o'clock on a Wednesday, much interested by what we had seen, and greatly admiring the shapes of its receding hills, with Mount Olympus crowning all. On the next day, about three o'clock, we sighted Ramleh and the low-lying forts of Alexandria. After dinner, we landed, and for four hours drove about the streets and suburbs. We were told by the captain on this Thursday night that the ship would not sail until Saturday morning at seven o'clock; so what were we to do next day? We had seen Ramleh, Pompey's Pillar, Ras-et-Teen Palace, and driven under the palm-trees along the banks of the Mahmoodeeyeh Canal; and this is all we were told to see in Alexandria. So I thought of Cairo. If I went up by the morn-

ing express train and returned by the afternoon one, I would have a three hours' glimpse at the wonderful city. With a certain amount of contempt for myself as a Yankee tourist, I resolved to do the journey of two hundred miles there and back, not so much for what I could see in Cairo in three hours, as that I might see the country between the two cities, which is the most fertile part of Egypt. And I consider that I was well repaid, for I saw Arab villages that were strange to me, beautiful crops of cotton and maize, a laborious process of irrigation which made to blossom as a rose what otherwise would have been a desert, strings of camels bearing great burdens, and large slate-coloured buffaloes at work along the banks of canal or river.

At the Cairo station I saw a man who looked like a guide, and I asked him to show me round. He began to enumerate all the things I ought to see. 'I know,' I said, having to interrupt his learned-off catalogue, 'that it would take three months, or even three years, to see Cairo properly; but as I have only three hours, I shall not attempt to do more than visit the three places I was advised to see—namely, the Citadel, the Gezeereh Palace, and the Arab quarters.' Getting into a carriage, we did this, and drove back through some fine boulevards to the station just five minutes before the hour for the train. What a view we had from the Citadel! Below was Cairo with its thousand mosques; at a distance, though looking nearer than they were, stood out in the clear air three large pyramids in one place, and nine smaller ones in another. Then there was the Desert, which I had always wished to see; and the Nile, most wonderful of rivers. At the Citadel, I visited the mosque of Mahomet Ali, which is almost made of or at least lined with alabaster; also the oldest mosque in Cairo, at both of which we had the experience of having large slippers put on over our boots. The drive to the Palace of Gezeereh was most pleasant. It is on the left bank of the river, under beautiful palms. The only other place we were able to see was a little bit of the Arab quarter.

VIGIL.

AN Love, if to-night, in the long dark hours—
The desert that leads from dusk to dawn—
You came through the tumult of winds and showers
To the lonely house and the shadowy lawn;
In the hour of release for your gentle ghost,
In the hour when we hope and believe the most;
Though your steps, as they always were, be light,
I should hear you come through the storm to-night.

A clear space breaks in the windy sky,
And cruelly bright the moon looks through;
The tempest ends in its deepest sigh,
The fields are silver with frosty dew;
Now, now, while the day is a sleeping child,
And the tortured world again takes breath;
Come back from your Eden undefiled,
With a gift in your hand, of life or death.

E. S. TYLEE.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 405.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN,

AUTHOR OF 'THE CURE OF SOULS,' 'TINTED VAPOURS,' 'MASTER OF HIS FATE,' &c.

CHAPTER I.—AN EVENING OF ADVENTURE.

It was an unusually hot week of the uncertain month of July. The heavens were as brass, and the elements seemed melting with fervent heat. There was not stirring anywhere a breath of air to suggest coolness. The leaves of the trees in the parks looked scorched, the grass was parched and brown, and the ornamental waters appeared stagnant and unwholesome. Throughout all London the bricks were baking, and the people sweltering in the direct and reflected sunshine; but nowhere was the heat more fetid and stifling than about Soho. The atmosphere was charged not only with the exhalations of a poor and densely-packed population, but also with the odours of neglected refuse, vegetable and other, in the courts and the streets. In the early evening, women with babies and women without, neither very much tied nor very much buttoned, sat on door-steps, or leaned against door-posts with their arms lazily crossed; while half-clad children played and shouted and perspired in the gutters or ran in and out of the shady courts; and hulking or evil-looking men, with pipes in their mouths and their hands in their pockets, hung about corners and the swinging doors of public-houses. In Dean Street the only active persons to be seen were two or three costermongers with barrows of fish or fruit, who, with their arms and their throats bare, urged their laggard donkeys as feelingly and yelled as lustily as usual; and a melting postman in unofficial straw hat who urged his weary rat-tat round.

There was another, a tall, well-built young man, who emerged from one of the houses, a

miracle of coolness. He was dressed in a tweed suit and a round hat, and he carried a pair of gloves and a little cane which was much too short to walk with. He was turning down the street with a swinging stride when he observed the postman. He returned to the door from which he had come, and waited till the postman approached. 'Anything,' he asked, 'for George Ferrers?'

The postman carelessly glanced at the address of two or three of his letters, said 'No,' and passed on.

George Ferrers jerked out a nod of acknowledgment of his courtesy, tucked his little cane under his arm, set his hat a little more jauntily over his eye, strode away, his step ringing clear on the pavement. He was evidently not in the calmest of tempers. Once or twice he muttered angrily to himself, and beat his thigh with his cane. He swung right on his way, elbowing aside without compunction the hulking loafers, who turned with a furious 'Wot the——!' which became a cheerful 'All right, guv'nor,' when they saw the tall muscular figure. The children stopped their play to look up at him, and the women glanced at him with approval and seductiveness.

'Fine man, ain't he?'—'Looks like a officer'—'There's a gen'lman for yer!' were some of the least questionable of the comments made on his appearance—comments which his quick ear caught, and which somewhat soothed his temper; for to the average healthy man there is nothing more agreeable than the admiration of woman-kind. He twirled his fair curling moustache with an air, fastened, in spite of the heat, one

button of his coat, the better to show off the lines of his figure, squared his shoulders and swelled his chest, and marched with something of that bow of the leg which marks the matured Lifeguardsman. Through the squalid swarming streets of Soho and St Giles he thus made his way, and arrived in St Martin's Lane, crossing which, he found himself at the corner of Long Acre. There he paused, and debated with himself a moment, slowly twisting the ends of his moustache. He was hungry. Should he content himself with bread-and-cheese and a glass of ale in a tavern? Or, should he deny himself the ale, and have something more staying and nutritious in the *à-la-mode* beef-shop at his elbow? Though he had what he called 'a thirst' upon him, he decided for the diet without drink, and turning on his heel, he entered the shop *à-la-mode*.

It is scarcely fair to expose all the base shifts to which patient merit may be reduced, and how it has often parsimoniously to consider the purchasing power of a penny. Let it suffice to say that George Ferrers made a tolerable meal, to which a piquant relish was imparted by the kind looks of the plump, though somewhat untidy, serving-girl behind the counter. The box in which he sat to consume his viands was inadequate. The seat was narrow, and his knees touched the bench on the other side of the little table. A little man might have enjoyed in it complete privacy except from the overseeing eye of the counter-girl; but George Ferrers could conceal no more than his plate and a few buttons of his waistcoat. He sat so high that he could see into all the other boxes, and he felt that his dominant height had a depressing effect on the dirty carters—themselves bulky men—and the nondescript loafers who were feeding in them. He hurried, therefore, through his meal, paid for it—not forgetting to tip the plump serving-girl, who responded with a surprised, 'Thank you, sir'—and returned into the street.

He chinked his change in his hand, and dropped it into his pocket with as much of a pang of anxiety as his cheerful spirit would permit him to feel. The few pieces of silver and copper—making one-and-ninepence in all—were the amount of his pecuniary resources, and he had no immediate prospect of more. Yet he must have a smoke. He had had his appetite for food but half allayed; for it took a good deal to keep his continent of body in condition; but he knew he would feel satisfied if he had a pipeful of tobacco. Turning down St Martin's Lane, therefore, he entered a tobacconist's and purchased a half-ounce of his favourite mixture. Then filling and lighting his pipe, he strolled serenely and gallantly down to Trafalgar Square. He leaned over the parapet, knitted his brows, smoked hard, and asked himself what he should do.

He was where he had often been of an evening before. He leaned on the parapet and looked away down over the silent fountains into Whitehall, to that front of the Horse Guards where, in other days, he had often appeared in all the glittering panoply of war, on his black horse, in steel cuirass and gorgeous helmet. England had been to him a pretty hard step-mother. She

had taken twelve good years of his life; had marched and counter-marched him; had sent him to the Soudan—whence he had returned but a year ago, a gaunt and sun-burnt member of the famous Camel Corps—and had then turned him adrift and shown no further interest in him. He did not complain: he was too well drilled a soldier and of too cheerful a nature to do that; but as he let his eye rove round, still asking himself in the backward of his thought what he was going to do, he resented the fat and prosperous appearance of the crowd surging and perspiring east and west, and north and south, in loose coats and white waistcoats. He wondered how they would look if they were collected into a regiment and marched into the desert, where there was only a modicum of the tinned 'junk' of Australia or Chicago to eat, and not a drop of water to drink; and if, when choking and cracking with thirst, a horde of fuzzy-headed, gigantic black fiends came howling down upon them, thrusting at them with shovel-headed spears, and hacking mightily at them with huge crusader swords. Of what use would they be in a trial of pluck, strength, and endurance? And yet he reckoned there was not one but had gold and silver in his pocket, while he had only one-and-sevenpence, and did not know where to get another shilling. Of course he had a father, a farmer in a dale of Cumberland; but he was not going to beg money of the old man—no, not if he were starving. Trafalgar Square, he had heard, is the centre of London, and London is the centre of the world; therefore, he stood in the very heart, or bull's eye, of the life, wealth, and business of the world. He was well placed, then, and ought to get on. Yet why had he received no answer to any one of his own advertisements, or of his replies to the advertisements of others? He could not guess, unless it were that for a big fellow with curling moustaches and long legs, who had served twelve years in the Life Guards, there was no place in civilian life.

So he asked himself again what he was going to do. He was resolved he would not go to his lodging that night—the dingy, frowsy garret in Soho—without having settled something one way or another about his future. He had heard it said, 'Adventures are to the adventurous;' and since an adventure had not sought him out, he thought he had better seek out an adventure. Which way should he go?—North, south, east, or west? He stooped—regardless of the curious side-looks of the passers-by—set his little cane erect on the pavement and let it go. It fell at once to the west; and to the west—into Clubland—he at once set off. His pipe was empty and his mouth was dry: he let his tongue 'click' against his palate, to assure himself how much he was in need of a drink. He thought he might indulge himself to the extent of a half-pint, since he must presently—he laughed—run against a frail old gentleman who needed a prop for his declining years, or a lonely dowager who longed to adopt a son; and he knew himself as strong as a tree and as active and willing as a horse.

The sun had set with the cloudless glow of a furnace behind the further end of Pall Mall, and the stifling breathless shades of night seemed

to rise from the ground as much as they sank from the sky, as he left Trafalgar Square.

'Here goes!' said he; and he turned up the narrow street on his right to 'wet his whistle' before committing himself to the search for adventure in the west. He turned into the bar of the first public-house and asked for a half-pint of 'old and bitter'—the Guardsman's favourite drink.

'Old and bitter, sir?' said the smart barmaid, looking not unkindly on his stalwart figure and handsome good-natured face as she drew the liquor. She seemed not disinclined to conversation; but she was anticipated by a well-dressed, black-muzzled man, with his tall hat tilted back, who sat on a stool, smoked a cigar, and drank spirits-and-water. 'Have a cigar, mister?' asked the man, displaying an open cigar-case.

'Thanks—no,' said Ferrers. 'I prefer a pipe;' and he produced and filled it. He had that instinct of English reserve which repels the familiar advance of a stranger.

'Excuse me,' said the man; 'but you've been a soldier—haven't you? I've been a soldier myself.'

'In the Horse Marines, wasn't it?' said Ferrers with a laugh.

'No, sir; in the American army.'

'I thought,' said Ferrers, 'you didn't look like a soldier. May I ask you a question?'

'You may, sir.'

'Aren't you an Irishman?'

'I am; and proud of the fact, sir, of belonging to that down-trodden nation. Why do you ask?'

'Oh, just because I thought only a down-trodden Irishman would go and serve under a foreign flag and then brag about it to an English soldier.'

'I served in America, sir, not as a private, but as an officer. In your blessed English army, would I have had a chance of being an officer?'

'I hope not,' said Ferrers with a laugh.

'No,' continued the Irishman, pulling his hat on and getting warmer. 'I'd have had a lot of insolent bloated aristocrats over me.'

'Perhaps,' said Ferrers, 'you know more aristocrats than I do. But I've known some, and I'd prefer them to the only officer of the American army I ever met. My captain was a Viscount, and my major was a Duke, and they were the best fellows I ever knew. Of course they lost their temper sometimes, and sometimes swore a bit; but every man that is a man does that. But I've fought shoulder to shoulder with them in square in the Soudan; we've drunk the same dirty water from the same confounded water-bottle; and we've sung the same songs riding through the desert. And if I were on my last legs, I'd ask them to help me before I'd ask anybody else; and they'd do it too.—What do you think of that?'

'What do I think of that, sir?' said the Irishman, rising from his stool, swallowing the last drops of his liquor, and moving to the door. 'I think that very likely you blacked their boots.' Saying that, he was gone, and Ferrers' toe was too late to help him out.

'You had him there,' laughed the barmaid; 'and he's bolted.'

'He has,' said Ferrers. 'But I may meet him another day.'

He finished his drink and departed, thinking over what he had said. His defence of his officers was quite unpremeditated. They had not been in his thought, and it had not occurred to him to appeal to them to find a way for him out of his present dead-lock. But now that the suggestion had arisen quite of itself, as one might say, he asked himself, 'Why not?'

So he marched on westward, till he found clubs to right of him, clubs to left of him, each one volleying forth from open windows above and below the liquorish and appetising odours of good cookery. Lord Debrett, he knew, was to be heard of at the Junior Carlton; and he walked slowly past its ample and imposing doorway. But a glance at the hall porter, who was taking the air on the top step, and who looked as important as a Secretary of State, and far more alarming than his late captain, and a glimpse of the gorgeous marble interior, so daunted him that he lost heart.

He passed on and up St James's Street, and so into Piccadilly, and on again westward. He was offered sundry adventures of a doubtful kind, but he marched steadily on. The roadway was thronged with omnibuses, and red-eyed hansoms and carriages bearing people from home and dinner to theatre, opera, or party; and the pavements were peopled with well-dressed persons of both sexes; but nowhere did he perceive a hint of the frail old gentleman or the lonely dowager who, he had hoped, were longing to adopt him.

When he was near his old barracks of Knightsbridge, he thought he was about as far west as civilisation and opportunity could extend, and as Fate could expect him to go. However, he consulted chance again, as he had done before. He set his cane upright on the pavement and let it fall. It fell without an instant's hesitation to the east.

'Very well,' said he to himself. 'Back I go.' So he returned the way he had come, his hope of adventure sinking lower and lower the nearer he approached to Trafalgar Square. At last he was back in his former place, leaning over the parapet. It was now quite dark, as dark, that is, as it ever is on a hot, clear-skied summer night. The space below him around the fountains was inhabited by dark figures, moving, as it seemed, aimlessly about; while the benches were almost completely filled—with the unemployed,' he thought.

'I'm one of the unemployed,' he said to himself. 'I'll have a seat.' He descended the steps, made room for himself on a bench and lighted his pipe. He sat thus for a little while musing. He saw in imagination his old home in the Cumberland hills under the summer night—the rich fields sloping down from the dear, ivy-clad house, and the sheltering wood behind. In fancy he heard the bark of the watchdog—bark answering unto bark all down and round the dale—and the low of the kine returned to pasture from the evening milking; he smelt, too, the sweet cool odour of the new-mown hay, the rich evanescent scent of the roses in the farm-garden, and of the honeysuckle in the hedges round; and a lump rose in his throat, and he wondered whether, after all, he had not better return, like the prodigal, to his father and take what place could be found for him. Suddenly he became aware of

loud and angry voices not far off; and looking up, he saw near one of the fountain-basins a dark knot of people which was drawing to itself more and more dark units from all sides. He rose and went over. As he approached, a shrill female voice rose in the air—'Police!' and continued in a key but little below the shrillest: 'I'll see if you'll molest a woman going quietly about her business—you bad man! you black, nefarious creature—you!'

Elbowing his way into the centre of the crowd, he saw that the 'bad man' on whom the woman's rage was concentrated was the black-muzzled Irishman. He was declaring to the amused or indifferent bystanders that the woman had done this and that, and had said this and that to him.

'Why don't you let the woman alone?' demanded Ferrers. 'Is it Irish or American manners to make a row with a woman in a public place?'

'Mind your own business,' said the furious Irishman, 'you infernal English lamp-post!'

Ferrers said not a word; but stepping up to him, gripped him by the waist, raised him and shook him as a mastiff might shake a yapping cur, and dropped him into the water of the fountain-basin. The crowd, which had held its breath a moment, now roared with laughter: the ducking was a joke it could appreciate.

CHAPTER II.—COMRADES.

'By Jove!' Ferrers heard a voice exclaim behind him, 'I've known only one man that could lift another man like that!'

He thought he knew the voice. He turned, and saw a gentleman in evening dress about as tall as himself pushing towards him. It was Lord Debrett, who came and looked him in the face and grasped his hand.

'What? By Jove! it is you really, Ferrers. What are you doing here? Come along. The police are sure to turn up now when it's all over, and they may want to collar you.'

The Irish-American had scrambled out of his unexpected bath, and dripping with wet and fury he cried: 'I'll remember you for this! I'll spot you!'

'You'd better scuttle home,' said Lord Debrett, 'and change your clothes, or you'll catch cold.' And having thus said, he took Ferrers' arm and led him outside the crowd, where he was joined by another gentleman in evening dress. 'I was right,' said Lord Debrett.—'Let me introduce to you, Sir William, my old comrade, Ferrers of the Blues—Sergeant Ferrers that was.'

Sir William bowed somewhat stiffly; and Ferrers, being taken thus at unawares, returned the bow rather awkwardly. He felt he did not like Sir William, for no other reason, perhaps, than that he had made him to appear awkward. Sir William was middle-aged, thin-whiskered, lean, and of the middle height.

'Come and let us have a talk,' said Lord Debrett.

Ferrers said nothing; the presence of Sir William kept him from being quite easy and frank with his late captain.

'Were you going anywhere in particular?' asked Lord Debrett.

'No, my lord,' said Ferrers; 'I was just hanging about.'

'Well, Sir William and I were just walking down to the Gaiety for an hour; we have to go somewhere else afterwards.—Suppose, Dawlish, you go on to the theatre and come back and find me in the smoking-room of the Club?'

'That will suit me very well,' said Sir William.

'And me too,' thought Ferrers; and he bowed adieu to Sir William Dawlish with the greatest good-will, supposing he saw the last of him. But he had not done that by any means; and thereby hangs our tale.

The comrades-in-arms walked off together along Pall Mall.

'Who was the man you ducked, Ferrers?' asked Lord Debrett.

'I don't know, my lord,' answered Ferrers. 'I met him first an hour or more ago, when he was calling English officers names; and I came across him again now rowing with a woman, so I settled both counts by sousing him.'

Lord Debrett laughed. 'But look here, Ferrers. Don't call me "my lord" or "captain" when we meet like this, any more than I call you "sergeant." We've been comrades; and if it hadn't been for you, my bones would be bleaching with the rest at Abu Klea; so just call me Debrett, as I call you Ferrers.'

'Very well,' said Ferrers, feeling not unnaturally somewhat lifted up.

'Now, tell me what you've been doing since I saw you a year ago. I thought you had made up your mind to stay in the country with your father.'

'So I had.'

'And why didn't you go?' asked Debrett.

'I did go. And I stayed with him all through the winter and spring. But I got tired of the country; I wanted to be back in London; and so I came away about six weeks ago before all my money was spent.'

'And how have you been getting on since?'

'Well, times are not too lively.'

'But you've got something to do, I suppose?'

'No; nothing.'

'Nothing! That's bad. You've tried, I suppose?'

'Tried! I should think so!'

'But you're clever. You can write well and tot up accounts.'

'There are lots can do that better than me. I haven't tried for that.'

'What have you tried for?'

'I've tried for drawing'—

'I know you can draw and paint first class.'

'Well, I've offered myself as a War Artist, and shown some of my things. They liked them; but there ain't a war on, nor expected—worse luck!—So they just took my name in case anything should turn up; though they seemed to think I was too big, too noticeable, and would take too much to keep.'

'Little nippers of men, I suppose,' said Debrett, 'would do better for that.'

'I've offered myself,' continued Ferrers, warming to his narrative, 'to teach the use of the sabre in a fencing-gallery; but it appears nobody wants to learn cavalry practice, and rapier practice I don't know.'

'Humph!' grunted Debrett meditatively.

'I've offered myself as a riding-master; but they wondered if they had any horse strong enough to carry me. And I've answered advertisements for lots of other things, but without getting any reply. The fact is I seem to be too big for anything, except a door ornament with buttons for a swell shop or restaurant.'

'The doose you are!' exclaimed Lord Debrett, meditatively twisting his moustache. 'I daresay now if I broke loose and spent till I could get no more to spend, and if I had to take up some occupation, they'd think me too big, by Jove!'

'Oh,' said Ferrers, 'you're a lord. For that, the bigger the better.'

'Is that it? So being called a lord has its advantages.'

'I should think so—rather,' said Ferrers with a laugh.

'But go on,' said Debrett. 'Tell me about yourself. You mean to go on trying to get something, I suppose?'

'I mean to go on trying; though, to tell the truth, I don't know what to try for next.'

'Do you think I can do anything for you? If you find yourself short, you know, Ferrers'—

'Oh, I'm all right,' said Ferrers quickly.

Debrett was suspicious. 'Come now, Ferrers,' said he; 'on your oath—how much money have you got?'

'Well, Debrett, to tell you the truth, I've only got one-and-fivepence left.'

'Good heavens! One-and-fivepence! And,' he declared with a touch of contrition in his voice, 'I'm smoking, I believe, a one-and-sixpenny Partaga!—But you haven't been on starvation rations, surely! Now I look close at you, you're rather thin and pale.'

'Well, for a fortnight or so I've just managed to throw dust in the eyes of my appetite, so to speak. But it takes an enormous deal to choke off this appetite of mine.'

'Come along; come and have something,' said Lord Debrett, hurrying him into the Junior Carlton, through the great swinging doors, up the broad steps, and into the depths beyond.

Ferrers cast a glance in passing at the watchful Secretary of State in the porter's box, and wondered that an hour before he should have been so afraid of him. He was led into a private dining-room and set down at a table. He was asked what he would like, and with little hesitation he declared for cold beef, bread, and bitter ale. He asked Debrett if he was not going to eat also. Debrett said he could not, having little more than finished dinner.

'But,' said he, 'I'll keep you company with a drink.'

Then he refused to say another word till his friend had eaten his meal. He sat in an easy-chair, pulled his moustache, and ruminated. Presently, when Ferrers' efforts had slackened a little, he turned to him as if he had come to a weighty conclusion. 'Do you know, Ferrers,' said he, 'I think you've not come enough the old soldier, as you used to say; you've been too straightforward and frank with those civilians.'

'What do you mean, Debrett?' asked Ferrers.

'Well, you haven't bounced. You've just led them to think you were a poor devil of a simple

soldier, strong, deserving, and willing. That was a mistake.'

'How do you mean?'

'Don't you see? There was a want of generalship about it. You remember how Drury Lowe took Cairo? With a bit of bounce!'

'Yes, by Jingo!' said Ferrers with enthusiasm. 'Pluck first and bounce afterwards.'

'Well, there you are,' said Debrett. 'You've got pluck, but no bounce. Now look here. Though you're not a gentleman, Ferrers—you know what I mean, that you haven't birth, or estates, or that sort of thing—you'd very well pass for a gentleman with most people: you look like a gentleman, and you have the manners of a gentleman.'

'I've lived with your lordship so long,' said Ferrers.

'Don't say that again, Ferrers. It's only when you open your mouth and say something of that sort that you show, to anybody that knows, that you're not the proper thing. Don't say much to these civilians, and whatever you do don't be humble. Go about well dressed—you know how—call yourself captain or colonel; keep a stiff back, and, if you think it will work, be quietly insolent: those civilian beggars, I believe, will like you all the better for it.'

'I believe you're right,' said Ferrers, with his brows puckered in attention.

'Of course I'm right. I've seen it many a time. Now you take my tip and you'll get on.'

Lord Debrett uttered himself solemnly, as if what he said was the result of the garnered observation of a lifetime; and very likely it was.

'I believe you're right,' repeated Ferrers. 'Why, I've seen jokers myself, since I've been about now, come that game. They've stepped in and looked round as if all the place belonged to 'em, and they've ordered a cup of coffee and a slice as if they could buy up all the stores if they liked, and they've got served better and quicker than anybody else.'

'That's rough sort of practice, though,' said Debrett, sagely shaking his head. 'That's overdoing it. Don't overdo it, Ferrers.'

'I quite understand,' said Ferrers; 'oh yes. There's a way of doing it, of course.'

'Well, you take the right way and you'll get on.'

The simple comrades then adjourned to the smoking-room, where presently Sir William Dawlish entered and found them. Ferrers was not embarrassed, as he had been before, by Sir William's presence; for one thing, the baronet appeared less reserved and more friendly; and, for another, Ferrers was lustily primed with food and drink, and emboldened with the advice given him by Lord Debrett.

'Dawlish,' said Debrett, leaning well back in his lounge-chair and stretching his long legs—all three being provided with the accompaniments of a smoking-room lounge—'my friend Ferrers wants something to do: he's doosid hard-up. Can you recommend him anything?'

'Well,' said Sir William, with a smile that seemed to Ferrers more like a grin: it showed all his teeth—'well,' said he, 'if Mr Ferrers will excuse my saying it—he had the look when I first saw him of a hard-up man. I've had a large

experience,' continued he with another grin, 'of hard-up people: I'm commonly one of them myself.'

'But can you recommend him to anything?' asked Lord Debrett. 'He's a good fellow; he can always hold his tongue and keep his head.'

'An excellent character to have,' said Sir William, nodding and grinning; 'and I have no doubt he deserves it.'

'He is too confoundedly civil,' thought Ferrers. 'What does he mean by it?'

'Of course he does,' said Lord Debrett. 'I wasn't paying a compliment; I was merely recommending a good man.'

'But what,' asked Sir William, 'is Mr Ferrers' line?'

'I am a yeoman's son,' said Ferrers, speaking for himself, with a frank touch of pride, 'and I know something of farming; and I've served my twelve years in the Blues, from private to sergeant'—

'And he knows all that can be learned in the Guards,' broke in Debrett, 'and a good deal more besides.'

'And how's the education, may I ask?' said Sir William.

'Oh, that's all right,' said Debrett again before Ferrers could reply; 'besides drawing, calisthenics, and the use of the globes, and all that sort of thing.—But have you something in your eye, Dawlish, that might occupy any of Ferrers' talents?'

'I have a notion of something that would need a good many talents—one in particular.'

'Ah, now,' said Debrett, 'there's something at last; while Ferrers feared it might be something he had already tried.'

Sir William looked at him with a smile, and said: 'Mr Ferrers, I suppose, is an old enough soldier to carry out instructions without demanding an explanation?'

'I should think so,' answered Debrett.—'Eh, Ferrers?'

'Certainly I am,' said Ferrers.

'But what's on, Dawlish?' asked Debrett. 'Not a burglary or an abduction, eh?'

'You're not so good a soldier as Mr Ferrers,' said Sir William, grinning again: 'you want an explanation.'

'But I'm not going to take service,' answered the other.

'Well,' said Sir William, when he had considered a moment, 'it's neither a burglary nor an abduction; it's neither more nor less than a game I want to play with some wealthy and hard-fisted connections of mine in the City.—I had a brother,' he continued, leaning forward, to Lord Debrett, while his eye constantly turned to Ferrers, 'who made a pile of money as a banker. All his property was left in charge of his two partners—stupid, precise, old City men—and it's with them I have a little game on; and I have been thinking that Mr Ferrers might help me in it. I don't mind telling you in confidence that there is a lady concerned: a soldier is always ready to help a lady.'

'What do you say, Ferrers?' asked Debrett.

'Oh,' said Ferrers, 'I'm quite ready to have any game that's not against the law, with jokers of that sort.'

'I'll take care of the law,' said Sir William

with a grin. 'Now,' said he, considering his finger-nails a moment, 'for your help in this business I can afford to give you a hundred pounds and your expenses. You're not above taking money for a service rendered, I suppose, Mr Ferrers?'

'Unfortunately, I cannot afford to be,' said Ferrers.

'That's all right. Will my suggestion, then, suit you?'

'Perfectly,' said Ferrers. 'But I hope, Sir William, you won't think it too early if I ask you now what you want me to do.'

'It's quite necessary,' said Sir William politely, 'and by no means premature. I want you to call yourself "William Dawlish," and, to use what I believe is a vulgar phrase, to behave as such. That's all.'

'William Dawlish?' said Ferrers. 'I am supposed to be your son. Is that it?'

'We are not responsible for what people may suppose. But I perceive, Mr Ferrers, in your question a tendency to overdo it.'

'What I said,' remarked Debrett parenthetically. 'Don't overdo it, Ferrers.'

'No; don't,' said Sir William. 'It will be as well not to say you are my son, because you are not.'

'So far as you know, Dawlish,' suggested Lord Debrett.'

'So far,' assented Sir William, 'as I know.'

'I begin to understand,' said Ferrers. 'I must play the game of "William Dawlish" with plain cards.'

'With plain cards as much as possible,' assented Sir William. 'If any one, for instance, should ask you point-blank, "Are you Sir William Dawlish's son?" you'll play low and say, "What has that to do with you?" or something of that sort. There are always people asking for information: your business is *not* to give it 'em. And always remember that whatever you do or say I've got to back you up in it—if it come to that; so I must rely on you not to compromise me.'

'Let me ask you, Sir William,' said Ferrers, 'this one thing more: there is nothing illegal, nothing wrong, no real damage to any one, I mean, in this game?'

'Nothing whatever,' said Sir William. 'You will have to act a fib for my sake, and especially for the sake of a certain lady. I have no precise instructions at present; only prepare to be William Dawlish.'

'I think, Sir William, I begin to see the thing,' said Ferrers. He was still perplexed; but he was afraid to appear stupid by asking questions.

'Now,' said Sir William, producing a cheque-book and a Livermore pen, 'I'll give you a cheque for fifty pounds on account of expenses.—You must dress properly, you know' (with a glance at Ferrers' rough tweed suit, which made him blush), 'and you must get a proper address and visiting-cards with "Mr William Dawlish" on them.'

'By Jove,' exclaimed Lord Debrett, 'this is going to be sport!'

'But remember,' said Sir William with warning pen, 'it is strictly between us three.'

'Oh, mum's the word,' said Lord Debrett.

'There will be no difficulty, I suppose,' said Sir

William to Ferrers, 'about leaving your present lodgings?'

'None at all,' said Ferrers.

'Well,' said Sir William, 'drive up to my rooms, No. — Jermyn Street, in a hansom at twelve o'clock to-morrow morning.'

'Oh, I shall come to breakfast, Dawlish!' exclaimed Lord Debreitt.

'Do,' said Sir William.—'And,' continued he to Ferrers, 'have a good, big, stout portmanteau with you—not too new and not too light.—Now, Debreitt,' said he with another of his grins, glancing at the mantel-clock, 'I think it's quite time we went.'

They rose.—'Ah, by the way,' said he, 'that cheque is drawn on my late brother's bank. It is possible they may detain you to make inquiries;' and he grinned again. 'But don't be disturbed: I'll make it all right.'

'In that case,' said Ferrers, 'had I not better have a—little loose cash, to make sure of keeping my morning appointment with you, Sir William?'

'That's well bethought,' said Sir William; and he took from his pocket-book a five-pound note and handed it to Ferrers.

Then they went out.

'What's the game, I wonder?' said Lord Debreitt in Ferrers' ear as he bade him 'good-night.'

OUR HOLY WELLS.

We are still in possession of the numerous Holy Wells esteemed by our forefathers for their curative properties, though most of us have long ceased to look at them from precisely the same point of view as that from which they regarded them. Nevertheless, we do not slight them altogether. St Winifred's Well, at Holywell, in Flintshire, is still a shrine in the eyes of antiquaries; and learned antiquarian societies visit it, and thoroughly appreciate its legends, surroundings, and architectural and archaeological features, as much as sanitarians value and admire the enormous yield of its spring. The forty stones marking the old penitential stations in the beautiful glen are still to be counted, and are even now, if we may believe report, occasionally kissed, it may be surreptitiously, in the hope that some of the old healing properties or influences may be secured by that ceremony. Annually, hundreds of tourists scan the superb chapel built by the mother of Henry VII. over the well, and the clever arrangement of the crutches left in it by those who were healed in old times, by means of which a decorative effect, as of rich open timber-work, is given to the roof. There are perhaps a score of holy wells of almost equal renown, locally, in North Wales, many of which have or had small ornamental chapels built over them. Dr Johnson mentions a chapel over a well near St Asaph's that he was taken to see when on a visit to the Thrales, that is not now in existence, probably on account of the spring being used to turn a neighbouring mill; and similar removals may have been made of others that had fallen into decay; and we have word, moreover, of the intentional destruction of another for the purpose of disillusion; but not-

withstanding these disappearances, the examples left us are still numerous.

There is an atmosphere of peace and architectural propriety about St Winifred's Well. William the Conqueror, Henry II., Edward I., and James II. are said to have devoutly repaired to it; and both before and after their days countless devotees resorted to it. But not many miles away there is another well of a very different character. This is the Cursing Well of St Elian, in the parish of Llanellian, about two miles from Colwyn Bay. By placing upon a pebble the initials of any person to whom evil fortune is desired, and then dropping the stone into the well, a terrible curse, such as a great calamity or sudden death, is ensured to the individual thus indicated. It was stated at an Antiquarian Congress held last year that not very long ago vindictive people from all parts of Wales went to Llanellian to put those they wished to curse into the well in this fashion, and that the general dread of the proceeding was great beyond belief. Moreover, it formed the occupation of a custodian to search for the pebbles bearing the initials of any person who wished to be relieved from the curse, or taken out of the well, as it was called, who also advised the persons so unfortunate as to be thus condemned as to the best means to take to circumvent the curse. Pennant, the antiquary, relates that he was threatened by a man whom he had offended with the curse of St Elian, and with an intimation that he would journey to the well to put the curse into effect. The Goblin Well, near the Goblin Tower, Denbigh, if there is anything in a name, is not to be compared with the characteristics of St Winifred's Well, either. There is another well, too, of a somewhat different repute from the majority; this is the well of St George, at Cegidoc, near Abergelen, which was esteemed for the recovery it ensured to horses suffering from disease. They were sprinkled with the water and blessed in the name of the saint. Rich people offered a horse at this shrine to secure a blessing to all the rest that belonged to them. As a rule, however, a holy well was associated with the relief of human sickness of various kinds.

The water of St Tecla's Well was considered specially useful for the falling-sickness, which was known as St Tecla's disease. After washing in the well at sundown and making an offering, the patient walked round it three times, repeating a prayer each time. The offering was a hen if the patient was a woman, and a cock if of the masculine sex. In either case, the fowl was also carried round the well and then round the church. The invalids were required to remain in the church all night. A Bible served for a pillow; the space under the communion table for a bed; and a carpet or cloth for covering. At break of day, after offering sixpence and leaving the fowl in the church, they departed, content with the understanding that if the bird died they would be cured. In the case of the well of St Beuno, it was necessary, after ablution in its waters, for the invalid to pass the night upon the tomb of the saint in the church, which was covered with rushes to make it tolerably comfortable, and, for one poor paralytic person, with a feather-bed. Offerings were made to this

church on Trinity Sunday of such calves and lambs as happened to be born with a certain mark on the ear that was called St Beuno's mark. These were sold by the churchwardens; and the money they brought was put into a chest made of a solid piece of oak, with three strong locks to it, which proceeding gave rise to the saying: 'You may as well try to break up St Beuno's chest.'

The well of St Peris was described by Penant, at the close of the last century, as being enclosed with a wall in his day. He relates that the sibyl of the place told the fortunes of those who visited it by the appearance or non-appearance of a little fish which lurked in some of its holes. St Trillo's Well, on the verge of the seashore on the way towards the Little Ormes Head from Colwyn Bay, has a chapel built over it of interesting antiquity. Another chapel over a well, known as Ffynnon Fair, is now in ruins; but there are registers extant belonging to it in which record is kept of various clandestine marriages that were performed at night in it. To the south of the Norman castle at Dysarth is an ivy-covered ruin of another sacred well, known as Siamber Wen; and within a mile or so of the same stronghold is the well admired by Dr Johnson, which now turns the mill-wheel. Close to Llanbaidr Church there is a well called Ffynnon St Dyfnog, that was once in great repute as 'vertuous waters,' and attracted large numbers of sick persons, whose offerings are in evidence in the Jesse window in the church. There is a well, too, near the church of Llan-Aelhaearn, the saint with an iron eyebrow, that was also much frequented on account of its sanctity. A chapel once covered St Helen's Well, near Carnarvon, also. At Aberdaron there is a fountain of fresh water, at the foot of a promontory, below high-water mark, that was frequented by devotees, who believed if they carried a mouthful of the water safely to the summit of the rocks, their desire would be granted.

In Cornwall there are several wells with chapels built over them; they are dedicated to St Austell, St Piran, St Cleer, St Levan, and St Agnes. The little oratory over St Austell's fount has a stone-groined roof and two doorways, and is about nine or ten feet long by a width of six feet. The chapel over St Levan's Well is smaller, or about nine feet square. A larger example at Horsebridge is about double these dimensions, and fifteen feet in height. There are several others in ruins, as at Bellarmins Tor and Vale. There is also a place called Holywell in this county, as in many others. There are different virtues ascribed to the various wells, one of which confers mastership upon the one of a newly-wedded pair that is the first to taste of its waters after the marriage ceremony.

Well-chapels are not so numerous in other parts of the kingdom. The health-giving springs are more frequently left to find their way to the nearest stream without any attempt to enclose them. At Holystone, in Northumberland, near the Cheviots, there is a well or spring which is identified as the waters in which Paulinus baptised the Northumbrians in the days of the Heptarchy. It presents the aspect of an oblong pool about forty feet long and twenty-four feet wide. It

stands in a plantation of firs and larches; and in the centre of the quadrangular basin is a tall stone cross inscribed with a notification that Paulinus the Bishop baptised three thousand Northumbrians there at Easter DCXXVII. The spot is kept in neat order, and seats are placed for visitors to rest.

In the same county there is a well of much interest near Flodden Field, the same fountain-cell, built by Sybil Grey, to which Sir Walter Scott made Marmion indebted for his last draught after his mortal wound. It is on a hill-side, and now has some lines from the poem cut into its new and handsome granite front. Those who climb to drink of the waters of this well can see the battle-field and note the different directions occupied by the troops, the mound, or Piper's Hill, where the body of the king was found with so many of the dead 'flowers of the Forest,' and the churchyard, in which heaps of the slain were afterwards buried, for the ground falls away from it, and all is spread out before them uninterruptedly.

The Freeman's Well, on Alnwick Moor, in the same county, though not recognised as a sacred fount, is too remarkable to be passed over. King John, in riding over the moor six centuries ago, fell into a quagmire at this spot; and was so enraged with the burgesses in consequence, that he took their charter from them; and was only induced to return it on condition that every freeman should also wade through it on acquiring the privileges it conferred. Ever since that distant day, and on the anniversary of it, till quite recently, the young men of the town who wished to take up their freedom, as it was called, went through this well, with various formalities, before they were enrolled. As it is about four miles from the town, and riding the boundaries of the three thousand acres of moorland was part of the same ceremony, the candidates were required to ride, and were accompanied by the authorities of the town and of the castle, as well as by a numerous cavalcade of friends, anxious to see how they comported themselves under circumstances that were carefully made as trying as possible. After preliminary formalities with drawn swords in the market-place, the young men rode up the steep street leading to the moor, and began their journey over rocks, ditches, dykes, whins, heather, and other difficulties; and many of them were thrown by the way. They were required by the moor-grievances to stop at every cairn, marking the boundaries, and place a stone upon it. When they came to the well, which is a pool about a hundred yards long and a dozen yards wide, and from three to five feet deep, they dismounted, donned garments gaily decorated, but suitable for immersion, and flung themselves into the water, and each contended with the rest to get to the opposite side first. Ropes of straw hidden in the water, and holes dug here and there, made them stumble and flounder; but in the end they managed to get through. Their friends assisted them to resume their dry clothing; and, remounting, they continued the ride round the moor. On returning to the town, they were hospitably regaled with strong ale at the castle, which they passed on the way back to the market-place, whilst the waits played *Chevy Chase*. A crown bowl of punch in the market-place finished

the proceedings of the day, which were resumed on the following afternoon, that the town might be perambulated and further rejoicings take place.

As in Cornwall, there are places called Holy-well in this county. One is near North Shields, and derives its name from St Mary's Well, the waters of which have the property of turning colour when galls are added to it. Another holy well, at Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne, once very esteemed, was provided with thirty-nine steps.

There were several holy wells in old times in London. One was St Chad's Well, near Battle-bridge, which maintained its reputation into this century. It was surrounded in 1824 by a garden with alleys of clipped hedges, on the gates of which was a board with a notification, 'Health restored and preserved.' There was another near the church of St Pancras. But the most famous was Bride Well, which gave its name to the neighbouring hospital and prison. On the coronation of George IV., Hone tells us, so many thousands of bottles were filled with the water from it that the inhabitants of the parish could not get their usual supply. The suburbs could also boast of many famous wells. Sadler's Wells was more a place of fashionable resort; but Kilburn Wells and Streatham Wells were esteemed for their 'virtuous waters,' like the simple fountains in the Welsh hills that have been mentioned.

Probably there were once ornamental crosses associated with most holy wells. There is an interesting survival of this combination at Geddington, where the Eleanor Cross stands close to a spring, which is indeed at the base of the steps upon which it is placed. The well is covered with a stone erection of two arches, and a few stone steps descend from the level of the road to give access to it. Three statues of the good brave queen look down from their high place, under their cusped canopies, upon the drawers of water who for so many centuries have availed themselves of this spring. It is situated in an open space among the mellow old houses in the village, at a short distance from the church. From an account preserved of the proceedings that took place at Dunstable and St Albans on the occasion of the removal of the dead queen, we may assume that her remains rested on the very spot marked by the cross. Says the chronicler: 'The body of the queen rested in the market-place until the king's Chancellor, and the great men then and there present, had marked a fitting place where they might afterwards erect, at the royal expense, a cross of wonderful size; our prior being then present, and sprinkling holy water.' In the case of Geddington, the existence of the spring may have led to the spot being marked as a fitting place.

From the days when Abraham's servants digged wells, and Isaac digged again the wells of water, it is clear those who have lived before us have set the highest value upon them. The numerous spas—or spaws, as they were written when Sir Walter Scott wrote *St Ronan's Well*—are on a more imposing scale than the little wells here mentioned, but scarcely more appreciated. The water-cure advocated in our own time seems but another phase of the same feeling that took

William the Conqueror to St Winifred's Well, or set Robert of Gloucester writing of 'welles swete and colde.' And though we look at them with new lights, and sanitary science bids us analyse water and examine its surroundings with close scrutiny, and otherwise treat it with suspicion, before we accept it unreservedly as fit for consumption, we must all feel Nature has bestowed few greater boons on mankind than springs of pure water, or, to use the old term which some of them so long enjoyed, our Holy Wells.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

By GRANT ALLEN, AUTHOR OF 'IN ALL SHADES,'
'THIS MORTAL COIL,' ETC.

CHAPTER XLIII.—THE FAITH CURE.

FOR a minute or two, they crowded in silent awe and suspense round poor fainting Psyche, whom excess of joy, too sudden joy, had affected so profoundly as no shock of grief could ever have affected that resolute nature. Then Haviland Dumaresq, half seizing her in his arms, led her gently aside; and the *chef de gare*, perceiving her weak and shattered condition, brought out a chair and placed it for her by the wall with something more than mere conventional French politeness. 'Mademoiselle is moved?' he asked good-humouredly. 'Mademoiselle recovers a long-lost friend? A brother, perhaps? A parent? An acquaintance? May I venture to recommend for Mademoiselle some *eau de fleurs d'oranger* in a little water? That calms the nerves. That restores the circulation.'

He brought her that universal panacea of his race in a full tumbler; and Dumaresq, trembling, held it to Psyche's lips. But Psyche waved the sickly decoction away with her hand rapidly, and sat still, fanning herself in a whirl of joy. Her whole soul was divided within her by conflicting emotions. She hardly knew as yet whether she could survive the shock, the terrible shock of finding her painter alive again and restored to her so unexpectedly.

One thing only she did *not* feel—the faintest shame or maidenly shrinking at the way she had flung herself without one thought of reserve into Linnell's arms as he stepped out on the platform. She couldn't tell how, but no doubt or fear remained any longer: she *knew* now, knew to an absolute certainty, that she loved Linnell, and that Linnell loved her. After all they had both done and suffered, the idea of greeting him in any other fashion than that never even occurred to her. Nor, to say the truth, did it occur to Linnell either. For both, in the delight of that unexpected meeting, the past was blotted out at one single blow, and they stood face to face at last rejoicing, too full of joy to admit the intervention of any other smaller or less worthy feeling.

That practical Corona was the first to make a decisive move. 'Say, Cyrus,' she exclaimed, turning round abruptly, 'you've got the checks. I gave 'em to you at Constantine. Just you run and look after my baggage, will you?'

Thus admonished as to the common concerns of our everyday existence, poor crest-fallen Cyrus, feeling himself somewhat awkwardly at a dis-

count in this pretty little domestic drama of European life, went off as he was bid to recover the luggage. In a few minutes more, he returned in triumph to the spot where the little group still sat or stood immovable, and recommended a retreat to the cabs outside with all expedition. For, to say the truth, they were beginning to attract some whispering attention.

'Can you move, dear?' Sirena asked, bending gently over Psyche with sisterly interest: 'or would you like us to ask some of the *dépôt* folk to lift the chair and carry you out to the carriage?'

Psyche rose, abashed at last, from the chair where she sat. 'I can walk,' she answered, now blushing violently, and just conscious for the first time since Linnell's arrival of that alternative aspect of the unexpected episode. 'But where is HE going to stop this evening?'

'Sir Austen?' Corona asked. 'Oh, we've fixed up all that as we came along in the cars. He's going along up with the rest of us to the Orangers.'

'If I may, Psyche,' Linnell added wistfully.

Psyche made no answer, but looked at him through her tears. Then taking her father's hand tremulously in hers, she walked over with the rest to the door of the station. The Arabs and the porters were already engaged in the usual pitched battle outside for the possession of the boxes. Psyche stood by and looked on while the two conflicting powers mounted the luggage on the front with many loud cries and shouts of *Ar-r-ri*.

'We shall want two cabs,' Corona whispered in her brother's ear. 'Let Sir Austen and the Dumaresqs go up alone together.'

Cyrus turned round and gazed with a sudden start into Psyche's face. Psyche blushed: her eyes met his all unawares for a second, and then dropped timidly. Cyrus had not presence of mind to conceal his surprise. 'Why, she sees,' he exclaimed in a tone of the profoundest and most naïf astonishment. 'Have her eyes got all right again while we were away, then, Sirena? She sees to-night just as well as anybody! She walked like an arrow straight out of the *dépôt*!'

Psyche herself started in return, almost equally astonished at this new discovery. In the tumult of mingled emotion and internal feeling at that supreme crisis of her life she actually forgot for the first minute or two she had recovered her sight: or, to speak more correctly, she never so much as remembered at all she had lost it. The moment she heard Linnell's voice in the carriage, her senses were quickened to the utmost pitch of effort and efficiency. She knew it was Linnell: she was sure it was Linnell; and at that sudden revulsion, breaking forward in a wild rush of joy, she looked, without ever even thinking of it, in the direction whence that familiar voice proceeded. In a second, the disused nervous tracts resumed as if by magic their forgotten function. Science was right: it was mere obsolescence. She saw her lover, her dead lover, in that second of joy, as distinctly as she had ever beheld anything on earth in her whole life before.

Yes, Haviland Dumaresq was justified after all. Happiness is the best of all possible tonics. As

they rode up together through the crowded streets, Linnell sitting opposite her in the light *fiacre*, and all the world at once recovered, Psyche still forgot she had ever been blinded. Her father watched her with anxious care. Was it only a false flicker, he wondered to himself, or would her sight come back again as clear and strong and distinct as ever?

Day after day he watched her carefully. Would a relapse come? But he had no need now to watch any longer. The cause was gone, and the effect disappeared as if by magic along with it. For a while, indeed, Psyche's eyes were a little less serviceable and trustworthy than of old: occasional short fits of dimness supervened: the long disuse and waste required to be repaired by gradual rebuilding. But joy works wonders unknown to medicine. With each fresh day spent at the Orangers under these new conditions, Psyche's health recovered itself at once with the marvellous rapidity of early youth. Algiers was glorified for her into an earthly paradise. Those beautiful walks on the breezy hills, those valley strolls among the asphodels and the orchids and the Spanish broom, with Linnell by her side to take her little hand as she clambered among the rocks, and to whisper soft words into her tingling ear, brought unwonted roses back to that cheek, so pale and white in the beginning of the winter. The joy that might have killed her restored her to life. She revelled in the light, the warmth, the sunshine.

For her own part, Psyche had never the courage to hear from Linnell's own lips the true story of that terrible ride for life across the burning desert, and the catastrophe which had wrought them both so much untold misery. But Haviland Dumaresq and Cyrus Vanrenen heard it all the very next day, in the garden at the Orangers, while Psyche sat happy in the tennis-ground below, with Sirena's hand twined in hers gratefully. They heard how Linnell, in his last extremity, escaping from the camp with his cousin Sir Austen, had been intercepted on the open by a strong body of robber Touaregs, not far from Hassion, the very spot where a few years earlier Colonel Platters and his French expedition had all been massacred in cold blood. Sir Austen, whose camel was less fleet than Linnell's, seeing the outlaws approach, had urged his cousin to fly at all speed and leave him to his fate; but the painter, incapable of deserting his tried companion after so many dangers faced and escaped together, had turned to his aid, and in his fluent Arabic endeavoured to parley with their savage assailants. The Touaregs, however, cared but little for either Christian or Moslem. They fired upon Sir Austen, who fell from his seat; and they left him dead in the night on the open sand. Then hacking down Linnell himself with their short swords, they went off with the camels, so that the artist found himself alone in the desert, without food or money, to die of hunger and loss of blood, or be devoured, half dead, by the clanging vultures.

Haviland Dumaresq shuddered as he heard the tale. 'Never tell Psyche,' he cried with his hands clasped tight. 'She's suffered enough and more than enough already. To know how you,

too, suffered would wring her poor heart.—But what did you do then? How did you finally get across to Ouargla?

'I was left on the sands alone,' Linnell answered briefly, 'with my cousin's body lying dead before me. A horrible terror seized me lest the caravan we had just left should come up and overtake us, in which case our sheikh would of course have finished killing what little was left of me. I was faint from my wounds and loss of blood. But there was only myself to do all that need be done. With my own hands, there in the open plain, I scooped a hole in the hot, hot sand, and covered his body over with it decently. After that, I set out all alone to walk northward. The loss of blood had left me very faint: so, crawling and straggling, I hardly know how, failing at times, and dying of thirst, but enduring still—because I wanted to get back at last, for Psyche's sake—I made my way towards Algeria. After two days' floundering alone through the bare sand, dazed and stunned, and half dead with fever, I lay down to die. Just then, a caravan belonging to the Khalifa of Ouargla, who is a French dependent, came by within sight. I signalled with my handkerchief. They picked me up. I promised them money if they took me with them; and they brought me on to their own oasis, where the White Fathers, as you know, generously took charge of me and tended me carefully.—But don't ask me any more at present. I can't bear to talk of it: I can't bear to think of it. The picture of that poor fellow, lying bleeding and dead in the midst of the desert, with the lonely silent sand spreading wide all around, and the blazing sun hanging all day long in the hot gray sky overhead, haunts me still, and will haunt me for ever, till the day I die, with its horrible presence.'

When he finished his story, Cyrus drew a deep sigh of regret. He was glad Miss Dumaresq should have her lover back again; but he did wish events at Cincinnati had permitted him to stop and see her made into a real live baroness. For Cyrus's views on the intricacies of British nomenclature in the matter of titles were as vague as those generally current in the newspaper press of his benighted fatherland.

COLOSSAL SAILING-SHIPS.

THE Victorian era will be especially remarkable for the sturdy strides that have been made in the principles of ship-construction consequent on an immeasurable increase of scientific knowledge enabling mankind to bring into subjection forces of Nature hitherto refractory. Sir Walter Raleigh well said that 'whoever was the first inventor of ships, every age has added somewhat to them.' Many and various are the fables connected with ships of antiquity, whose architects were ranked with the gods, and the ships themselves pictured among the constellations. Bluff-bowed East Indiamen of the good old days have utterly disappeared from active service. They were liberally manned, and barely distinguishable from wooden war-ships of the period. Such superior merchant-craft got under way in the most approved man-of-war fashion, setting and shortening sail in the twinkling of an eye to the shrill notes of a boatswain's call. Occasionally,

they usurped the white ensign appropriate to ships of the royal navy; and passing cargo-craft would lazily lower light sails in courteous recognition of the rights of that flag so celebrated in song and story. Officers of East Indiamen were wont to regard with disdain less fortunate navigators belonging to lowly cargo carriers. Passengers produced better returns to ship-owners than cargo, for as much as three hundred pounds has been paid for an unfurnished stern cabin for the passage from Calcutta to London.

Iron, steel, and steam have done much to drive wooden walls and snow-white sails from off the high seas. During the past quarter of a century important changes have taken place both in the form and in the size of British sailing-ships. These improvements are particularly noticeable when we remember that throughout the previous hundred years shipbuilders remained constant to their old traditions. China alone of all the maritime nations has been content to sit stolidly with folded hands and Oriental fatalism watching the flowing tide of commercial progress move majestically onward. Her carrying-craft of to-day differ but slightly from the ungainly model of ten centuries ago. Even the almond-eyed inhabitants of the Flowery Land, however, have hastened to become possessors of several war-ships of most modern type built by Europeans. It was positively predicted that the days of sailing-ships were numbered when by the masterful mind of De Lesseps the Suez Canal became an accomplished fact. Swift steamships of colossal proportions have availed themselves to the utmost of this short cut to India, China, and the antipodes; nevertheless, the white woven wings of sailing-ships are still to be seen on every sea.

Propulsion by steam and shortening of route have not led to so radical a revolution in our ocean carrying-trade as was fairly anticipated. Truly the hearts of those who go down to the sea in ships shall never again be gladdened by the impressive sight of so goodly a gathering of sailing-vessels as was witnessed at the entrance to the English Channel on the 10th of May 1870. No fewer than three hundred sail of homeward-bounders from every clime were in sight from the deck! This large number included some of the largest and the fleetest ships of that age of clippers, laden with the costliest of cargoes, and straining every rope-yarn to reach their destinations despite an annoying head-wind which sorely taxed the temper of officers and crews. Prevalence of easterly wind not infrequently prevented sailing-ships from making a rapid passage, even though all had gone well until the chalky cliffs of Dover were almost in sight, and supplies of food were sometimes sent to the belated ones. Upon representation made by Lloyd's to the Admiralty, ships of the State were sent on this errand of mercy. On the 15th of September 1890, no fewer than four hundred outward-bound sailing-ships got under way from Elsinore, where they had been detained at anchor by persistent contrary winds. About half-a-dozen of this large fleet of peaceful merchantmen were splendid specimens of our more modern iron clipper-craft on their way to Australia with timber. An overwhelming majority, however, were wooden vessels of small tonnage and inferior build.

Sailing-ships are comparatively fewer in number than formerly, but, on the other hand, they are much larger individually. The unqualified success of steam as a motive-power has almost determined the necessity for the employment of gigantic sailing-ships in order to compete with steamers. Sixty years ago there were only one hundred and fifty British sailing-merchantmen, each of more than five hundred tons register; but size has increased with the flight of time, and there are now in existence more than that number of sailers, each having a register capacity exceeding two thousand tons! In 1860 sailers of one thousand tons register were in demand; and each decade has brought an increase of five hundred tons. Thirty years since, not more than ten sailing-ships of above two thousand tons net register were afloat. They belonged principally to Liverpool, were wooden built, and the largest were the *Donald McKay*, of 2636 tons, and the *British Empire*, of 2679 tons. The former bore the name of her renowned builder; and the latter, originally designed for a steamship, had stranded soon after launching, and been converted into a sailing-ship, so that she never had her engines. There were also the *White Star*, the *Morning Light*, and the *James Baines*, of two thousand three hundred tons. About two dozen ships registered between fifteen hundred to two thousand tons, inclusive of some whose names are as familiar as household words in the families of pioneer settlers in our antipodean colonies. The *Marco Polo*, the *Champion of the Seas*, the *Ocean Monarch*, the *Red Jacket*, the *Tudor*, and the *Lightning*, are far-famed examples that have helped to make history. Both the *Lightning* and the *James Baines* belonged to the Black Ball Line of celebrated Australian packet-ships, which did for passenger traffic what the large steamship lines do now on a more extensive and satisfactory scale. On the 20th of November 1856 the former vessel arrived home from Melbourne with a part freight of gold, wrested from the hard bowels of the southern earth, which was worth five hundred and sixty thousand pounds. Two days later, the *James Baines* came in from the same place with seven hundred thousand pounds! Never again will a sailing-ship be entrusted with so valuable a cargo. British shipbuilders once found it necessary to seek models from yards of the United States; but the introduction of iron in shipbuilding and the abolition of disastrous tonnage laws over here have changed all that for the better.

Builders of merchant-ships are heavily handicapped, for they have to ensure to their customers such ships as shall afford a maximum freight-carrying capacity consistent with speed and safety. Old-time legal measurements were decidedly defective, inasmuch as they merely took into consideration the length and the breadth of a ship, so that a reprehensible tendency was fostered to make ships of insignificant width but of great depth of hold. Such box-built craft could carry much more cargo than far safer models; and since port charges were based upon register tonnage, it seems scarcely necessary to state that ugly ships were at a premium. Being very narrow, they were unable to stand up in a breeze of wind, but were slow and unsafe; whereas American clippers with plenty of beam could

derive advantage from every inch of their lofty spars and startling spread of canvas, which covered them aloft like a vast fleecy cloud. Freight rates between New York and California were then so high, that a shipowner has been known to clear the cost of a vessel by her first passage. From the Golden Gate these swift sailing-ships stretched across to China, and practically monopolised the tea-trade, until supplanted by British ships of half their size, which owed their origin to the repeal of the navigation laws in 1850, and the alteration in laws relating to tonnage four years later. From 1850 to 1860 as much as six or eight guineas per ton was paid for the carriage of tea from China to London; and even ten guineas was once reached. A prize of one pound sterling per ton was awarded to the first ship home with the new season's tea. Life was worth living to a master of a tea-clipper; but the work was not altogether wanting in danger to all concerned.

Now, not only does this country far surpass every other in its total number of carrying-craft and their aggregate tonnage, but also in the quality and capabilities of the ships themselves. America's mercantile marine is alone comparable with that of Great Britain, yet seventy per cent. of their ocean carrying-trade is done by ships of other nations, of which by far the greater part is under the British flag. Of one thousand and six ships which left New York for Europe carrying American grain during the twelve months of 1890, only five flew the stars and stripes. Not less than two-thirds of the total quantity of grain was carried by British ships. Again, three thousand three hundred and eighty-nine steamships passed through the Suez Canal in 1890, of which two thousand five hundred and twenty-two were British, but only three American. Nevertheless, America is awakening from her Rip van Winkle slumber, and patriotic politicians are briskly bestirring themselves to remove this reproach. She has now thirty sailing-ships between two thousand and two thousand five hundred tons register, and two of over three thousand tons. They are all wooden vessels, with one exception, the *Kenilworth*, an iron ship built on the Clyde. Protective restrictions do not admit of foreign-built vessels being placed under the American flag unless and until a sum of money be spent upon them which shall exceed the price paid for them on transfer to American owners. The *Kenilworth* was burnt in port, bought for a small fraction of her first cost, and almost rebuilt. America, however, has a few smaller ships built of iron in home yards. Quite recently President Harrison expressed a wish not only for more American war-ships to cheer his countrymen resident in far-off lands, but also 'that in those ports, so long unfamiliar with the American flag, there should again be found our steamships and sailing-vessels flying the flag we all love.'

The first iron ship has more reputed birth-places than Homer. Both the Clyde and the Mersey claim pre-eminence in this respect. Sir E. J. Robison of Edinburgh designed an iron vessel in 1816 which was not launched till three years later; and it is said that an iron boat was worked on the Severn even as far back as 1787. Steel was not used in the construction of merchant-ships' hulls until 1859. Old salts were not alone in their belief that wood was meant by

Providence to float, but iron to go to the bottom. A naval constructor of some repute said: 'Don't talk to me of iron ships; they are contrary to nature.' Now none but small craft are built of wood in this country.

The Mercantile Marine List for 1891 shows that one hundred and thirty-three British sailing-ships each register between two thousand and two thousand five hundred tons, twenty between two thousand five hundred and three thousand tons, and one leviathan of three thousand three hundred and thirty tons!

Shipbuilders' yards were well distributed around our coasts when wooden ships were in vogue; but now that iron and steel ships have come to the front, there is a tendency to congestion. A trip down the Clyde affords an excellent object lesson on the concentration of iron shipbuilding yards. We have somewhere seen it stated that a greater number of new ships are launched from the shipyards along the banks of that river than from the whole of the yards on the Continent of Europe. And this, although the Clyde yards are not so favourably situated as those of the Tees, the Tyne, and the Wear, because those rivers flow through districts abounding in iron and coal. Scotch shipbuilders early evinced far-seeing enterprise, by readily undertaking the building of iron ships when their future was an unknown quantity. Nevertheless, it may be urged that other industries compensate the dwellers along the banks of those rivers. Of the one hundred and fifty-four huge sailing-ships referred to above, we find that sixty-two were built on the Clyde; twenty-six at Southampton; twenty at Liverpool; fourteen at Belfast; six at Whitehaven; five at Stockton; five at Nova Scotian ports; four at Workington; two each at Aberdeen, Dundee, Southwick, and Sunderland; one each at Leith, London, Nantes, and one at Boston, United States. There is, however, a somewhat different geographical disposition of the owners of these large ships. Eighty-one belong to Liverpool, forty-one to Clyde ports, thirteen to London, six to Belfast, five to Nova Scotian ports, four to Dundee, two to Aberdeen, one to Dublin, and one to Southampton.

The French five-master, *France*, is the largest sailing-ship afloat. She was launched in September 1890 from the yard of Messrs D. W. Henderson at Partick, for Messrs Bordes et Fils, and her dimensions are as follows: length 361 feet, breadth 49 feet, depth 26 feet. Her net register tonnage is 3624, with a sail-area of 49,000 square feet; and not long since she carried an enormous cargo of 5900 tons of coal on her maiden passage from Barry to Rio de Janeiro. Cunning old seadogs shook their heads, and looked as though they could a tale unfold; but the sinister forebodings were not justified by the result. It is always awkward to prophesy unless we know, for she reached her port without mishap after thirty-two days' sail, or within one day of the fastest passage on record. She is square-rigged on four masts, but carries fore-and-aft canvas on the fifth mast, which is far aft. Her masts are only one hundred and sixty feet high; nevertheless, she looks heavily sparred. This leviathan is fitted with a cellular double bottom, and can carry two thousand tons of water-ballast, thus reducing the expense of ballasting to a minimum.

Another large iron ship, the *Nord*, belonging to the same important Bordeaux firm, has safely carried 5000 tons of coal from the Tyne to Valparaiso. Her length is 318 feet, breadth 46 feet, and depth 29 feet. A sister-ship, the *Dunkerque*, was also built on the Clyde; and should the French Bounty Law be further prolonged, the firm proposes to have another five-masted sailing-ship built which shall be capable of carrying seven or eight thousand tons of cargo! An auxiliary engine fitted in the after-part of this colossal sailing-ship will provide against calms, and enable her to dispense with tugs when making port. In passing, we may mention that auxiliary engines have hitherto been more costly than useful.

The largest British ship is the *Liverpool*, of 3330 tons, built of iron by Messrs Russell & Co. on the Clyde. She is 333 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 28 feet deep. Her four masts are each square-rigged; but she is far from clumsy aloft, is easily handled, and has run fourteen knots an hour for a whole day. We were much impressed by her exceptional size; but for beauty she compares unfavourably with such a ship as the *Thermopylae*, or a large wooden-built ship of America having bright lofty spars, and decks as white as a hound's tooth. Iron decks do not lend themselves readily to adornment. Next in size is the *Palgrave*, of 3078 tons. The United States' ship, *Shenandoah*, of Bath, Maine, built by Messrs Sewall & Co. of that port, is the largest wooden vessel in existence. She is 3258 tons register, and will carry about 5000 tons of heavy cargo. She has just left San Francisco, California, with 112,000 centals of wheat, worth 175,000 dollars. This is the largest grain cargo on record. Another wooden vessel, the *Rappahannock*, also built at Bath, Maine, is 3053 tons register, cost 125,000 dollars; and 706 tons of Virginia oak, together with 1,200,000 feet of pine-timber, were used in her construction. The largest British wooden ship is the *Three Brothers*, of 2936 tons register, built at Boston, United States, in 1855. She is 323 feet long, 48 feet broad, and 31 feet deep. A further conception may be formed of the carrying capacity of such ships when we mention that the *Liverpool* brought 20,000 bales of jute from Calcutta to Dundee, and the *Rappahannock* took 125,000 cases of petroleum from Philadelphia to Japan.

Large ships were not unknown to the ancients, and some of the most roomy attained dimensions equal to ships of modern times. Nevertheless, they were unmanageable monstrosities, almost at the mercy of wind and wave, and utterly unfit to cope with the fury of a hurricane. Doubtless, we are indebted to travellers' tales for the detailed descriptions that survive the lapse of ages. Constantius conveyed from Heliopolis to Rome an obelisk weighing fifteen hundred tons; and in addition to this long-coveted monolith, the ship carried about twelve hundred tons of pulse, stowed about the smaller end of the obelisk, in order to bring the ship on an even keel. In 268 B.C. Archimedes devised a marvellous ship for Hiero of Syracuse. Her three lofty masts had been brought from Britain; whereas our ships' masts are of iron, or obtained from New Zealand or from Vancouver Island. Luxuriously fitted sleeping apartments abounded, and one of her

banqueting halls was paved with agate and costly Sicilian stone. Other floors were cunningly inlaid with scenes from the *Iliad*. Stables for many horses, ponds stocked with live fish, gardens watered by artificial rivulets, and hot baths, were provided for use or amusement. Ptolemy Philopater, possessed a nuptial yacht, the *Thalamogon*, 312 feet long, and 45 feet deep. A graceful gallery, supported by curiously-carved columns, ran round the vessel, and within were temples of Venus and of Bacchus. Her masts were 100 feet high; her sails and cordage of royal purple hue.

Probably the largest vessel of remote ages was one belonging to the same ruler. She was 420 feet long, 56 feet broad, 72 feet from the top of her prow to her keel, and 80 feet from the highest part of her poop. Her largest oars were 56 feet in length; she had two prows, two sterns, and seven beaks or rostra. On both poop and prows were figures of men and of animals fully eighteen feet high. Her crew consisted of 4000 oarsmen, 3000 soldiers, and several hundred of other ranks. Sesostris is said to have had a ship 400 feet long, which was covered inside with silver and outside with gold. This story causes the adventures of Baron Munchausen to pale into insignificance.

THE CHINCH BUG.

OUR American friends use the term 'bug,' as we know, in colloquial speech to denote any insect; but the subject of this paper is quite entitled to the name, inasmuch as it belongs to the same family as the highly disreputable insect which in this country is pre-eminently distinguished by it.

The Chinch Bug is a modern celebrity; it is only during the last ten or fifteen years that it has become generally known even in America; while in this country its name is still unfamiliar, and—for itself—we do not wish that it should become a common acquaintance. In the United States it is now well known. It has been the subject of numerous newspaper articles and Reports; and the Government has done it the honour of allowing the State Entomologist to devote special bulletins entirely to it. It was even the subject of a 'convention'—The Chinch Bug Convention—held in the city of Windsor (Kansas) in 1881. It is, in fact, what the authorities call a 'first-class insect;' but the high rank assigned to it, and the eagerness with which its movements are watched and reported upon, are due neither to beauty of form, colour, nor any personal attractiveness, but to the fact that it has proved itself specially destructive to the grain-crops. It is a first-class ill-doer; so at least thinks the American farmer, and, as we must allow, not without good reason, when we learn that its ravages in the course of a single season involve a loss measured by millions of dollars. No doubt the chinch bug has its uses, though these are not at present very apparent. Possibly one of them may be to stimulate the energies of the farmer, by taxing all his resources of intelligence in the effort to circumvent the enemy—as was suggested by Professor Riley for

the encouragement of the agriculturists of California, in relation to certain other insects which had proved very troublesome to the fruit-growers of that State.

The chinch bug is a very small, innocent-looking creature. When full grown it is little more than one-eighth of an inch in length. It has not even jaws wherewith to bite. How, then, can it do so much harm? The mouth is furnished with a tiny apparatus for piercing the stalks of grain in order to suck their juices. Now, the damage which one, or a hundred, or even a thousand, of these minute creatures could do would be quite insignificant; but when we get the combined destructiveness of myriads, the results may amount to a national calamity; and a country, rich, even as America, and endowed with the wonderful recuperative energy of youth, cannot afford to ignore an enemy which in a single year may cause the loss of produce which has been officially valued at one hundred million dollars.

The earliest record of the chinch bug dates back little more than a hundred years, to 1783, at the close of the War of Independence, when it was mistaken for another insect pest, the Hessian Fly, which about the same time began to attract attention. It was not, however, till the year 1831 that the first scientific description of the insect was given by Mr Say, the naturalist, 'from a single specimen collected on the shore of Virginia.' At various times since the first mention of it in 1783, it has appeared in great numbers in different localities in the States, though in earlier times the area of its operations was generally more limited. Its rapid increase in recent times is in part accounted for by the greatly extended cultivation of its favourite foods, wheat and Indian corn or maize. These it prefers; and on these it flourishes and multiplies. Next in its favour come barley and oats; and, failing these, it will have recourse to the grasses, which must have supplied food to the family before the cultivation of cereals yielded a more luxurious dietary.

The chinch bug has at times done considerable damage over a limited area in the south-eastern States, so much so that in 1809 the cultivation of wheat was abandoned in North Carolina for two years. Some thirty years later the chinch again mustered in force in the same region, threatening the almost total destruction of the crops; but the disaster was providentially averted by a very wet season.

The chinch bug has also been found in the State of New York; but, happily, there is little prospect of its becoming a source of danger in any of the New England States. Within the last three or four years, its appearance in California has occasioned alarm; but so far it has not caused serious injury there. The region in which it exerts its most destructive sway comprises, according to the Report for 1887 of Mr Dodge, the statistician of the Agricultural Department, the whole or portions of certain States bordering the Mississippi and the Lower Missouri—Kansas, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois, and parts of Nebraska, Wisconsin, and Minnesota. Mr Dodge further states that 'in the area of their depredations the crops have an annual value of more than a fourth of the entire agricultural produce of the United

States.' According to the same authority, the estimated loss of corn, wheat, and oats in nine States in the year 1887 was in round numbers 79 million bushels of corn, 29 million bushels of wheat, and 19 million bushels of oats—a grand total of 127 million bushels destroyed by these insignificant insects. Well may they be reckoned first-class depredators!

When harvest is over and the cold weather comes and no more food can be obtained, the chinch prepare to pass the winter in sleep. They seek out suitable crevices and crannies under heaps of rubbish, corn-stacks, fences, and like places, which seem to promise safe and comfortable retreats. The amount of cold which they sometimes endure is surprising. Dr Shimer mentions having thawed chinch bugs out of grass-stalks, and corn-husks, in which they were solidly frozen; and yet, when set free from their icy bands, they quickly revived, apparently none the worse for the cold. Very cutting winds, with the temperature fifteen or twenty degrees below freezing-point, have, however, proved trying to even their much-enduring vitality, and under such conditions many, whose winter-quarters were not sufficiently sheltered, were found to succumb. With the warm spring days they wake up and turn out of their hiding-places in search of food.

The eggs for the first brood are laid early in spring, usually underground, on the roots of their food-plants; but sometimes on the stalks, the latter being apparently chosen when the ground is very wet. The eggs are deposited in little clusters, and as we are told that one bug will lay five hundred eggs, and that there are usually two broods in a season—possibly in some cases even three broods—we need not be surprised at their rapid increase. The eggs are hatched in about a fortnight, and the young larvæ immediately set about feeding on the delicate spring wheat. Without food, they could not live or grow; and they do not fail to use the means for promoting growth, for they eat voraciously. So fast do they grow, that, as with other larvæ, the body outgrows the skin, and the old one has to be cast to give place to a larger coat. This is moult number one; then other moults follow at intervals; and at last, the larva has attained its full size. The colour changes with its successive new dresses, from pale yellow with orange markings, through various shades of red with yellow markings, to the duller shades which predominate in the mature larva. It then passes into the second or pupa stage; and finally is transformed into the full-grown winged insect, with blackish body and white wing cases, marked with a dark spot. The length of the insect is less than three-twentieths of an inch. By July or the beginning of August, the first brood has attained maturity, and in its turn it produces the same year a second brood.

Although the chinch bugs are provided with wings, they rarely use them. Only once or twice in the course of the year do they take flight, and never to escape threatened attack. Dr Shimer reports having tried several experiments to induce them to use their wings, but quite unsuccessfully—shaking the corn-stalks, beating them with branches, treading them under foot—nothing of the kind would make them rise into the air, though they have been known to do so when driven by starvation to search for fresh pastures.

Even then they prefer to travel on foot. In these migrations, vast hordes move from field to field.

Professor Cyrus Thomas, in *Bulletin* No. 5 of the United States Entomological Commission, devoted to these interesting pests, has pointed out that wet is very injurious to their health and constitution, and that two successive dry seasons are necessary for their development in really formidable numbers. Dr Thomas is able to hold out further encouragement to the farmer. He has studied the rainfall for a number of years, and finds a tendency to recurring climatic conditions in seven-year cycles. He believes that there is no danger of more than two chinch-bug years in every seven, and further, that no two are at all likely to be in succession. Then he goes on to point out that the farmer, by using these facts as a basis, guided by further observation, may take measures to defeat the enemy by cutting off his supplies. When a season has been dry, and there is evidence that the bugs are numerous, let the farmer sow some other crop than wheat or corn. In any case, let him avoid spring wheat. Winter wheat fares better, for it has acquired strength before the enemy attacks it in great numbers.

For the destruction of the chinch bugs when they are already in force, various means have been proposed in official and other publications by Professor C. V. Riley, Dr Thomas, Mr Howard, and other entomologists. A few of these may be briefly indicated. Make a trench in the line of advance, into which they will fall, cover up, and burn them. Set a fence of tarred boards in their way. Plant a strip of land with an agreeable food around a field so as to protect it. Plant a disagreeable crop in the same way and for the same purpose. Intermix with the crop to be protected small quantities of a distasteful plant (for example, flax amongst wheat). Treat an affected section of a field—(a) with hot soapsuds, or (b) with kerosene. Lay traps for the bugs by placing around infected fields a number of flat boards, under which they may congregate for winter shelter; then collect and burn them. Such are some of the methods by which the farmer may seek to protect his crops from the ravages of the chinch.

The chinch themselves have other enemies besides man. Birds, as a rule, will not eat them, as their unpleasant odour serves to protect them; but quails are not so fastidious; and so quails, as the allies of the farmer, are protected more or less in all States where the chinch bugs are, or possibly may be, troublesome. Then there are some insect enemies, though these are not numerous, as even many predaceous insects refuse the unsavoury chinch; but the ladybird, the insidious flower-bug—itsself so like the chinch as to be often mistaken for it—the many-banded robber, the ground beetle, and even ants, do good service in this respect. Nor must mention be omitted of the larva of the lacewing fly, which has a marvellous appetite for chinch. It will attack bug after bug without pausing until it has had a feast of a dozen or so, when it will seek repose in preparation for a fresh onslaught. The chinch are also subject to disease, and sometimes an epidemic rages amongst them, felling its thousands or millions of victims.

So the American corn-grower need not despair.

Various plans of campaign are open to him in his war with the chinchies. He may harass the enemy and weaken its forces before it attacks him; he may carefully guard his outposts, and there make stand against the invader; or, when it has already reached his land, he—as other good generals have had to do—may sacrifice a part to save the rest, and having cleared the surrounding space, he may set fire to the enemy's camp. He may encourage the aid of plunder-loving mercenaries, vertebrate and invertebrate. And lastly, he may use his superior knowledge and skill in devising means to introduce the dire scourge of disease amongst the enemy, though this method of warfare savours of the cowardly, even when directed against chinch bugs.

HOW LIGHTNING IS PHOTOGRAPHED.

ONE of the most remarkable results of the modern advance of scientific photography is the application of the process to objects in rapid motion. Rigid stillness and prolonged exposure are almost unknown in these days of sensitive plates and instantaneous shutters, while half the agony of a visit to the photographer's may be abolished with the head-rest, which formerly reminded one of the tortures of the dentist's chair.

Birds in full flight, horses at a gallop, the finish of the boatrace, the rush of the express train, have all been pictured with unimpeachable accuracy by the greatest of all artists—the sun. The lightning-flash, however, offers a peculiar fascination to the photographer. A certain sense of sacrilege attaches to any attempt to 'take' so awful a manifestation of the mighty forces of Nature, and opportunities are so rarely presented in this country, that the feeling never wears away by familiarity. Three hot days and one thunder-storm are proverbially said to make up an English summer; and should that solitary thunder-storm occur in the daytime, the artist's opportunity is lost.

The problem is to obtain a representation of a vividly bright object some miles in length, which presents itself at uncertain intervals, and remains for an inappreciable instant. The difficulties appear great, but by patience they may be surmounted. Authorities differ as to the time of duration of the lightning-flash; but all agree that it is less than the ten-thousandth part of a second. The experiment which establishes this fact is due to the late Sir Charles Wheatstone. A disc, divided into alternate sectors of black and white, is caused to rotate very rapidly on its axis, and by daylight it appears of a uniform gray. If lightning, occurring in the dark, render the separate sectors visible, it is plain that the duration of the light must be less than the time of revolution through the breadth of one sector. The experiment was tried with a disc of sixty sectors and making one hundred and eighty revolutions in a second, so that the time of turning through the space of one sector is the 10,800th part of a second. When the disc, rotating with this velocity, is rendered visible by lightning, black and white sectors are seen with gray ones intervening. This shows that the flash is not absolutely instantaneous, for in this case the sectors would be seen sharply defined without any alternation of gray.

It is therefore very clear that any attempt to photograph the lightning in the ordinary way by exposing a plate upon a given flash would utterly fail; for we must remember that a most complex muscular and nervous process is gone through before the operator can attain his end. Let us for a moment consider this process, and imagine the artist waiting for a flash with the very best intentions of taking it. A thunder-cloud suddenly darts out a bright streak of light; its image impresses itself upon the retina of the observer's eye, and the optic nerve conveys the impression to the brain. A nervous stimulus is sent to the muscles of the hand, and the mechanical process of removing the cap from the camera ensues. But bodily action occupies time, and long, comparatively, before the sensitive plate is uncovered the flash is only a memory, and has actually vanished before the observer is conscious of its advent. It is therefore abundantly evident that a flash cannot be photographed by the ordinary process except by the merest accident.

But lightning-photography is a very simple operation after all. The whole secret is to wait for the lightning and to let it 'take' itself. The operator knows by previous experiments the exact focal length of his instrument, and so adjusts the camera that all distant objects are in distinct focus. He inserts his rapid plate and turns the lens in the direction whence the flashes come. He then counts the number of seconds between several flashes, in order to arrive at a fairly accurate estimate of the interval after which a flash may be expected. Allowing this time almost to expire, he removes the cap from the lens and awaits his flash. Upon its appearance he replaces the cap, and the operation is complete. The necessity for the darkness of night is readily seen, for if the exposure were made during the hours of daylight, the plate would be hopelessly fogged, should the flash not present itself at the exact moment, and the great advantage of the background of dark sky would be absent.

The most favourable conditions for lightning-photography occur when a thunder-storm happens at night and is accompanied by vivid flashes at frequent and fairly regular intervals.

YOUTH AND AGE.

WHEN Time was young, and the faint golden spears
Of dawn-light stirred the curtains of the deep,
So true our hearts—our wills—the mighty sweep
Of unseen wings had borne us o'er our fears.

But shadows lie upon the folded years—
Dim shadows of a twilight that must creep
And creep, until forgetfulness and sleep
Round in our world, kissing its doubts and tears
Into a dream; and gathering the old,
Old memories as a reaper, who among
The fair rough hillocks of his harvest gold,
Would leave the withered blossoms that are sprung
From the rich soil of youth, and must unfold
The fragrance of their hope while Time is young.

C. A. DAWSON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 406.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE ETHICS OF PRIDE.

OF the seven deadly sins, perhaps the most universal is Pride. It has been called the child of Ignorance; and as ignorance walks always in darkness, and therefore in danger, the probability of pride getting a fall is proverbial. It is wonderful on how small an amount of sustenance pride often subsists, how infinitesimal is its tap-root. Like the old lady who mended stockings with such perennial assiduity that at last she darned upon nothing as a substratum; so those who have little or nothing to be proud of in their lives lay a substratum of pride, and proceed to be proud—of being proud.

But although every one allows pride to be a sin, and a deadly one, very few will be found to resent the imputation of indulging in it. Why is this? Perhaps few allow it as the offspring of ignorance, yielding it a more powerful parentage. And as the Prince of Darkness is a gentleman, they perhaps regard his especial vice as, at least, a gentlemanly one. Certain it is that pride has a profound fascination for two classes of minds: for those, namely, who are deficient in courage and in judgment. Those who are deficient in courage admire the audacity that dares to be proud and show its pride; while those who are deficient in judgment imagine a proud man conscious of his intrinsic worth, and therefore proud of it. This of course is an error of judgment; for oftentimes the really mean man, the man conscious of his own meanness, assumes the port and armour of pride just to conceal the feebleness of his deservings. Moreover, proud men, men of whom it might well be asked, why, in the name of Glory, they were proud, have been known to plan and execute the most treacherous, mean, and cowardly murders, in order to prevent a member of their family forming an alliance distasteful to their family pride. Thus, the two brothers 'with their murdered man' rode past fair Florence, their pale faces intent on taking their destined victim at a double disadvantage; and

so, to preserve their pride of race and ancestry, they 'damned themselves to everlasting infamy.' Thus pride and meanness but too often go hand in hand; and the man who for long years has had a subordinate place, has been compelled to yield precedence, and if he has been mean as well as proud, has been a sycophant as well as a subordinate, will, when opportunity offers, take a prideful revenge on those whom most he has formerly flattered. We may be sure that Goneril and Regan would not have treated the 'old kind king' with such disdainful cruelty, had they not first fawned on him with such servile adulation.

But pride is of many species, and bewrays itself, or exposes itself, or fantastically disports itself, in a thousand protean shapes. Now it pours transparent contempt on that which secretly it covets, as in the case of the would-be Lord Mayor, who, not being elected, discovered his chagrin by declaring, with unnecessary candour, that 'for his part he would rather wear the white robe of righteousness than the red rag of office.' Or it exposes itself to a pitying derision, when, as in the apologue of the cobbler's dog, it prefers to be crushed rather than move out of the way. Or it fantastically disports itself, adorned with infinite pains and trouble, in the latest fashion, to 'astonish the Browns,' or win a stare from a casual passer in the Park; and flatters itself that, like Mr Bob Cratchit, junior, it 'is not pride, although his collars nearly choke him.'

Some are proud of their diamonds; yet, if the deeds that have darkened the struggle for their possession could be written legibly on their facets, their owners would shrink from them with horror. Have not the finest and largest been the incentives to the vilest crimes? Eyes that have gloated on them in Eastern lands have been torn from their sockets by rapacious wretches eager to obtain a transitory possession of the enthralling baubles; while in the West, a Countess, subdued by the fascination of their glitter, has stolen them, hoarded them for years, to wear

them for one evening, have her guilt detected, and die, a broken-hearted exile from her native land, leaving a legacy of shame to her children's children. In the hands of a crazy Cardinal they were powerful enough to half ruin the reputation of a hapless Queen. In short, if they were but as ugly as they are intrinsically useless, or if their power to awaken evil passions were only as patent in its effects as are those of other stimulants to vanity and self-love, instead of being sources of pride, they would be no more regarded than the carbon of which they are composed.

Possibly it is true that no man is a hero to his valet; and this not because the hero is not heroic on a near view, or because the valet is valetish; but, at anyrate, if we cannot or can hardly be heroes to those about us, we wish to be heroes to ourselves; for all the ways of a man are clean in his own eyes, says the proverb; and so pride is about the last hindrance to common-sense which a man is willing to surrender. For instance, it is with difficulty that he will own that he is not so well off as he was: his pride is reluctant to confess itself in any way beaten in the race of life; so, instead of quietly acknowledging and acting upon the fact of narrower means, there pass years of a wretched compromise with conscience, ending very likely in a poverty which a timely retrenchment might have parried; or in disgrace, and sometimes in suicide.

There are many too proud to wait on themselves, who nourish a Spanish pride in laziness, to whom 'anything menial'—that is, done with the hands—is anathema maranatha; and again there are others too proud willingly to let others do for them what they can do for themselves. To these last, the weakness of disease or of old age is a very bitter draught; so bitter, that here and there one will throw aside the cup of life altogether rather than submit—not to weariness and pain so much as to the sense of personal humiliation and degradation. How many a man, alone, aged, and infirm, has had the thought to which Carlyle in his lonely old age gave utterance: 'What I want is a mother!' To no one else but to the one whose arms cradled him in infancy could the once strong, proud man, the now weak but still proud man, confide the bitterness of his old age and infirmities.

Pride of birth and of blood, when a race is renowned for virtue as well as antiquity, is a pride few will quarrel with; nevertheless, it behoves one endowed with such advantages to beware that he is not remarked for his degeneracy. Pride of intellect, too, is one freely admitted, perhaps because all know the brittleness of the foundation: a fever, an accident, a knock on the head even, and the towering intellect is on a level with the lowest. It is, moreover, the use that has been made of the power in its strength that entitles a man of genius to the consideration of his fellow-men.

But there is a pride that can dispense with the help of ancestry. Napoleon I. was too proud to care whence he came; his exaggerated egotism swallowed a kingdom, and, like Louis XIV., gave it out again as himself: '*L'état, c'est moi.*' A genealogical tree, however far-reaching, scarcely sufficed to bring its owner up to his level. Again, the swelling personal haughtiness of a Wolsey needed no pride of race to place the butcher's son before his master; even though that master was a king, he must come after His Eminence; and the superscription of the medal must run, '*Ego et rex meus.*'

As for a man whose pride is in his money-bags, who worships a golden idol—why, as,

Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust,

as he cannot take his treasure with him, we hardly grudge him his miser's joy, knowing it to be miserable. Personal adornment—to go fine—is, after all, but a peacock sort of pride. Stars and Garters, Orders and Crosses, are but horses' bells, which the animal pines for because they have been given him by his master, man; and some men there are to whose happiness they would not add, for they do not own a master—on earth.

But if pride of laziness be ignoble, and pride of wealth be, as Dr Johnson called it, 'a wretched thing,' and pride in trifles—such as Cardinal Chigi's pride in making a pen last three years—be trivial, there is another kind of pride that is neither ignoble, nor wretched, nor trivial, and this is the pride of usefulness. It is not so much a question whether the thing to be done is a great thing: it does not fall to the lot of many of us to do great things, perhaps; it may be only a rick to be thatched; it may be a great business to be successfully carried on. But whatever it is, if good true work be put in it, a man has a right to be proud, modestly proud of it; and if it be successful, he has a right to the self-reliance, the self-confidence, which are the legitimate fruits of his exertions. This noble pride is the twin-brother of Self-respect; it will never permit him to be arrogant to a subordinate, still less will it allow him to think unfairly or ungenerously of one above him; for by so doing he would spoil his nobler soul. This is the pride that will not allow a man to tell or act a lie; to slander, nor listen to a backbiter. It is as far removed from the cold patrician pride of a Coriolanus as it is from the spiritual pride of a Thomas à Becket. Of all the prides, this last, spiritual pride, is the most dangerous; and for this reason—no man, even the proudest, can quite forget that a cold '*Hic jacet*' is the destined epitaph on all his pride and power, his pomp and circumstance. But the spiritually proud, the self-elected saint alone ventures on a '*resurgam*' for his pride—it does not find a resting-place even in the grave.

We have said that people with little else to be proud of will grow proud of their own pride. We will conclude with an anecdote illustrative of this curious tendency in the human mind to exalt pride for its own sake. 'People say,' said

a lad at Eton to his haughty and rebellious fag—'people say, "As proud as Lucifer;" but if Lucifer was half as proud as you, he'd have something to be proud of.'

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

CHAPTER III.—DREW, DAWLISH, AND DRUMLY.

FERRERS walked away in a whirl of pleasant feeling. He put his hand into his pocket: it was long since—and it had not been often—he had felt the crisp touch of a bank-note. As he strode along, scarce knowing where he went, he thought he would like to smoke. He was tired of the old clay he carried in his pocket. He had money: he would buy a new pipe. He threw his clay away and ventured into a tobacconist's. It was only when he was in that he remembered it would be next to impossible for him to change a five-pound note that night in the region he frequented. He bought a pipe, however, nominally a briar, which was within the range of his remaining cash, and continued on his way. He wandered on; in his exaltation, not quite perceiving where he was. It was still tolerably early, and many shops were still open. In passing a cheesemonger and buttermilkman's he remembered that he had no butter for breakfast. He had his foot within the shop before he discovered that he had only twopence in his pocket. He thought, 'I can get two ounces'—a quantity he had often heard asked for in his Soho region.

'Two ounces of your best fresh,' said he, walking up to the counter.

'We don't make two ounces,' said the young man, looking at him suspiciously.

'Don't you?' said Ferrers, and with a blush he was ready to turn away when he remembered Lord Debre's advice: 'You must come the old soldier; you must bounce.'

'Then,' said he, recovering himself, 'weigh me a quarter of a pound.'

The shopman weighed that quantity, placed it on paper, and was about to wrap it up, when Ferrers proffered a request. 'Will you be so good as lend me a knife?' quoth he.

'Certainly,' said the shopman, handing him a formidable carver.

'Allow me,' said Ferrers, and drew the butter towards him. In a second he had cut the quarter in two with the knife, put the one part back on the scale and wrapped the other in the paper.

'Just to show you how to make two ounces,' he added, putting down his money and striding leisurely out under the astonished stare of the shopman.

The complete success of his device surprised and amused him. 'That,' he thought, 'is evidently the way to do it. Don't make a fuss, but don't be put down. I see.'

So he marched away to Soho in a meditative mood. He had not yet had time to take in completely that which had happened to him. He was to call himself 'William Dawlish' and to appear as a gentleman. What could that mean? That he was going to be adopted by Sir William? Scarcely. The grinning baronet was not the man to have generous impulses of that sort. He was

—unconsciously, he supposed—to perform some service—of an important kind, or else the baronet would not have offered him so much money and would not have been so secret. There was a lady concerned. He wondered what *that* might mean. Was she young or old or middle-aged? Was she maid, wife, or widow? He perceived, however, that if he indulged in such speculations on every hand he would probably spoil his business. He resolved that he would keep his mind—for the present at least—off these things, and set himself to execute to the best of his ability the purpose for which he had been engaged.

'Call yourself William Dawlish, and behave as "sech." That's all.' Yes; that was all. He had got but a line or two by way of a sketch, and he had to fill in a complete picture. Well, the best and the most he could arrange now was to keep his head cool and his wits awake and to tackle difficulties as they arose. So he went to bed and to sleep.

When he woke in the morning he reflected: 'Yes; I'm William Dawlish, and I must behave as "sech."'

William Dawlish, it was clear, must be quickly cut off from the associations of George Ferrers. So, when he had eaten his breakfast, he called his landlady and told her that he must go away at once. She was sorry: he had been such a 'nice quiet gentleman.' He owed the old woman nothing—his room being paid for—but he felt something was due to her for her expressions of politeness. He asked her to get him his five-pound note changed, the more readily that in his experience such a document could not be cashed either at shop or public-house without the portentous formality of putting your name and address on the back. She brought him the change, and he begged her to accept a shilling.

'Oh, thank you, sir,' said she, with a little duck of her person, which was rather like the memory of a curtsy than a curtsy itself.

With such deference paid him, Ferrers felt as if he were already William Dawlish, though still in the dingy garret in Soho. He said, 'Not at all,' and began packing away his belongings in his carpet-bag. That occupation accomplished, he said 'Good-bye' to his landlady and descended the stairs. As he was departing from the doorstep, he gave a quick glance back at the house, asking himself of a sudden whether that was the end of his poverty, or whether he might have to return to the frowsy garret he had left, or at least to another like it. Of course, he would prefer not to return; but if it were decreed that he should—well, he was not going to worry. Fortune's buffets and caresses he could bear with the same equal mind.

He had resolved what he would do first. He must array himself like a gentleman, and he had in his mind's eye how his friend Lord Debre dressed. Sir William expected him to appear at twelve o'clock with a goodly portmanteau, in which he meant, no doubt, that there should be a goodly store of proper clothing. He could not get an outfit and a portmanteau with five pounds; but he knew of a well-filled shop in a quiet street where misfits from fashionable tailors were sold at a reasonable price, and where, he believed, he might buy at once a proper suit to stand up in and also a sufficient portmanteau. Now, what

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kind of suit should be his first? Sir William had abstained from explanations and directions; but was it not plain he desired him to appear as if fresh from a journey? On entering, therefore, the shop of misfits, he demanded a travelling suit of serge or tweed. He tried several, for, being a tall fellow, he was not easy to fit. At length he decided on a fine serge, which he asked to be allowed to put on. Before, however, withdrawing to the back-room pointed out to him as the place where he might effect a change, he turned to the shopman. 'I want a portmanteau,' said he; 'large and good, but not too new. You have such things, haven't you?'

'Oh, yessir,' said the man.—'Now, here's a fine solid-leather article; we bought it of a gentleman going to India. That ought to suit you to a "T."'

'Yes,' said Ferrers. 'But here's another that will do for me, I think.' He had determined on it because it bore two large initials, 'W. B.'—the latter of which he saw at once could be readily changed into a 'D.'

'Yessir,' said the man, 'that's a very serviceable article; but it's not so good as this.'

'It will suit me very well,' replied Ferrers, 'if you will get that "B" changed into "D." Rub that middle bit out and round off the back. Can you do that at once?'

'Oh, yessir.'

Ferrers withdrew to the little back-room to change his clothes. That done, he put his head out and demanded a new hat—a brown one, round and of hard felt.

'Is that portmanteau ready?' he asked.

It was—almost. When it was, he requested it to be set down in the little room.

'I want to put in these things I've taken off,' said he.

He not only folded in the things he had taken off, but also crammed in his carpet-bag and all its contents, thinking that simplified matters a little. Then it occurred to him that, since he was supposed to have made a journey, he ought to be provided with some sort of overcoat. He had not, however, sufficient money left for that; so he had reluctantly to forego so complete a presentation of his part as he thought he ought to make.

'I ought really,' he also thought to himself, 'to take a cab from some station, and there should be labels on my portmanteau; but I suppose these things can't matter.'

A hansom was called for him, his portmanteau was hoisted up, and he got in, saying to the driver: 'Drew, Dawlish, and Drumly's Bank in Lombard Street.'

When the bank was reached, he told cabby to wait, and descended to undergo his first ordeal. He remembered that Sir William had said with a grin that he might be 'detained' at the bank; and with it, it must be confessed, a curious heave of feeling that passed from his ample chest down to somewhere about the second button of his waistcoat, he wondered what was going to happen. He was not afraid; but he thought, 'What if the whole thing should end here? What if somebody should say, "You're an impostor!" and send for the police?' And with a glance back at the cab, he wished he had taken it from some station; for would it not betray him if cabby

were questioned and answered truly where he had driven from?

He entered the bank as carelessly as he could, and walked up to a part of the counter whence he saw the word 'Cashier' staring roundly. He took out his purse to produce the cheque, and was at once smitten with chagrin to think that his little purse looked shabby, and that the cheque should have been taken from a well-filled pocket-book with gilt initials or monogram on the back. He was relieved to note that nobody seemed to remark from what he took the cheque, that no one took any notice of him till he leaned on the counter and drummed with his fingers. Then a bald-headed man—a disconcerting man, who looked at him as if he had known his father and grandfather and remembered all the peccadillos of his youth—looked round from a desk where he sat over an enormous book, and held out his hand without a word. Ferrers gave him the cheque. He looked at it on the front, glanced at its blank back, and then got down from his stool and looked straight at Ferrers. 'Mr Dawlish?' said he in a sepulchral voice of inquiry.

Ferrers inclined his head a little, scarce knowing what to do.

'Will you wait a moment, please, Mr Dawlish?' said the man, and disappeared.

What next? thought Ferrers, with another flutter beneath his waistcoat. He looked about him, curled his fine moustaches, and tried to look unconscious of evil. Presently he became aware that some one was looking at him very hard through a glass partition a little way off. What now? He was surprised by the appearance, through a door in the glass partition, of a good-humoured, dapper, little old gentleman, who came straight up to him with a winning smile and the inquiry he had already heard from the bald-headed man—'Mr Dawlish?'

Again Ferrers bowed in reply—this time a little more resolutely.

'Dear me!' said the little gentleman, looking his stalwart person up and down. 'And how are you?' he asked heartily, extending his hand, which Ferrers took and gripped. 'Dear me!' he exclaimed again, glancing at his soft white hand, when released from Ferrers' vice. 'Will you step into this room?'

'Will you walk into my parlour?' thought Ferrers with a new sinking of heart.

'I wish I knew,' he said to himself, 'whether there's a real William Dawlish—and what he is and what he's like!'

He entered the back parlour with the dapper little gentleman, and found himself face to face with another person, who looked so ugly and surly, so silent, so watchful, and so overgrown with hair, that it was difficult to decide at a glance whether he was an old man or a gray gorilla.

'He must be the spider!' thought Ferrers. 'Now for it! But he'll find me a big fly to tackle!'

'My partner, Mr Drumly,' said the dapper little gentleman with a flourish of his white hand. 'And I'm Mr Drew, at your service. Be seated.'

Mr Drumly said nothing, but looked a great deal from under his shaggy brows. Ferrers sat

in an attitude of expectation, determined not to commit himself.

'I hope, Mr Dawlish,' said Mr Drew, a little uneasily, 'that we're not detaining you?'

'My cab's waiting,' said Ferrers; 'but that's of no consequence.'

'The fact is,' said Mr Drew, in a little burst of confidence, 'that Sir William has overdrawn a leetle bit, and the cashier brought your cheque to us.'

'I'm sorry,' said Ferrers, 'that it's not all right.'

'Not at all,' said Mr Drew; 'we'll make it all right. Glad on the whole that it has happened, since it has introduced us to you.'

'Is Sir William very well?' asked Mr Drumly, speaking for the first time, and in a voice that sounded to Ferrers like the buzz of a blue-bottle in the toils of a spider.

'As far as I know,' answered Ferrers.

'You are looking well,' came from Mr Drumly, and there was a lifting of the heavy gorilla brows that seemed to suggest that a smile was hid somewhere under the abundant hair.

'Thank you,' said Ferrers; 'I am well.'

'Mr Drumly, you know,' said Mr Drew, with an indulgent smile towards his partner, 'goes in for Health; he believes in it; it's a creed, a hobby, with him.'

'Health,' said Mr Drumly, and the buzzing of his voice was then very loud indeed, 'is everything. It is better than Wealth; it is better than Rank. With Health a man may do anything; and with *fine* Health'—

'And Honesty,' suggested Drew (while Ferrers wondered if there was any suspicion of his honesty).

'And Honesty,' continued Drumly, accepting the suggestion with a little gruffness, 'a man is the most god-like creature under the sun.'

'He is; he is,' said Mr Drew, looking at Ferrers with approval, and running his eye up and down his stalwart person.

Ferrers stretched out his long legs, leaned back in his chair, and expanded his chest, to give the full effect of himself.

'Yes; a healthy man that has a fine, well-grown figure and an honest heart,' repeated Mr Drumly, 'is the Royalty of Manhood.'

'Like Saul, you know,' said Mr Drew.

Ferrers forgot who Saul was, but he wondered if he had an honest heart; he scarcely felt as if he had, in the presence of these flattering old gentlemen.

'I suppose so,' said he, by way of saying something.

'You appear,' said Mr Drew, smiling, 'to take your fine health now as a matter of course.'

Ferrers took alarm; had he been playing his part improperly?

'Well,' said he, 'you see I've had good health so long that I—I forget'—

'That's only as it should be,' said Mr Drew. 'But you were very queer before you went away, were you not?'

'Yes,' said Ferrers, 'I suppose I was; I dare say I was.'

'But don't you remember?' insisted Mr Drew.

'It is likely he doesn't,' said Mr Drumly. 'Why should he? You forget, Mr Drew.'

'Ah, yes; to be sure,' said Mr Drew.

What could it be Mr Drew forgot?

'And then,' said Mr Drumly again, 'he's been travelling a long while.'

'Yes, of course,' assented Mr Drew. 'Let's see, Mr Dawlish; how long have you been away altogether?'

'How long?' repeated Ferrers. Yes; how long had he been away? That was a poser! 'Let me see,' he murmured, curling his moustaches in a whirl of perplexity.

'A matter of two years, I should think?' suggested Mr Drew.

'Yes,' said Ferrers, eagerly seizing the suggestion; 'that's about it.'

'And you went straight off to the East, didn't you?'

'Yes,' said Ferrers, pulling his self-possession together; 'to the Mediterranean and the East.'

'Did you happen,' asked Mr Drew, 'to see anything of the Egyptian trouble?'

Now Ferrers felt he must make a direct statement: he must risk it, and let Sir William know what he had said. 'Oh yes,' said he. 'I was in most of it—up the Nile and across the desert with the Desert Column.'

'Were you, indeed?' exclaimed Mr Drew. 'But I thought you had left the army long ago?'

'Ah, yes,' said Ferrers; 'but they let me serve as—a volunteer, you know.' There seemed to him nothing for it but a plain falsehood; and being in for it, he continued: 'I was by the side of Lord Debrett all the time.'

They were interested: and they put to him several questions which he was, of course, able from his actual experience to answer sufficiently and categorically. They were clearly pleased with him, and his self-confidence was completely restored.

'I fear,' said Mr Drew at length, 'that we have trespassed terribly on your time. But you will excuse us. We have been very glad to make your acquaintance, and we hope we shall meet again soon.'

'I hope we shall,' said Ferrers heartily: he liked the old men, for he was leaving their presence pleased with himself.

The cash of his cheque had already been placed ready for him, and he took it and departed. He was about to step into the waiting cab, when Mr Drew appeared at his side and hastily laid his hand on his arm. He was invaded by the sudden thought that he was found out.

'Excuse me,' said Mr Drew; 'but will you give me your address? We may want to communicate with you.'

'To be sure,' said Ferrers. He put his hand to this pocket and that. 'I have not a card about me; but Number —, Jermyn Street, will find me for some time.'

'Ah,' said Mr Drew; 'the same address as Sir William's, of course?'

'Yes; the same.'

They repeated their adieus, and Ferrers entered the cab. Seeing that it was already more than half-past eleven, he ordered cabby to drive to Jermyn Street.

He was surprised—almost amazed—with his success. He had not imagined he could have so easily got himself taken for granted as William

Dawlish, and by business men, too, who saw all kinds of people and who must be prone to suspicion. He was inclined to be vain. He admired above all things a gentleman like Lord Debre'tt, and it very naturally puffed him up to be taken by strangers for that kind of person.

When he arrived at the house in Jermyn Street, he was shown at once into Sir William's sitting-room on the first floor; for it appeared that the baronet had only lodgings there.

'Well,' cried Lord Debre'tt, who was smoking at the window, 'how have you got on, Ferrers? Have you nobbled the old boys?'

'I think I have,' said Ferrers; and he proceeded to relate, with a subdued glee, how he had been received and entertained with conversation in the bank parlour.

'And didn't they offer you never a drop of their fine City drinks?' asked Lord Debre'tt.

'Never a drop,' said Ferrers.

'Give him a drink now, Debre'tt,' said Sir William with a grin. 'He seems to me to deserve it.'

'And remember, if you please, Debre'tt,' said Ferrers, 'that I was a volunteer in the Soudan.'

There was a knock at the door, and a manservant entered with a note on a tray; it had just come, he said, by hand. Sir William passed it on to Ferrers with a snigger.

'For you, I believe,' said he.

It was addressed to 'Wm. Dawlish, Esquire;' and it proved to be a card of invitation to a dance that very night at the house of Mr Drew, in Park Lane. Ferrers handed it back to Sir William.

'That's quick work,' said the baronet. 'I suppose Drew telegraphed home at once to send the invitation.—You must have fetched him,' he remarked, with a certain look of admiration at the Lifeguardsman's good-humoured face. 'You must go. Can you dance?'

'Tolerably,' said Ferrers.

'Ah, well, then,' said Sir William, 'we'll manage.'

OLD SOUTH-COUNTRY INDUSTRIES.

THE recent discovery of coal in Kent, and the visions it calls up in the minds of the sanguine of a possible transformation of our pleasant, eminently bucolic South Country into the likeness of the pit districts of Durham and Northumberland, reminds us of one of the most remarkable waves of change which have swept over our land during its history—that which transferred its industrial centre from south to north.

To very many people it is news that for many centuries industrial England was almost confined within the limits of Southern England, the western counties of course being included in that designation. There are thousands of people who visit Brighton and Eastbourne and Hastings who have never heard of Sussex iron; just as there are other thousands who would be at a loss to explain the phrase 'Kentish gray-coat.' Yet the Sussex iron industry lasted twenty years after the present century commenced; Kentish woollens were famous at the beginning of the last, and the scale in many a parliamentary election was turned by the votes of the Kentish 'gray-coats.' Nor are these the only south-country industries

of ancient origin which are either dead, or which are reviving after a runaway knock at Death's door. But only two old south-country industries of old date fairly hold their own in spite of northern competition—the Kentish paper industry, and the west-country mining industries.

For some occult reason, and in spite of the general craving for fresh woods and pastures new, the beautiful and interesting county of Sussex is comparatively unexplored by the tourist. Visitors to the coast watering-places or to Tunbridge Wells take drives in the neighbourhoods of these towns; but beyond the radius of the average visitor's drive, the country is absolutely unknown, except to a few who, having unlocked its secrets, keep them sagely, but perhaps selfishly, to themselves. But no man can wander about this *terra incognita* with his eyes open without becoming convinced by sundry signs and tokens that there have been mighty and tolerably recent changes in the world around him. He meets amidst smiling cornfields and tranquil vales place-names which seem utterly out of keeping with the surroundings—names such as Ashburnham, Cinderford, Hammer Pond, and Forgehill. He notes the frequent almost lavish use of iron articles—iron grave-slabs, iron door-steps, and iron fireplace backs. Lastly, he observes amidst quiet agricultural districts, thinly populated and far from large towns, splendid old manor-houses, or remains of manor-houses, such as he can hardly conceive to have been the product even in the best of 'good old days' of mere sales of stock and produce.

He makes inquiries, and he learns for the first time about the once famous Sussex iron industry. He may know his Camden pretty well; but with the interest of entire novelty, he reads the old Elizabethan traveller's remarks about Sussex: 'Full of iron mines it is in sundry places, where, for the making and founding thereof, there be furnaces on every side; and a huge deal of wood is yearly burnt, to which purpose divers brooks in many places are brought to run in one channel, and sundry meadows turned into pools and waters, that they might be of power sufficient to drive the hammer mills which, beating upon the ground, resound all over the places adjoining.'

The Romans founded the Sussex iron industry, remains of their cinder-heaps having been discovered at Westfield and Sedlescomb, not far from Hastings; but, in common with so many other of their institutions in Britain, it seems to have utterly disappeared, not to be revived to any extent until the sixteenth century, although there was iron trade at Lynch, in West Sussex, in 1342; and the oldest specimen of Sussex iron-work dates from the same period. The trade was at its height in the seventeenth century, at which period complaints were frequent about the waste of timber, a circumstance which contributed in no small degree to the final extinction of the industry, although of course the death-blow was dealt by the development of the north-country coal-fields. The last furnace was said to have been blown out at Ashburnham in 1809; but it is discovered that one was in full operation near Rye until 1821.

The metal produced in Sussex at a most extravagant cost of timber for charcoal, and also of

human lives—for the dram-drinking habits of the miners, owing to the facility with which spirits were smuggled from the neighbouring coast, are described to have been terrible—was of very excellent quality. The railings around St Paul's Cathedral were cast at Lamberhurst, which may be considered a Sussex iron centre, although, strictly speaking, it is just over the Kentish border. Here also was a cannon-foundry; but it being discovered that, in spite of frequent warnings, the Lamberhurst people supplied French privateers with guns, the Government withdrew their contracts, and henceforth the famous 'Gloucester Furnace' decayed. There were also cannon-foundries at Heathfield and Buxted, at both of which places the old proof-butts may still be seen, and a large Government charcoal manufactory at Fernhurst, in West Sussex.

Sussex fireplace backs, with their quaint decorations, fetch fancy prices in the curio market; but they are not easily to be obtained; for their owners cling to them with strong affection, and long may they continue to do so. A great many may be seen, particularly in old farmhouses about Mithurst and Warbleton; whilst in the churchyard of Wadhurst alone there are a score of iron grave-slabs.

A few of the old iron-masters' houses may be seen intact; but for the most part they have been incorporated with farm-buildings; and the presence of their stately chimney-stacks, their gables, their mullioned windows, amidst the mean surroundings of depressed agriculture, preaches us a forcible sermon in stones on the mutability of human grandeur.

Of the old Kentish woollen industry, very much fewer relics have come down to us. It originated, like so many other of our national industries, with foreigners, Flemish emigrants commencing it in the reign of Edward III. in that picturesque corner of the county of which Cranbrook is the centre. Here, as at Goudhurst and the 'dens,' were large manufactories of peculiar woollen cloths of a gray colour, which were not only popular in England, but were exported in great quantities to the Continent and the East, particularly to Persia, by way of Aleppo, Bagdad, and the Tigris. Queen Elizabeth is said to have walked for a mile upon Kentish gray cloth upon the occasion of one of her southern 'progresses.' Descendants of those Flemings, refugees from the tyranny of Alva and his bloodhounds, imparted a new life during the sixteenth century to poor old Sandwich, which was tottering to its decay from the silting-up of the river Stour, by settling there and making the town a mart for woollens and serges. The revival was not of very long duration; but it was marked enough to leave very palpable traces not only on the buildings and the nomenclature of the town itself, but in the shape of many words, such as 'deek' and 'polder,' which have become incorporated with the local dialect.

Yet again, at Canterbury, foreigners in the shape of French Huguenot refugees settled after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes; and in the crypt of the cathedral carried on a considerable cloth industry. There are many French names still amongst the inhabitants of Canterbury; and the descendants of the original settlers still worship in what was the workshop of the

latter. But improvements in machinery and local disadvantages drove the Kentish woollen trade to the north, and Cranbrook to-day is as empty of stuffs as is Worstead in Norfolk, or Axminster in Devonshire of carpets. Another very prominent Kentish industry, but ancient only in indirect descent, is brick-making. Its pedigree is interesting.

North of old Watling Street, between the towns of Chatham and Faversham, stretches a tract of clay country as far as the rivers Medway and Swale, intersected by innumerable creeks and inlets, almost uninhabited, weird, ugly, and unattractive, which is known partly as 'No-man's Land,' partly as 'the Ma'shes.' Over this tract of country extended a vast series of Roman pottery-works—so considerable, indeed, that to this day the banks of many of the creeks about Upchurch and High Halstow are composed almost entirely of potsherds. The ware made at these towns was of a bluish-brown colour; and as it did not lend itself readily to decoration, was principally used for ordinary domestic utensils. This Upchurch ware, as antiquaries call it, seems to have had a great reputation; for not only have specimens of it been dug up so far off as Wroxeter by the Wrekin, near Shrewsbury, and at Cilurnum or Chollerford, on the line of Hadrian's Wall, but have been found across the Channel. This clay has of quite recent years been found admirable for the making of bricks: within a short time vast brick-fields have been opened, the population almost quadrupled, the aspect of the country, the character of the towns and villagers, completely changed, and bustle and noise replaced solitude and stillness. Something like a parallel suggests itself between the fates which have overtaken the old Roman pottery-masters of the Kentish marshes and the old iron-masters of the Sussex Weald. Evidences of a similar character tell us that each industry brought its promoters wealth; for, just as nowadays we moralise in Sussex over the decayed Elizabethan mansion or the tomb of the long-dead Englishman, so, along the banks of the Medway do we trace the villas of the Roman merchant-princes, and unearth their graves on the hills above or along the course of the great Street. Kentish brick-making has succeeded to Kentish pottery. Perhaps Sussex iron may yet be smelted, but with coke instead of charcoal.

Of paper-making, the most flourishing of all Kentish industries, little need be said. Kentish paper, like the proverbial Scotsman and the Newcastle grindstone, is found all over the world, the reason for its excellence being the abundance of spring-water needing no filtration. Paper-mills have studded the banks of the Cray, the Darent, and the Medway since the reign of Elizabeth, although, strange to say, the manufacture of fine paper in Kent is not much more than a century old, the old Kentish paper being of the coarse brown character.

The essentially Kentish industry, however, that of oyster-breeding, must not be forgotten; for, although it is but a shadow of its former self, owing to the competition of cheap molluscs from abroad, the epicure is still true to his old love, and considers that never does Blue Point or Dutchman approach the original Milton or Whitstable native. The Romans exported these

so-called Rutupian oysters—from the great port of Rutupæ or Richborough, whence they were sent—in vast numbers, even to Rome itself; and ever since their day the Kentish native has held its premier position. The Milton and Whitstable dredgers still obey the ancient laws of their corporation, and, like all such communities, are extremely tenacious of their rights and privileges.

The county of Surrey possesses as little of industrial character as any in England; but particular spots in Surrey were once the seats of particular industries which did not spread beyond the limits of these places, and one or two ancient industries still flourish as relics of the bygone days. For instance, Chiddingfold, now the quietest and dreamiest of old-world villages, once possessed not only iron-foundries but glass manufactories, traces of both of which still exist. Haslemere crape was once very famous. All along the banks of the Wey and the Wandle were, in fact still are, paper and powder mills. At Esher there was a brass-foundry; and Croydon was once the centre of the charcoal-making industry. The two essentially Surrey industries of old origin which still flourish are those of market-gardening and of the cultivation of simples, both said to be legacies from Flemish settlers. Upon the Surrey market-gardens the southern districts of the metropolis depend chiefly for their supply of vegetables and fruit; and the science of raising these in the most economical way has been brought to a high state of perfection. Mitcham is the centre of the simple-growing industry, and the flat country surrounding this old-fashioned town is entirely given up to the cultivation of lavender, poppies, mint, rosemary, chamomile, and recently of tobacco. A Mitcham lavender field in full bloom is a pretty sight; and local enthusiasts prognosticate that the day is not far off when Mitcham tobacco will be as current a trade phrase as Mitcham lavender.

Another old south-country industry which still flourishes on the soil of its birth, or rather of its adoption, is that of straw-plaiting and hat-making. In the counties of Hertfordshire, Bedfordshire, and Buckinghamshire, about the towns of St Albans, Hitchin, Luton, Dunstable, Amersham, and Buckingham, women and children may be seen at every cottage door plaiting and weaving in the same homely, domestic way that their ancestors plaited and wove in the days when King James I. planted the industry hereabouts through the Lorrainers he brought from Scotland. Localisation of industries seems to have been characteristic of the south, for we find that at High Wycombe, in Buckinghamshire, and not beyond a small radius round the town, the manufacture of chairs has been carried on for many years; and one may frequently meet, crossing London Bridge, a string of High Wycombe carts laden with nothing but chairs of the peculiar local type.

Passing through Hampshire and Dorsetshire, we come to Devonshire. Except for mining, Devonshire has no particular claim to be considered an industrial county, yet two old Devonshire industries, those of lace-making and the woollen manufacture, have been more than locally famous. Both of these have been recently

on the verge of extinction; but the woollen manufacture may be considered to owe its salvation to a revived appreciation amongst fashionable circles of west-country tweeds and serges; whilst the preservation of the dainty Honiton lace industry is owing entirely to Devonshire patriotism. Time was when Exeter was the national centre of the woollen trade, and when Totnes serges were famous long before Bradford or Manchester were known. But although the industry has revived and is flourishing, it is only carried on by a few houses in the three towns of Ashburton, North Tawton, and Buckfastleigh.

The utter disappearance of genuine Honiton lace was imminent some ten years ago. The long and minute labour of the human fingers could not compete with the cheap, rapid operations of the marvellous machinery in the Nottingham factories: the number of women who were versed in the old secret of Honiton lace-making began to diminish year by year; and Honiton town itself was already almost as little associated practically with lace-making as is Worstead with the woollen manufacture, or Axminster with that of carpets, or Stilton with that of cheeses. Then the Devonshire ladies came forward: lace-making became fashionable in elegant drawing-rooms; classes were formed for the teaching of the young idea; and a great impetus was given by the annual offer of prizes by the industrial section of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society. These combined efforts have resulted in an active resuscitation of a beautiful industry; and although the town of Honiton itself is no longer the centre, the lace now made and still bearing the famous old name is pronounced to be quite equal to the product of the palmy days of the past.

A paper professing to treat of old south-country industries would assuredly be incomplete without allusion to the mining of Devonshire and Cornwall; but as our object has been rather to bring forward old industries which are comparatively unfamiliar with the majority of readers, than to include in one comprehensive survey industries about which much is already known, we may dismiss Devon and Cornwall mining as we dismissed the familiar Kentish paper industry, in a very few words. Oldest of all our old industries these are. History takes us back at least two thousand three hundred years, inference adds another two thousand, and geological evidence carries it farther back still. Devonshire tin-mining has given way to copper; lead was worked in Devon by the Romans; iron was largely mined at a very remote period, but has since been hardly touched. To these, in order to show how naturally well adapted the balmy western county is for industrial development, may be added zinc, bismuth, antimony, cobalt, arsenic, manganese, gold in small and silver in considerable quantities. These remarks apply to Cornwall as to Devonshire; but it should be added that the mining industry of Cornwall is far more active and more widely spread than that of Devonshire. Two Cornish industries remain to be noted, the one very ancient, the other of quite recent origin. The former, that of fishing in general and of pilchard-fishing in particular, has come to be regarded as so essentially a county mainstay, that it heads the Cornish toast, taking precedence of even tin and copper.

The second and quite modern industry is that of supplying London and other large cities with flowers and vegetables out of the season. This Cornwall is enabled to do in annually increasing quantities owing to the mildness and moistness of her climate; but as yet, mining and fishing have so entirely absorbed the energies of the natives, that the new department can hardly be said to have yet made a fair start, although it has long been an important source of revenue to the neighbouring Scilly Isles.

DUMARESQ'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER XLIV.—ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

NEXT day, at the Orangers, Cyrus Vanrenen, with a little stifled sigh of regret, announced his intention of proceeding to Marseilles within forty-eight hours, *en route* for Amurrica, taking Sirena and Corona, in his own words, 'along with him' on his journey.

Psyche looked up as he spoke, with an astonished air. She liked Cyrus, and was grieved to think her happiness, as she imagined, should have brought about so sudden a determination on the young American's part. 'Why so soon, Mr Vanrenen?' she asked in surprise. 'You surely meant to stop here the rest of the season, didn't you?'

Cyrus hesitated for a few seconds. 'Well, when a man's ruined, you see,' he said, after a short pause, 'I guess it's about pretty nearly time for him to be moving off home to look about his business. In Amurrica, Miss Dumaresq, when an operator loses one fortune on a throw—why, he begins to think seriously in his own mind about piling up another.'

'Ruined!' Psyche exclaimed in the utmost dismay. 'Lost a fortune! Oh, Mr Vanrenen, you never told us!'

'Well, there,' Sirena put in, with a little deprecating waive of forgetfulness. 'I do declare! what a giddy girl I am! Why, Psyche, we've had such a lot to think about, last few days, if it hasn't completely slipped my memory to speak about Cyrus having dropped his fortune! He's had losses in business, home, you know—very serious losses. He'll have to go back to start things fresh; and Corona and I must go, too, to help poor mamma.'

Corona heaved a gentle sigh, regretfully. 'It's come at a most awkward moment, too,' she said. 'It would have been real nice, now, if Sirena and I could only have been bridesmaids—wouldn't it, Reeney?'

Psyche blushed crimson. As a matter of fact, so far as she had yet been officially informed, there was nobody's wedding just then in contemplation. But Sirena, paying no attention to her obvious embarrassment, continued placidly to debate that subject of perennial interest to women. 'So it would,' she echoed; 'and Corona and I'd have been real glad to be able to give you a proper sort of present. But that's all past now, unfortunately, till Cyrus can scrape up another little pile again. Corona and I had all our own money staked, of course, on Cyrus's operations. It's just downright annoying, that's what I call it, at such a moment. I should have liked folks

in Cincinnati to see in the *Observer* I'd been acting bridesmaid at a regular aristocratic British wedding.'

'Couldn't you arrange it pretty soon, Sir Austen, so as Sirena and I might stop for the ceremony?' Corona continued, looking across the table candidly at Linnell, whose awkwardness almost equalled Psyche's own. 'You'll be married here before the Consul, of course; and Sirena and I would just love to assist at it. It'd be something to talk about when we got back to Amurrica.'

'Oh, don't, dear, *please!*' Psyche whispered in an agony of shame, squeezing Corona's arm hard with an expressive pressure.—'But it isn't really so serious as all that, Mr Vanrenen, is it? You've not had any *very* bad reverses, have you?'

'Well, not more serious than being left in the world with the cash I have in hand and the clothes I stand up in,' Cyrus answered good-humouredly. 'The trouble is, I don't see now how we're to get back at all, if we don't get back right off, as we are, before we've spent the last dollar in our pockets.—Much as I should like to risk my end cent in seeing Miss Dumaresq comfortably married, Sir Austen, I kind of feel there ain't the same chance for a man like me of making another here in Algiers that there is home in Cincinnati. Africa don't offer the same scope for an operator's enterprise as Amurrica, anyhow.'

That same afternoon, Geraldine Maitland came over to see them. It was not without regret that Cyrus led that very high-toned young lady to a secluded seat at the far end of the garden, for a last interview. Now that the moment had actually come for parting for ever, Cyrus was conscious in his own mind how great a strain that wrench would cost him. 'Miss Maitland,' he said, blurting it out like a schoolboy, 'I wanted to see you alone a bit before I went. I'm off by to-morrow's boat to Marseilles on my way to America.' He said America, and not Amurrica. Before Geraldine's face, he had schooled himself now with great difficulty to the slenderer and thinner Britanic pronunciation.

Geraldine started, and her eyes fell. 'To America!' she echoed, with obvious regret. 'Is it so serious as that, then? And we won't see you this side any more, Mr Vanrenen?'

'Well,' Cyrus answered candidly, 'not till I've made another pile, anyway. Things look bad, I don't deny. We're dead broke, my partner and I—that's where it is, Miss Maitland.' He drew a long breath. 'But I confess, though I don't so much mind the worry, I'm sorry to go just now,' he continued more earnestly. 'You see, the girls 'ud have dearly liked to stop a bit over here for Miss Dumaresq's wedding.'

Geraldine's eyes were fixed on the path, and her parasol described aimless arcs among the small gravel. 'I'm sorry too, Mr Vanrenen,' she said at last frankly.

'You are?' Cyrus cried, brightening up at her sympathy.

'Very,' Geraldine replied, drawing a larger and completer circle than any yet, and then dividing it into four quarters with a painful display of minute accuracy.

Cyrus gazed at her with undisguised admira-

tion. 'Why, that's real kind of you,' he said gratefully. 'You've been good to me most always, I'm sure, Miss Maitland, and you're good to me now, to the last, much more than I expected.'

'When *wasn't* I good to you?' Geraldine asked, turning round upon him half fiercely with flashing eyes. Cyrus was too afraid to look her straight in the face, or he might have seen that small beads of dew glistened with a tremulous moisture upon the lashes.

'Well, as I said before, it ain't any use crying for the moon,' he replied evasively, twirling his stick: 'but I did think once'— He broke off suddenly. 'Say, Miss Maitland,' he went on again, after a catch in his breath, on a new tack this time; 'do you know what I'll be sorriest to leave behind, when I go to-morrow, of all the people and things I've seen in Europe—or rather in Africa?'

'Yes,' Geraldine answered, with unexpected boldness; 'I know exactly.'

'Well, it'll cost me a wrench,' Cyrus said with manful resolution.

'Why make the wrench at all?' Geraldine murmured low; and then blushed bright red at her own audacity.

Cyrus glanced back at her, half puzzled, half overjoyed. She was making the running for him now and no mistake. 'Well, it can't be helped,' he mused on slowly. 'There's no way out of it. I've got to go. I've got to leave it, cost me what it will. I can't earn my living, don't you see, anywheres but in America.'

'I meant,' Geraldine said, uprooting a pebble with the parasol end, and egging it hard out of its nest sideways, 'why not take *it*, whatever *it* may be—along with you—to America?'

Cyrus glanced sharply round at her in almost speechless surprise. 'Well, I do admire at you, Miss Maitland!' he ejaculated, with a sudden burst of joy. 'But there must be some mistake somewhere. I haven't a cent now to keep a wife upon.'

Geraldine took his hand in hers spontaneously. Her genuine emotion excused the action. 'Mr Vanrenen,' she said softly, 'I don't care a pin for that. I like you dearly. I always liked you. I was always fond of you. I was always proud of the way you thought of me. But I wouldn't accept you—because of your money. I didn't want anybody to have it to say, as all the world would have said, that I'd set my cap at a rich American. So, in spite of mamma, I wouldn't take you. But that day, you remember, when the telegram came from your partner in America, and you behaved so beautifully and so heroically and all that—never thinking of yourself, but only of Psyche, and forgetting your own trouble so bravely in hers, and doing your best for Sirena and Corona—why, that day, I'm not ashamed to say it, I loved you, Cyrus. And I said to myself, if Cyrus asks me—for I always call you "Cyrus" in my own heart'—

The young man looked back into her face with shy delight. 'Miss Maitland,' he began—

But she checked him with a little imperious gesture.

'Geraldine, you mean,' she corrected pettishly.

'Well, then, Geraldine—if I dare,' the young

man repeated, all aglow with joy. 'I don't know how to take this honour upon me; and I don't know how to say I can't marry you. You make my heart go too hard to think. But it wants thinking out. A week or two ago, I'd have given thousands to hear it. But now, I haven't got thousands to give: I know I can't keep you as you're used: I can't keep you anyhow if it comes to that. Whatever I've got is all my creditors'. But never mind. I'm the proudest and happiest man alive in all Africa this minute, if you really mean to tell me you'd let me marry you. And if you'll stick to it, Geraldine—there, I don't feel I've got any right to call you so, you're always so high-toned—I'll go back home to America right away, and I'll work like a slave, day and night, till I've heaped another pile as big as the first to come again to Europe and offer you.'

Geraldine was holding his hand convulsively now. 'No, Cyrus,' she said shortly. 'That won't do, either. I don't want that. I want to go with you.'

'You can't,' Cyrus cried in a burst of despair. 'I'd cut off my right hand to make it possible, if I could: but there's no way out.—Why, Geraldine, I'm most ashamed to say it even to you, but I wouldn't have the funds in hand to pay your passage across the water.'

Geraldine clung to him with a half-timid boldness. 'But I can't let you go,' she said, holding his hand tight. 'Cyrus, I love you. I'd never have married you then when you were rich. I'll work my fingers to the bone for you now you're poor. I'll live on anything we two can make. I'll starve, if you like. But I can't let you go alone. I *must* go with you.'

Cyrus soothed her hand between his own caressingly, and raised it with true Western chivalry to his lips. 'You shall,' he answered, making a bold wild shot. 'Geraldine, we'll manage it, if we have to go steerage. I never felt so proud in all my life before. I don't know where I'm standing when you tell me you love me.'

What further might have happened at that precise and critical moment, history trembles to say: had it not been that just as Cyrus dropped Geraldine's hand, and leant forward with some apparent intention of sealing his compact by more vigorous measures (which the present chronicler declines to mention), Sirena rushed up, all hot and breathless, and threw an envelope into his lap with a penitent air of sudden recollection. 'Say, Cy,' she cried, in a somewhat panting voice, 'I'm so sorry I forgot it. It's all my fault. I meant to have mailed it to meet you at Constantine; and I put it into an envelope for you just like you see it; but it came that day, you know, when Psyche was so ill; so I stuck it right there into my pocket without thinking; and from that moment to this I utterly forgot all about it. Just now on the tennis court I pulled out my handkerchief; and there the envelope dropped out, sure enough, after lying all that time in my pocket still, for I haven't worn this dress before since the morning it came: and I'm real sorry, but I hope the telegram ain't a very important one.'

Cyrus unfolded it and glanced at its contents in profound astonishment. As he read, he

whistled. 'It's from the old man, Sirena,' he murmured, amazed. 'Just look what he says. One can hardly believe it.'

Sirena took the paper and read it aloud: 'First wire premature. Jay Gould taken over affairs. The squeeze has burst. Ring operations liquidated at par. Fifth National Bank set up square on its legs again. Panic allayed. Business easy. The old house as solid and firm as ever. Hooray!—ESELSTEIN.'

'Why, what does it all mean?' Geraldine asked feebly, failing to take in the strange accidentalisms of the telegram all at once.

'It means, my dear, Cy's as rich a man as ever he was a month back,' Sirena answered, delighted, grasping at the full sense with Western quickness.—'And say, Corona,' as her sister and Psyche came up unexpectedly, 'ain't it just fine? We can stay after all to see Psyche married.'

Geraldine's face grew suddenly flushed. 'And so you're really rich again—Mr Vanrenen?' she murmured.

'Well, that don't tell against me, anyhow, does it?' Cyrus asked crest-fallen, with a somewhat anxious and half-regretful look.

'Not now,' Geraldine answered, a little faintly, though not without a tinge of disappointment in her voice. 'Only—I'd rather, you know, if it *could* have been managed, it had been the other way.'

Psyche looked across at her friend with a puzzled look. But Corona took in the true state of affairs at once with prompter womanly instinct. 'I guess, Sirena,' she observed philosophically, glancing quick from one blushing girl to the other, 'we two'll be bridesmaids at both these weddings.'

THE END.

ON CARE OF THE HANDS.

No one need ever be ashamed of having pretty soft white Hands. Some people have an idea that they are a disgrace, being a sign that the individual who owns them is a useless member of society, shirking all the hard work of the world, and selfishly leaving the disagreeables of life to be taken up by others. It is not so, however. Some of the most useful and capable hands in England at the present moment are soft and white. It is quite possible for hands to do a good deal of hard work and yet be well kept and far from displeasing. The fact is that the condition of the hands depends quite as much upon their being properly cared for as upon the sort of work they do. 'Who sweeps a floor,' and goes about it in the right way, may make it properly clean, even though her hands are agreeable to touch and pleasant to kiss; and the said hands will not be permanently injured by the task, if only the sweeper will be at least as careful of them as she is of the carpet.

It is a proof that the bestowal upon them of a little pains does much to preserve hands in good condition, that there is a difference in the hands of men who tend furnaces in iron foundries. Perhaps there is no work of which we have any knowledge that is more likely to leave its mark than is this. The coal-dust filling the

pores of the skin produces griminess and discoloration, not easily eradicated. Yet those who know say that the workmen who, when washing their hands after working, rub a little oil or glycerine into them while doing so, and dry them thoroughly and carefully, have hands much softer and less 'horny' than have those who take no precautions of the sort. If individuals who are thus unfavourably situated can improve their hands, surely ordinary folks might be encouraged to try what they can accomplish in the same direction.

Nor need reasonable and effectual care of the hands occupy an undue amount of time. There are people of course who think too much of this business. The 'manicure' in these days is quite a professional, and fashionable ladies will devote much money and many hours each week to the care of the hands, hours which ought to be more profitably employed. These experts have ivory instruments to push back the skin which adheres to the nails and hides the white crescent. They have leather and a powder wherewith to polish the nails, and files for sharpening and rounding them. They produce excellent results, without doubt. A hand scientifically cared for is often very beautiful; yet busy people would say that this particular whistle cost rather too much. Much simpler methods would satisfy busy persons, and for these only a few suggestions may here be given.

The first point requiring attention for the care of the hands is that they should not be allowed to remain dirty. Many avoid washing their hands frequently because they think washing makes the skin rough. Unnecessary washing certainly is not desirable; but if the hands are washed in tepid not hot water, dried perfectly with a soft cloth after washing, then dusted lightly with violet powder, they will be injured less than would be the case if they were left dirty. It is an excellent plan to wear gloves when possible during work. They save friction very much; and if the tips of the fingers are cut off, they do not impede progress. Vigorous workers often have a great scorn for workers in gloves, and quote against them the proverb that 'a cat in gloves catches no mice.' The scorn is misplaced; a hand is not rendered less capable by being guarded from injury.

An efficacious way of making hands soft is to rub them with glycerine while they are wet, after washing with warm water and soap. Glycerine, it should be remembered, is a valuable toilet accessory. There are very few hands so hard that they will not be rendered soft by rubbing glycerine in regularly every night for ten or twelve nights. When this is done, gloves must be worn, to prevent the bed-linen being made greasy. Some people find glycerine too heating; they say it makes the skin smart, and find it very irritating. Under these circumstances, oatmeal may be employed instead. Oatmeal will not answer quite so well as glycerine, but it will be very helpful. A writer in one of the medical journals, speaking on this subject not long ago, said: 'The best preparation for the hands at night is white-of-egg with a grain of alum dissolved in it. Quacks have a fancy name for this; but all can make it, and spread it over their hands, and the work is done.' The Roman

Toilet Paste made by quacks is merely white-egg, barley-flour, and honey. They say this was used by the Romans in the olden time. Anyhow, it is a first-rate thing; yet it is sticky, and does not do the work any better than oatmeal. The roughest and hardest hands can be made soft and white in a month's time, and all the tools needed are a nail-brush, a bottle of ammonia, a box of powdered borax, and sand or lemon for the stains. A little ammonia or borax in the water you wash your hands in, and that water just lukewarm, will keep the hands clean and soft.

Next in importance to the softness of the hand is its whiteness. Glycerine, it should be understood, is valuable for softening the skin; it does not affect the colour; and it is much easier to make a hand soft than it is to make it white. Red hands are generally caused by imperfect circulation, and young girls frequently have red hands on this account. In order to make the hands white, therefore, the aim should be to improve the general health, to keep the extremities warm, and to avoid exposure. To let the hands get sun-burnt is a very certain way of spoiling their colour. For some days after the actual burn has died away, the hands which have been affected thereby retain a sort of dirty brown, which is not beautiful. To keep the hands white, therefore, gloves should invariably be worn in the open air; and according to Dr Buck, silk and woollen gloves are less valuable as a protection than kid. Yet even kid gloves do more harm than good if worn too tight.

An authority recently declared that to whiten and soften the hands, the following treatment is the best that can be recommended. Wash in tepid water always, and with a powder puff apply fine oatmeal. After washing, dry and rub the hands briskly. Use rather warmer water at night, and use a nail-brush all over the hands. When dry, apply almond paste, and sleep in easy-fitting gloves. To make the almond paste, take two ounces each of sweet and bitter almonds; pound in a mortar to a paste; mix with half an ounce of Windsor soap cut into fine shreds; add two drachms of spermaceti, half an ounce of oil of almonds, and twelve drops of oil of bergamot. Heat gently; add the essential oils last, and stir till cool.

The state of the nails has a great deal to do with the beauty of the hands. To cut nails with scissors thickens them. They should be filed, rounding them off at either side to follow the line of the finger and making them level with the edge of the fingers. If shorter than this, they would be ugly. It goes without saying that they should be kept scrupulously clean. Every morning after washing, and while the skin is still soft, the cuticle at the base and side of the nail should be pressed back gently with the hem of a soft towel. Rough treatment of this part of the skin will produce the disagreeable 'hang-nails,' which are a great annoyance when they occur. There are people who bite their nails. Those who have not patience to conquer the habit will not care to adopt the means necessary for making their hands pretty.

Chilblains on the hands, like redness of the hands and 'chaps,' are the sign of imperfect circulation. If the whole body, and especially

the hands, could be kept uniformly warm, chilblains would disappear; and the best way to cure them is to prevent them. The difficulty is that in cold weather the hands and feet, the parts chiefly affected by chilblains, are the parts most likely to be cold. The *Family Physician* says: 'Sufferers from chilblains should have plenty of good warm underclothing, and should not be afraid of wearing good big gloves lined with wool. Tight kid gloves are an abomination. They may be pretty to look at, and no one can help admiring a nice little hand; but they prevent the free circulation of the blood and make the fingers horribly cold. There is another thing: do not wear elastic bracelets or tight garters. If you want to get rid of your chilblains you must take plenty of outdoor exercise.'

There are many so-called cures for chilblains. One of the best is sulphur ointment, rubbed in two or three times a day, a glove being worn over the hand meanwhile. Another excellent remedy is made by thoroughly mixing equal quantities of capsicum lotion—made by soaking capsicum pods in spirits of wine—and dissolved gum, then painting the lotion upon tissue-paper two or three times. The paper may be used as court plaster.

Warts on the hands are very ugly excrescences, and there are as many remedies for them as there are for chilblains. One of the easiest of applications is strong acetic acid, to be dropped on gently with a little tube until the wart is almost saturated with it. The treatment is to be repeated for two or three days. Care must be taken to preserve the skin surrounding the wart from being touched with the acid, or it might be burnt. Many try to burn away warts with lunar caustic. After being thus treated the warts generally reappear.

THE TROUBLE AT GREAT BUCEPHALUS.

BY HENRY TINSON.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

It can hardly be said that Great Bucephalus, an American frontier 'city' well known a generation back, was founded with greater pretensions and boasting than any other speculation of the kind, as nearly all such places are promised to do impossible things, and to realise unheard-of profits for all those who joined in the undertaking; but it went ahead pretty considerably smart in that connection, as some of the more astute critics had said, in reference to the scheme. Mining was to make its fortune, and so would trading with the farmers who sent in their produce to supply the miners; so the store-keepers, the hotel-keepers, and the cattle-dealers could not avoid making money—so it seemed—even if they wished to do so. And it was strange, or would have been strange but that the incident was common, to see how those who had already been deceived, or at least disappointed in similar ventures, were ready to believe in this new speculation, and eager to try their fortunes in it.

Among others, Mr George Eltran, an Englishman, had been early in the field, and had opened a store, managed principally by himself and his

wife; and so great was the rush—or 'boom,' as it is now the fashion to call it—while Great Bucephalus was developing, and the miners were prospecting, that the speculation appeared likely to realise a great deal even of the enormous success predicted. This was cheering to Eltran, who had had his share of heart-breaking struggles; but he was also delighted to think that here was now an opening for his best and oldest friend, Mr John Boytell, of London—'Jack Boytell,' to all who knew him. This friend was somewhat Eltran's junior; but they had been school-fellows, and Jack had married Eltran's sister, and was liked all round for his good-humour, his straightforward style of speech, and his unflagging cheerfulness of manner—all capital qualities; and, as just intimated, Boytell was much liked on account of them; but, unfortunately, even a cheerful and pleasant manner does not always of itself secure success in business, and Boytell had made more than one experiment which had ended in undoubted failure; his capital would not allow of many such trials, and as he had a wife and a couple of children, the outlook grew serious.

Eltran was delighted at being able to send his friend a letter containing a glowing account of the new city and its prospects, with a strong recommendation for him to try his fortune in the West, where, he somewhat rashly declared, such a man as Boytell was sure to make his fortune. This information and this invitation were specially welcome to his friend, who was really, as he owned, almost at the end of his tether; and Eltran soon received a letter in reply, heartily thanking him, and announcing the writer's intention of embarking almost immediately. Polly (Mr Boytell's wife) was, he averred, quite as much pleased as himself; and so was Agatha, Eltran's unmarried sister, who would accompany them.

But events move very quickly in such communities as Great Bucephalus, and of all speculations, mines are perhaps the least to be depended upon. Boytell's letter had only been received a day or two, and the glow of pleasure with which Eltran and his wife had learned his resolve had not died away, when suddenly and from all quarters the most ominous rumours sprung up; a general stampede from the mines was commonly spoken of, and it was certain that in some quarters the diggers—or, as was more often the case there, the gold-washers—were leaving their claims. Gold assuredly was to be found in the district, but so irregularly and in such limited quantities, that it was soon seen that for such a 'boom' as had taken place the enterprise was wholly hopeless. When once such a belief becomes current, the speculation which has gone up like the rocket, does indeed come down like its stick.

This disappointment would as a matter of course be sufficient to stamp the gold-fields and their dependent town as a failure; but even worse than mining losses was the rumour, only too well founded, that the Indians had broken from their reservation—had already committed, after their wont, some awful outrages, and had declared their intention of burning Great Bucephalus. That the savages had been goaded to these deeds and threats by a long period of

injustice, fraud, and ill usage, was undeniable; but this made it no better for the unfortunate residents who were likely to suffer; and, moreover, 'out West' nearly all the whites held that such treatment, even if carried to extermination, did not matter so long as it was only practised on Injuns. Retaliation was of course a very different, and a most brutal and barbarous affair.

Yet even in this community, some—a very few—were suspected of being in sympathy and even in confederacy with the tribes; and if this were proved, short work was likely to be made with the renegades. One notorious character, a 'desperado,' and what would elsewhere be called an outlaw, was Adobe—more commonly 'Doby Rube, so called from his having worked some time at making the adobes or large unburnt bricks of the West and of Mexico; and this man was strongly suspected of treachery; but he lived a mile or two out, and rarely came into the town, where, in its early history, he had been engaged in two or three sanguinary broils—'shooting scrapes' would better render the vernacular of Great Bucephalus—thus, being seldom seen, and the district growing depleted, he had hitherto escaped the lynching of which he ran daily risk.

Eltran knew but little of the man, did not even know where he lived; but one afternoon, when he was driving home with his wife from a visit they had paid to a ranch a few miles out, a man came to the door of a miserable hut and hailed them. Eltran at once recognised Adobe Rube, and, reining up, asked him what he required. 'Seeing madam with you,' returned the outlaw, 'I thought mebbe she would look at my Minnie, who is sick.—It is no fever or small-pox, madam,' he continued, lifting his slouch-hat as he spoke, 'or I would not ask you to see her. She is a kind of weak and pining; perhaps she wants some wine; perhaps some doctor's stuff. You will be able to tell when you have seen her; and then I hope that even for the daughter of 'Doby Rube, a poor child who lives alone and solitary with her hunted father, you will send out what she needs.'

Eltran looked doubtfully at his wife, as though he expected to hear her express the strongest disapproval of this idea; but the lady met his glance with a very different one. 'Poor child!' she exclaimed. 'How dreadful for her to be suffering here alone, with only'—

She paused, and Adobe Rube, who had caught the words, smiled gravely, and said: 'With only such a father to nurse and look after her. It is true, madam, we are shunned by all; and so she suffers for my faults; but I have done my best.'

'I feel sure you have, Rube, and I will help the poor girl if I can,' returned Mrs Eltran, somewhat remorseful at having allowed the man to divine her thoughts; 'and if I can send her anything likely to do her good, she shall have it.' Saying this, she descended from the vehicle, and followed Rube into the hut. Eltran shook his head, but ventured upon no open protest against the proceeding.

After a short interval, during which he could distinctly hear the feeble voice of the sick child mingling with the others, his wife came to the door, and said: 'George! The poor little girl is sadly ill. She seems only weak and very low-spirited; but she is certainly pining away; and

if left here, she will die. I have told Rube we will drive her into the city, where she can have one of our rooms for a while; and with cheerfulness and society, she will get strong directly.—Spread out the buffalo robe so that she can lie upon it, for she is too weak to sit up.'

'What! Take her to Bucephalus with us? Take her in *now*!' exclaimed the amazed husband. 'Don't you think it would be better to send her out some wine, and to ask Dr Prance to call; and then'—

'No, no!' cried his wife impatiently. 'The poor child will be dead while we are thinking of helping her; and she looks so pretty and speaks so mildly.—That will do nicely,' she added, as her husband, seeing there was no escape, adjusted the buffalo robe. 'Rube will bring her out.'

The father, concealed from Eltran by the shade of the low doorway, had been listening to this conversation, and watching the speakers with a painful interest. He drew back into the house, where Mrs Eltran followed him; and in a few minutes they returned, Rube carrying—much too light a burden—a girl of some ten years old, pretty in features, and with soft curling hair; but pretty as was her face, it was far too pinched and drawn for youth, and her blue eyes were too large and too eager.

The burly miner easily lifted the slight figure into the vehicle, bent over and kissed her face with some words of farewell and hope; then brushing something away from his eyes and clearing his throat, he drew a small leather bag from his pocket, and handing it to Eltran, said: 'There is not much there, squire—not more than an ounce and a half of dust. In better times it should have been doubled and trebled; but it will help to pay for my little Minnie's board and for the trouble to your helps.'

'No, 'Doby—not a cent!' cried Eltran. 'If we give your child a home for a while, we do not wish for any money return.—Do we, Kate?'

'No,' replied his wife, emphatically. 'We will not take money for anything we can do for the sickly girl; for any help we can render to'—

'To the innocent child who has no friends,' said Rube, with the same uncheery smile as before. 'Well, I will not press you. Your good deed shall stand by itself; and if ever the day should come when even such a man as 'Doby Rube can show that he is grateful— Yet I must not keep you here, listening to my promises. Good-bye. I wish you the greatest prosperity; but I tell you straight I don't reckon that you will find it at Great Bucephalus.'

The strangers drove off with their charge, after this not too exhilarating farewell; and thus the only child of Adobe Rube, the hardened homicide, and—far worse in Western eyes—white Indian, came to be for a few weeks an inmate of the Eltran store; and a wonderful improvement in the girl was the immediate result. She improved in her looks so rapidly, and was such a gentle affectionate child, that those who had at first been disposed to censure the Eltrons for taking an interest in the daughter of such a scallywag as 'Doby Rube, not only surmounted their objections, but came to see the girl occasionally, nearly always bringing her little presents.

This short visit was probably the very happiest time which Minnie's life had yet seen; but she was removed too early, as the Eltrons judged, Rube expressing his regret for the change, which was, he said, from some reason unavoidable. He did not say what this reason was; but he was profuse, and apparently sincere, in his thanks to the kindly couple, and reiterated his assurances of repaying the good turn should it ever be in his power.

It seemed as though Eltran would need a good turn pretty soon from some quarter, as, while Minnie had been staying at his house, the state of affairs in and about Great Bucephalus had reached something like a crisis. The gold-fields were almost deserted; trade, as a matter of consequence, was almost extinct; while the reports from the Indians grew more terrible—were indeed growing worse day by day—and the calamities threatened appeared on the eve of accomplishment.

One of the first precautions taken by Eltran was to write, warning his friend Boytell not to come on at present, not, indeed, until he heard from Eltran again; for it was clear enough that the latter would have to seek another home, and that, for some time at least, Great Bucephalus would be no eligible abiding-place for such immigrants as John Boytell; and still less would it form a resting-place for the helpless women and children dependent upon him.

Eltran feared it was too late to write to England, as his friend had probably already sailed; but he wrote to the agents in New York upon whom Boytell would call, advising him to wait in that city a while. This was all he could do at the time; but he assured Boytell that he would not lose a moment in sending advice for his guidance as soon as he had decided for himself. It had now become too evident that a change would be necessary, as, apart from the ruin threatened by Indian hostility, the failure at the gold-fields had grown so complete that the trade of Great Bucephalus was hopelessly gone.

But even this latter disaster did not utterly dismay the residents, who were in many cases of roving habits, and looked upon the 'playing out' of the town as only adding one to their many removals. It was the dreaded storm of the savages' onslaught which appalled them; and it was out of all question for Eltran to allow his friend Boytell and family to run into such danger; so, awkward and expensive as a stay in New York would be, Eltran was heartily thankful that the alarm had been given early enough to enable him to send warning.

It was now reported that Ophirville, a new town some forty miles south, was the real centre of the gold-bearing districts, and would be the centre also of trade and enterprise. What was of equal importance just now, it was below the range of Indian fighting parties, who never sought to cross the boundary supplied by a long range of low hills. The savages did not claim the country beyond that division, and consequently allowed the dwellers therein to abide in peace. So, after obtaining the best accounts he could, Eltran made up his mind—'concluded,' as he had already learned to say—to start afresh there, and was soon busied in the necessary arrangements.

Yet even in the few days which were all that these preparations required, reports of the Indian outbreak increased in frequency and in terror. Some of them seemed almost too horrible to be true; but those who were old residents on the frontier had often had only too good reason for believing this class of report beyond all others.

One unpleasant incident, which fortunately, however, led to no special result, occurred in the city itself. A party of the leading citizens waited upon Eltran, and requested that he would give up to them Minnie Trant, the daughter of Reuben Trant, otherwise Adobe Rube. Eltran informed them that the child had been taken away by her father a few days before. The deputation were loth to believe this; and Eltran was obliged to swear that it was so and to call his wife in evidence ere they would credit him. They knew—and he knew as well—how the Vigilantes treated a broken or false oath. There was but one penalty—death.

‘We are going to lynch that outlaw and desperado,’ said the leader; ‘we will so. We shall string him up whenever he is caught; but we don’t bear no malice against this child, who shall be sent five hundred miles away, where she will never hear her father’s name, and will soon forget all about him. Our visit here is out of no ill-will to you, Squire Eltran. This deputation admires the kindness shown by your wife and yourself to this poor little girl; and we regard you as real white citizens for sheltering and nursing her.’

This last phrase may have an odd sound to unaccustomed ears, especially as there had never been any question as to the ‘white’ blood of Mr and Mrs Eltran; but it was an often-used form of Western speech, and was intended to convey a compliment. The search for Adobe Rube was unavailing, and the store-keeper heard no more at that time of him or his child.

THE GOVERNMENT LIGHT RAILWAYS IN IRELAND.

WORK is now vigorously proceeding in the south of Ireland on the Light Railways, designed and financed by the Imperial Government with a view of affording employment during their construction to the inhabitants of the districts traversed, no less than to benefit permanently the localities served by opening up cheap and rapid means of transit to and free communication with the outer world and its markets. In the present article we propose to place before our readers some brief account of two important lines in the extreme south-west of Ireland: the West Kerry, and the Kenmare and Headford Railways, both typical Irish lines, and though distinct undertakings, yet presenting many features of similarity. After succinctly following the route traversed by each line, and pointing out the more interesting facts in connection with them, we shall conclude our notice by some general remarks applicable to this class of engineering and the development of Southern Ireland.

The West Kerry line forms a branch of the Great Southern and Western Railway of Ireland, and is being constructed by that company under

subvention from the Imperial Government. The new line is twenty-seven miles in length, and traverses throughout its entire course a country singularly rich in natural beauty. Starting at Killorglin, the present terminus of the Great Southern and Western Railway, a quiet market-town near the mouth of the river Larne, famous for salmon, the new line passes in a southwesterly direction until the Caragh River is skirted and crossed, in full view of the well-known Macgillicuddy Reeks, whose topmost summit, Carn-tual, attains to a height of over three thousand four hundred feet. The line now crosses the bogs, the special difficulties of which and the mode of overcoming the same are dealt with later on; and passing the river Behy, a rocky mountain torrent, winds around the forest-clad mountain which overhangs the river. Still continuing in a similar direction, the route passes along the face of Trunk Hill, a little above the public road, from which it is separated by a stout retaining wall. The scenery at this point is well worthy of some passing comment. The public road is cut in the side of the mountain, and far above tower its summits; while deep down below in sheer descent are the rocks and glistening waves of Dingle Bay, across which, on the opposite shore of the estuary, rise Mount Brandon and the undulating green-clad heights surrounding it, all soft in purple haze and fleecy banks of cloud. Before leaving Trunk Hill, two short tunnels occur, which are of special note only as being the sole ones throughout the route.

The next point of interest is the beautiful ravine of Gleeske, whose precipitous sides, thick with Scotch and silver firs, run sheer down into the blue waters of Dingle Bay. The railway crosses the head of the ravine, and thence winding along the valley, minor cuttings and banks alternating with each other, passes Kells, and running across Valentia River at a considerable angle, enters Caherciveen just below the imposing police barracks of that town, and about a mile from Charran House, a spot dear to every patriot in Ireland as the birthplace of Daniel O’Connell. The route now traversed skirts the left bank of the Valentia River, which gradually widens itself out into an estuary of the Atlantic until Reenard Point, the extremity of the mainland, and terminus of the West Kerry line, is reached, opposite Valentia Island, on the west coast of Kerry, and famous as the starting-point of the Atlantic Cable.

Valentia Island and its land-locked harbour form a fitting terminus to a line singularly rich in the beauty of its surroundings. The island, which is about six miles in length by two miles in breadth, containing over six thousand acres, is remarkable for the mildness of its climate, no less than for its natural beauty, and can hardly fail, when the new route is opened, to become a favourite resort of tourists, who at present are debarred by the inaccessibility of this remote spot from finding their way to it.

The whole district, indeed, traversed by the West Kerry Railway will without doubt become popular with travellers in search of new scenery so soon as the inherent beauties of the route become known; whilst to sportsmen, a country whose rivers teem with salmon and trout, and whose mountains and bogs afford

excellent rough shooting, the increased facilities to be given by the line now under consideration will be justly appreciated, no less than by the farmers and traders in the rural districts and towns, who will find a demand springing up for their produce, coupled with cheap means of transit for the same.

Passing on now to consider in outline the Kenmare and Headford Railway, situated also in Kerry, and likewise being constructed by the Great Southern and Western Railway Company of Ireland as an offshoot from their main system, we find work of very similar character, traversing a district hardly less remarkable for the grandeur of its surroundings. The Kenmare and Headford line is also being built under subvention from and by arrangement with the Imperial Government, and has a total length of nearly twenty miles. Starting from Kenmare, a town of about fourteen hundred inhabitants, and famous for the excellent salmon-fishing on the Blackwater, which falls into the bay some six miles below, the line takes a northerly direction, and with a rising gradient, crosses the Cleady River, and after several cuttings, the Caher River. The gradient now begins to descend, the line following very closely the natural level of the country, with small banks and cuttings rapidly alternating. This type of work is continued all the way until the parish of Kilgarvan is reached, and calls for no special remark, sundry minor streams and roads being met and crossed in the usual manner. The Flesk Valley, up which the line winds on its way to Headford, presents many points of remarkable mountain scenery. Public road and railway follow a very similar route beneath the gigantic crags which shut in the valley, and whose bold and rocky outlines form fitting theme for the lover of nature.

The line, as we have said, is laid out to follow the natural surface of the district as closely as possible, and this remark extends all the way through Crohane and Rossacroonalloo until the river Flesk is reached and passed; the Loo River, a still deep stream, abounding in trout, and covered with water-lilies, having been previously crossed no less than six times. The line again follows a level course, and after crossing a stretch of bogland, passes over the Owenacree River, and then traversing some cuttings, finally, after a short horizontal length, forms connection with the Great Southern and Western Railway near Headford, in the parish of Aghadoe.

Having now, in brief outline, followed the route traversed by each of these two important undertakings, we pass to some consideration of the special features of interest common to both, and undoubtedly the crossing of the bogs deserves some special notice. The difficulties encountered by Stephenson in throwing a railway across Chat Moss are familiar to our readers, no less than the methods by which he overcame the treacherous bog. The execution of similar work, and the triumph over like obstacles at the present time in South Ireland, are worthy of some scant description.

A bog has an average depth of about twenty-five feet, and the peat composing it varies in colour according to the depth from whitish brown to a brown black not unlike coal, the brown or

red turf in the centre forming the best fuel. The first step in dealing with the bog is to drain it, a work occupying many months. Trenches are cut parallel to the railway; shorter cross-trenches being provided at intervals. All the trenches are carefully tended and gradually deepened, as the unwatering of the peat proceeds, resulting in a fall of surface of no less than five or six feet when the bog is dried. This accomplished, a layer of bushes, brushwood, &c. is laid down along the route, and covered with a dressing of stiff clay some two feet or more in thickness. On this bedding are laid the top ballast and sleepers supporting the rails, and thus the line is successfully floated over the bog. The crossing of bogs is work the engineer in the British Isles is not frequently called upon to undertake, hence the interest attaching to the foregoing examples of somewhat novel requirements.

Both undertakings are single lines throughout, and are constructed to the customary Irish gauge, five feet three inches, permitting free interchange of traffic with their parent system. The bridges, culverts, retaining walls, and cattle-passes are built either of concrete or of the stone quarried on the lines in forming cuttings, no brickwork being used. The fence-walls are formed mostly of turf, being built up from the sods cut from the ground traversed. These rapidly consolidate and grow green in the soft moist climate of Kerry, and form picturesque and pleasing boundaries. A stout post-and-wire fencing surmounts each bank.

Huts have been erected at intervals along the lines, with stores attached, for the accommodation of the men; whilst so difficult has it been found to house the staff, that the railway stations—neat structures of wood and iron—and the level-crossing cottages, have already been constructed, to provide quarters during the carrying out of the undertakings.

Work was commenced at the beginning of the current year, and has since been vigorously prosecuted at all points. The lines are throughout being constructed in the most solid and approved manner, and reflect credit on engineers and contractors alike.

WAYSIDE FLOWERS.

I LOVE the flowers whose softly-tinted faces
By dusty road or hedgeside meet the gaze,
Clothing with beauty Earth's unlovely places,
Freshest and sweetest in Life's common ways.
Their mission is so lofty, yet so lowly—
Brightening the rugged paths of daily toil,
Their lesson is so simple, yet so holy—
Such gracious growths may spring from stony soil!
Hands, labour worn, which have but little leisure,
Pause in their work these untrained blooms to cull;
World-weary hearts throb fast again with pleasure
At sight of things so pure and beautiful.
Through dust and mire their stainless petals glisten;
They choose the world's waste ground to make it fair;
And whisper in the ear that stoops to listen:
'Sweetness and grace may flourish everywhere.'

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 407.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

MOROCCO: THE LAND OF MULAI EL HASSAN.

By DR ROBERT BROWN.

'WITHIN sight of an English fort, and within hail of English ships as they pass to our Empire in the East, there is a land where the ways of life are the same as they were a thousand years ago: a land wherein government is oppression: where law is tyranny: wherein justice is bought and sold: wherein it is a terror to be rich and a danger to be poor: wherein man may still be the slave of man, and woman is no more than a creature of lust—a reproach to Europe, a disgrace to the century, an outrage on humanity, a blight on religion: that land is Morocco.' These are the words with which an eminent novelist begins a romance of Al Islam in Northern Africa; and excepting, possibly, the sweeping conclusions with which the indictment terminates, they are just from the European point of view, and perfectly accurate from whatever aspect they are regarded.

But the Empire of Mulaï el Hassan is not that of Queen Victoria; and Tangier, where most visitors obtain their sole glimpse of the country, is not to be criticised from the meridian of London. It is a Moorish city; and if such a state of matters pleases its owners, we have no more right to call down fire from heaven upon them than have the Moors to inveigh against the scandalous condition of the English capital—a pious duty, seldom neglected by the few who have visited it. And whatever may be doubtful in the external economy of Morocco, it is quite certain that the inhabitants wish for no change which could in any way interfere with the peculiar institutions over which our novelist is so eloquently indignant, and for none of any description on the Unbelievers' model. They may not love the Sultan when the hands of his tax-gatherers wax heavy; and there are mountain tribes who never pay him their dues until he convinces them of their folly by the arguments of Krupp guns and a rabble army. The government is despotism tempered with anarchy. No

Emperor ever succeeds without having to engage in civil war with rivals for the throne. If the Sultan is not seen in the mosque any Thursday, the price of gunpowder immediately rises; for then they fear he is dead, and fighting must follow. Indeed, it may be affirmed, that though the Arabs have been in Morocco for more than twelve centuries, they have never yet fully conquered the country. The Berber tribes driven to the mountains by the invaders are still only imperfect Moslems, and only half subdued. In the Riff country they are all but independent; and in Sus, even the Arabs under a religious chief can at times give the army of the Sultan plenty of cruel work to do.

But 'Seedna Al Sooltan'—our Lord the Sultan—is the head of the Faith. He is the first of the Shereefs or descendants of Mohammed, who regard with contempt the claims of the Osmanli Emperor to the califate, and consider him and his loose-living subjects as little better than Infidels. With Turkey, Morocco has no diplomatic relations. This has always been the case, and now that the Shereef of Wazan, who, as another near descendant of the Prophet, and the head of the sect of Mulaï Taib, was at one time about as powerful as the Sultan, has become a French subject (and, it is whispered, drinks brandy and eats the accursed beast), though he and his English wife live apart, the Emir-al-Mumenin, the Prince of True Believers—as the ruler of Morocco styles himself—is more absolute than ever. His people may curse his tyranny, or the tyranny of his officials, and groan under the extortions to which they are subjected. Yet, let a European army land, and they would to a man, or a woman—for the women in some of the tribes follow their husbands to battle—fight for him and for the Faith. People who write so glibly of the French or of the Spaniards 'seizing' on Morocco know little of what they talk. After more than fifty years' occupation, Algeria, in spite of its costly roads and railways, and the sink it has been for French money, is still barely subjected to Frankish rule, though, when the pirates' strong-

hold was captured, the country was broken up among a number of rival princes, who mutually hated each other and the Turks, to whom the Dey and the Algiers janissaries belonged. But there are no railways and no roads except bridle-paths in Morocco, and no such internal dissensions as in Algeria. This the Spaniards discovered; for, though they easily defeated the undisciplined army of Sidi Mohammed—and since then the troops have been reorganised by English and French officers—they found it cheaper to take an indemnity than to occupy Tetuan; and to this day, in spite of their Presidios or posts on the Morocco coast, they maintain so precarious a footing, that the very sentries on the ramparts of these spots are liable to be popped at by the wild tribesmen's long flintlocks.

Something of this the visitor who crosses the Strait of Gibraltar soon learns for himself. He leaves a British fortress and a British town and in a few hours reaches one which, though for more than two centuries Portuguese, for twenty-two years English, and still more tinctured by European ways than any other in Morocco, is far more Moorish than Algiers, or Tunis, or Constantine. But the voyager in that brief run passes not only from one quarter of the world to another, from Europe to Africa; he jumps at a bound into the middle ages, into a state of society which he must, in any other part of the world so near the centres of civilisation, merely imagine. He could not see it. For before him lies a walled town, with houses like huge cubes of chalk tumbled down on the slope, crowned by a few green-blinded villas, the homes of 'those who fear not Allah.' This is Tangier—'the City preserved of the Lord.' The shadow of Europe, it is true, has fallen upon it. Beside the square-towered mosques with the little flags which indicate the hour of prayer, there rise hotels for the accommodation of the Infidel; and outside the walls there has been erected of late years a little English church in corrugated zinc—that transition stage of architecture, which all the world over marks a purse above wood, but unequal to stone. The Nazarene—the Rumi or Romans, as the natives, with a persistent memory of their old conquerors, still call them—are here in abundance, though for the most part Spaniards, either born in the place or from Gibraltar, where they are known by the lordly Britons as 'Rock Scorpions.' And here the foreign representatives reside, though the nearest of the three capitals is seven days' ride in the interior. But the Moor is master. In his narrow lane-like street he bears himself like one, and is inclined to yield not one footbreadth of the road to any wandering Unbeliever. On each side of the squalid way are shops like packing-boxes, on the floor of which sits the owner, within easy reach of his wares, while the customer stands on the street bargaining after the weary fashion of the East, the merchant asking twice what he intends to take, the buyer

offering half what he intends to give. Horses and donkeys struggle with the pedestrian for a footing. 'Arra! Arra!' is heard on every side; 'Balak!'—by your leave—is about the first word of Arabic which the new arrival hears, until he passes through the landward gate, or is in the 'Sok' amid a wild concourse of men and beasts.

For it is market-day, and a more picturesque scene it is hard to conceive. We have reached a land in which there are no wheeled carriages, yet the babel of voices furnishes din enough. Amid the dense mass of buyers and sellers, among oxen and sheep, donkeys and camels and horses, we thread our way, stopping ever and anon to watch the unwonted sights around us. Here are two Arabs, all turbaned and 'jellab'-ed and yellow slippered, shrieking and clutching their turbans and invoking their beards and the beard of the Prophet. Another moment, and it seems certain that the curved daggers hanging at their belts will be out. But no; they are only disputing in a friendly way over a coin of which it takes fifty to make fourpence; and the difference settled, the bullion under discussion is transferred to the leather pouch which is invariably slung over the shoulder of every labouring Moor. It is at once his pocket, his purse, and his haversack. A troop of weary camels have arrived it may be from Fez, or from Taflet, on the other side of the Atlas, laden with merchandise from the far-away Soudan, and from their appearance, seem to have had a hard journey, long delayed by the swollen rivers which had to be crossed, and the flooded country over which they had to pass. The tents of some Bedouins are pitched near at hand, their owners, long flintlock on shoulder, glaring defiantly at the Nazarenes, while the Rifian pirates—and they are still at times addicted to the old traits—curse loudly the Christian consul whose *carass* orders them to give way. In a corner, an eager crowd is listening to a glib story-teller, wand in hand, who prattles of Sal-a-din and Al-Manzur, and many a tale which is familiar enough to the reader of the *Arabian Nights*, with some which the folklorist might do well to garner, while in and around and over all is that peculiar odour of argan oil and charcoal fire which is characteristic of a Moorish market-place. Beggars abound. Some are holy men, with axe and cup and the green turban which proclaim them Sher-eefs or descendants of Mohammed; and villainous scoundrels most of them are. Others are simply mendicants, who find a profit out of the all-abounding charity of the Moslem, even though, like the gigantic negro, with a voice that resounds over the market as he calls for alms in the name of 'God the great,' they may have been robbers deprived of their eyes as a punishment for offences many and manifold. Snake-charmers from Sus are here also. Minstrels abound; and it may be one of the wild fanatical sects of the South, such as the 'Eisouias,' scatter the crowd on either side. A Jewish wedding; an Arab bride carried home in the curious box fastened on a horse's back; or the procession which accompanies the boy who has read the Koran, or completed the ceremony which stamps him for ever as a son of Islam, lend a gayer aspect to the scene.

And whatever may be the morals of the people, it is certain that externally at least Morocco

is the most religious country on the earth. Every act, almost every expression used, is tinged with allusions to the Faith. 'In'shallah' and 'Bismallah'—'If the Lord wills,' and 'In the name of the Lord'—are every minute in the mouth of the rudest peasant. Indeed, the readier he is to cheat you, the more volubly does he invoke the name of the Most High, so that one can well believe the tale of the Gibraltar Jew whose price was twenty-five per cent. higher when his Moorish customers promised to pay 'three months hence—Inshallah'; for 'If the Lord wills' means too frequently, 'If I cannot avoid payment altogether.' The very costermonger recommends his wares by pledging the credit of a saint: 'In the name of Mulai Idriss! Roast chestnuts!' 'In the name of our Lord Mohammed Al Hadj! Popcorn! Popcorn!' 'In the name of Sidna Ali-bu-Rhaleh! Melons! Nice sweet melons!' 'God is gracious! Beans! Fried beans!' 'There be no might nor majesty save in Allah! Water! Cool water!' These and the like are heard at every turn. Even the auctioneer who is calling out the price of a slave-girl, or the bids for a Rabat carpet, is careful to interlard his professional talk freely with allusions to His Maker and the plethoric roll of Moorish saints.

An hour later we are sitting at dinner. Through the open window come the distant hum of the market—the shouts of the donkey-drivers returning home, the groans of the overlaid camels, the reports of muskets—of men trying new ones, or of marksmen firing, Tell-like, at oranges held in a friend's hand—the shrill reed-pipes of the wandering musicians, or, it may be, the fusillade of a troop of white-robed cavalry engaged in the favourite Moorish game of 'powder-play.' The Major who has run across from 'Gib.' to have a day with the snipe is inveighing on the wrongs of Irish landlords and the mischiefs of the short-service system, when suddenly there is a silence, and then from every mosque tower comes the long-drawn cry of the muezzin calling to prayer. For a few minutes the din is hushed, and anon the noise and shouts and musket-fire begin afresh. Then darkness falls and the gates are shut; the packing-box-like bazaars are closed with rude padlocks, and every one goes home for the night. The narrow streets are left in darkness, and deserted save for a few curriah dogs, and the frowsy multitudes which not long ago were crowding the 'Sok' are now miles away in reed-thatched villages, the cactus hedges around which are gay with blossoms in summer and laden with prickly-pear in autumn.

This is Tangier, the most Europeanised of all the towns of Morocco; and the coast-lying places all resemble it more or less. None of them of any consequence, except perhaps Salée and Azimur, are altogether without Europeans, though in most of them the number is limited to a few families. But though they all bear the impress either of later European influence, or of the time when they were, for the most part, occupied by the Portuguese and Spaniards, the native squalor is out of all proportion to the foreign civilisation. All are crumbling, and all of them dreadfully dirty. Sanitation, except when the European residents undertake to dig the accumulated filth of ages out of the narrow lanes, is unknown. Everything is primitive in the extreme, from the barges

into which the cargo is discharged out of the ships lying in the open bays, to the captain of the port, who intermits his professional occupation of cursing the turbaned barges to pray on the beach when the mosque flag flies. So with the Custom-house officer sitting cross-legged in the shed hard by, and the Bashaw of the city, who administers a kind of corrupt justice according to the Koran under a white-washed archway at the corner.

But it is only when the traveller penetrates the interior that he finds how very stationary is the land of which he has hitherto only seen the outside. He must ride at a walking pace with at least two soldiers, as representing the authority of the Sultan, or take the consequences of the country-folk mistaking his intentions. And he must take with him tents and baggage animals and riding-beasts, a cook, and the wherewithal for him to cook. For we are entering a land in which no man's roof will shelter the Infidel; in which there are no Europeans; where nothing save eggs and fowls can be relied upon as food supplies; where there are no hotels save the caravanserais, where the cattle and their owner are accommodated in the same enclosure; and, above all, where the only roads are in the shape of bridle-paths worn by the trampling of yellow-slipped feet, and endless droves of horses and donkeys, and mules and camels, and goats and sheep and cattle, throughout unnumbered ages. It is rare to find a bridge, and the chances are that the ferry must be crossed on a raft of reeds, while the animals are swum and reloaded on the other side. Possibly, if there is a sudden fall of rain, the traveller may have to wait between two rivers days before the water falls low enough for him to ford. If the period chosen for the journey is autumn, the country is bare and burnt up. It is 'Brown Barbary' indeed. All the landscape is of a tawny hue, and wells and streams alike are of scanty dimensions. But in spring the land is bright with verdure and gay with flowers. Every valley is waving with crops of wheat and maize and barley; or the owner is cutting his corn with his dagger, his firelock within easy reach; and the flocks of the roaming tribesmen are pasturing for miles around their acacia-hedged camel-hair tents. Little in the scene suggests Africa. There is no desert; but plenty of oranges and lemons, and grapes and pomegranates, and, except in the South, palms of any sort are rare.

The country in Northern Morocco is for the most part rolling hills, capped with a patch of trees around some saint's white-washed tomb, or covered with thickets of palmetto, out of which coveys of red-legged partridges flutter or wild boars rush snorting. The plains along the river brink are often far-stretching, and as fertile as the American prairies. But cultivation is small, out of all proportion to the population, and the population is so scanty that even in the course of a day's journey only a few people will be met. These are mostly country-folk, laden with provisions for the market, or driving camels and donkeys before them, or soldiers on the Sultan's business, or it may be travellers like ourselves on their way to the coast or to some other town. The city ladies are all veiled. But the country-women take no such precaution except when in towns. Nobody, it must be admitted, is over-genial,

though open incivility is rare. Possibly a waspish old woman will turn to the wall as we pass through a town, or a young one—if the men-folks are about—will speak disrespectfully of our burnt father, who, like ourselves, 'will never see Paradise;' or a laughing-faced country lass trudging to the fair with her red shawl round her neck may, as a saucy repartee to the badinage of our soldiers, inform them that the fire is lit for them and their Nazarene train. At worst, they sulk past, muttering unpleasantnesses, or return our 'Salaam Alikum' (Peace be with you) with the saving clause, 'to those whom God hath given peace'—that is to say, to the 'True Believers' only. Every night we must encamp in some village, the sheik of which is made responsible for our safety, though, after we have left, the good old man will, as likely as not, burn green boughs on the spot where our tents were pitched, in order to purify the sacred soil of Islam from the taint left by such Infidels.

A village may now and then be seen—though, to avoid the extortion of the imperial officials, the villages are usually off the routes of travel—or a half-ruined town encountered. If we desire to halt in one of these, say in Fez or in Marrakesch, we must produce a letter from our consul in Tangier or in Mogador, for there are no consuls or ministers off the coast; and after the governor has granted permission, a place to stay in will be allotted us, the conveniences and the locality of which being carefully apportioned to the supposed rank our letter may indicate. Yet at best we are early made aware that our absence will be excellent company, though every morning, if our credentials merit their attention, a 'mouna' of provisions will be sent us in the Bashaw's, or even in the Sultan's name.

The latter, however, is most likely marching about the country collecting the taxes of refractory tribes; and even if not, unless when he goes to the mosque, it is difficult for any one not an Envoy to have an audience of Mulai el Hassan. He speaks no language except Arabic, and his ministers, mere creatures of the hour, are equally ignorant. They want no change, and they know well that any change must sweep away them and their system of tyranny and extortion. No man is paid more than a nominal salary. He buys his office; and in the course of a few years, if peradventure he is not squeezed dry by the Sultan before he has time to grow rich, recoups himself by all manner of peculation and plunder. The prisons are full of their victims; and no man desires to appear wealthy lest he should tempt these official horse-leeches to bleed him. A few cattle are permitted to be exported to Gibraltar under a special treaty; and wheat has within the last few months been allowed to be sent out of the country, though under conditions which render the concession almost valueless. But no four-footed beast can be exported without the Sultan's permit. Hence, a land which might support fifty millions of people in comfort does not contain a tenth of the number. The mineral deposits—silver, iron, antimony, manganese, gold—are rich, but undeveloped, and every effort to induce the Sultan to open them has been refused, for this would give the Europeans a foothold, and increase the number of those 'protected subjects' which have ever been a source of just irritation

to him. For Morocco, there is, we fear, no future under the present *régime*, and those who know the country best leave it convinced that without a European war—which all Africa is not worth—there can be no improvement from without. Lord Salisbury has hinted more plainly than at any former date that, as far as Mulai el Hassan is concerned, the sands have nearly run out. But what does this mean? Nothing, except that the Premier's words have by this time been translated into Arabic, and sent to the Sultan as a proof that if Codlin's not the friend, neither is Short. And the Sultan will continue to wag his beard in the gardens of Fez or Mequinez or Marrakesch—fair within, squalid without—well aware that the mutual jealousies of the 'Christians' are the best protection of the land which the Arabs describe as Moghreb-al-Aksa—the Farthest West—and other people as the China of Africa. For Tangier is the Pumpernickel of modern diplomacy. What one Envoy proposes, another opposes. Meantime, Morocco is 'l'Empire qui croule.' But the crumbling has taken a long time. Twelve centuries have left it not much worse than it began—something feebler, not so rich, but assuredly no liker Europe than of old.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

CHAPTER IV.—DOLLY.

THE genial Mr Drew, the wealthy banker, entertained very splendidly. The ballroom of the evening was a lofty marquee on the lawn of the little garden of his house. It was hung with blush-rose silk, and floored compactly with polished oak, and thereafter adorned with ample cool green shrubs, between which were set silk and velvet lounges; and it was illumined with electric lamps enclosed in Chinese lanterns, which subdued the light to a pleasant tone, so that the palest and most weary guests looked fresh and blooming.

Ferrers stood with Lord Debrett by one of the exits into the garden. They had arrived early, Ferrers pleading for that arrangement so that he might 'find his feet,' as he said, before the crowd of people came. Sir William was coming, but he was not yet come.

'I'm rather afraid of this, you know,' said Ferrers. 'I wish I hadn't come. I don't feel at home in these togs. I feel as if I looked like a waiter or a fool. If I were a little chap, I wouldn't mind; I wouldn't be noticed.'

'Oh, there's nothing to be scared about,' said Lord Debrett. 'You'll be all right.'

'Now tell me truly,' said Ferrers—'don't I look an awkward beggar?'

'You look first chop,' said Lord Debrett promptly.—'Come and have a glass of champagne; that'll steady your nerves.'

They went to the buffet in the supper-room.

'You've got to dance, you know,' said Lord Debrett.

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'Sir William,' said Ferrers, 'seemed to think that after all I'd better not. He particularly wants me not to dance with Miss Dawlish.'

'Miss Dawlish? What Miss Dawlish? Not his old sister?'

'I suppose not,' said Ferrers; 'but I don't know. He's a close old joker.'

'He is,' said Debrett. 'I don't know what his game is at all. But if there's another Miss Dawlish—a young un—it may be about her. Don't you remember he said it concerned a lady? I never heard he had a daughter, though.'

'Maybe his banker brother left a daughter,' suggested Ferrers.

'That must be it!' exclaimed Lord Debrett. 'But at any rate you dance. You'd like a spin with a nice girl, wouldn't you?'

'I would,' said Ferrers at once; his self-confidence was rapidly returning under the stimulus of the generous, foaming liquor he drank.

'Very well,' said Lord Debrett. 'Let's go down.'

As they left the room, Ferrers saw two tall, distinguished gentlemen of about the same height and the same handsomeness of figure—both set off by their well-fitting evening dress—come straight towards them. He had taken a step to stand aside in order to let them pass, when he stood stock still. 'By Jingo!' he exclaimed. It was himself and Lord Debrett reflected in a tall glass near the door! He curled his moustaches and passed on, well satisfied with his appearance.

He had barely returned into the ballroom—where there was now a considerable throng—when he was met by Mrs Drew, a comfortable City lady with a Roman nose, to whom he had been introduced on his arrival.

'I've been looking for you, you naughty man,' said she. 'I want to introduce you to your cousin Dolly.'

He was led without any objection on his part towards a young lady who stood fanning herself and talking with a gentleman. She turned as they approached and awaited their coming with an evidently lively interest. She was not tall—she would stand no higher than Ferrers' chest—but she was plump, comely, and bright-eyed. Mrs Drew introduced them.

'Now I'll leave you,' said she. 'It must be a great many years since you two have met, and you must have a great deal to say to each other—and you must dance.'

Ferrers had nothing whatever to say, and Dolly did not help him, for she was shy. But he had sufficient presence of mind to be aware that under these circumstances the best thing was to ask her to dance.

'They have just begun a waltz,' said he. 'You are not engaged for it?'

'No,' said she.

'May I?'—he asked.

She took his arm; they stepped out; and away they went. Ferrers thought her most sweet and adorable. As they swung round easily in time

with the music, in the close contact of the waltz, Ferrers' awkwardness vanished, and he began to talk.

'It must be a great many years since we met,' said he, making a brave dash at a leading question.

'Oh yes,' said she. 'I don't think we've met since I was a little girl and you were a big boy just done with school.—You hadn't much of a moustache then,' she continued, glancing up at him.

'No,' said he; 'but I daresay I shaved hard to get one.'

'And you must have stretched hard, too, to grow tall,' said she, with a merry little laugh. 'I never expected to find you so big.'

'Oh,' said he, 'I hope I'm not too big. Shall I try to grow smaller? I've been afraid for a long time there was too much of me.'

'Don't be foolish,' said she. 'Of course you're not too big.'

'If you don't think me too big, I don't care,' said he, and he tingled throughout his frame with the thought of having uttered something delicious and daring.

She blushed a little, and was silent; and he was silent too.

Presently the waltz came to an end, Ferrers feeling he had not had nearly enough of it, and forgetting, in Dolly's charming company, Sir William's request that he would not dance with Miss Dawlish.

'Don't you think,' he asked, 'that we might have another dance together?'

'I don't know,' said she, as he led her to a seat. 'Not the next one, at anyrate. That might seem too noticeable, even though we are cousins.'

'Oh, yes,' said he; 'the next one, please.'

'Why?' she asked; and there was the flush of health on her cheek and the sparkle of challenge in her eye.

'Why?' said he. 'Don't you guess that I should like to be with you as long as possible?'

She said nothing, but she blushed divinely; and soon another dance—a waltz again—was struck up.

'I'm glad it's a waltz,' said he, as they swung away in the sensuous, intoxicating motion: 'it lets you talk without bothering your head about all kinds of figures and turns and twists.'

'I suppose,' said she, with apparent irrelevance, 'when boys grow up to be men they always improve?'

'They ought to,' said he. 'But why do you say that?'

'Because I think you are so much nicer than you used to be.'

'Am I?' said he, with a certain sense of triumph over his other, his former self, the real William Dawlish.

'You don't remember, I daresay,' said she, 'what a spoiled, sulky boy you were; how, whenever I was down at Dawlish Place, you used to tease me and my dog, and not let me look at the treasures of pipes and things you kept in a box?—'

'What?' said Ferrers, unconsciously identifying himself with the person spoken of. 'Did I smoke then?'

'Oh yes. Don't you remember that? You

even smoked nasty tobacco with the horrid stable-boy and the gardener's boy.'

'What a disagreeable fellow!' exclaimed Ferrers with feeling.

'Well,' said she, with a woman's tender talent for excuse of those she is interested in, 'seventeen is a disagreeable age. It is eight years since then'—

'I'm twenty-five, am I?' thought he, with a troublesome consciousness that he was five years more than that.

'And you have seen and done a great many things, and suffered many things, too—haven't you?'

'Yes; I suppose I have.'

'I daresay,' said she, with a half-shy, half-defiant glance up at him, 'I was not nice then, either.'

'I am sure,' said he, 'you were always nice.'

'I don't believe you remember,' said she, with a laugh, 'whether I was or not!'

He was prevented from replying by the sudden qualm of concern which seized him on noting, as they whirled round, that Sir William had arrived and was regarding him with no very pleasant aspect, while he bent over a shrivelled duenna with a curious glittering head-dress!

'Who is that,' he asked of Dolly, 'that Sir William is talking to? I can't see very well.'

'Why, don't you know? That's Aunt Dawlish. Have you forgotten her?'

'Bless me!' he exclaimed. 'Is that Aunt Dawlish?'

'And why,' she asked, 'do you call your father "Sir William"?'

'He is Sir William?'

'Of course; but it sounds odd for you to call him that.'

'I suppose it does. I've got into the way of it without thinking.'

He was glad that at that moment she proposed to slip from the whirl of waltzers to cool herself in the outer air of the garden. He marked, ere they went, where Sir William stood—talking about him, he was convinced, by the look he had noted—and then, when they were out, he led her towards the spot which he had marked with his eye. He found a garden chair for her, while he himself leaned against one of the slim poles of the marquee. His experience of camp-life had taught him how to overhear a conversation within a tent. With his pocket-knife he made a slit in the canvas wall and leaned his ear into it. His chance cut was a good one. He found he was immediately against Sir William's shoulder.

'The young man,' said Sir William, 'will give no trouble; he's as docile as a dog—though I did tell him not to dance with Dolly. When this is settled, I'll give him his *congé*, and he'll never know what he was used for.'

'I hope he's as simple as you think him,' said the lady. 'He doesn't look to me as if he were.'

('And he isn't, ma'am!' thought Ferrers.)

'But at anyrate,' continued the lady, 'I can have nothing to say to him.'

'But you must,' declared Sir William with energy. 'Listen to me.'

And Ferrers heard no more.

'I hear you have only just arrived from abroad,' said Dolly; 'but I suppose you know we are going down to Dawlish Place next week?'

'Yes,' said he; 'I've heard of it.' ('But only this minute,' he thought.)

'You'll be there, won't you?'

'Oh yes; I expect I shall be there.'

Whether, because she thought him becoming dull and unresponsive, or because it was time—the music and the dance ceasing at that moment—Dolly said she wished to go in. Ferrers gave her his arm.

'Take me to Aunt Dawlish,' said she.

But as they approached Aunt Dawlish, that lady rose with a great commotion of the glittering and dangling ornaments of her head-dress and fluttered away. Dolly incontinently left Ferrers' arm and hurried after her, saying: 'What's the matter, aunt?' Ferrers turned and looked at Sir William, who was lowering and showing his teeth.

'I asked you,' said Sir William, 'not to dance with Miss Dawlish.'

'I couldn't help it,' said Ferrers. 'Mrs Drew introduced us.'

Sir William nodded once or twice half-absently, and then moved away after the ladies without another word. Ferrers was hurt and angry. He turned and marched out into the garden. He sat down in the chair Dolly had occupied and chewed his moustache. Presently his attention was seized by some desultory talk he overheard. Two or three young men stood a little way off smoking cigarettes.

'They tell me,' said one, 'that was young Dawlish—that whacking six-footer—dancing with his cousin Dolly.'

'Nonsense,' said another—'not Sir Billy's rip of a son! He used to look like a long monkey up a stick!'

'Fact, though,' said the first. 'He's been away somewhere for years—exploring Central Asia or Central Africa or Central America'—

'Central something, I'll be bound,' laughed the other. 'And he's lost all his monkeyness.'

'It'll take me a long time to get used to the idea that that big chap is the Will Dawlish I once knew,' said the other. 'I always thought he'd gone cracked—wrong in his upper story, you know.'

'Tom,' said a third, 'you always get hold of the wrong end of a thing. Even at school, you were always getting your book upside down, and taking hold of your private frying-pan by anything but the handle. He went wrong, but not in the head. What's the confounded rhyme? You know—"In consequence of which he was ruined totally, and married a lady in the *corps de ballet*."'

'Oh, that's it, is it?' thought Ferrers. 'If there's a real William Dawlish in existence, he is married already, it appears.'

And he rose and slipped away. He entered the marquee, but he did not linger there. He passed through it into the supper-room and went to the buffet. While standing there, he turned and saw a black-muzzled man, not in evening dress—the very man he had dropped the evening before into the basin in Trafalgar Square—curiously regarding him! He wondered, with a sudden quickening of alarm, if he were now to be found out. Had he, when he talked to the man, betrayed that he had been a private soldier? He could not remember,

though he did not think he had. In any case, he thought it prudent to withdraw. And so, without stopping to consider whether it was 'good form' or not, he got his hat and coat and left the house.

THE COLOURS OF THE STARS.

THAT must be a very careless-minded and unservant person who, when crossing an open heath on a bright starlight night, does not linger a while to gaze at, perhaps to guess at, the innumerable luminous points glistening throughout the sky in this small patch of boundless space which we are apt to call the universe. Some, he will note, as in the Milky Way, are like shining dust sown broadcast along certain tracts of the heavens; others, gradually increasing in visible magnitude and distinctness, assume the aspect of individual and independent centres of light and—who can doubt it?—of heat. He will involuntarily murmur to himself Mrs Barbauld's lines:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
How I wonder what you are,
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky!

The problem of 'What you are' has, with other branches of physical science, made considerable advances towards solution. To those who complain that we still know so little about natural phenomena, it may be replied that the wonder is that we know so much; and above all, that what we do know, we know as surely and certainly as we can predict that an apple, detached by a gale of wind from the branch on which it hangs, will inevitably fall to the ground.

An ordinary observer, blessed with healthy sight, and not afflicted with colour-blindness, like those unfortunates who cannot distinguish the red of a cherry from the green of the leaves amidst which it has ripened, will soon perceive that every star does not shine with exactly the same hue or tint of light. Some, like the Dog Star, send forth rays of most brilliant white—veritable diamonds in the sky; others are decidedly red; others, again, beam delicate shades of blue or lilac. These diversities of colour amongst the stars are more conspicuous and striking in tropical skies than in our own misty latitudes.

The planets are not in question here; but even they differ in colour. Mars presents a ruddy disc, attributed by some to the reflection of the sun's rays from a red sandstone or a red-clay surface; by others, from a red-leaved vegetation, like our own purple or crimson varieties of cabbage, coleus, and orache—the last, though a kitchen herb, being often grown for ornamental purposes. Jupiter, the giant planet, the most brilliant after Venus, is brightly white, although it has been doubted whether we see, not its actual surface itself, but the bands of cloudy vapour in which it is enveloped. The colour of the disc, however, is variable, with changes in the hue of certain portions almost from day to day. Saturn, to the naked eye, appears as a star of the first magnitude, but much less bright than Jupiter, Mars, Venus, and Mercury, and of a slightly leaden tint. This sombre hue, together with the

slowness of its movement round the sun—twenty-nine years, five months, and sixteen days—induced the ancients to regard it as an unlucky star, exerting an evil influence on human affairs. Of Saturn's three rings, the middle one is always brighter than the planet itself. His satellites have been observed to vary in their respective brightness, as if they always turned the same face to the planet, exactly as the moon always turns the same face to the earth. The first three satellites are all nearer to Saturn than the moon is to the earth, and would be still nearer if their distance was measured from the surface instead of the centre of the planet.

Many stars which appear single to the unassisted eye are found, when viewed through a good telescope, to be double, triple, and even multiple; that is, they are associated suns, in most cases revolving round each other at varying distances, and each no doubt attended by its own system of planets and their satellites. The double and the multiple stars often present great varieties as well as contrasts of colour. Some require higher powers of the telescope than others to show that they are separate. Instead of being white, they often shine with differently coloured lights; the emerald is coupled with the ruby, the topaz with the sapphire, the opal with the amethyst. Sometimes these marvellous stars remain apparently fixed and immovable. Long years of observation have discovered no change in their relative positions. Sometimes, on the contrary, the associated stars gravitate one round the other, the smaller round the more massive, like the moon round the earth and the earth round the sun, with periods varying from only a few years to several centuries.

M. Camille Flammarion informs us that a great number of systems consist of two suns of equal magnitude. The majority are white or yellow; but one hundred and thirty are known whose two suns are differently coloured, and amongst them eighty-five where the contrast is remarkable, the principal sun being orange, and the second green or blue. He also gives a short list of the most beautifully coloured double stars, which, as maps of the stars are now so good and so inexpensive, must be useful to those who wish to find them.

In his admirably copious volume, *Les Étoiles et les Curiosités du Ciel*, he directs attention to a very extraordinary star in the neighbourhood of the North Pole, namely μ of Cepheus. The Greek letters are used to indicate the stars in a constellation. Look for it near α . William Herschel called it Garnet Sidus (the Garnet Star), and such, in fact, its colour is. Sometimes it is as red as a garnet illuminated by electric light, and sometimes it shines with a vivid translucent orange tint. It is the reddest star visible by the naked eye; the telescope shows stars which are completely blood-red. To appreciate its remarkable hue, one ought first to look at a white star, such as α of Cepheus.

From the redness of this star and the quality of its light as examined by spectral analysis, M. Flammarion concludes that it is undoubtedly a case of a fast-declining star in the final stage of its existence as a sun. When we behold this ruddy star faintly glimmering in the neighbourhood of the Pole Star, we may safely regard it

as heralding extinction to all that depends on the warmth of its beams.

The *Annuaire of the Bureau des Longitudes* for 1888 publishes an interesting 'Notice Scientifique,' by M. Janssen, on the Age of the Stars. The stars being suns analogous to our own, he maintains that they are subject to laws of evolution, resulting for them in a beginning, a period of activity, a decline, and an end. The stars are formed of nebular matter, which, condensed, gave birth to suns and to the planetary bodies which form their retinue. White or bluish light, like that of the Dog Star, is emitted by suns in full possession of their highest energy. After Sirius, we have Vega, belonging to the constellation of the Lyre, a white star, seen in summer in the zenithal regions of our sky. It is admitted that the mass of this sun has risen to a very high temperature, and that it has before it long periods of activity and undiminished radiation.

Another class of stars betrays, by spectral analysis, a more advanced degree of condensation. Though still powerful, they have passed what may be called their youth. To this class our own sun belongs. Remarkable fact: in general the colour of these stars corresponds to their constitution. It has no longer the splendour, the whiteness which characterise stars belonging to the first class. Some are yellow, and even orange.

But there are stars still more advanced in their sidereal evolution. Their spectrum shows signs of fatal cooling. The colour of such stars answers to the other conditions which are admitted as signs of their decrepitude. It has turned to deep orange, often passing to sombre red.

The colour of the stars has thus been taken to indicate the age of those heavenly bodies. Another astronomer, M. A. Cornu, has endeavoured, from the colours of the stars, to trace their motions; for stars are no longer supposed to be fixed; fixed stars are obsolete. Now, if a star is moving across our visual line—that is, across the straight line drawn from our eye to the star itself—either perpendicularly or transversely—the direction of its motion will be observable, although perhaps with difficulty, on account of the apparent minuteness of the measurable distance. But if the star is moving directly along our line of vision—that is, advancing directly towards us or receding from us—its motion will be hard to ascertain by the above-mentioned means of measurement.

M. Cornu proposed to solve the problem by the colour of the star and the spectral analysis of its light. He investigated the influence of the relative movement of a sonorous or a luminous body on the sound or the light heard or seen by a stationary observer. Both sound and light are produced and conveyed by waves or pulsations. But suppose the observer to be in motion, retreating, for instance, away from the source of sound or light, that is, travelling in the same direction as the propagation of the pulsations or waves; such an observer will receive, in a unity of time, fewer pulsations than the source emits, because he is moving in the same direction as the undulations. He would not receive any if he were moving with the same velocity as theirs. Consequently, an observer, travelling away from a

sonorous source, will hear a lower sound than that actually given out by the source itself; for the scale of sounds, from high to low, is characterised by the diminished number of vibrations in a given unity of time. In the case of a source of white light, the observer will behold a redder light, because the gamut of spectral colours, from violet to red, corresponds to the gamut of sounds from high to low.

Inversely, if the observer travels towards the source, that is, in a direction to meet the emitted waves, the number of pulsations received in a given unity of time will be greater; the sounds will therefore appear sharper or the white light more violet.

The source of vibration has been supposed in this statement to be stationary and the observer in motion; but the same reasoning would lead to analogous conclusions if the source were in motion, receding from or approaching an observer in repose; from which it evidently results that it is the relative movement alone which plays the decisive part, allowing us, to simplify the argument, to suppose the observer fixed and the source in motion.

Some of the conclusions (Doppler's, quoted by M. Cornu) are these: By the approach of a luminous object, the intensity of its light is continuously increasing. With an increasing velocity, its coloration passes from white to green, then to blue, and finally to violet. If the velocity of a star happens to change, its colour as well as its intensity suffers variation; and it may well be that in the lapse of time a star may assume all the colours of the spectrum.

Stars, then, it is clear, have ceased to be fixed. Our own sun, planets, moons, and all, are fast rushing, we are told, in the direction of the constellation Hercules, where a well-known prodigious agglomeration of stars is to be found. We shall probably never get a nearer view of them, as Hercules will be on his travels too. But no matter whither we are going, provided we do not jostle by the way, an accident we need hardly apprehend, there being plenty of room for us in any direction.

THE TROUBLE AT GREAT BUCEPHALUS.

CHAPTER II.

THE sun had so nearly sunk below the horizon that its rays barely touched the tops of a range of low hills which line the edge of the vast prairie which runs northward and eastward from Great Bucephalus, leaving the intermediate hollows in a shade which would soon be the darkness of night, when a group of residents of the city, who were looking in that direction, saw a string of wagons turn the angle of the hills and come directly towards their important 'location.'

'Five teams!' said one of the lookers-on; 'and all passenger teams, you bet! Where on earth can they be going? To Strapley's Mills, I should say, or?—'

'They are coming here!' exclaimed another, a tall, stalwart, young fellow. 'They would have avoided our slope if they had been going to the Mills.—Don't you think so, Mr Eltran?'

'I do think so,' replied Eltran, who had been

among the observers. 'But what they want here I cannot guess. They surely cannot be troops. I only hope they may be.'

'Troops! I should think not!' said the first speaker. 'No one ever saw troops travel in such— Why, darn me! there's a woman in the first wagon.'

'There is indeed,' assented the young man. 'They must have crossed the Broken Prairie and come through Little Fox Hills.' He said this with something in his tone which was almost awe.

This was echoed by the first speaker, who said: 'A woman must have real grit who could cross the plains now, and come through hills where the Apaches swarm like prairie dogs.'

'True. But perhaps they are strangers in the territory, and did not know their danger,' continued the young man; 'so they— Why, she sees us, and is making signals to us. She is waving a handkerchief. And there is another woman, and she is waving a handkerchief too. I will answer them.' With this the young fellow took a scarf from his neck, and in the next instant would doubtless have carried out his intention, but Eltran placed his hand on his arm and said: 'No; do not, Phil. I think they are coming to me.'

The young man turned in some surprise to the speaker, whose voice was a little huskier than before, while he looked much concerned.

'I think they are friends of mine,' he continued. 'I hope not; but I think it is so.—Let us go down and meet them.'

In accordance with this suggestion, the trio walked down the long slope, which the teams were ascending at a very slow pace; for there were no made roads around Great Bucephalus city, and it was well to spare the mules. A few other 'citizens' had also been watching the approaching teams, but did not take sufficient interest in their approach to induce them to go towards them.

There was no mistake as to there being women in the first wagon, or as to their making signals; and as these were redoubled when Eltran raised his hat, he was clearly right in his conjecture that the party were his friends. On the wagon halting at some impediment, a young man leapt from his seat, and with a hearty shout of recognition, ran over the space between him and the three citizens. On reaching them, he grasped the hand of Eltran and wrung it heartily. 'We have come, old fellow!' he cried. 'We said we would, and here we are. Polly with the two children and Aggy are in the wagon.—Are these gentlemen my new neighbours?'

'Yes,' returned Eltran; but his speech was hesitating, almost faltering, with nothing of the hearty ring with which the new arrival had spoken. 'This is Mr Philip Trayle, a farmer in the vicinity; and this gentleman is Mr Abel Martleton, store-keeper—our principal store-keeper.'

The new-comer shook hands with the citizens, and then said hurriedly, for the wagons had now moved on, and were coming up: 'My old friend has omitted to tell you who I am. I am John—more often Jack Boytell, from London, a genuine Cockney—I hope you know what a Cockney is?—and therefore exactly qualified to seek and make

my fortune in the Far West, which is precisely what I have come to do.' He laughed cheerfully again as he said this, and indeed seemed a hearty, frank, young fellow enough.

The citizens shook hands again after this announcement, and he who had been called Martleton responded. 'We were in the positions our friend Eltran has mentioned,' he said; 'but we have concluded to clear out; and to-morrow, or on the next day at farthest, we shall make tracks.'

'What! Do you mean?'—began Boytell.

But the wagons now drew up alongside; and Eltran, in reply to a shrill cry of delight from the women and children, sprang to the first one, his countenance brightening for the moment; hitherto, it had presented a marked contrast to the genial expression of the face of his friend Boytell.

Two women and two children were helped from the vehicle, all of whom Eltran kissed and warmly welcomed. Several packages were 'unshipped'—so they called it there—from the vehicles, and then the cavalcade moved on towards the open prairie, not climbing the remainder of the ascent to Great Bucephalus city, which certainly was rather steep on that side, and might have been avoided on that account; but it was assuredly not in reference to the slope that a man who seemed to be the leader of the expedition spoke in conclusion to a brief conversation he had held with the two citizens while Eltran was engrossed with his relatives, and the leader spoke in a low hurried undertone.

'I know that, strangers,' he said in reply to a remark made by Mr Trayle as to the impolicy of pushing on with the tired mules; 'but we shall reach Strapley's Mills in two or three hours. It is a good road, and a safe place, I hear, to rest at. I would sooner go on quite a piece farther than stay any time at Great Bucephalus. Yes; that is so.' He smacked his horse-whip as he ended his speech; and the mules moving on, soon drew the wagons to the open prairie, across which the teams journeyed at no great pace, for, good as the driver had declared the road to be, it was, after all, only the rough natural prairie.

Meanwhile, a small wagon had been brought down, and the luggage having been placed thereon, and one or two fresh introductions having taken place, the whole party ascended the slope to the city.

'And is this Great Bucephalus City, of which you wrote so much?' exclaimed Mr Boytell. 'Why, where are the streets, and the houses, and the people?' He spoke to Eltran and Trayle, the latter being the citizen who had brought the wagon; and Eltran, instead of replying directly to this question, said, turning to Boytell: 'Did you not get the letter I sent to Macdiggen & Co. at New York? I understood you were to call there.'

'Letter! No,' returned the other. 'And what is more, we did not go to New York at all; we came by Boston.'

Eltran uttered an exclamation of surprise, which sounded not unlike a groan.

'But what was your letter about?' continued Boytell. 'Was it of consequence?'

'No. At least it does not matter now,' was Eltran's answer, and the tone in which it was

spoken was so cheerless that Mr Jack Boytell stared in some surprise at the speaker, who, seeing this, made a strong effort to rally himself, and at once breaking into a hearty or, at anyrate, a loud laugh, turned to his sisters and the children and uttered a little jest on their rosy appearance.

The success of this digression was but momentary, as the first sentence spoken by his unmarried sister, Agatha, showed too plainly. 'Which is your house, George; and which is ours, and where is the church you were building?' she asked; 'and where?'

'This is my shanty, Aggy,' said Eltran, cutting short a string of questions which he might have found it difficult to answer; 'and these are some more of my neighbours and my old friends.'

This referred to the few citizens of Great Bucephalus who had been watching the arrival and departure of the 'outfit' from the crest of the mound on which the city was built.

More introductions followed; and while all the residents were very civil and even kind in their manner, yet in their manner was also something which surprised Boytell and, as he found on comparing notes, his fellow-travellers also. A total absence of cheerfulness, and an aspect of gravity, yet combined with a searching look, too apparently characterised the whole.

The new-comers were received by Mrs Eltran in what her husband had called his 'shanty'—a large wooden house, roomy and convenient enough, but so devoid of furniture, that its bare aspect struck quite a gloom and chill upon the strangers, warm though the night was.

'Why, George,' exclaimed Mrs Boytell, 'I thought you had some kind of warehouse or sale-room. Is this it?'

'No, my dear,' said Mrs Eltran, her husband again seeming to have some difficulty in answering. 'We concluded not to keep on our store, and our furniture is nearly all boxed up, as we shall quit this to-morrow.'

'What! Leave this place?' exclaimed the new-comers with one accord, in a surprise not wonderful at hearing this announcement.

'Yes,' continued Mrs Eltran; 'George thought you knew, and—and we consequently did not expect you.'

The speaker faltered in her turn, and looked meaningly at her husband, who, with a palpable effort, said: 'That is just how it is, Polly;' he spoke to his sister; 'and it was to explain this and save you a long journey that I wrote to New York. Of course I thought you had received my letter, and so I was—— However,' he continued with a fresh effort, and a glance, which was perhaps involuntary, at the children, 'you must prolong your travels a little, and go with us—that is all.'

'But where, in the name of all that is unlucky, are we going?' was the very reasonable inquiry of Boytell.

'Why, as to that, you see—just at present,' returned Eltran, who was more confused than ever, 'we do not—in fact, we have not made up our minds exactly where to go.'

'Lor! Good gracious!' ejaculated both the women together.

'And the cattle-farm I was to start on,' said Boytell, 'shall I have to give up that idea? Even if you leave here, perhaps I might'——

'No; it is not to be done now,' interposed Eltran. 'It is too long a story for me to attempt any explanation to-night. All I can say is that we shall start early in the morning; and I expect our first stage will be Strapley's Mills. Phil Trayle is going with us.'

'Strapley's Mills!' echoed Boytell. 'Why, that is the very place where our conductor said he should go to; and I remember now that he intimated it was preferable to Great Bu—— But Mr Trayle going with you! Is he also about to leave the—the city?'

'He is,' returned Eltran, who then changed the subject so decidedly as to show he did not wish to continue it.

This conversation, brief as it was, had increased rather than lessened the gloom which was too palpably settling down upon the whole party; and despite the kindness and attention of Mr and Mrs Eltran, who strove by all the means in their power to bring back some cheerfulness to the group, and to make the new-comers feel at home, the mischief was done, and could not so be remedied. During the further conversation which followed, each member of the party made a feint, to the best of his or her ability, of being absorbed in the topics, and of not being conscious of some separate and concealed matter, over which each one was brooding and speculating; but the veriest stranger could not have been deceived by such pretences, or would have failed to see how ill at ease all were.

At last it was time to put the children to bed—they were a boy and girl of two and four years old respectively—and, with Mrs Eltran, 'Polly and Aggy,' the mother and aunt, went to the chamber which, as the latter were warned, had been so hurriedly prepared for them as to be lacking in some of the comforts which their hostess would fain have supplied, but under the circumstances this was clearly impossible.

Just as the women and children left the room, a citizen, who appeared from his dress to be a teamster, or what we are now prone to term a 'cowboy,' entered, and called Mr Eltran out on some business, to which, with a hasty apology to his remaining guest, he was forced to attend.

Boytell being thus left to himself, decided it would be pleasanter to smoke for a few minutes outside, as the bare room in which he was sitting was very dull, and he thought, also, he should like to see a little more of the city. So he went out; but as regarded his seeing much of Great Bucephalus, he was disappointed. The night was starry and clear; but there was no moon, nor was there a single glimmer from window or door to show that any one was stirring in the place, save that down in a hollow he saw lights and moving figures in what he judged was a stable; and he judged, also, that Mr Eltran had gone there. Anything more blank and cemetery-like, even in the way of a village, he had never before beheld; and the silence and obscurity were scarcely likely to cheer him, or to raise the depressed tone of his spirits.

His reverie was taking a more decided tinge of melancholy, when a voice—so close to him that he was startled, for on the soft earth there the approaching footstep had made no sound—said: 'Why, Squire Boytell, to be sure! Are you taking a survey of our city, Squire?' The

speaker was Mr Phil Trayle, the young fellow to whom he had been introduced, and to whom he had already taken a great liking. He was heartily glad of the interruption; and half-seriously, half-jestingly, spoke of the silence of the place, and of the stables being the only spot which showed any signs of life.

'Yes, that is so,' returned the young man; but there was nothing which savoured of jesting in his tone. 'The citizens are there, or most of them, preparing to leave in the morning.'

'Preparing to leave!' repeated Boytell. 'Are any more of them going?'

'I reckon I saw you introduced to Squire Martleton,' said Trayle; and on receiving an affirmative reply, continued: '*He* is going. In fact, there will not be many citizens left in Great Bucephalus in forty-eight hours from this; that is a fact.'

'Is the place to be deserted, then?' exclaimed Boytell.

'I reckon you have fixed it about the only way it can be fixed,' replied Trayle; 'and we are kinder afraid that we have not deserted it soon enough.'

'But what for? Why are you all going at once?' asked Boytell. 'Is there any fever or infectious illness in the place?'

'Has not our friend Eltran told you yet?' said Phil.

'He has not,' returned the other; 'and seems to evade my questions.'

'I do not much wonder. Yet you and your helpless women ought to know,' continued Trayle, and there was an added gravity in his speech which sounded ominously to his listener. 'I have no doubt that Squire Eltran told you all about it in the letter that you so unluckily missed; but the fact is that the northern Apaches have broken from their reservations, while there are no troops within two hundred miles, and none can be sent for a long time.'

'Troops!' echoed his listener. 'What do you want of troops?'

Trayle laughed at this query; but there was little merriment in his laughter, which indeed ended with something like a sigh, as he continued: 'The troops are wanted right away, if they are to do us any good, for the Apaches mean burning Great Bucephalus; and this, too, means scalping every man, woman, and child in the city, if they come before we have made tracks. I do not mean to say they have not been ill used, and perhaps if I was an Injun, I should be nearly as bad as they are. But they are an awful race in their cruelty, and we hear there are twelve hundred warriors on the war-path, under old Simon the Scalper; that is his American name, you know. He calls himself Abrakalaksh. He is the cruellest brute on the frontier.'

'This, then,' said Boytell, drawing a long breath, 'is why Eltran wrote to me, and why his wife and himself seem so dispirited.'

'That is so,' returned Phil, who was now evidently disposed to go on and complete his history. 'Yet, stranger, if you would be safe in any man's house, it would be in Squire Eltran's, for all the Injuns liked him, and both friend George and his wife were always kind to the squaws and papooses—papooses are the children, you know—and in an ordinary way they would

have died for either of them. But this is not ordinary, and all the warriors must follow Simon on the war-path. Matters might be better but for some white loafers and scallywags who ought to have been lynched long ago.'

'Some what?' exclaimed Boytell, who was of course painfully interested in the narrative.

'Loafers and scallywags,' repeated Trayle; 'outlaws and traitors who have either joined the Injuns, or are advising them what to do; and these scoundrels have a spite against Great Bucephalus, as we did lynch two of them here last spring. If the Injuns had not stopped to burn two towns on their road, they would have been here to-day. As it is—— Do you see that man there, just at the corner of the fence?'

'Yes; I see him.'

'Well, that is one of our scouts,' continued Phil. 'We have had three out every night since the alarm was given. Red men never attack at night, as a rule; but with nearly all tribes there is a set of outcast, cowardly, bad Injuns, whom these whites would be sure to get hold of, and teach them everything that is cunning and dangerous, so we may have to fight at any hour.'

'And this Strapley's Mills that you have spoken of,' said Boytell, 'and that our wagons were going on to, what sort of a place is that?'

'I estimate that your boss driver had heard more than he chose to tell you,' answered Trayle. 'I never saw a man in such a hurry to get away. —Well, Strapley's Mills is a stone building; and all the Injuns on the planet could not take it, if they did not starve it out; while, as there is nothing there but the mills and the shanties for the men, old Simon is not likely to waste his time and risk his warriors where it would be all fight and no plunder. We shall be safe there for a day or two, until, perhaps, we can get further intelligence; but we cannot make a great stay, as there will be no provisions beyond what we carry along ourselves. For a time we shall be safe in the enclosure between the mills, and that is something.—See! Squire Eltran has come back, and is looking around for you. I shall start with you in the morning; so good-bye until then.—I reckon your friend Eltran will be glad to find you know the worst.'

Boytell thanked the kindly young fellow, and then turned towards the house, at the door of which, visible by the light of a lamp in the room behind him, Eltran could be seen peering out into the night, in quest, doubtless, of his absent friend.

LYLY AND THE EUPHUISTS.

Few of the grand army of novel-readers ever suspect that they are in anyway indebted for their innocent merriment to the old Elizabethan writer John Lyly; yet, both as regards matter and style, the novel bears unmistakable traces of a useful legacy bequeathed by this almost forgotten author. M. Jusserand, the pleasant and painstaking writer on English life and literature in the days of long ago, has recently shown how Richardson, and through him modern fiction as a whole, owes an eternal debt of gratitude to that once popular romancist, the author

of *Euphuës*. It may be necessary to remind a few readers that he was born in or about the year 1553; thus first seeing the light about the same time as his great contemporary, Edmund Spenser. As in the case of Shakespeare, very little is known with certainty of his life. We know that he was a little man, that he was married, and fond of smoking and reading, and that is nearly all. He entered Magdalen College, Oxford, in 1569, and took a degree. In 1579 was published his book, *Euphuës, or the Anatomy of Wit*, which proved to be the most popular romance of the sixteenth century. It gave a name to the affectation in style and speech already in vogue, of which it was the most elaborate and powerful representation. 'Euphuism,' as it is called, was not only fashionable with the literary worker, but even amongst the ladies of Elizabeth's court. Sir Henry Blount, in his preface to some of Lyly's dramatic pieces, says: 'That beauty in court which could not parley Euphuism was as little regarded as she which now there speaks not French.' It had a brilliant if somewhat chequered career, and was the prevailing literary taste for a quarter of a century; and the praise or dispraise or mere reference by contemporary and succeeding writers is of frequent occurrence. Shakespeare, in his *Love's Labour's Lost*, tilts at the popular style with his usual wit and poetry—in the following lines amongst others:

Taffeta phrases, silken terms precise,
Three-piled hyperboles, spruce affectation,
Figures pedantical;

His treatment of it was, however, mild and good-natured, and it is safe to say that he always regarded it with a kindly eye, and occasionally adopted the style. In *Henry IV.*, he makes the King say to Prince Hal: 'Though the camomile, the more it is trodden on the faster it grows, yet youth the more it is wasted the sooner it wears.' Ben Jonson ridicules and Drayton satirises Lyly in his panegyric on Sidney, as

Playing with words and idle similes,
As th' English apes and very zanies be
Of everything that they do hear and see,
So imitating his ridiculous tricks,
They spake and writ, all like mere lunatics.

Sir Walter Scott, in the *Monastery*, gives an unfavourable picture of 'Euphuism,' and introduces Sir Piercie Shafton as an example of the old Euphuists. This study of the great novelist's is, however, generally considered more of a caricature than a likeness. Kingsley, on the other hand, introduces the subject into his romantic *Westward Ho*, and speaks of *Euphuës* as a 'brave, righteous, and pious book.'

There is some little difficulty in defining what Euphuism really is, owing to the indiscriminate use of the word as a kind of synonym for the artificial wit and general affectation of Elizabethan times. The distinctive characteristics of Lyly's Euphuism are now considered to be transverse

alliteration, elaborate antithesis, and a redundancy of similes from simple phenomena or fabulous natural history. As Sir Philip Sidney says:

Or with strange similes enrich each line
Of herbs or beasts, which Ind' or Africk hold.

The simple stringing together of many words beginning with the same letter, as exemplified in the line 'apt alliteration's artful aid,' had but few charms for Lyly. His style is more complicated and difficult, the alliteration being skilful, intricate, and subtle. To give a correct idea of the transverse method it is necessary to quote an example: 'I have shrined thee in my heart for a trustie friende, I will shunne thee heerafter as a trothles foe.'

The following quotation will serve as a specimen of the remaining two chief characteristics: 'The fine christall is sooner crazed than the harde marble, the greenest beech burneth faster than the dryest oke, the fairest silke is soonest soyled, and the sweetest wine tourneth to the sharpest vinegar.'

Lyly must not be credited with the introduction of Euphuism, though he was the first to bring it to perfection. Two years before *Euphuës* appeared, George Pettie had published *A Petite Pallace of Pettie his Pleasure*, which book contains the chief elements of Euphuism. It was, indeed, scarcely of English growth at all. The history of its origin is interesting, but by no means complete or satisfactory. Many literary historians regard it as merely one of the extravagant follies which came in at the Renaissance, when each country tried to cultivate a vernacular literature, and avoid the servile imitation of Greek and Latin writers. Others have thought it was the natural result of the predominance of Italian literary influence in the sixteenth century, as it is well known that attempts were made to 'Italianate' the English language. It has also been awarded a French origin, and likewise attributed to the mannerism of some one single writer. The names of Du Bartas, Marini, and Guevara, respectively, have been submitted as claimant for the honour of paternity. There is but little doubt that Lyly was acquainted with the works of Guevara, and, like many greater Elizabethans, was not altogether guiltless of the 'higher plagiarism.' Don Antonio de Guevara, a Spanish ecclesiastic and author, published his *Marco Aurelio* in 1529; and it was 'done into English' by Lord Berners a few years afterwards with great literary and commercial success. The leading features of Euphuism are here present: the transverse alliteration, the fantastic and far-fetched illustrations or similes, and the somewhat monotonous antithesis. Like *Euphuës*, it is innocent of anything resembling a plot, and is mainly composed of soliloquies and dialogues on moral and patriotic questions. The Spaniard, as well as the Englishman, also draws largely on Plutarch for ideas, in many parts the Roman writer being almost literally translated.

But whatever may be its origin, Lyly was the first to make it a literary force in England, as he was also the earliest writer to recognise the moral idea as worthy of artistic treatment in fiction. His reflective passages contain many beautiful ideas and sound practical wisdom, and the modernness of his views is quite astonishing. The French critic already mentioned points out

how he anticipates Rousseau in his attack on the artificial life of the period. That perennial subject for the wit of satirical philosophers—namely, the dress of fashionable ladies—is vigorously denounced. ‘Take from them their periwigs, their paintings, their jewels, their rolls, their bolsterings, and thou shalt soon perceive that a woman is the least part of herself.’

It is interesting to find that he is at one with Mr F. Galton and other philosophers of the ‘heredity’ school, and makes practical as well as antithetical use of the words Nature and Nurture. And he attacks the superstition, which no doubt even then prevailed, that education is the sovereign panacea for all human inequality and misconduct.

Besides his two Euphuistic books, Lyly also wrote several dramas, and was the earliest writer to recognise that prose is better adapted than verse for the purposes of comedy. The wit of his dialogues has often been praised, and it was more than appreciated by later dramatists. As a lyrical poet he is perhaps best known by his ‘Cupid and Campaspe,’ from his first comedy *Campaspe*, which is often found in books of elegant extracts and popular pieces. In 1589 he had the imprudence to take part in the fierce Martin Marprelate controversy and write the pamphlet *Pappe with an Hatchet*. In return, he and his friends were vigorously attacked by that acrimonious pedant, Gabriel Harvey. ‘Nash the ape of Greene, Greene the ape of Euphuus, Euphuus the ape of Envie,’ was one of the discourteous and rather personal remarks of his opponent. Greene, the brilliant but dissipated genius, also belonged to the Euphuistic school. In the same year (1580) as the second part of *Euphuus* appeared, he published his *Mamillia; a Mirrour or Looking-glass for the Ladies of England*; and in 1589 he brought out *Menaphon; Camila's Alarm to slumbering Euphuus in his Melancholy Cell at Silexedra*. These are his chief works in the Euphuistic style, which in his hands was as eloquent and poetical, if not as elaborate and fantastic, as that of Lyly. Thomas Lodge's *Rosalynde* was, next to *Euphuus*, the most popular work of the day. Though it contains but little action and too much tedious dissertation on the moral and courtly virtues, it is a book which fully deserved its great popularity. Shakespeare, as is well known, was greatly indebted to this old idyll when writing his *As you like It*.

Thomas Nash, the literary soldier of fortune and pamphleteer, is usually classed among the Euphuists, as his style bears many traces of the prevailing fashion. A few lesser writers, like Munday and Chettle, wrote in the orthodox vein for a few years longer; but, as with all literary and political fashions, it eventually died out.

In modern times, Lyly has been criticised with varying results by different writers. Hallam contemptuously dismisses *Euphuus* as a ‘very dull book;’ while Taine says its author was ‘at times a genuine poet; a singer, a man capable of rapture, akin to Spenser and Shakespeare.’ Another critic, after many disparaging remarks, has to admit: ‘Perhaps, indeed, our language is after all indebted to this writer and his Euphuism for not a little of its present euphony.’ That is a great admission, and it is not far from the truth. Much of the best writing in later days

manifests clearly its indebtedness to Euphuism. Dekker, who followed Lyly, Greene, and Nash, as poet and pamphleteer, was, it is safe to assume, the first of the moderns. He had wit and learning, ‘with poetry enough for anything;’ and the prose of *The Gull's Hornbooke* and *The Seven Deadly Sins* surpassed anything of its kind before produced in England. To him and Lyly we should be thankful for such improvements in the style and diction of our language as led gradually and naturally to the rich, quaint, and delicate work, with its *curiosa felicitas* of phrase, done by men like Sir T. Browne, Fuller, Addison, and Charles Lamb.

IRMA'S LIONS.

THE life of an acrobat in Western Europe, says a well-known gymnast, is—apart from the accidents incidental to a dangerous profession—an uneventful one, and my own experiences were no exceptions to the rule. Acrobats and gymnasts, however, are generally cosmopolitans, and an able performer in the course of a long career visits some of the remotest parts of the world, where occasionally he meets with curious adventures. I was once at Odessa with the equestrian troupe of Frederick Renz, when the following romantic circumstance took place. Amongst the performers in this excellent company was a young female lion-tamer named Irma Delavanté. Irma at all times was a quiet and lady-like young woman, much the superior of the majority of the girls who figure as riders or acrobats in circuses and variety shows. She was a remarkably handsome and graceful artiste, and had maintained her self-respect in a public position that is so often fatal to the reputation of a young and beautiful woman.

My own performances had been the chief attraction at all the shows I had appeared at up to the time I was engaged at Renz's, where I found a formidable rival in the fair ‘Lion Queen.’ Irma's lions were two magnificent specimens of the majestic animals Jules Gerard liked to encounter on moonlight nights in the deserts and forests of Algeria. I will not enter into details of the performance; I must say, however, that it was a grand and thrilling spectacle of the mastery of mind over matter. The performances took place in the arena, which was enclosed in a massive iron railing. (At the present time a similar railing protects the audience of the Cirque Nouveau at Paris when six lions are in the ring.) By this arrangement ample space was secured for the marvellous leaps of the lions that formed the exciting finale of the exhibition. Irma Delavanté's instincts were essentially artistic, and I often thought her well-arranged groups would have delighted the eyes of a Landseer or a Rosa Bonheur. I took a great liking to this intelligent young lion-tamer, and passed many agreeable hours in her society. I was not, however, in love with her, though one man in the circus company seemed to think I was.

Irma's lions were named Nero and Leo. A year before I knew Irma, she had nursed the former through a dangerous illness, brought on by the excessive cold of a Russian winter; and the noble animal was in consequence deeply attached to her. Leo was a sullen and vicious brute, requiring incessant watchfulness to keep it tractable for the arena.

I had not been long at Renz's before I perceived that Irma Delavanté had two lovers in the circus troupe. One was a fine manly young fellow named Henri Monfroid, a bareback rider professionally. The other was a boorish Russian, with a villainous cast about the eyes that made him look the perfection of ugliness. I need hardly say that Henri was the favoured suitor. For some reason or other, the big Russian got the notion into his head that I was also enamoured of the fair lion-tamer; and as the fellow was of a jealous and brutal disposition, I should certainly have had cause for uneasiness had it not been for Irma's open partiality for young Henri. Irma had several times rejected Orlof's addresses; so the burly Russian told me himself; and on these occasions, when he made me an unwilling confidant, he invariably assured me that he would be revenged. The emphatic manner in which he used to utter these threats, and the dark look that came over his face at the time, convinced me that the murder of Henri Monfroid was not at all an unlikely possibility; and I deemed it my duty to warn the young equestrian of his danger. The young fellow, however, made light of it, and assured me there was no danger, as Orlof was too great a coward to face a resolute man. For Irma's safety neither I nor Henri had any misgivings. Strange that it never occurred to either of us that her death-blow would strike him more cruelly than the assassin's knife.

One day about six weeks after my arrival at Odessa, I caught cold, and feeling very ill, I sent word to the circus that I could not perform that night. In the evening, I felt better, and I went out for a walk through the splendid boulevards erected by the Duc de Richelieu. About half-past nine I went into a café close to the circus and called for some refreshment. I had not been there long before the Russian Orlof came in and called for brandy. The place was almost deserted; we were the only customers present. As soon as Orlof perceived me, he came and sat down by my side, and I saw at once the man was drunk. After greeting each other, we both smoked on in silence.

The Russian sat moody and silent for some time. 'Englishman,' he said suddenly, 'I've revenged us both.'

'What do you mean, Orlof?' I exclaimed in alarm.

'Revenge, man—revenge!'

'On whom?'

'On her.'

'You've murdered her; you'—

'No!' he interrupted with drunken gravity; 'I have not injured a hair of her head.'

Somewhat relieved, I smoked on in silence.

Presently Orlof resumed talking: 'You were after her, too, Englishman. Did she spurn you as if you were dirt under her feet? the cat!—Listen, man. Though neither you nor I can

have her, that scélérat Henri will not win the prize.'

'What have you done?' I asked.

He was silent for a few moments, and then he told me the whole truth; and truly a more diabolical murder than this man had premeditated had never yet been conceived. A few minutes before he came away from the circus, he had given the lion Leo a piece of meat containing a drug that would most certainly irritate and madden the savage beast just at the very time it would be in the circus with its mistress.

I turned pale as death when, after he had told me his story, I realised the awful peril of the young Lion Queen. I glanced at the clock; it wanted a few minutes to ten. I might possibly be in time to warn the girl; and trusting it might be so, I rushed out and ran as hard as I could to the cirque. When I arrived there, I ran through the stables to the artistes' entrance into the arena. I was too late; the bars were up and the performance had begun. Naturally, the circus people were astonished at my appearance, and half-a-dozen stalwart grooms caught hold of me and drew me back. In vain I struggled, and equally in vain I tried to make myself understood. I was trying to do so when a loud roar sounded above the martial strains of the music that was generally performed when Irma's lions were in the ring. Instantly the noise of a terrible commotion made itself heard from the other side. The Russians now loosed me, and we all ran up into the amphitheatre. Here the scene beggars all description; men were shouting and gesticulating, while women were screaming or fainting all around the circus. Making my way through the crowd, I ran down to the barred ring where Irma Delavanté lay prostrate under the claws of the lion Leo.

In the meantime the circus people seemed paralysed, and no determined effort was made to drive the lion off. Red-hot irons were procured; but they were too short, and no one dared to enter the ring. The one man (Monfroid) who would have done so was absent. Suddenly all eyes were attracted to Nero, who was standing in a part of the ring opposite to where I stood. To my dismay, I perceived that the majestic and noble animal was preparing for a spring. With a roar that, like a clap of thunder, seemed to shake the building to its centre, the animal in one bound flew across the arena and dashed with irresistible force against the other lion, sending it flying like a shot from a gun against the iron bars of the circus. In an instant the lions sprang at each other and engaged in a terrible conflict; and while they were settling old scores, I entered the ring and carried out the insensible form of the young lion-tamer amidst the ringing cheers of the excited audience.

Fortunately, a surgeon was at hand; and before we left the circus we were all greatly relieved by his assurance that the wounds the maddened animal had inflicted were not of a serious nature.

While the doctor was examining Irma in her dressing-room the circus people were doing all that was possible to separate the two lions; however, this was not effected before Leo was killed by its more powerful antagonist. Nero, however, had been so fearfully mauled that—to

the genuine sorrow of every one in the troupe—the noble brute had to be shot the next morning.

A few minutes before the faithful animal was killed, I was seated in the *salle-à-manger* of the *Café de Paris*, when an official of the police entered and sat down opposite to me.

'Your name, nationality, and occupation?' he demanded curtly.

I told him; and in answer to several queries, I told him all I knew about the drugging of the lion. 'You have arrested Orlof, I suppose?' I said in conclusion.

'Certainly, sir; and you yourself are under arrest. You must on no account attempt to leave Russian territory until this matter has been submitted to the consideration of the Emperor. For your own sake, I advise you not to leave Odessa without express permission of the authorities. You will be under constant surveillance until his Imperial Majesty has given his decision.'

'Surely, sir, you do not imagine I have had a hand in this affair?' I said, aghast.

'No! We shall have to detain you as an important witness, whose evidence will be necessary, should the Czar order a trial.'

A month elapsed before the Emperor's decision was sent to the Odessa authorities, and all that time I was kept virtually a prisoner in the Black Sea port. This was all the more arbitrary as all the other members of the troupe, including Irma herself, were permitted to go where they wished.

I am happy to say that I was released in time to be present at Henri and Irma's wedding, which took place at Constantinople the day after I arrived there.

By order of the Emperor, Orlof was sent to Siberia without undergoing so much as the formality of a trial; and his Imperial Majesty tempered this act of despotism with a very graceful one that was much approved of by the citizens of Odessa. The courier who brought His Majesty's decision also brought a magnificent and costly diamond bracelet, the present of the Emperor to Mademoiselle Irma Delavanté.

Some of the readers of this *Journal* may possibly remember the appearance of Franconi's equestrian troupe at the London Alhambra nearly thirty years ago. If so, they may also be able to call to mind that the best feature in Franconi's show was the daring and graceful horsemanship of Madame Irma Monfroid, an artiste whose fair and comely features were marred by a frightful gash on the right side of the face.

UPON BEARDS.

And wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,
The tumbling cataract of his beard.

Tales of a Wayside Inn.

LIKE many another thing insignificant enough in itself, the human Beard has played an important part in the affairs of mankind, so much so, that we find it to have been the cause of a long and bloody war between the Tartars and Persians, co-religionists, from the former declaring the latter to be infidels merely because they refused to trim their beards in accordance with a certain rite.

Some of the customs and ceremonies pertaining to this facial appendage, in vogue among different peoples at different times, are sufficiently curious to deserve mention; and we notice that nearly every calling and profession has in its turn been subject to stringent regulations regarding it. In the same way as the wearing of beards, with certain few exceptions, is prohibited in our army in the present day, so, among the ancient Romans, military men wore it short and frizzled. Alexander commanded the Macedonians to shave themselves, lest the length of their beards should give a handle to their enemies; while, on the other hand, among the Catti, a nation of Germany, a young man was not allowed to shave until he had slain an enemy. But perhaps ecclesiastics have suffered most. At one time they have been enjoined to wear beards, from a notion that it was effeminate to shave; and at another, not to, on the score that they might take pride in them, like the kings of Persia and some of the first kings of France, who had them woven and matted together with threads of gold. After the introduction of Christianity, the Anglo-Saxons obliged their clergy to shave, in obedience to the laws and in imitation of the Western churches; a distinction between them and the laity of long duration, concerning which a writer in the seventh century complained that the manners of the clergy were so corrupt that the priests could not be distinguished from the laity by their actions, but only by their want of beards.

As a distinguishing mark, Perseus seems to have been so convinced of the beard being the symbol of wisdom, that he thought he could not bestow a greater encomium on Socrates than calling him '*Magistrum barbatum*.' Slaves among the Romans wore their beard and hair long. It was always in olden times, and is still among the Hindus, a sign of grief or joy according as the custom was to wear it or not; thus, the Romans, who shaved daily, suffered it in times of grief and affliction to grow; while the Greeks, who wore them, shaved at such times, like the Hindus. Potter, in his *Archæologia Græca*, tells us that in solemn and public mournings it was common to extend this practice to their beasts, that all things might appear as deformed and ugly as might be. Thus Admetus, on the death of Alcestis, commands his chariot horses to be shorn:

My chariot horses, too, my grief shall share;
Let them be shorn, cut off their lovely manes.

And Alexander, at the death of Hephestion, not only cut off the manes of his horses and mules, but took down the battlements of the city walls, that even the town itself might seem to mourn, and instead of its former beauteous appearance, look bald at the funeral.

Among the Normans, to allow the beard to grow was an indication of the greatest distress and misery. It is mentioned by some of our ancient

historians, as one of the most wanton acts of tyranny in William the Conqueror, that he compelled the English to shave their whole beards, and that this was so disagreeable to some, that they chose rather to abandon their country than resign their whiskers. Among the Turks, it is more infamous for any one to have his beard cut off than almost anything else, and there are many in that country who would prefer death to such disgrace.

With regard to religious ceremonies, the day on which a Roman or Grecian youth removed the first growth from his chin was held as a festival; visits of ceremony were paid, and presents made to him, while the down itself was consecrated to some god, usually to the Lares. Nero consecrated his in a golden box, set with pearls, to Jupiter Capitolinus. By the statutes of some of the old monasteries, the lay monks were to let their beards grow and the priests among them to shave. The beards of all that were received into the monasteries were blessed with a great deal of ceremony; and there are still extant the prayers used in the solemnity of consecrating the beard to God, when an ecclesiastic was shaven. The Russians wore beards until near the close of the last century, when their Czar enjoined them all to shave; but, notwithstanding his injunction, he was obliged to keep a number of officers to cut off by violence the beards of such as would not otherwise part with them. He also levied a tax on long beards, which many submitted to rather than part with what was universally held to be an ornament to the person. The superstitious among them thought it to be an external characteristic of the orthodox faith; and those who were too poor to pay the tax, religiously preserved their shorn beard, and had it deposited in the coffin with them on their decease, that they might present it to St Nicholas, on his refusing to admit them, as beardless Christians, into the kingdom of heaven.

The fact of Philip V. of Spain ascending the throne with a shaved chin gave rise to the Spanish proverb, 'Since we have lost our beards we have lost our souls,' for they were in a manner bound to follow his example. The Arabs make the preservation of the beard a capital article of religion, because Mohammed never cut his. The Moors of Africa hold by their beards while they swear, in order to give validity to their oath, which after this formality they rarely violate. The Turks when they comb their beards spread a handkerchief on their knees and gather very carefully the hairs that fall. When they have got together a certain quantity, they fold it up in paper and carry it to the place where they bury their dead—a custom similar to that of the ancient Greeks, as we find in *Æschylus*:

I see his hair upon the grave;

and in Ovid, where Canace bewails her misfortune in being debarred from performing this ceremony to her beloved Macaræus:

'Twas not permitted me with briny tears
To bathe thy lifeless corpse, or bring my hairs
Unto thy sepulchre.

Anointing the beard was an ancient practice

observed in serious visits, where the ceremony was to throw scented water on the visitor's beard, perfuming it afterwards with aloes wood to give it an agreeable smell. Plucking the beard was a sign of contempt, a practice which tried the patience of both Stoic and Cynic, in spite of their affected insensibility to insult or injury. Touching the beard was an action performed by supplicants towards those whose compassion they wished to excite; while among the ancient French, touching or cutting off a small part of it was the most sacred pledge of protection and confidence. For a long time, all letters issuing from the sovereign had, for greater satisfaction, three hairs of his beard in the seal. A charter of 1121, still extant, concludes with these words: 'And that this writing may go down to posterity firm and stable like the oak, I have applied to my present seal three hairs of my beard.'

SUDDEN CHANGES.

THIS morning in the meadows there were drifts of
daisies bobbing,
Swaying backwards, swaying forwards in a careless
sort of way,
And the daffodils were merry, and the soft south wind
was robbing
Scented larch-woods of their sweetness, and my heart
was light and gay.

And the blackbird's song was ringing by a nest hid in
the bushes,
Where a soft brown head was lifted list'ning to his
fervent vows;
And the happy, shifting sunlight gleamed above the
brake and rushes,
Resting lovingly a moment on the beech-trees' golden
boughs.

All the earth was fair and gladsome, and the sky was
blue and tender,
With the fleecy cloudlets drifting o'er its surface white
and gray;
Now the sky is dull and clouded, faded is the
sunlight's splendour,
And I wonder how I ever said the world was bright
and gay.

For the constant noisy chorus of the birds is really
vexing,
And to fancy any mortal thinks the buttercups like
gold!
While the daffodils' and daisies' foolish movements
are perplexing,
And the wind that sets them dancing is quite wintry-
like and cold.

Hark! a step upon the gravel, and a laugh—'tis
surely Willy
Who is passing in a hurry through the narrow garden
gate.

Well, I don't mind now admitting that I have been
cross and silly
With the world, because my lover chanced to be an
hour too late.

M. ROCK.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 408.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

A PICTURE-GALLERY.

HAS it never struck you that you possess a private Picture-gallery, whose door will open to you alone? At any time, but most in times of solitude, you can unlock this door and tread with solemn pace into the sacredness of its seclusion. It is almost like treading the hushed aisles of some vast cathedral—more impressive in its emptiness than when it is thronged with worshippers. Every one of us has such a gallery. When we are young, the pictures are new, and perhaps lack their finishing touches; there are also many empty spaces. The light, also, is too bright to allow the true effect, so that we see little of the pictures, our eyes being filled with sunshine. But as time wears on, the empty places become filled up and the light changes. It becomes vividly bright in parts; but it begins to cast shadows. The room available for other pictures becomes less and less, and only those with exceptional claims can be admitted. Those already on the walls become reverend and almost sacred. Aureoles play around some of the heads. Sometimes—when there is something wrong with us, something coming between our souls and the light—we are afraid to enter at the door. If we do, we must take the shoes from off our feet, for the place is holy ground.

Heavy curtains hang before some of the pictures, curtains which are seldom drawn. Before others, perhaps, tapers are burning, as before an altar. No stranger may be admitted into this sanctuary; and if the owner wishes that others should know his pictures, he can but take poor copies and bring them forth for public gaze. The copies are never like the originals. Some of our galleries contain pictures which we long to show to others, but we dare not—pictures which are terrible to us as we stand and gaze at them alone, but whose horror might be greatly lessened could we hold a friend's hand the while.

One or two of the pictures in my gallery are so old that I cannot possibly ascertain the date. I

do not think they can be older than the period of my own existence in this life, but even that is not quite certain. Only a few indistinct and wavering lines are visible amid absolute darkness. We came from God 'trailing clouds of glory'; perhaps some of these pictures came with us then. That is merely a conjecture, a pleasing sentiment. But there are others almost equally indistinct, whose dimness may be accounted for naturally. Dust and cobwebs mantle around them, not to be displaced by any effort of ours. Perhaps the time will come when these pictures shall be given into the hands of the great Restorer, and all stain shall be removed from them. How will they look then, when brought forth to the light? Ah, we shall not want the pictures then, for we shall have the originals.

What picture is this before which I am now standing? There is a dimly-lighted room, and a little child lying in his white bed. By that bed sits a figure; it is too dusk to see her face, but she is singing the child to sleep. The child's face is more visible, and on it is a look of sickness and pain. Hush! I can hear the very tones of her voice. Let us turn aside from this; it is too sacred, too touching.

The next picture before which I stop is one that it is easier to speak of. It is the face of a little girl, perhaps twelve years old, with rosy cheeks and bright eyes. Possibly you may not call her beautiful; but all the fresh prettiness of childhood is there; and in somebody's eyes she was once all that is beautiful. How easy to build a romance on that laughing girlish face!—the child-playmate, the betrothal, the wedding. Does the romance continue after the marriage? It ought to do so, and should include the faithful wife, the loving mother. Alas! in this case no such romance can possibly exist. There is the picture of the bright-eyed child, and nothing beyond. Perhaps if the portrait were taken now, she might have become stout and commonplace; but I would rather not think of that. The little girl-playmate is a 'joy for ever,' not to be lightly surrendered. What have such things to do with

time and space? They partake of eternity. I feel sure that, somewhere and somehow, I shall play once more with my little companion, and both be children again. This is another foolish sentiment, for the world to laugh at; but there are some who will not laugh. They know too well that they have similar pictures of their own, treasured in secret, and similar fancies.

Then there is the old house in which I played with this little girl—not her home, but the home of two old friends. We played Hide-and-seek among the dark cupboards and passages, making more noise in a few hours than our worthy friends did all the year round. One cupboard was said to be haunted, and we peered into its shadow with fear and trembling. It is true that we sometimes saw two living sparks glowing in the darkest corner; but that was only the cat. Sometimes our good old friend would read to us; but we, laughing children that we were, enjoyed the byplay of our own mirth more than the most classical narrative. We would listen at whiles, and then break into half-smothered merriment. I fear we sometimes professed to be hugely amused with what the old man was reading, when all the time it was our own childish fun that tickled us. Innocent deception! The old man smiled benignly, and proceeded with his reading.

In the summer-time we gambolled in the large old garden, with its fruit-trees and vegetable beds, its mossy paths, and the old roller that I loved to drag along. How pleasant it was to play Hide-and-seek among the raspberry canes, taking advantage of the fruitful neighbourhood meanwhile! Fruit seems to have lost its flavour since those days; or is our taste spoiled by fruit from the forbidden tree?

But there came troublous times to these good old friends—troubles which we children could little understand, and still less help. I remember standing in the garden one autumn afternoon, and watching the public auctioneer, with red face and loud voice, as he made short work of my friends' few effects. Strangers were pressing rudely up the steps and in the rooms that had been made beautiful by our happiness. My boyish indignation availed little to check this shameful sacrilege, nor were the tears of the good woman herself more effective. All this is past now; my old friends are gone, and the little girl-playmate is I know not where. Alien footsteps resound in the passages where we sported together; and as I pass the windows, I look in vain for the 'old familiar faces.' But it all lives still on the walls of my portrait-gallery. Would that there were no darker picture!

I have portraits of other companions—some now dead, some far away, some estranged. Some have chosen a good part; some have fallen on evil days. There is a picture of a boy with whom I often played in these days of sunlight. He had a genius for getting into trouble, and would manage to soil his clothes upon the finest of summer days. But in spite of all this, and in spite of parental chastenings, a perennial fountain of enjoyment welled up within his heart. He could extract mirth from the most dismal surroundings. I knew this mirth fail him on one occasion, however. We had been trespassing on some rich meadows in search of flowers, and the farmer

caught us. He did not lay hands on us, but merely ordered us to walk off to the gate, himself following behind. My comrade at once concluded that he meant to kidnap us, and cried lustily. I had to play the part of comforter, although the vague idea of being kidnapped was very dreadful even to me. But he plucked up heart and began to be brave when he saw that the farmer had no such designs. It has since struck me as a most ludicrous fancy that any one should covet the possession of troublesome boys like ourselves.

One of our exploits, I remember, was decidedly picturesque and fanciful. There was a stream near our home which in one part flowed under a long low tunnel where the railway passed above. We managed to procure a piece of candle, and this we placed on a small bit of board. Lighting the candle, we then entrusted it to the current of the stream at the mouth of the tunnel. We then ran round speedily to the other side, trespassing on the rails in order to do so more quickly; though we need not have made such haste, for the current of the stream was slow. With breathless anxiety we waited for the appearance of our light. Would it safely pass the perils of the way? It might overset and disappear; drops of moisture from the roof might extinguish it; sticks or stones might impede its course in mid-stream. Our fears were natural; but happily good fortune attended the little argosy, and its small star appeared at last in the darkness, hailed with loud shouts and acclamations of joy. What a surprise it must have given to the water-rats!

One is inclined to grow garrulous when speaking on such subjects, forgetting that what is of so great importance to ourselves may not interest others in the least. It is always better to say too little than too much, especially in confidences such as these. Trifles sometimes slip out which calmer moments might wish to have preserved. I withdraw from my portrait-gallery, and quietly close the door.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

CHAPTER V.—BEFORE THE ACTION.

FERRERS as he walked away felt angry and humiliated. He was not usually a vainly longing person. He had been well content to serve in his humble rank as a soldier, and to have Lord Debrett for a friend without wishing to be taken as Lord Debrett's equal. He would have been satisfied to go on like that; but to be set up as a gentleman by one hand and taken down by another was 'not good enough,' as he said to himself. To be introduced to a very nice girl—to a young lady, indeed—and then to be rudely pushed away from her, was especially a thing that no right-minded man could endure. He felt very much inclined to 'kick over the traces' (to use his own words), to pull Sir William's nose and call him an insolent jackanapes, and then throw up the whole business. He was as well disciplined and docile a soldier as could be, except where his heart was concerned, and about that he had never been asked to accept dictation or discipline.

So he marched along fuming, marched till his anger had become fainter; and then he

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went to the house in Jermyn Street—next door to Sir William's own lodging—where the baronet had secured him a bedroom.

Next morning, his resentment was gone. He was himself again—the cheerful, alert, and self-reliant soldier. Whilst shaving and dressing he turned over in his mind all his talk with Miss Dawlish, and the conversations relating to himself which he had overheard the evening before—that of Sir William and his sister, and that of the 'Johnnies.' He experienced a certain fierceness of resentment at the thought that personally he must hold aloof from any tender fancies about the charming Dolly. If the 'Johnnies' were to be believed, he was playing the part of a man who some years ago had been cracked in reputation if not in head. And if Sir William and his sister were to be believed, the baronet was playing a very risky game, in which he, Ferrers, was intended to be an ignorant tool, to be thrown aside as soon as done with. Naturally, Ferrers did not quite approve of that. He owed Sir William neither love nor—so far as he could see—gratitude; and he was therefore determined to find out the secret of his game, and have, if possible, the 'pull' of Sir William, when that grinning gentleman should show a desire to cast him off.

'What,' he asked himself, 'does he really want with me?' He arrested the razor on his cheek to consider a suspicion that rose before him. 'I believe,' he declared to himself, 'the real W. D. is dead, and he wants to work me off as his son, to get somehow at that money his banker-brother left!'

The more he examined that suspicion, the more he got convinced of its truth, and—as is the way of men—resolved to find evidence in support of it; so he made up his mind to wait, and watch, and see, to be no party to doing wrong to any one—if he should discover that was being attempted—and at the same time, as became an old campaigner, not to suffer grievous damage himself.

He went to breakfast with Sir William, and the baronet was fairly affable, but quite close about his business.

'Here,' said he, with a grin, 'is another invitation for you—from Drumly—for to-morrow afternoon—a conversazione or some nonsense of that sort. You'd better go; you'll get on all right, as you did last night. The only thing I have to ask of you is not to hold conversation with Miss Dawlish—if she's there.'

'Very well,' said Ferrers.

Ferrers went to the conversazione. What it was about, he neither knew nor cared; but he saw strange glass cases in the drawing-room, containing specimens or representations of grains, pulse, and fruits, and he saw a little book called *How to live on Sixpence a Day*, and he thought, 'I know; I've done it; but I'd rather not.' Dolly was there, but so was Aunt Dawlish. He thought Dolly regarded him wistfully from afar off, and he worked slowly round the room to be near her. He passed close to her and glanced at her.

'How d'ye do, cousin?' she said. But she did not move; she scarcely looked as if she had spoken.

'I am told,' said he, much in the same manner,

'that I must not hold conversation with you. Why?—I don't know.'

'Isn't it absurd?' said she, still without turning. 'Aunt Dawlish has told me I mustn't talk to you. What for? I wonder. Have you offended her? She used to be always praising you to me.'

'Aunt Dawlish,' said Ferrers aside, 'is an old catamaran!'

'Yes,' said Dolly, angrily turning her eyes, but nought else. 'Isn't she an old frump? Old maids are always like that, I suppose. I hate them!'

'Good-bye,' said Ferrers.

'Good-bye, cousin,' said Dolly rather plaintively.

Aunt Dawlish had always been praising him until now—praising, that is, the other, the mysterious, the unknown, the 'cracked' in reputation or in head—the probably dead—Will Dawlish! That was another fact to be taken note of and pondered.

While he turned over and pondered these things, and paced solemnly about the room, he remarked the black-muzzled Irish-American, whom he had soused in the fountain, and whom he had seen at Mr Drew's the evening before. He moved about as if burdened with the cares of office. It was clear, then, that he was in the service of either Drew or Drumly, or that he served the two masters, either of which conclusions was disconcerting; for it seemed likely that he would encounter the man frequently. Indeed, he was presently both disconcerted and surprised to see the man approach him and to hear him say: 'Mr Dawlish?'—with a look, Ferrers thought, of suspicion and incredulity.

'Yes,' said Ferrers.

'Mr Drumly,' said the man, 'has sent me to find you. He wants to speak to you.'

'What now?' thought Ferrers, as he worked his way after the man.

'Ah, here you are,' said Drumly when they met at the end of the room. 'I'm very glad to see you.'

Drumly grasped Ferrers' hand with such cordiality, and looked up at him with so simple an admiration, that the young man was touched with shame to think he was doing anything to deceive so frank and kindly a soul.

'Let us have a turn round,' said Drumly, taking Ferrers' arm: 'I can't move about much by myself.'

Ferrers had not seen Drumly on his feet before; and on looking down now, he perceived that one leg was shorter than the other, and that it ended in a stilted boot, with a sole six inches thick. Then the strong young man understood the pathos of the old man's admiration of Health, and he experienced an impulse of passionate desire to aid him with his health and strength; though—it at once occurred to him—it was absurd of a plain penniless soldier to think of being anything to a wealthy banker. He could at least, he thought, be honest and frank with the old man, and he came very near at that moment to saying: 'I understand you; I understand your admiration of me; but I don't deserve it! I am not the person you think I am! I am a fraud—an impostor!' Yet, he reflected,

why should he make a fuss? He had up till now done no harm to the old man, and he hoped he would do none; and to blurt out a confession could only mean disgrace and ruin to himself. These impulses and hesitations passed over him without leaving a shade on his face, which steadily beamed down on the old man with a tender and protective regard.

'I want to have a look at the cases with you,' said Drumly, smiling up at him; while Ferrers wondered that so ugly a gorilla face could look so pleasant. 'I call this a Health Conversazione, you know. That's why I asked you; you ought to be set up on a pedestal as the full expression of the whole thing.'

'And are these things,' asked Ferrers, beginning to look at the contents of the cases, 'supposed to be the food I've been brought up on?'

'Not exactly—not exactly,' said Drumly; 'or, at least, not directly. You've been fed on beef and bread and such-like, and bread is from wheat, and beef is grass wonderfully worked up.'

'And turnips and hay and chopped straw—oh yes,' said Ferrers.

'You know something of farming, then?' said Drumly, looking at him with fresh interest.

'A good deal,' said Ferrers, forgetting for the moment his rôle of Will Dawlish. 'I could take over the management of a farm to-morrow and work it, I think, at a profit.'

'Bless me!' exclaimed Drumly, stopping to look at him. 'You're quite accomplished! But how on earth did you learn farming to that extent?'

'Oh, I picked it up here and there.'

'Well, really,' said Drumly, 'if you're so good at it, you'd better get Sir William to let you manage the estate, now that you've come home: it needs you, I believe.'

That was all the allusion he made to family matters; but they continued to talk of grain and pulse (Drumly was anxious to know if Egyptian lentils could be grown in England); and the more they talked the more they were manifestly drawn to each other by the warmth of a mutual regard.

Dolly and Ferrers did not meet again that day; but they met the next and the next. Ferrers, however, could make no approach to Dolly, for Sir William's or Miss Dawlish's watchful eye was ever on him. Why did Sir William think it of so much consequence that he should not speak to her?

Of course, those who have known much of the ways of young men and young women will at once perceive that of all methods that was about the best to make these two young people wish to be near each other. Ferrers, who could not be blind to the fact that Dolly approved of him, was chafing to be near her; and Dolly's wistful glances and melancholy face told plainly that she was longing to have her cousin by her side. Ferrers never troubled to consider whether honour or anything of that sort forbade him to think of Dolly: what man when really involved has ever taken such matters into his consideration?

Now, if it had been a case in which he was merely a spectator, Sir William would have seen what was likely to occur as quickly as any one;

but since it was a case in which he was prejudiced and wrapped up, he did not see it; and therefore it happened that things fell out as they did.

The day soon came of which Dolly had forewarned Ferrers, when all the people concerned in this mysterious business were to assemble at Dawlish Place, Sir William's 'seat' in Surrey.

'Ferrers,' said Sir William one morning, 'it is just about the end of the season; perhaps you don't know that?'

'Oh yes,' said Ferrers; 'I know that.'

'Very well. Before people have the excuse that they are off to-morrow or the day after to the Continent or to Scotland, I'm going to have a little party down for a week to Dawlish Place. I'm asking Drew and Drumly down, and you must come. I tell you now in confidence that the business I engaged you for is coming to a head. You've done very well so far. We've skirmished up till now,' said he with a grin. 'Now, we're going to carry the enemy's position by assault.'

'The enemy, I suppose,' said Ferrers, 'being Mr Drew and Mr Drumly?'

'The enemy—on the whole—being Drew and Drumly.'

'Very well,' said Ferrers. 'I'm ready to march. When do we go, may I ask?'

'This afternoon; by the 4.30 from Waterloo.'

Ferrers rather 'funked'—I use the word he would have used himself—the visit to Dawlish Place. It was one thing to see 'swell' people for an hour or two now and then; it was quite another to spend a week constantly in their company. He doubted if he could fulfil the requirements of his position. After breakfast he went to seek Lord Debrett, to get from him comfort and advice.

'Ah, Dawlish,' said he, 'how are you getting on?'

'Oh, all right,' said Ferrers. When the man who had shown him in had withdrawn, he continued: 'It makes me jump to hear myself called by that name.'

'I couldn't help it before my man,' said Debrett.

'I wish I were well out of this business,' said Ferrers.

'Hallo! What's up?'

'I don't like Sir William, and I like Mr Drumly; and if there's any harm meant against Drumly, I'll have to go against Sir William, though I'm in his pay.'

'But why,' asked Debrett, 'do you think he means harm to old Drumly? I expect Dawlish wants to get at his late brother's property—for Miss Dawlish, very likely: you remember he said it was all for the sake of a lady. Perhaps she is being kept out of her rights.'

'Drumly's not the man,' said Ferrers, 'to keep anybody out of his rights. The fact is I don't trust Sir William. I'm in a funk about the whole business.'

'That's bad. It's not like you to funk anything.'

'I'm always in a funk before an action.'

'Is there an action coming, then?'

'Don't you know? Drew, Drumly, and lots of other people, I suppose, are going down to Dawlish Place to-day; and I'm going, and Sir

William says that will bring his business to a head.'

'The deuce it will !'

'You're going down, I suppose?' asked Ferrers.

'Well, I've been asked,' said Debrett; 'but I thought I wouldn't bother.'

'Oh, don't say that !' exclaimed Ferrers. 'I've been depending on you to back me up. It may be my last action, Debrett, and I hope you'll stand by me.'

'All right, old chap,' said Lord Debrett; 'since you put it like that, I will. I'll come down to-morrow.'

'Come down to-day,' urged Ferrers. 'We take the 4.30 from Waterloo.'

'Very well; to-day be it. Though I must break an engagement. I won't promise to take that train; but I'll come down to-night in time for dinner, if possible.'

'Thanks, very much,' said Ferrers. 'There's another thing. D'you think I must buy some special sort of togs to take down with me—shooting togs, for instance?'

'There'll be no shooting,' said Debrett. 'But I'll bring down things with me; and my things always suit you, you know.'

So it came to pass that Ferrers went to Waterloo with Sir William, fortified with the hope of meeting Lord Debrett there; or, if not that, of seeing him appear at Dawlish Place by the following train.

BRICK TEA.

EVERY reader of books of Eastern travel is familiar with the name of Brick Tea, but few writers have taken the trouble to explain, even in the roughest manner, what is the actual character of the commodity, and still less how it is made. It is, as yet, a peculiarly Chinese manufacture, although if our Indian planters obtain the access into the markets of Tibet for which they are longing, it will have to become a regular product in the gardens of Assam and Cachar, although possibly not in Ceylon, as the consuming markets are in Central Asia.

In a former article we explained the differences in the processes of tea manufacture in China and in India (see 'The Revolution in Tea,' *Journal*, Aug. 10, 1889), and showed how the falling-off in favour of the Chinese tea in Europe is chiefly due to the carelessness with which it is prepared for market. There is more than carelessness, however, in China—there is also fraud in packing, and 'Lie Tea' is a known article of commerce in some parts of China. Now, Lie Tea goes to the making of Brick Tea for the Tibetan, which is the principal, market.

The area on which tea is grown for this special purpose is an extensive one in the western provinces, of which Yung-ching may be called the centre; but the plant is a very different one from the carefully cultivated bushes of Eastern China, from which European tea is made. For one thing, the Yung-ching plant is allowed to grow much higher—often to fifteen feet—and it has a large and coarse leaf, two to two and a half inches long. The best Brick Tea is made in gardens where these trees are planted in rows

and kept in fair order; but, according to Mr Colborne Baber, the larger portion of tea for Tibet is supplied from bushes which are allowed to grow pretty much at their own sweet will along the borders of the fields and on the hill-sides—in fact, from half-wild plants. In the fourth year these trees begin to yield, and they continue productive for many years. In June, the pickings begin. There is, first, the young upper leaves, which the Chinese keep for themselves; second, the leaves of young plants; and third, everything that can be stripped from the trees, including twigs and sticks. It is the last picking which is usually turned into 'bricks.'

This is the process of manufacture. The leaves and twigs, after being sun-dried, are put into a cloth and suspended over a boiler to be steamed. Meanwhile, the mould is got ready, consisting of four short boards set up on end and securely fastened, with an internal space of about nine inches by three and a half inches. Within this cavity is placed a woven mat-basket, and into this the softened leaves and twigs are dropped in small handfuls, with a little rice-water to cause the mass to adhere. As layer after layer is added, the stuff is compressed by powerful blows from an iron-shod rammer. Next the coarser twigs are dried and ground to powder, and sprinkled over the other mass, or between the layers, so as to become welded in. The flexible basket round the tea prevents the mass from taking too angular a shape, as sharp corners on the bricks would make them awkward to carry on the long journey they have to perform.

After the mould is filled and sufficiently compressed, it is taken to pieces, and the cake, still within the mat, or basket, is taken again to the fire to be thoroughly dried. Then the ends of the mat are drawn together and closed up, and the *pao*, or cake, is ready for transport to Ta-chien-lu, where it undergoes further preparation. It should be mentioned that the cakes are weighed after being steamed, and are sold on that weight, although they lose about a third after being dried. At Ta-chien-lu they are cut into uniform sizes and repacked as *chuan*, or bricks.

The best kind of Brick Tea, such as is meant for the Russian market, is more carefully prepared. The choice leaves only are taken, and are spread in the sun until slightly withered. They are then rolled in the hand until they become moist with exudation, and pressed into small balls, which are left to ferment. When fermentation begins, they are ready for the moulds, and the process is pretty much as above described, but without the admixture of the twig-dust.

From Yung-ching and the other places of manufacture, the tea is carried either by porters or on mules to Ta-chien-lu, a distance of from one to two hundred miles, over two mountain passes seven thousand feet high. A man will carry from eight to twelve *paos* on his back all the distance—a weight of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pounds, sometimes a good deal more, and over terrible heights where every step must be picked. The journey will take a porter about twenty days, and a mule about half the time; but the mule can carry only half as much as the porter.

A brick should weigh sixty Chinese ounces; but even the better quality seldom exceeds fifty-five ounces, while the common quality usually weighs in transport from forty to forty-five ounces. Thus the number of bricks transported hardly affords a fair test of the actual quantity; but it is computed that the annual export of Brick Tea from Western China to Tibet is not less than twelve million English pounds. This seems an enormous quantity; but it is to be remarked that, to the Tibetans, tea is an absolute necessity, not a luxury. They drink it at all hours, and without it grow restless, discontented, and unhappy. It is not cheap, however, as the Lamas keep the retail trade in their own hands. The selling price ranges from about sixpence to two or three shillings per pound, according to the distance from the tea-route; but the Lamas will, it is said, often exact in payment labour and produce from the people, who have no choice of markets.

This is how the Brick Tea is used in Tibet. The teapot is something like a butter-churn, into which a portion of the brick is thrown. After boiling, the infusion is passed through a strainer, and a little salt is added, after which the churn is stirred some twenty times. Then a lump of butter is added, and the churning repeated for some hundred or hundred and fifty turns. The tea is then ready for drinking, but of course has little or no resemblance to the fragrant and cheerful cup sacred to English 'Five o'clocks;' or even to the less fragrant and more astringent beverage with which too many working-women, and men also, injure their nerves and their stomachs. But astringency is what the Tibetan covets, and he would not thank you for a cup of choice Pekoe. The taste of the Tibetan infusion has been humorously likened by Mr Colborne Baber to something like weak English tea with rich milk but without any sugar or tea. The tea-principle is there, affecting the flavour of the butter and water, but not giving the taste of tea.

How highly this trashy compound is prized in the Land of the Lamas, however, may be inferred from the fact that not very long ago, and before rupees became comparatively abundant, tea-bricks were used as currency. Even yet, it is said, in some parts of the country a brick of tea is not merely worth a rupee, but is used as a rupee for purposes of trade and without regard to weight. This practice, however, has not been without its retributive side. The Lamas of Batang had stored up a vast quantity of tea-bricks as reserve treasure, regarding each brick as equal to a rupee. But when the Indian money began to circulate, and the Lamas wanted to convert their tea-money into silver, they found they could only do so at a loss of nearly forty per cent. Hoarding does not always pay, and one does not pity the monks, who had been exacting the uttermost anna out of the people for their indispensable tea.

The Indian rupee, it should be said, began to find its way in quantity into Tibet about five-and-twenty years ago, and is now fairly abundant there. The Russian silver rouble is said to be current also, and the circulation of these coins has done a great deal to break down the Lamas' monopoly of tea.

To come back to Ta-chien-lu, where the bricks pass into Tibetan hands. They are there wrapped in skins and carried in pack-saddles to Batang. These are curious and ingenious contrivances. Two light boards about fourteen inches long, thickly padded with cloth and felt, are connected by two wooden bows, and secured to a wooden crupper. From the bows hang loops of hide in which the packages are suspended, in such a way that if the burden strikes any obstacle in a dangerous pass, the package becomes detached and rolls away without overbalancing the animal. Horses, mules, and yaks are used for conveying the tea to Batang, where is the great depôt and centre of the domestic trade.

To reach Batang from Assam our Indian tea would have to cross the Patkoi Hills to Burma, thence into Yun-nan, and so northward again by Weisee, a distance of seven hundred and fifty miles.

It is said that the cost of carriage alone would be more than the selling price of Chinese tea at Batang; but time, no doubt, would economise transit, and the Tibetans might be educated into paying a better price for better tea, if free-trade relations were only established between India and Tibet. It is certainly a tantalising thing to think that the largest tea-consumers in the world—for the Tibetans are believed to consume from half an ounce to one ounce of tea per head per day—should be so near our Indian tea gardens, and yet, for all trade purposes, as far off as the moon. Darjeeling is, by road, within a very few days' journey from Lhasa; and indeed Calcutta itself is as near, as the crow flies, to the capital of Tibet as Paris is to Berlin. And then one could offer the Tibetans genuine good, wholesome, fragrant tea, made into bricks if they like, but not made out of brushwood and rubbish. Meanwhile, the remarkable fact is that the best tea in the world goes to Russia; and the worst tea in the world is eagerly bought and voraciously consumed in Tibet. The Brick Tea of Asiatic Russia is delicious; the Brick Tea of exclusive Tibet is nauseous trash.

Before leaving the subject, some interesting and little-known varieties of tea encountered by Mr Baber may be mentioned. In the mountainous region of Kiating he discovered two remarkable varieties. The monks of Mount O-mi, or Mount O, use a plant which produces an infusion naturally sweet, and tasting, as brewed, just like coarse Congou with a large addition of brown sugar. This is natural tea-and-sugar. The plant is grown on the mountain-slopes near the monastery, and does not seem to be known elsewhere. The leaf is to all appearance just like that of an ordinary tea-leaf, and probably the saccharine essence may be due to the soil.

The other curiosity is a natural tea-and-milk. This is a wild plant, growing in an elevated region without cultivation, and yielding an infusion which tastes just like tea and milk, without sugar, or perhaps more like tea and butter. This plant is found in an uninhabited region west of Kiating, at an elevation of six thousand feet and upwards, and in leafy shrubs about fifteen feet high. Not merely the leaf but the whole plant is used to make the infusion. Even the

wood when chopped up and boiled along with a few dried leaves yields a strongly-coloured tea, with much the same flavour as the Tibetans produce from their bricks and butter. Botanists may be able to explain these phenomena, and perhaps to classify the plants in some other family than the tea-plant.

THE TROUBLE AT GREAT BUCEPHALUS.

CHAPTER III.

THE morning dawned bright and clear; the sun lighted up such a tranquil scene at Great Bucephalus and the vast expanse of green prairie beyond; while the low hills which closed the view were so void and unmarked by any moving object, that it was hardly possible to believe that at any hour an awful danger might arise in such a quarter—that there could be any reason to dread the enactment of hideous scenes of bloodshed. Yet all those who had dwelt long on the frontier could have told how treacherous such calmness had proved ere now, and that, as they had to encounter the subtlety of the craftiest savages and the still worse scheming of renegade whites, delay might mean death.

It was plain that all the members of the newly-arrived party—save the children—had been told of the impending troubles; for the women were depressed and anxious in manner; their eyes were red with weeping; and at the slightest sound they started and cast a frightened look to the door. Under such auspices the early breakfast could hardly be a cheerful meal; for although Boytell and, in a much greater degree, Eltran made a show of hilarity, there was a hollowness in these efforts, which, instead of raising the spirits of the group, actually seemed to lower them; and this becoming more and more evident, the men abandoned their well-meant attempts, and the meal proceeded in almost total silence.

At its conclusion, the cries of teamsters could be heard outside; then Phil Trayle presented himself, and then some wagons and mules drew up before the house. Phil greeted the party in his usual frank way, and added, that if all was ready, they had better take the trip at once, as the mules were fresh, and the day splendid—'right pretty' were the exact words he used—for a ride. He said this with a smile, speaking to the women; but as he ceased and turned his head, he continued to bestow a meaning look on Eltran, which the latter appeared to understand, for he rose from the table and said: 'Now, Mr Boytell! and Polly and Aggy, get yourselves ready, for we start right away.—See that the children do not stray out, as the teamsters will not wait any time, and all our fixings can be on board in a few minutes.'

The women left the rooms at this suggestion, as did Boytell, to see after their 'fixings'; and then Eltran said: 'Is there anything fresh?'

'Yes; too much,' returned Phil. 'Texas Abe, the pedlar, has come in, and he says that he saw horsemen on the plains beyond Wickerman's

ranch, and he is sure they were Indians. We can trust Abe, you know, and he is almost certain to be right, having lived in an Indian country so long.'

'That is a warning indeed,' returned Eltran. 'The sooner all the women and children are at Strapley's, the better.—But how we are to get away from there,' he added gloomily, 'is more than I or any one else can tell at present.'

'We shall be a large party, Squire—that is something,' said Phil; 'as nearly all our people propose to go in the first place to the Mills; and then we shall be guided by what we hear as to whether we shall go up or down the creek.'

Eltran returned a few words agreeing with this view; but his countenance did not gain in cheerfulness; and without further conversation, the men busied themselves in the preparations for the journey.

The loading was soon completed; and from the elevated ground in front of the house, similar preparations for departure could be seen in various parts of the city; it was a 'city' to the very last, and, moreover, there were a host of locations—another characteristic word—on the frontier of even lesser magnitude than Great Bucephalus which were so styled, although not one of the whole had a shadow of a municipality.

Everything that travelled upon wheels appeared to have been put in requisition. Some of the 'outfits' would at another time have been mirth-provoking; but there was no disposition to laugh now on the part of any of the citizens, who, in the midst of their hurried loading, threw many troubled glances to the north-western horizon, the quarter from which danger was most likely to come.

Phil was very attentive to the comfort of the women and children, who were all stowed in one wagon. In the midst of their trouble, Mrs Boytell could not repress a smile to see how especially anxious he was that Miss Agatha should not be inconvenienced.

Several wagons, or groups of wagons, besides their own would leave Great Bucephalus in the course of the morning; but their own expedition was much in advance of the others, so they saw nothing of them. Indeed, even if bound for the same goal, these others might not have followed the exact track taken by the Eltran party—not a wonderful matter where no regular highway existed, and nearly all the open country served for roads. At anyrate, they had no company.

With all their desire to set a good example, and to appear perfectly at their ease, neither Eltran nor Phil could avoid frequent and anxious glances across the prairie. All remained clear and quiet there; but despite the endeavours of the men to conceal their anxiety, their companions took the alarm, and were in dread lest at any moment the hateful figures of the Indian warriors should come in sight.

Presently the party came to a spot where the road—so to call it, it was the usual track to a ford on the way to Strapley's Mills—sank rather abruptly. There were two or three of these descents ere the river level was reached, and some extra care to the teams was needed just there. For the first time in the short journey, the attention of the men was so concentrated on the mules

that they saw nothing ahead or around them. The view in this latter respect was limited by the swelling mounds which arose on either hand, as the track sank lower, when, at the most critical part of the descent, they were surprised by a shout almost close to them, and by a hoarse voice exclaiming: 'Go slow, Squire! You won't need to take all this slope to-day.' As much in alarm as in astonishment, they looked round, and saw two mounted men, each clad in the orthodox buckskin and slouched hat of the frontiersman, and who had either been hidden behind a spur of the banks, or their approach on the soft ground had been unheard.

'Why, it is'—began Eltran, but paused: the foremost of the men finished the speech—'Doby Rube, you mean,' said he; 'and you are right, Squire.—You need not move your pistol forward, Phil Trayle,' continued the speaker, whose quick eye had noted the action; 'there will be no shooting here. Anyhow, it will be bad for you and the ladies if you do fire.'

It was easy to see that Eltran and Trayle were much disturbed by the sudden appearance of this man. This was not to be wondered at; for the latter, at anyrate, and Great Bucephalus opinion in general, regarded 'Doby Rube as the absolutely worst, and certainly the most dreaded, of all the 'scallywags' and outcasts of whom Phil had spoken on the previous night. The new English arrivals did not know his history, and there was no time to tell them now. It would not have cheered them to hear that this man was a notorious ruffian; that he would be hanged by lynch law in any town on the frontier, and that beyond all doubt he was in league with the Indians.

'We must talk fast,' resumed Rube, after a pause. He was evidently the leader of the pair, for his companion did not attempt to speak. 'You are going to Strapley's Mills?'

'We are,' said Phil firmly; he felt that there was no use in trying to evade an answer.

'Well, you will never get there—by this road,' continued Rube; 'and if you want to keep out of trouble, you will not go anigh the Mills.—Go to Prairie Dog Ford, and make your way to Divide City.'

'What for?' exclaimed Trayle, who seemed to be the recognised spokesman of the party. 'Strapley's Mills are stone-built, and can stand a siege; while Divide is little better than a heap of wooden shanties, and is in the heart of the Injun raid.'

'It was,' said the horseman gravely; 'but the city will not be troubled by Injuns again. I can't stay to preach here. Take my advice, or don't take it. You will soon find out the reason why it was given, if you slight it.'

'But then you are'—Phil began, but checked himself, as he was about to say something terribly uncomplimentary.

Rube grinned sardonically, as though he fully understood the reason of this hesitation. 'I am a loafer, and the Vigilantes want me, and I should be all the better for a stringing up, you mean,' he continued. 'That is all true; but a better man than me would not have any influence with the Injuns; and bad as I am, I may yet like to pay back a good turn.—Ask madam there,' he said, suddenly changing his tone, and looking at Mrs Eltran—'ask her if she will believe me;

and if she thinks 'Doby Rube will ever betray the people who gave a home to his little sick girl, when every door was shut against her, and her father was hunted from post to post by the Vigilantes.'

'No, Rube; I am sure you may be trusted!' exclaimed Mrs Eltran, speaking for the first time. 'You may have been a bad man; but I believe you now, and beg my husband to trust you.'

'Thank you, madam,' said Rube. 'He will never regret it.—My time is up; but on leaving you, let me say that you must not suppose I should have been allowed to give this warning to any outfit but that of Squire Eltran. I know Injuns are said to have no gratitude, no friendship; any other team but this will find reason, between this hollow and Strapley's Mills, for thinking differently.—Now mind, Squire Eltran, and more especially you, Squire Trayle, don't turn back for anything you may see or hear, and go nowhere but to Divide City. And if you hear that 'Doby Rube has paid off some of the debts he owed in Great Bucephalus, remember, also, that he has paid the debt he owed for his little Minnie.' With this too easily understood speech, and without further leave-taking, beyond raising his slouch hat to 'Madam' Eltran, who was evidently in his mind the principal personage in the party, the outlaw rode off, followed by his silent but equally evil-looking companion.

There was a natural pause of doubt and uncertainty with the party as they watched the horsemen disappear; then Eltran, drawing a long breath, which was almost a sigh, said: 'Well, now, what are we to do about it? Adobe Rube is one of the very worst characters in the territory; yet I don't think he would wish to do me harm, anyway'—

'I should say, take no notice of what such a renegade cuss says!' exclaimed Phil Trayle, as his friend paused. 'He does not want us all to get to Strapley's, because we should be safe there, and there would then be no plunder for him and his thieving, murdering Injuns; though I believe him to be a worse man than any redskin in the tribes.'

This very decided opinion would probably have determined the unsettled opinion of Eltran. Boytell of course was hardly able to form a judgment on the matter; he only knew that their situation appeared to be one of extreme peril, and he felt an agonising anxiety on behalf of the helpless women and children who were under his care.

But the three women at once broke out into opposition to Phil's utterance. The two strangers had none of Boytell's doubt or self-distrust; they were quite as emphatic as Mrs Eltran, and all three declared they would trust the outcast Rube.

'I know he is a renegade and a horse-thief,' continued Mrs Eltran; 'I believe, too, he has been a homicide and a fire-raiser, like many other scallywags; but he may have the feelings of a father all the same for that. We know if 'Doby Rube loved anything on earth, it was his little Minnie. While she was with us, we had no trouble in Bucephalus with the Indians. That was through Rube, I am sure; and I am sure, too, he will never forget our kindness to the poor child.—I will not go to Strapley's Mills.'

Trayle and Eltran exchanged a queer look and a smile, which showed that they felt all opposition was hopeless after this speech. The mules were started again; and the little procession turned off at the point indicated—a mere depression in the bank, sometimes used as a pass to the more distant ford, but not often, as the ground beyond was bad for a good way, while a more direct route to Divide City was to be found by crossing the Three Water Ford, which had been just ahead of them.

This they were now forbidden to do; and as they turned through the pass, the men glanced anxiously round, to see if any trace of an ambush or of lurking watchers could be discovered. All was silent and blank; the monotonous green of the banks and the prairie—where its boundless stretch was visible beyond—was as lonely and unbroken by any living figure as if the foot of man had never trodden there. Yet it was certain that behind these green mounds the two outcasts were in hiding; almost as certain also—and this reflection caused the shudder which neither of the more experienced men could quite repress—that with them, and, like them, furtively watching, as beasts of prey could watch, were their still more loathed, although, perhaps, not more dangerous allies, the hostile red men.

Familiar as were Eltran and Trayle with the incidents of border warfare, they had no real belief in the truce which the 'worst cuss' of all, the outcast whites, had offered them; and it is no discredit to their manhood to say that their hearts sank as they guided the teams over the treacherous ground, where the indented banks might conceal a hundred barbarians, as the two men verily believed was the case. Their inexperienced companion, Boytell, felt uneasy enough at the turn events were taking, dreading trouble ahead, and the still further unsettling of his plans; but he believed all he had heard from Adobe Rube, and dreamt of no immediate danger on the way.

Slowly the trusty mules drew the wagons over the broken and uncertain ground of the pass. Brief as the passage really was, it seemed almost interminable to the two conductors; but at last the dangerous spot was cleared, and they moved more briskly along the open prairie, where at least they would see any foes who might assail them, and no ambush need be dreaded. Nevertheless, the ground was sufficiently rough to make their progress comparatively slow; and the eyes of the leaders were often turned to the treacherous hollow and broken high ground behind them; but all was silent and quiet there as yet.

They—Eltran and Trayle—were taking what they thought would be a farewell look at the ravine they had recently traversed, and were straining their eyes vainly to detect some signs of life in or about it, when exclamations of alarm from the women and Boytell simultaneously startled them. There was some cause for alarm, too, for just in front of them, ascending from a dip which had not been noticed, and was indeed scarcely to be distinguished from the ordinary level of the prairie, a group of Indians were close upon them. These were nearly all squaws, many of them with children—'papooses'—some mere infants, slung at their backs; some

older, and riding before or behind the mothers. The squaws—more cruel and unsparing, if that be possible, than the men themselves—exchanged looks of triumph as they approached the little party, uttering some guttural ejaculations, and significantly fingering the ugly knives which they all carried, even as did their lords and masters. The savages, either in obedience to some muttered word of command, or as a regular procedure in such cases, spread themselves, and evidently intended to come down on both sides of the wagons.

'Get your revolver out, Boytell,' said Trayle. 'I am afraid we shall have to fight our way. I only hope we can do it, for'—He hesitated here; but his glance at the women and children in the wagon spoke as plainly as any language. 'The chances are against us,' he continued, and his voice grew hoarser as he spoke; 'for on the right hand you see there are warriors; yet bad and devilish as they are, I would rather we should face a hundred of them, than fall alive into the hands of the squaws.—Be ready; here come the men.' But he was wrong; the warriors—the 'braves' of the troop—were indeed spurting to the front; but in lieu of preparing their bows or their revolvers for the fight, they waved their hands in friendly token, uttering the deep guttural 'Hou!' the regular Indian greeting of amity, as they did so, and then the welcome Spanish 'Bueno! Bueno!' followed.

One or two turned aside to say something to the squaws; it was brief, and utterly unintelligible to the listening whites; but the ferocious scowls of the warriors, and the frightened air with which the squaws drew back, left no doubt as to its import. The braves came alongside the wagons, and commenced a general hand-shaking with the passengers, declaring in their corrupted Spanish—which Trayle fortunately understood pretty well—their friendship for Senor Eltran and for Senora Eltran also; how no good Indians would harm them nor their *amigos*—their friends. With this speech there were mingled also some brief references to Senor Adobe Rube, *mucho brave hombre*—a great fighting man; which showed that the outlaw had indeed used his influence beforehand in their behalf.

This was of course highly satisfactory to the travellers, who nevertheless wished the interview ended; but knew not how, without offence, to close it, when suddenly the noise, not to be mistaken, of distant firing was heard, followed by several more reports in quick succession. Every eye was turned towards the pass recently traversed by the wagons, and to the ford at Three Water Creek. A few wreaths of smoke could just be distinguished rising above the mounds, and the white men shuddered to think what might be passing in that lonely hollow.

Not so with their new friends: at the sound of the firing, the expression of every face changed, squaws and warriors alike; then waving their hands in a hasty adieu, the braves set off at full speed towards the ford, uttering a whoop as they did so, so savage and fiendish as to curdle the blood of the trembling women who heard it. But even the terror inspired by this was not worse than that arising from the cruel grins and grimaces of the squaws, as they rode after their

lords, and pointed exultingly to what they hoped would be a scene of revenge and plunder.

The Indians have indeed bettered the instruction which their treatment by the whites has given them.

APPEALS AGAINST HUMAN INJUSTICE.

THE right of might has often enough perverted justice; and those who have misused their power and their office to obtain the condemnation of the innocent have been brand-marked by history. When the weak has been overborne by the strong, in the consciousness of his innocence, he has in certain cases appealed from the unrighteous judgment of the human judge to the righteous Judge of all the earth.

That such appeals should be made was in fact encouraged by the practice in the middle ages of submitting doubtful cases to the judgment of Heaven. Trial by ordeal was nothing else but this. When two men appeared before the judge, and one swore one thing and the other swore the exact opposite, the judge remitted the case to the Judge of all the world, and bade them fight the matter out, in full confidence that victory would be on the side of the innocent. The ordeal of plunging the arm in boiling oil, or of walking over red-hot ploughshares, was also an appeal to God. Cunegunda, the wife of the Emperor Henry II., was charged—so ran the legend—with infidelity, and was forced to prove her innocence by walking barefoot over red-hot ploughshares. The story is not historically substantiated; but it is quite certain that such ordeals were undergone, and they were a direct appeal to the judgment of Heaven.

There were many ways in which the decision of Heaven was arrived at. Richardis, wife of Charles the Fat, had to prove her innocence by walking in a waxed linen dress between two blazing piles of logs. Another form was that of plucking a ring from out of a caldron of boiling water. Another was the cold-water ordeal. Another form was to offer blessed bread to the accused, who said: 'If I be guilty, may this bit of bread choke me.'

Unhappily, with the abolition of the ordeal, in place of it in all European lands, save England, came the use of torture for the extraction of a confession. The fact of appeal to Heaven to give right judgment being acknowledged in Europe, naturally gave occasion to those who had been wrongly sentenced to appeal away from their unjust judges to the highest Court of all, that in heaven.

In 624 sat the Council of Macon, before which, Eustace, Abbot of Luxeuil, was summoned by one Agrestin, a former monk of Luxeuil, who charged him with observing certain peculiarities which had come from Ireland with the founder, St Columbanus, and were indeed common to the Celtic churches, but which Agrestin considered as schismatical, because contrary to Roman usage. The gentle Eustace explained that he followed the customs of the founder, and justified the

usage of Luxeuil; but as Agrestin always returned to the charge, and the bishops in conclave seemed dubious how to decide, he exclaimed: 'In the presence of these bishops, I, the disciple and successor of him whose institute you despise, cite you to appear, within a year, along with Columbanus, at the Divine tribunal, to plead the case against him there.' The solemnity of this appeal awed the prelates who leaned to the Roman usage, and they urged Agrestin to be reconciled to his former abbot; and the latter, who was gentleness itself, offered him the kiss of peace. But Agrestin refused it. Before the end of the year he was slain by the blow of an axe by a serf in an ignoble brawl.

Robert Grostête, Bishop of Lincoln, had many a struggle with Pope Innocent IV. against papal encroachments on the rights of his see. According to Knyghton, the old chronicler, a year after his death he appeared to the Pope and called to him: 'Stand up, wretched one, and come to judgment!' As the Pope hesitated, he raised his pastoral crosier and struck Innocent on the breast so that he died on the following day, December 7, 1254.

At the opening of the thirteenth century, Absalom was Archbishop of Lund, in Sweden. There was a tract of land held by the church of Lund in conjunction with a wealthy bonder, and as much controversy and quarrel arose from the double rights, the Archbishop asked the bonder to divide the land equally between him and the see. The bonder, weary of the strife, consented. The Archbishop and he proceeded one summer day to measure out and parcel the land in dispute. As Absalom would trust none but himself, he held one end of the rope, and bade the bonder hold the other. Whilst thus engaged, he shouted to the other to pull harder and stir his stumps, as they had a long day's work before them. The bonder, nettled, tugged at the rope and jerked the Archbishop off his feet, so that he fell backwards on some stones and cut his head. Absalom, in a great rage, declared that the bonder had rendered himself liable to excommunication, and that he would be placed under papal ban unless he put his case unreservedly into his hands. The farmer, finding himself powerless to resist, did so, when Absalom condemned him to surrender to the church his portion of the coveted estate. The bonder was thus reduced from the position of a wealthy man to one of small means. The vexation preyed on his mind, and he fell ill. Finding himself dying, he sent for a priest, and promised him his best horse and saddle and bridle if he would ride, the moment the breath was out of his body, to Lund and summon Archbishop Absalom before the throne of God to answer for the injustice done him. The priest did as required. On the 21st of March 1201, he appeared before the Archbishop and pronounced his summons. At once Absalom turned deadly pale, fell out of his seat, and was taken up dead.

Ferdinand IV., king of Castile, is said to have been summoned within thirty days to answer before the heavenly Judge for a wrong he had done; and he died on the thirtieth day.

The Bishop of Sénez was preaching before Louis XV., and took for his text, 'Yet forty days, and Nineveh shall be overthrown.' He gave such a pointed account of the vices of the godless city

and its king, that the whole court thrilled with uneasiness, believing he was warning the king, and when he concluded with a significant gesture and hand outstretched towards Louis XV., 'Yet forty days—and then overthrow,' it was taken as a denunciation of and warning to the king. Within the time specified Louis XV. was no more, May 10, 1774.

No more infamous a perversion of justice probably ever occurred than the condemnation of the Templars, whose wealth and power made them feared by the king of France; and the Pope, Clement V., surrendered the unhappy Order to the French king. Du Molay, grandmaster, was burnt alive. As he mounted the funeral pyre, in a clear calm voice, he declared: 'Before heaven and earth, on the verge of death, where the least falsehood bears like lead upon the soul, I protest that our sole guilt has been that we trusted the seductive words of the Pope and the king.' Then he cried: 'Clement, iniquitous and cruel judge'—some accounts say he included Philip the Fair, the king—'I summon thee to meet me before the throne of God.' A year passed, and Clement and Philip were dead (1314).

An earlier story relates to the Council of Chalcedon (451), which condemned Dioscorus, sometime Bishop of Alexandria, for his Eutychianism. The monks had taken up eagerly the side of heresy, under one Barsumas. As they could not obtain recognition of the heresy by the Council, they fiercely shook their garments in contempt of the assembled fathers, and Barsumas loudly summoned Pulcheria, the Empress, whose influence had led to the assembly of the Council, to answer for it before the supreme Judge. She died a few days after, and Barsumas at once took rank as a prophet among his followers.

Jerome of Prague was sentenced by the Council of Constance to be burnt for his heresies. He appealed in loud tones 'To the sovereign Judge before whom you must all appear and answer for this judgment before a hundred years are passed.'

A great judicial crime was the condemnation and burning of Urban Grandier. The story of the possessed girls of Loudun, in France, in 1625 is well known. The nuns were poor; they hired a house and received boarders. Some of these boarders were of a frolicsome disposition, and frightened the nuns with strange noises and freaks that made them suppose the house was haunted. At this time there was at Loudun an eloquent young priest named Urban Grandier, who was an object of jealousy to the canons of St Croix, and they utilised the hauntings to effect his destruction. The nuns and girls became a prey to hysteria, and in convulsions declared they were possessed by devils sent to them by Grandier. On this accusation the unfortunate priest was condemned, and burnt alive. Before his death he solemnly cited his persecutor, the instigator of the whole infamous plot, to meet him before the throne of the Judge of all in the course of a month from that day; and exactly a month afterwards the man died.

Terence O'Brien was Bishop of Emly. When Limerick was besieged, Ireton, Cromwell's commander in Ireland (1651), sent him word that he would give him forty thousand pounds sterling, and permission to retire in safety, if he

would exhort the people to surrender. This the Bishop refused, and Ireton excepted the Bishop from amnesty; he proposed to the besieged to bring him the head of the prelate together with those of twenty men who had voted against surrender. If they would do this, he would spare the town. This was refused by the citizens. At length the city surrendered, and the Bishop fell into the hands of Ireton. The stern Puritan at once ordered the prelate to death. Bishop O'Brien turned to the General and said: 'I summon Ireton, the arch-persecutor, to appear in eight days to stand before the heavenly tribunal, to answer for his deeds of cruelty.' On the eighth day, Ireton, stricken with the plague, was a corpse.

In Gothland, a certain John Turson, who was innocent, was sentenced to death by a magistrate, offhand, seated on his horse. Turson protested his innocence, and summoned the judge to attend with him before the highest Judge. As Turson's head was struck off, the judge fell from his horse and broke his neck.

Meinwerk, Bishop of Paderborn, was abused by a certain monk with great violence and with many charges. The Bishop answered him: 'Well, let us appear together before the Judge of both, and let Him decide between us.' Singularly enough, the monk died on the same day (June 5, 1039) as did the Bishop.

One of the most horrible of the many crimes committed on both sides in the revolt of the Netherlands against Spanish rule was the execution of Nanning Koppezoorn, by the Dutch governor of Holland. 'He bore,' says Mr Motley, 'with perfect fortitude a series of incredible tortures; after which, with his body singed from head to heel, and his feet almost entirely flayed, he was left for six weeks to crawl about his dungeon on his knees. He was then brought back to the torture-room and again stretched on the rack, while a large vessel was placed inverted upon his naked body. A number of rats were introduced under this cover, and hot coals were heaped upon this vessel, till the rats, rendered furious by the heat, gnawed into the very bowels of the victim, in their agony to escape.' When finally led to execution, the Calvinist minister, 'Julian Epeszoorn, endeavoured by loud praying to drown his voice, that the people might not rise with indignation; and the dying prisoner with his last breath solemnly summoned this unworthy pastor to meet him within three days before the judgment-seat of God. It is a remarkable and authentic fact,' continues Mr Motley, 'that the clergyman thus summoned went home pensively from the place of execution, sickened immediately, and died upon the appointed day' (1575).

George I. had been divorced from his wife, Sophia Dorothea of Zelle, in 1694, and she remained in confinement for thirty-two years in the castle of Ahlen. She died on November 13, 1726. Before her death, she wrote a letter to George, denying the charges that had been made against her, and solemnly citing him to appear before God's throne and there answer for his conduct towards her. In June 1727 the English king arrived in Germany on his way to Hanover, as usual, when this letter was thrown in at the coach window, and fell on his lap. He tore it open, and was so alarmed—it is said—that he fell into a con-

vulsion and died. He certainly was attacked with apoplexy on the road, and was carried a corpse from his coach (June 11, 1727).

We will conclude with a story that seems to be thoroughly authenticated. In the church of Barlt, in Dithmarschen, were two pastors. The one, Wattenbach, was head-preacher; and a man of very broad views. Along with him, in 1691, was a deacon named Hoesch, a severely orthodox Lutheran. It seemed to the latter that the teaching of his superior sapped the foundations of Christianity, and he preached vehemently against his latitudinarian opinions. The parishioners sympathised with the head-preacher; and as Hoesch could not stir them up into zeal for orthodoxy, he laid a formal complaint against Wattenbach before the provost Hahn of Meldorf, who at once took the matter up; and a charge of heretical teaching was brought against Wattenbach in 1695 before the consistory at Rendsburg. The synod admonished both parties to peace. In 1699, Wattenbach was again summoned before the consistory, and was questioned as to his belief. He then admitted that he had indeed entertained rationalistic views, but declared that he had entirely abandoned them. The synod thereupon again dismissed the charge, and again exhorted to fraternal charity. In vain. Hoesch and the provost Hahn, finding that the ecclesiastical authorities would not condemn and deprive Wattenbach, appealed to the king of Denmark and Duke of Holstein-Glückstadt; and a government Commission deposed Wattenbach. This was made a grievance of by the ecclesiastical authorities, who, on the appeal of the accused, took the matter up, with the royal consent. Wattenbach was again acquitted, and Hoesch himself narrowly escaped suspension. A royal decree, dated October 26, 1700, confirmed the decision of the consistory. But this did not produce peace. The affair assumed another aspect, and Wattenbach was again accused before a royal court, not now of heresy, but of something connected with the quarrel, the particulars of which are not recorded. Judgment was given on April 1, 1703, and sentence of expulsion from his cure was pronounced against Wattenbach at Glückstadt. When the pastor heard this, he asked if there were any appeal possible. He was told that there was none. Then he solemnly said: 'I, John Caspar Wattenbach, refer my cause to Heaven. I cite the provost Hahn to appear this day twelve weeks, the Chancellor who has given judgment to appear this day fourteen weeks, and my prosecutor, the fiscal officer, at the same time, and all my witnesses who can testify to my innocence to attend within a year and a day before the Divine tribunal.' A death-like stillness fell on the court. It was broken at last by the Chancellor, who rebuked the accused, and condemned what he had done as a profane act, as he regarded it. Wattenbach replied that the sentence of the court destroyed his repute, cast him and his family into utter poverty, and deprived him and his of their home. Having no other redress, he was forced to make this appeal. He then thanked the judge for his well-meant rebuke, and withdrew. He returned to Barlt to clear his family and goods out of the parsonage, and died there sixteen days after the sentence, on Good-Friday, April 16, 1703.

On the 24th of June, the twelve weeks allotted to Provost Hahn had elapsed. It was Sunday, and, moreover, St John the Baptist's Day. The provost preached in the morning in the parish church of Meldorf on a passage from the gospel for the day, Luke i. 57-80. He felt perfectly well and in good spirits; and in the afternoon jokingly sent a message to the Chancellor to remind him that his time was up, but that no token appeared of anything being the matter with him. Before the messenger returned, he had fallen in an apoplectic fit and had breathed his last. Exactly on the day appointed, at the end of the fourteenth week, the judge also died, so also the prosecutor, on the same day; and within the twelvemonth every one of the witnesses summoned by Wattenbach to attest his innocence was dead.

This account was given by the provost Burckhard, who sat in the consistory before which Wattenbach had appeared, and he says that all who were mixed up in the matter could attest the truth of what he relates. The registers of the parish of Barlt certainly confirm some of the particulars. The son of Wattenbach became afterwards pastor at Colmar. That nervous terror may have in many cases worked the death of the men summoned is likely enough. Some of the stories recorded may have been invented *après coup*, but certainly not all.

A GENUINE TENIERS.

BY JOHN LEYS.

'For a genuine undoubted Teniers, I call it cheap, sir—very cheap indeed.' As Mr Jacob Goldstein, picture-dealer, picture-cleaner, and money-lender, made this little speech he dug his thumbs yet deeper into his waistcoat pockets, raised himself slightly on his heels, and glanced sideways at his customer. That gentleman, a tall lanky person, of perhaps fifty years of age, evidently an American, was bending himself at right angles before a dark-coloured canvas upon which he could at first discover no likeness to anything whatever. Patient investigation, however, disclosed the fact that there was a picture, though it was very indistinct—a picture of two youths, presumably students, drinking in an ale-house. A stout female figure—no doubt representing the landlady—stood at the other side of the table, a broad smile resting on her face; and her right hand still grasped the neck of a large wine-bottle which she had just placed on the table. What little light there was in the picture came from a casement to the left of the spectator.

'How much do you say?' asked the American, suddenly straightening his back and standing bolt upright.

'Six hundred and fifty, sir.'

'Three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars for that bit o' blackness! Thunder!'

'But for a genuine old master I assure you it is marvellously, amazingly cheap.'

'How old, now, do you suppose that picture may be?'

'Well, as you know, sir, there were two Tenierses, father and son. I should say, judging from the subject, that this is the work of the

younger man. That would bring us to the middle of the seventeenth century—say two hundred and fifty years back.'

'Hum! Not so very old, after all,' said Mr Hiram J. Bounder, the intending purchaser.

'There are older pictures in the world, no doubt,' returned the dealer, with a smile of superior knowledge; 'but where are they? Locked away in museums, or treasured up in private collections. How often does one of them come into the market? Not once in ten years. Copies may be had, of course. I don't deal in them myself. But for an undoubted Teniers this is surprisingly cheap.'

'I'll take it,' said the American. 'Send it to the *United Empire Hotel*.'

Mr Bounder expected that his artistic friends would go into raptures over his purchase. To his surprise and mortification, they were silent, uncritical, and unenthusiastic on the subject. At length a horrible doubt stole into his mind.

'Do you mean to say the thing ain't real?' cried Mr Bounder, speaking to a young painter who was looking at the canvas with slightly veiled contempt.

'If you mean, Is it a real picture?' returned his friend, 'it certainly is. If you mean, Did Teniers paint it? I reply, No more than I did.'

'But you can't be sure?'

'Yes, I can. If I'm not very much mistaken, I've seen the original of that very picture in a museum or town-hall somewhere in Belgium. Can't be sure where it was; but I'll look it up, if you like.'

'I wish you would. Then I'd make the beggar take it back.'

'I fear you won't,' said the artist with a smile.

'What!' cried the American, in a transport of rage. 'If I go into a shop and ask for a gold watch, and pay for it—pay for it, mind!—and the man, being a cheat and a scoundrel, palms off a gilt one on me, can't I make him take it back? Won't the law make him give me back my money?'

'I daresay. But with pictures it is different.'

'Why?'

'Because it is next to impossible to prove that the picture *is* only a copy.'

'It's nothing else than getting money by a false pretence!' cried the American.

'True; but you can't punish the dealer, because you can't prove that he knew it was a copy. You can try; but you'll only lose your money.'

Mr Bounder did pay another visit to Mr Goldstein's establishment; but the step produced no satisfactory result. The dealer was by turns indignant, sarcastic, and conciliatory.

Not genuine! 'The Topers' not a genuine Teniers! Who were the young gentlemen who had hazarded such an opinion? Mr Goldstein wanted very much to know. What did *they* know about pictures? They envied Mr Bounder the possession of a treasure for which they would give their eyes—if they had eyes, and were not as blind as so many moles. Another picture of the same name in Belgium? It wasn't at all likely that Mr Teniers would paint two pictures with the same name. If he did, they would be quite distinct in treatment. But the Belgian one was *like* this? Then it was a copy of Mr Bounder's picture. There could be no doubt about *that*.—

And in the long run Mr Hiram J. Bounder was thoroughly convinced that, whether the picture was genuine or not, the dealer would fight the matter out rather than refund a farthing of the price.

Some months had passed, and the incident just narrated had well-nigh faded from Mr Goldstein's mind, when one afternoon a dark man of foreign appearance, wearing an expensive fur-lined overcoat and an enormous moustache, walked into his picture-gallery.

'Do you clean pictures?' asked the stranger, with an air of hauteur which impressed the dealer most favourably.

'Certainly, sir,' said Goldstein, doubting whether he ought not to have said 'My lord.'

'Then I'll send you one along which I have just bought—a Rubens of considerable value. You will insure it and take the greatest care of it?'

'Of course, my lord.'

The title slipped out almost involuntarily.

'You may expect it in about an hour,' said the stranger, walking out of the shop.

'I beg your pardon,' said Goldstein, hastening after his customer; 'but what name shall I put down as the owner?'

The gentleman smiled slightly, as if in surprise that he had not been recognised, and pulling out his card-case, handed the picture-dealer a card.

'Count Olanoff,' said Goldstein to himself. 'I know him, by name at least. No chance of making anything out of *him*.' The Count's name was indeed well known as a picture-buyer of taste and experience.

In a short time the picture arrived, and very handsome it looked in its deep, rich, oval frame. 'The Music Lesson' was the title of the painting. The background was dark, almost black, but the foreground was comparatively in the light. Two young women of the burgher class were seated near a spinet, and were listening with an air of demure attention to their music-master, a stout, good-natured-looking man in a bob wig, who, resting his violin lightly on the table, was expounding some point connected with his art. The faces of the group were of the types familiar to those who are acquainted with the Flemish school of painting, but the accessories had been most carefully finished.

Not long after the picture had been deposited at Goldstein's gallery, its owner came into the shop, walking very rapidly, and inquired of the picture-dealer whether 'The Music Lesson' had been touched yet in any way. Fortunately, nothing had been done to it; and Count Olanoff, going out to the hansom which had brought him to the spot, conducted from the cab a gentleman whom Goldstein knew at once to be an American, and conducted him to the corner where 'The Music Lesson' was standing.

'There now!' exclaimed the Count, gazing at the picture with the eye of a connoisseur. 'Isn't that grand?'

From the scraps of conversation which the picture-dealer overheard as he stepped to and fro, he easily made out that the Count was trying to sell the picture to the American, and that the latter gentleman, while greatly admiring the specimen of medieval art before him, hesitated about paying the required price. And it was evident to Mr Goldstein that the Count was

a very poor hand at driving a bargain. The dealer's instincts prompted him strongly to interfere, and only his respect for the Count's rank prevented his offering a suggestion or two. He looked upon Americans as fair game, and became quite uneasy at seeing that this one was not going to be fleeced to any extent worth mentioning.

Eventually it was agreed that the intending purchaser should have a day or two in which he might consider the matter; and the two gentlemen walked out of the shop.

The Count returned a moment afterwards to express a wish that the picture should not be touched by cloth or sponge for the present, and added: 'By the way, I am going out of town for a few days. Could you see the gentleman who was here just now, Mr Spikeman, and arrange the terms of sale?'

'Delighted, my lord. And your lordship will excuse me for saying that I believe I shall be able to secure better terms than your lordship could possibly have done.'

'Ah, daresay, I *would* sell for two thousand; but I think I ought to get more.'

'Beg pardon, my lord, but did your lordship name a lowest price?'

'I don't think I named a lower sum than three thousand; but I doubt if the man will give much more than two. Commission as usual, you know.'

The picture-dealer bowed, and the owner of 'The Music Lesson' left the shop.

Two days afterwards, the American came to have another look at the picture; and Mr Goldstein at once explained that he had been constituted the Count's agent for its sale, adding that it was sure to fetch a high price. Mr Spikeman, a small, lean, round-shouldered man, who walked with a stoop, seemed surprised to hear that he was to have possible competitors, and stood contemplating the masterpiece, stroking, meanwhile, his jaw with the fingers of his right hand, as if he were feeling for a tooth that had somehow slipped out of its place.

'Guess I can afford to give you two thousand pounds for the picture,' said Mr Spikeman, after listening to a long dissertation on the merits of the painting.

'My—dear—sir!' ejaculated the dealer with a half-contemptuous smile, 'you might just as well offer me two thousand pence. I could get a dozen offers of two thousand eight hundred in half an hour; but the Count wants three thousand five hundred.'

'He told me I might have it for three thousand,' said Mr Spikeman in slow, deliberate tones, still caressing his jaw as he spoke.

'Well, sir, his lordship must have mentioned the sum in an unguarded moment, without thinking of what he was saying. But as his lordship *did* say so, of course I am bound by his offer. For three thousand pounds, sir, that noble picture is yours.'

Mr Spikeman, however, did not jump at this generous proposal. He wanted more time to think it over; and to this the dealer cheerfully consented.

The next time the American visited the shop Mr Goldstein brought his little devices into play; gentlemen who had apparently visited the

gallery on some other business stopped opposite 'The Music Lesson,' as if arrested by its beauty, and remained in rapt contemplation before it for a minute or two, and then went off, casting lingering looks behind, and observing to Mr Goldstein that pictures of that rank were far beyond the reach of *their* purses.

Sometimes, when Mr Spikeman came to see the painting, he would find a small group of men surrounding it, engaged in eagerly discussing its various beauties; and occasionally one of these admirers would be conducted by Mr Goldstein to a mysterious apartment partitioned off from the gallery at one end of it, presumably for the purpose of talking over a purchase. Stimulated, apparently, by what he saw and heard around him, Mr Spikeman offered two thousand two hundred, then three hundred—four, five, six, and finally eight hundred pounds over the two thousand. But Goldstein was convinced that the American would give three thousand pounds for the painting rather than lose the chance of securing a real Rubens; so he stood out for the higher sum.

In the meantime, however, a question had occurred to the picture-dealer, which had more than once occurred to him under similar circumstances. Since the Count was willing to sell 'The Music Lesson' for two thousand pounds, and Mr Spikeman was willing to give two thousand eight hundred, or possibly three thousand, why should not the difference between those limits belong to him, Jacob Goldstein, in its entirety? The thing could be done, and done with safety, if there was a tolerable certainty that buyer and seller would not meet after the transaction was completed. The picture-dealer put a question or two to Spikeman as to the extent of his acquaintance with Olanoff; and the American told him that he had merely met the Count in somebody's studio, and did not even know his address.

It seemed perfectly plain sailing; and when Count Olanoff called at the picture-gallery on his return to town, Goldstein had already made up his mind on the matter.

'I must set off for Italy to night,' said the Count, 'and I wish that sale completed at once. Have you struck a bargain yet?'

'Not yet, my lord. But Mr Spikeman promised to come and give me his answer this very afternoon,' answered Goldstein, fervently hoping that he would not arrive before the owner of 'The Music Lesson' was well out of the way.

'How much do you expect he will give? Three thousand?'

'Ah, no, my lord,' said the dealer, shaking his head sadly. 'If he gives two thousand two hundred that will be all.'

'Humph! Well, you won't part with my property without the money, of course. But I must call this afternoon and take away the picture if the sale is not effected to-day, you understand?'

'I quite understand, my lord.'

'I will call about four o'clock, then; and I don't much care whether the picture is sold or not. If it isn't, I must have it packed. I suppose it can be packed here?'

The picture-dealer bowed, inwardly resolving that there should be no need of any such packing; and the Count left the gallery.

It was a quarter to four before Mr Spikeman made his appearance; and Goldstein was on thorns lest the American and Olanoff should meet. In a few words he explained that if Mr Spikeman did not make up his mind now, he would for ever lose the chance of possessing a true and genuine Rubens.

'I'll give you two thousand nine hundred,' said the Yankee.

'I tried to get his lordship to say that very figure, and he wouldn't,' said Goldstein with a sigh. 'He won't part with it under three thousand. He told me if I couldn't get that price, to pack it, and the box is being got ready now.'

'Oh, well, I suppose I must give the three thousand,' drawled the American. 'I'll send along the cheque to-night.'

'But you see his lordship is leaving the country to-night. If you *could* favour me with a cheque now?'

'But I don't carry my cheque-book about with me, as you Londoners do. I have my purse here; but you can hardly expect that I should have three thousand pounds in it.'

'That need be no obstacle, sir,' said Goldstein, who was anxious to fix the bargain by a written document. 'Suppose you write me a cheque on half a sheet of note-paper, just to show to his lordship; and I can exchange it for a regular printed one in the morning, if you prefer it.'

This seemed reasonable enough; and in a minute or two the cheque, stamped with a postage-stamp, was made out, signed, and handed over. It was arranged that Mr Spikeman would send a regular cheque to be exchanged for it, and also send for the picture, on the following morning.

The American had only been gone about a quarter of an hour when the Count arrived.

'Well, have you sold the Rubens?' he asked hastily.

'Just sold it, my lord, for two thousand two hundred pounds,' said Goldstein.

'Ah! not a large price; but I suppose I mustn't grumble. Your commission will be a hundred and ten, I suppose? That leaves two thousand and ninety for me to get. I suppose the American gave you a cheque? I can take it, and pay you the commission separately.'

Of course Goldstein did not intend that the Count should see Spikeman's cheque showing that he had paid three thousand pounds for the picture, so he answered quickly: 'Very sorry, my lord, but I've just paid it in to my bankers. It would be too late to get it cashed now at anyrate, as it is past bank hours.'

'But I must have either the money or the picture.'

'Well, my lord, I will give you a cheque for the two thousand two hundred, less a hundred and ten commission,' said Goldstein; and turning aside, he wrote out the document.

Count Olanoff took it with some little hesitation; and the picture-dealer, noticing this, drew himself up. 'I should tell you, my lord,' he said, 'that I do a little banking on my own account. My signature would be honoured for a much larger sum than that.'

The Count nodded, muttered something about its being all right, placed the cheque in his pocket-book, and went away.

Next day, the picture-dealer waited until noon, but no messenger came from Mr Spikeman. A little uneasy at the delay, Mr Goldstein went himself to the Metropolitan Bank, on which the American's cheque was drawn, and presented it for payment.

The cashier took it, turned it this way and that, scrutinised it, smelt at it, and handed it to a brother-cashier. This official studied it in his turn, and finally handed it to a third, who carried it into the manager's room.

Mr Goldstein's heart sank within him, and his knees became as water, as he watched these ominous proceedings. Finally, the half-sheet of note-paper was tossed back to him across the counter with the words 'No account' scrawled over its surface.

The picture-dealer tottered to a seat. Then, reviving, he went out, summoned a hansom, and drove to his own bank. Yes; *his* cheque had been presented and cashed the first thing that morning by a man who must have been Count Olanoff's twin-brother, if not himself!

'Well, at anyrate I've got the Rubens, and I must sell it for the best price I can,' said Goldstein to himself as he went slowly back to his picture-gallery.

Having arrived there, he went up to 'The Music Lesson,' which was now practically his own property, and inspected it more narrowly than he had hitherto done. More than once, as he had passed in front of the painting, something about it had struck him in a vague way as being familiar to him. Now this feeling was stronger than ever. He was convinced that he had seen it before; but where? With a cry he darted forward and peered eagerly at the canvas; then he took out his penknife and began to scrape the paint away very gently and carefully. He soon found that there was a layer of fresh paint upon an older surface; and the new pigment being scraped away, Mr Goldstein brought to light—his 'genuine Teniers,' 'The Topers!' The students had been turned into young damsels, and the landlady into a fat music-master, by altering the features a little and adding appropriate garments; but the pose of the figures remained, of course, what it had been. The fireplace in the original picture had been turned into a spinet; and when the music-master's violin had been carefully obliterated, the old familiar black bottle of 'The Topers' once more greeted his vision.

It was plain that the whole thing—the visit of the Count, the introduction of Spikeman, his pretended reluctance to buy the picture, and the stratagem by which a valuable cheque had been obtained from him in exchange for a worthless one—had been carefully pre-arranged. There could not be much doubt as to the origin of the trick; but all uncertainty on the point disappeared when it was discovered that the words, 'With compliments—Hiram J. Bounder,' were written on the margin of the canvas.

The sight of this inscription made the Jew wild with rage; but he understood only too well that redress and revenge were alike unattainable. Spikeman was of course far beyond his reach; and in any case he could not hope to fight the matter out in a court of law without exposing his own misdeeds, and thus, as it were, cutting his own throat.

Certainly the picture-dealer never expected to set eyes again on any one concerned in this transaction; his surprise, therefore, was great when one day about three weeks after the departure of Mr Spikeman, Mr Bounder, followed by Count Olanoff and a stout pink-faced gentleman, walked into his picture-gallery.

'How are you?' said the American, going up to the astonished Jew and shaking him effusively by the hand. 'Got any more gen-u-ine Teni-erses on hand neow, eh?'

Mr Goldstein wrenched away his hand and scowled at the party from under his heavy eyebrows. 'No; but I know that I have been cheated most disgracefully by some of you "gentlemen"—and if there is law in England, I'll have my rights!' he added angrily.

The Count and the stranger stared at him coolly, while the American regarded him with a benevolent smile.

'You had a cheque from me for two thousand one hundred pounds!' he cried fiercely, turning on Count Olanoff.

'I had,' said the Italian quietly.

'And the purchaser of your picture was a cheat, a lie, a forger!' screamed the Jew. 'He gave me a cheque, but it was dishonoured. I have never had one penny of my money; and your picture turned out to be worthless!'

'You don't say so!' murmured Mr Bounder in a sympathetic tone.

'Yes; and I want my money back,' he said, striding up to the Count.

'Did I sell the picture to you?' asked the Italian with perfect composure; 'or in any way guarantee its genuineness? Did you not yourself offer to give me your cheque before the purchaser had paid you?'

Goldstein could not deny that it was so.

'Why don't you get the money from the other man?' put in the American.

'Because he was a thief! a rogue! a scoundrel!' cried Goldstein excitedly. 'He have no money, no account at the bank!'

'Say, now, what might the person's name be?' inquired Mr Bounder.

'I suppose you don't know,' sneered the Jew.

'Ef it might be Spikeman, he's a man I might bring to book,' said Mr Bounder in a reflective tone of voice. 'How much was the cheque for?' he added suddenly.

'Two thousand two hundred pounds,' answered Goldstein promptly.

'Really?' cried the Yankee with assumed indignation. 'Give me the cheque, and I'll make him pay you, sir!'

'Oh, I didn't keep it; I burnt it,' said the picture-dealer.

'That's a pity, now; for I did hear—through the banker, let us say—of a cheque of Spikeman's that had been dishonoured; but it was for three thousand odds. Couldn't have been the same, of course.'

Goldstein eyed the American curiously, but said nothing.

'What have you done with the picture?' asked the Count sharply.

'The picture! It was a fraud, a cheat, a swindle!—There is the picture!' and quite forgetting in his rage that Mr Bounder had been the former owner of the painting, he dragged

aside a canvas or two which stood in front of it, and displayed 'The Topers' in all its deformity.

'Why, that's my Teniers!' exclaimed the American, putting his hands on his knees and bending down to examine it. 'Great Scott! how sing'lar!'

'I expect you know all about it!' growled the Jew.

'I know it's a genuine Teniers; you told me so yourself,' said Mr Bounder.

'Well, it ain't; that's all,' growled the picture-dealer.

'Oh, it ain't, eh? So you took me in, a simple-minded man like me! Wonder you ain't ashamed of yourself!—But I'll tell you what I'll do, mister,' added the American, after a pause—'I'll ask Count Olanoff to pay you back that two thousand one hundred he had of you'—

'Oh, sir!'

'On two conditions. First, you hand over that cheque for three thousand pounds—the one you burned, you know, or acknowledge that it *was* for that amount. Next, you write me a letter acknowledging that the picture you sold me was not genuine, and you apologise, and hand back what I paid you for it.'

'If I do that?'—

'You shall get back the rest of what you have lost.'

The offer was too tempting to be refused. The required letter was written and signed; Spikeman's cheque for three thousand pounds was found and handed over; and the Jew was repaid the two thousand one hundred pounds, out of which he handed six hundred and fifty, the original price of 'The Topers,' to the American.

'You'll acknowledge that I've got the money back and won my bet, my lord?' said that astute person to the pinky-faced gentleman.

'Fairly won, by George!' said the stranger.

'It wasn't so much the dollars,' said Mr Bounder, as he buttoned his pocket over the bank-notes he had just received—'es the principle of the thing. It couldn't be allowed that a native-born American could be finally taken in and sat upon by a Jew. On no account.—Good-day, mister. Ef you are ever tempted to cheat a Yankee, pause, and remember the "Genuine Teniers."'

FRIENDS.

LET us be friends: we may not now be more;
Your silent glances make but poor amends
For all my pain. Speak as you did before—
Let us be friends.

Love to my heart its fire no longer lends;
'Tis chilled and hardened to its very core:
No quickening beat your presence now attends.

Yet would I not forget the joys of yore;
And now that Fate has worked its cruel ends,
Shake hands and smile; for my sake, I implore,
Let us be friends.

SAM WOOD.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 409.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

'ALL but the impossible may come to pass at last,' sings the poetess; and every year's experience makes us less inclined to define what is 'impossible.' Moralists blame the careless folk who openly put their trust in the 'Chapter of Accidents;' but when one reflects on what singular events appear to occur 'by chance,' how good and evil fortune often seem to come suddenly, unsought and unexpected, one is inclined to make some excuse for the Micawbers who live in hope of 'something turning up.' The Rev. Mr Barham (of *Ingoldsby* fame) relates that it was by an accident that he thought of applying for the canonry he obtained at St Paul's. Going up for the day to London from his Kentish living, he met a friend, who remarked that one of the canonries at the metropolitan cathedral was vacant, that he had written to advise a clerical acquaintance to apply for the appointment, and was now about to post the letter. 'Why should not I apply for the post?' said Mr Barham. His friend immediately tore up the unposted epistle to the suggested candidate. Mr Barham applied for the canonry, and obtained it. Probably, had he met his friend five minutes later, the letter would have been posted, and another applicant received the appointment.

'Casualty has been the mother of more inventions than industry,' writes Fuller, and how often has some apparently accidental circumstance fixed a man's whole after-career! Giotto might have remained a shepherd's boy, Lully a scullion, Lacaille a gendarme like his father, save for the fortunate chance that threw the future artist, musician, astronomer, in the way of patrons who recognised dawning talents.

Novelists are greatly blamed for making so many of their plots turn on odd chances; but it would be difficult to parallel the strange accidents that occur in real life. A writer of short stories once remarked that he had only once utilised real incidents precisely as they took place as the foundation for a narrative, and then the

publisher objected to the tale as 'too palpably improbable.' Afterwards, the writer toned down his facts to the level of fiction.

What incident in a novel could be more extraordinary—more improbable, the reader might say—than the manner in which a suspected 'slaver' was detected in the last century. In 1799 the cutter *Sparrow* brought a brig named the *Nancy* into the harbour at Kingston, Jamaica, under the suspicion that the latter vessel was engaged in the slave-trade. But though many circumstances gave colour to this accusation, no clear proof could be obtained, as the brig had no papers from which such a charge could be substantiated. The court therefore discharged the suspected vessel. But the day before she left the harbour, a man-of-war arrived, bringing some documents which clearly proved the guilt of the *Nancy*. These papers had been obtained in a manner which reads like an incident in one of Jules Verne's works. While cruising off St Domingo, the crew of the man-of-war had amused themselves with fishing for sharks. One monster was captured, and cut up on deck. In its stomach was found a bundle of ship's papers—the very documents which the owner of the *Nancy* had flung overboard when boarded by the *Sparrow*, and doubtless imagined he was rid of for ever. Curiosity led the captain of the man-of-war to clean and examine the papers so strangely brought to light; with the result that he deemed it his duty to lay them before the authorities at the nearest port. The unlucky brig was condemned on this romantically acquired evidence. After this, who shall doubt the story of the marvellously recovered ring of Polycrates?

Probably the most commonplace existence could furnish some curious incidents of what may be called the results of accident—cases in which the chance keeping or breaking of an appointment, a few minutes' delay at a railway station, a casual encounter with a stranger, gave colouring to the whole after-life. How many marriages—and frequently the happiest ones—come about through the chapter of accidents, the precise individuals

who never seemed likely to meet each other coming unexpectedly in contact; and a chance acquaintanceship ripening into affection. An old gentleman was wont to relate that he owed all the happiness of his life to the accident of his future wife having worn a white dress the first time he ever met her, which was at a small musical party. All the other ladies present were attired in gaudy colours, and the simple hue of one young girl's dress attracted his eye. The dress directed his attention to the face, which was a very pleasing one. He obtained an introduction to the lady, found her conversational powers as pleasing as her countenance, asked leave to pursue the acquaintance, and finally married the white-robed damsel—'owing,' as he often remarked, 'nearly forty years' domestic happiness to the accident of a colour.'

Sometimes, unfortunately, the 'accidents' turn in other ways. If we had only refused that invitation to dine with Brown, we should never have made the acquaintance of Smith, who afterwards persuaded us to take shares in so many unlucky 'companies.' If we had gone for our summer holidays to the Lakes, as we first intended, our eldest daughter had never made that unfortunate acquaintance at Clifton which ended in a runaway marriage. If we had not been so eager to secure that Canadian opening for one of the boys, we might have placed him out far more advantageously in Australia, just a month afterwards.

There is a story of a boy who was taken to hear a lecture on anatomy, and who afterwards walked softly, holding his sides, saying 'that now' he knew how wonderfully he was packed together inside, he was afraid of shaking something out of its place.'

When one reflects what important consequences may follow trivial actions, timid people might hesitate at doing anything. Opening a pew door, lending an umbrella, directing a stranger, may have as fortunate consequences as followed the traditional 'good child' in the fairy tales, who is always so amply rewarded for similar acts of kindness. Or, on the other hand, slight civilities may prove like Christabel's kindly assistance to Lady Geraldine; when 'the lovely lady' sank at the threshold, and was lifted over it by the simple maiden, she thus assisted an evil spirit to enter her home, which it could not have done without aid.

It is curious, in reading history, to trace the slight accidents which were followed by such a chain of momentous events. If Cromwell and his friends had been allowed to carry out their project of emigration to America—they were on the very eve of embarkation when stopped by the royal commands—the whole history of the Civil War might have remained unwritten. A bishop has chronicled that, had he gained the position of a chorister, he had never afterwards entered the same cathedral as its bishop: his early ambition would have been satisfied with the position of 'singing man;' but, losing this coveted appointment, he turned his attention to study, with the result of his elevation to the episcopal bench.

The chance that threw *The Faery Queen* into the hands of Cowley, the *History of Turkey* into those of Byron, made, by their own accounts,

a 'verse-writer' of the one, and 'gave an Oriental turn' to the works of the other.

The Shetland islanders have to thank the tempests of 1588, which wrecked one of Medina Sidonia's vessels on their shores, for much industrial fame and profit. Tradition runs that it was from the Spanish survivors of the wreck that the Shetlanders learnt the arts of preparing and dyeing the delicate woollen fabrics now well known everywhere. Many a useful invention, many a valuable discovery, has been made public through the Chapter of Accidents.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

CHAPTER VI.—AT DAWLISH PLACE.

DAWLISH PLACE was a fine old mansion, of a kind that abounds in the southern counties. It was straggling and low, having only two stories, and it was almost completely covered with ivy. Where the walls were visible it could be seen that they were built of, or at least faced with, flints; and it had quaint high chimneys, which the clustering ivy made to appear like towers; and irregular gables, which made cosy nooks, filled with warm sunshine, bright creeping flowers, and fluttering birds. It was set fair and free on the southern slope of the Surrey downs, with, before it, a sighing plantation of larches to shield it from the south-west weather sweeping up from the Channel; and behind it, in the high distance, a wood of roaring and towering pines, which broke and baffled the northerly and easterly blasts of winter and spring. Between the house and the larch plantation, sloped and undulated, first, a luxurious garden of roses and other bright and scented flowers, and then an expanse of the greenest turf, with here and there a shady tree. Altogether, it looked as sweet, peaceful, and homely a 'seat' as England could show. Ferrers, being country-bred and also something of an artist, had a good eye for rural effects.

'What a jolly place!' he exclaimed as he approached it with Sir William. 'I should like to paint it.'

'Can you paint?' asked Sir William, looking at him with fresh interest.

'Paint? Oh yes; I can paint.'

'Have you any of your things with you?'

'Yes; I have some sketches—mostly war sketches I made in Egypt. I haven't done much with landscape.'

'That's capital,' said Sir William. 'Bring 'em out to-night—will you?—to show our visitors. It's sure to fetch 'em a good deal. A capital idea!' he exclaimed again.

'There's one thing, by the way,' said Ferrers, 'that I must ask you about. Am I still to avoid all conversation with Miss Dawlish?'

'Well,' said Sir William; 'no, not quite. I don't see how you can keep it up. You needn't avoid her, but you needn't seek her out: you know what I mean.'

'I think I do.'

'Don't misunderstand me, Ferrers,' said Sir William, in a burst of affability. 'It's entirely on account of the—a—business I have in view.'

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'So I suppose,' said Ferrers.

The ordeal which Ferrers especially dreaded—sitting down to dinner with a 'lot' of people—came at length, and there had yet appeared no Debrett to sustain him in it. It proved, however—like most other troubles that we fear—worse in anticipation than in experience, though there occurred before it one thing that shook his confidence.

Ferrers had dressed, and reluctantly found his way to the drawing-room. When he entered, he saw that all he expected to meet were there, except Lord Debrett: Aunt Dawlish and Dolly, Mr and Mrs Drew, and his friend Drumly. The 'lots of other people' he had feared meeting, if they were coming, were not yet come.

'Ah, here you are,' said Sir William, avoiding the use of any name. 'Mr Drew and Mr Drumly have been asking me about your doings in Egypt, and I've been telling them about your sketches. Would you mind getting them?'

'Not at all,' said Ferrers, and withdrew.

It was not till he stood in his room with the sketches in his hand that his eye reminded him that they were all signed 'G. F.' What was to be done? He could not obliterate the initials. He must invent some reason for them. He would say—Yes; he was resolved what he would say; and down he went with the portfolio under his arm.

They were much admired by both ladies and gentlemen: they were 'fine,' 'spirited,' 'capital,' and all the rest.

'Is that you,' whispered Dolly, 'on that great long-legged, long-necked camel?'

'Yes; that's me,' said Ferrers.

But Mr Drew was taken up with a spirited representation of a section of the fight at Abu Kru.

'Bless me!' said he. 'I bought a sketch exactly like this the other day at M'Lean's! And with the same initials too!—"G. F." Now, that is droll! Isn't it?'

They all looked at Ferrers—curious, but manifestly unsuspecting; while Sir William chewed his moustache.

'Oh,' laughed Ferrers, maintaining his composure with great resolution, 'that's very likely. Several men wanted copies of the thing, and having plenty of time after we got back to Korti, I did them. It's one of them you must have got. Lady Blencarrow got another, that is now engraved in her husband's book about the expedition.'

'And I paid for it as an original!' exclaimed Drew somewhat ruefully; upon which all laughed—none more heartily than his gorilla-like partner Drumly.

'But why have you signed them all "G. F.," Mr Dawlish?' asked Mrs Drew.

'Well,' said Ferrers, as if embarrassed, 'they are the initials of a nickname my comrades gave me, which I don't think I should utter in—in a drawing-room.'

'Oh,' said Drew and Drumly together; while Sir William laughed and clapped him on the shoulder.

In spite of the success with which he had answered awkward questions, Ferrers was a little anxious: he himself had left at M'Lean's the sketch Drew had bought, and others also. What

if Drew should go and scold M'Lean, and M'Lean should describe the person who had left them? However, he thought, 'Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof.'

But his success in that unlooked-for difficulty helped to make him tolerably at ease over dinner. Moreover, Dolly sat opposite him next Mr Drumly; she looked across at Ferrers very pathetically and tenderly, he thought, and as a consequence his heart was suffused with warmth and his head was charged as with the fumes of wine. He drank some wine, of course; but it was not it that went to his head. Drew insisted on talking of Egypt, and Drumly of Health, and Ferrers replied to both sufficiently. He eloquently enlarged on the chances of Egypt under English rule; of its productiveness; of the patient toil of its fellaheen. He spoke, he declared, as one who knew something of soils, and the soil of Egypt was as fit now to bear corn and rice to feed all England as—he had been told by men who had read a great deal of that kind of thing—it had fed Rome in its ancient days.

'And you think we ought to hold it?' asked Drew, as if hanging on his answer.

'Certainly,' said Ferrers; and Drew leaned back in his chair satisfied.

'By the way, Sir William,' said Drumly, 'I had no idea your son had such a knowledge of agriculture as he seems to have: soils and crops, grains and roots, he appears to know all about. I was saying to him the other day that he ought to persuade you to let him manage the estate. You don't make so much out of it as might be made—do you?'

'No; I'm afraid I don't,' said Sir William, with a vicious snap. 'But before he takes over the whole estate, perhaps he might try his hand at the management of the Home Farm.'

'A good idea,' said Drumly seriously.

'You don't take him, Drumly,' laughed Drew. 'Sir William means, of course, domestic matters. "Home Farm!" Don't you see?'

'See what?' asked Drumly.

'See that Sir William means that the young man had better set up house first.' And he laughed again.

As for Sir William, he sat silent; he nodded, and 'smiled, and smiled, and'—

Ferrers on his part sat—with a fixed smile—for a second or two in dense incomprehension, and when that passed, in a rush of shame and resentment. The sly, roundabout allusion of Drew was to his possible marriage—his, as William Dawlish! With whom? With whom but his *vis-à-vis*!—with Dolly? Was not that plainly declared by the laughter and pointed looks of Drew and Mrs Drew; by the downcast, blushing face of Dolly herself; and even by the meaning smiles and glances exchanged by the servants in waiting? Was that, then, he asked himself in quick thought, the kernel of Sir William's plot?—the consummation towards which he was urging his carefully laid plans? But he could not really mean him—him, George Ferrers!—to marry Dolly! Speculation, however, on all these points set his brain in a whirl, and he recovered with a voice in his ear.

'Potatoes, sir?'

A servant was at his elbow with a dish of vegetables. He helped himself and continued

his dinner. In spite of the doubts and questions that were surging in upon his attention, he must go on playing his part of a person who was not himself, who was probably very unlike himself in nature if not in person.

Having had his mind thus brusquely turned to consider his situation, he regarded it with more concern and uncertainty than had yet troubled him. He was like a soldier who, going fairly and cheerily along, comes to himself to find that he is in the stronghold of the enemy, and, like the soldier, he began to look warily about him. The glances and smiles of the servants a moment before made him note them: what did they think of him?—whom did they take him for?—for their young master?—and if they did, how long it must be since they had seen him, or else how like each other he and the true Will Dawlish must be, or must have been! That last reflection made his flesh creep. Did he really and truly bear a close resemblance to a dead man? And was it because of that resemblance that Sir William had thought he might readily appear in the dead man's place? Imagine his consternation when, as he was thinking thus, Dolly bent a little towards him, and with a glance at the wall behind him, said: 'I have not seen you look so like your portrait before.'

He turned, and saw an oil-painting of a beardless youth of eighteen or so, slim and presumably tall, with a pensive, frightened, and somewhat worn look. The startling thing, however, was that in the set of the hair and in the general cast of the features—except, perhaps, in the thinner and finer modelling of the nose—the portrait of the youth might be taken for a portrait of him, George Ferrers, when young!

'Yes,' said Sir William, with Delphic duplicity, 'he did look very like that then.'

(*To be continued.*)

ANTIQUE CABINETS.

It has been said that there is no furniture for a room to compare with books; and to the man of letters what can be pleasanter than to be surrounded by the friends he loves? But to many connoisseurs and lovers of art, with the exception, perhaps, of a painting, there is no more beautiful decoration for a vacant space than an old-fashioned Cabinet. Some feeling of sentiment lingers round a cabinet, as round a chair. We seem to realise something of the love of nature and of all that was beautiful in life, which inspired the artists of the Renaissance in looking at one of those cabinets, matchless in elegance and perfect in detail, with which the despots of Italy in the middle ages loved to surround themselves. How many memories, too, are associated with our own mahogany presses and cabinets, such as are to be met with in many an old farm or manor house, the drawers of which seem yet to keep a faint scent of rose-leaves or lavender. Pieces of furniture like these have perhaps been handed down from father to son for several generations, and seem to form part of the history of the family. Their secret receptacles and drawers can doubtless account for many lost wills and many mislaid sums of money.

Modern cabinet-making is a very different thing from what it was in early days, when the

master with a few workmen superintended each piece of work, which in this way was never far removed from the designer's eye. At the present day, both here and abroad, furniture-making is to a great extent in the hands of large firms, and much subdivision of labour, and consequent loss of unity of design, is the result. Some loss of artistic effect is also due to the use of machinery.

In former times, especially in Italy and France, cabinet-makers were often men of the greatest skill as artists and designers, and their products were marvels of ingenuity and patience, inspired by a love of art which has always characterised the two nations. Italy was for many years foremost in the production of beautiful specimens of the cabinet-maker's art, often in the shape of stately chairs, caskets, or large coffer enriched with carvings, which contained the clothes and valuables of the family. Marquetry-work was employed in Italy in very early times under the name of 'Tarsia,' the word marquetry being derived from the French verb *marqueter*, to checker or inlay. The Tarsia work of the Renaissance was a kind of mosaic in woods. It consisted in representing houses and other buildings in perspective by inlaying pieces of wood of various colours and shapes into panels of walnut-wood. Chair-backs in the reign of Charles I. in England were decorated in this way, as also wainscots and the panels of doors. It was in the sixteenth century more especially—the 'Cinque-cento' period—that Italian cabinet-work reached the greatest excellence. Not only were cabinets made of carved and painted wood with elaborate gilding, but 'Pietra-dura'-work was largely employed. This consisted of inlaying a piece of furniture with hard pebbles, such as agate, lapis-lazuli, and the like. Gradually, this style of decoration, called Florentine mosaic, became so popular that wood was no longer used except as a simple framework. Of the woods used, ebony was perhaps most in favour; and for inlaying, carved ivory and tortoiseshell were frequently employed.

French cabinet-makers were not slow in copying and, in the end, rivalling the productions of the Italian artists. One of the earliest French cabinets was purchased by Francis I., and was of gilt leather with arabesque designs. Inside were two drawers and a little chapel or oratory. In England, cofferers were still in use, and had hardly as yet developed into the form of a cabinet. Henry VIII. possessed one of them, as we learn from the following entry in the royal accounts: 'Paid William Grene, the King's coffer-maker, for making of a coffer covered with fustyan of Naples, and being full of drawers and boxes lined with red and greene sarcenet, to put in stones of divers sorts—vi. li. xviii. s. and ii. d.'

Catharine de' Medici possessed as many as seven or eight cabinets, and at this period they began to be much prized in France. One belonging to the French king, Henry IV., had a façade of cedar ornamented with eight Corinthian columns of the same wood, with gilt bases and capitals. In the centre appeared in a recess the equestrian figure of the king treading his enemies under foot. Its height was about six feet eight inches. At the death of the fair Gabrielle d'Estrées, the same king directed her favourite cabinet not to be removed or its treasures of jewellery and nick-nacks disturbed. The princely Mazarin is said to

have possessed as many as seventeen cabinets of ebony.

In Germany as well as France cabinet-making attained a great pitch of excellence, and the decoration of furniture was nowhere more elaborately carried out with the help of the goldsmith and the jeweller. The chief seats of the manufacture were at Nuremberg, Dresden, and especially Augsburg. Among German cabinet-makers none were more famous than Hans Schieferstein, in the middle of the sixteenth century; or, later on, Schwanhardt, Kellerthaler, and Ulrich Baumgartner, the last of whom made a cabinet at Augsburg in 1616 for a Duke of Pomerania on which as many as twenty-five artists were engaged.

Another important piece of furniture in the sixteenth century was the sideboard, called in France *dressoir de salle-à-manger*. There were small cupboard with rows of shelves on the top. The old etiquette of France prescribed five steps or shelves to these sideboards for use during meals for queens, four for duchesses or princesses, three for their children, and so forth.

The cabinets of the seventeenth century were generally architectonic compositions, that is to say, following the outlines of buildings—answering to the chimney-pieces with columns or pilasters on the angles and the panels of the doors, carved with little reliefs representing such virtues as Temperance, Prudence, and the like. They were usually of considerable height, and came in large numbers from Flanders, where Mechlin was a chief seat of the trade. The fronts were carved and put together, and then floated down the canals of the Low Countries to Bruges and Antwerp, whence they were often sent to Harwich and other towns on the east coast of England.

In France, the reign of Louis XIV. was especially notable for the attention paid to all branches of the fine arts, and not least to that of cabinet-making. The powerful Colbert established art schools and factories in various parts of the country, among which that of Gobelins was perhaps the most famous, under the direction of the artist Lebrun, and afterwards of Mignard. Now it was that what is known as Buhl-work, which had attained considerable excellence in Italy in earlier days, was made the fashion in the salons of Paris by André Boulle, a carver in wood, born in 1642. This work consists of a design cut out in gold, silver, brass, or other metals, by means of a very fine saw, and then let in or inlaid into ebony or other woods, or into ivory and tortoiseshell. The designs of Boulle's cabinet fronts were partly borrowed from the outlines of antique Roman altars. His cabinets had frequently pedestal tops, on which were placed those stately clocks with arched frames and embossed gilt faces which are so familiar to us. The king, in recognition of Boulle's skill in artistic designs, entrusted him with the furnishing of the palace of Versailles.

No form of decoration for furniture is more effective than marquetry-work, which consists in the inlaying of slices of rare and costly woods, which are fastened down with glue by means of screw presses made to fit the surface to be covered. Sometimes the woods were shaded by means of hot irons or heated sand, which produced brown or dark yellow tints. Other colours, such as green or blue, are obtained by steeping the wood

in various chemical solutions. Occasionally, finely graduated tints can be produced by splitting and laying slices of the same wood with the grain running in different directions. The herringbone style of marquetry was practised in very early times, especially in Italy.

Under the later Stuarts, much French furniture was imported into England, though the old Tudor oak lingered on in country-houses. The decoration of our furniture up to the Revolution had been largely due to carvers, such as Grinling Gibbons. In the reign of William III., when Dutch workmen and Dutch furniture found their way into England, marquetry became common. It is at this period that the furnishing of an English mansion may be said to have been completed. The style of decoration which has been lately revived then came into existence. There was a passion for porcelain à la Chinoise, with quantities of small brackets following the outlines of the panels and mantel-pieces, on each of which stood a small cup or jar. Japanned cabinets were much in fashion, on which were placed the monsters, mandarins, and other pieces of Oriental bric-à-brac in which the age delighted.

Mahogany, which is said to have been first used in carpentry in repairing a ship of Sir Walter Raleigh, did not become commonly employed for furniture in England before the middle of the last century. Other woods of a light colour, such as lime, pear, holly, and beech, were much used. Ebony and other exotic woods had come into more general use in Europe from the end of the seventeenth century, the period when the Dutch settled in Ceylon. Marquetry of ebony inlaid with ivory was made in Italy, and the same wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl in Holland.

The last century produced many talented cabinet-makers in France, chief among whom was Riesener, born near Cologne in 1725, and cabinet-maker to Louis XVI. His work was laid out on a ground of tulip or purple wood, and in patterns of lime, pear, and other light-coloured woods delicately varied. Riesener's work bears his name stamped on some part of it, and fetches a very high price. Another cabinet-maker of note was David Roentgen, more commonly called 'David' simply. A piece of furniture which now became very fashionable was the 'commode,' a kind of low cupboard with drawers and a marble top. It was probably introduced in the early years of the eighteenth century; for the Duchess of Orleans—the mother of the Regent—writing in 1718, describes one which had been given as a present to her daughter by the Duchess of Berry. In the drawers were all kinds of articles of apparel then in fashion. The commode took the place of the old chest or coffer with a lid, which was certainly 'incommodious.' About 1720, commodes were much in demand, for in the fire at Boulle's workshop in that year eighteen of them were burnt, some ornamented with marquetry with bronze mounts. One among the many made for Madame de Pompadour in 1750 was 'lacquered with pagodas, ornamented with gilt bronze, and the drawers lined with embroidered satin.' This cost two thousand four hundred livres—a large sum in these days. Another favourite ornament was the 'console' table, which was fixed against the wall,

and made of carved and gilt wood with a marble top.

The general style of the 'Louis Seize' period in furniture consists of mounts or decorative edgings, borders, lockplates, and so on, applied to wood carefully veneered. Sometimes furniture was made up with panels of Chinese lacwork—which caused many Oriental cabinets to be taken to pieces—or with panels of Sèvres porcelain or with porcelain cameos, such as our own Wedgwood produced.

China medallions were much used from the reign of Louis XV., who was the founder of the porcelain manufactories of France. A well-known artist in metal-work applied to the cabinets and other furniture of this period was Gouthière, whose mounts were cast in bronze thickly gilt and carefully chased. His subjects were little Cupids or grotesque figures modelled from nature. Robert Martin, born in 1706, introduced the fine lac polish with which much of the furniture of this age was adorned, and which bears the name of 'Vernis Martin,' though probably enough the secret of the process was derived from Japan, through some of the missionaries who had resided there before the occurrence of the great massacres which closed Japan to all but the Dutch traders. Martin and his brothers painted and polished furniture of all kinds, from carriages and wardrobes to fans and snuff-boxes, frequently employing good miniature painters for the designs of Cupids and shepherdesses with which their work is ornamented.

In our own country, the eighteenth century also produced some well-known cabinet-makers. The brothers Adam, whose relationship is commemorated in the block of buildings erected by them between the Strand and the Thames, and called the Adelphi, excelled not only in architecture, but in designing cabinets, sideboards with elegant urn-shaped knife-boxes, console-tables, and the like. Thomas Chippendale came up to London from Worcestershire in the reign of George I., and established himself as a furniture-maker in St Martin's Lane. He published several works, and his designs became so well known, that much of the mahogany furniture of the last century is loosely called by his name whether made by him or not. Designs showing still greater taste and delicacy were produced by Heppelwhite and Sheraton a quarter of a century later.

During the last half of the century, satinwood was very fashionable for tables, harpsichord cases, and the like, which were often embellished with medallions or cameo ornaments, and borders painted by Cipriani or Angelica Kauffman. The discoveries at Herculaneum and Pompeii gave an impetus to classical ideas as applied to the decoration of furniture; and the French Revolution, followed by the long war, partially destroyed most of the artistic manufactures of France. During the rule of the First Napoleon, a new style, known as the 'Empire,' grew up, and is distinguished by a certain stiffness and affectation of classicism shown in the metal mounts of its veneered mahogany furniture, and in the carvings of the legs and backs of chairs. Some years later, a return was made in France to the style of the seventeenth century. In recent years in our own country we have gone back to the

fashions prevalent during the first half of the last century; while the style most copied in France has been that of the 'Louis Seize' period.

The modern cabinet trade is a very scattered one. In London alone it has been calculated that there are upwards of thirty-three thousand cabinet-makers, living chiefly at Shoreditch and Bethnal Green, at which latter place most of the old weavers' homes are nowadays inhabited by furniture-makers. A great many Polish and German Jews earn their living in this trade, while Italians and French are much employed for work of the higher class. The demand for cheap furniture is responsible for much badly-finished work, in which nailing takes the place of dovetailing, veneer is of the thinnest character, and the glue-pot covers all deficiencies. At the present day, though much furniture of considerable excellence is produced by the well-known firms, we suffer greatly from having no style that can be said to distinguish our country or the age in which we live. The cheapness, too, of modern furniture, while a considerable boon to the poorer classes, is not productive of skilled workmanship; and great competition added to unlovely surroundings have left little room for the taste and love of art for its own sake which once distinguished the cabinet-maker's trade.

THE TROUBLE AT GREAT BUCEPHALUS.

CHAPTER IV.

THE detour occasioned by the 'Eltran outfit' leaving the road to Strapley's Mills so much prolonged the journey that the party were two nights on the plains ere they reached Ophirville, greatly to the terror of little Mrs Boytell and her sister, who were less used to such experiences than were the Eltrons; and not a little also, it must honestly be confessed, to the scaring of Boytell himself, who lay awake half the night, listening to the bark of the coyote or prairie wolf, and, what was even worse, watching the movements of objects and shadows which only existed in his own imagination, but which are always to be seen by those who are new to the prairie, who will also hear a host of vague ominous sounds, alike fanciful.

Eltran and Trayle felt more anxiety during the day; and the sight of a solitary Indian horseman would have been to them a hundredfold more alarming than any vague or 'creepy' sights and sounds. Happily, no interruption occurred, and the little cavalcade arrived at Ophirville in safety. Here they soon heard enough to show them what dangers they had escaped. Two wagon trains which followed them had been attacked near Three Water Ford and almost every soul slaughtered. One or two escaped by the swiftness of their horses, and the reports they gave were such as are related of every Indian massacre, but which need not be repeated here.

Yet some farther events arose from this slaughter. The spirit-seller—or one of them, for there were several such at Great Bucephalus—had decided to remove the best of his stock; so one of his wagons was partly laden with brandy and

whisky, objects literally priceless in an Indian's eyes, for he must not buy them, nor dare any one sell them to him. This wagon was captured by the savages, and the debauch which followed can easily be imagined; but it had one unlooked-for result. The infuriated warriors resolved upon then and there attacking Strapley's Mills, which they did with less of the craft, and what in other bodies would be called cowardice, than usually mark Indian approaches. The result was a complete and disastrous defeat. Many of the Indians, both warriors and squaws—for all alike had drunk the fire-water—were killed; no other words are required to express their fate. To be wounded or prisoner meant the same thing—death. The white man in such a contest is as merciless as even his Indian enemy; he feels that chivalry, or even a shred of humanity, would be thrown away upon such brutal adversaries. No evidence can be stronger of this than that white men will often use the hideous scalping-knife as readily as the Indians themselves.

Some great chief had been killed in the attack on the Mills; it was not certain who this was, as his body had been removed; but while some averred it was old Simon himself, others, who professed to be as well informed, declared that it was a white man, one who had been prominent in the attack upon the wagons, and who was, there could be little doubt, Adobe Rube.

To have got rid of either of these men would assuredly be a great benefit to the district; but for all that, a sort of hope was afloat that it was not Rube. It was felt that to be killed in open combat was not the fate which should have been reserved for him; so that, strangely enough, many a man who would have rejoiced in aiding at his death, regretted to hear that he had really gone.

News also came from Great Bucephalus, which showed that the exodus from thence was made none too early. It was attacked on the day after the fight at Strapley's Mills, perhaps by the same party, for the assault was not so fierce or so well sustained, the redskins seeming only half-hearted. However, they burnt the greater part of the town, but did no more, beyond keeping up a kind of desultory siege of the houses in which the few remaining inhabitants had taken refuge; a siege in which only a few casualties occurred, and which only lasted one day. After nightfall, the Indians disappeared, and the unfortunate citizens were at liberty to rescue all that might be saved—it was but little—from the wrecked town.

The loss of so many acquaintances, and the disaster which had fallen upon what had so lately been their home, could not but affect the Eltrons and Phil Trayle—Boytell and the other new arrivals were horrified—but out West the spirits are elastic, and even such a tragedy as this was soon remembered only as those in other communities remember great railway accidents, large fires, and the like.

Eltran soon found a store to suit him. Boytell, as had been proposed, secured a ranch just beyond the city, in which he intended to dispose of his produce. For this, the demand, it was confidently prophesied, would soon be much greater than the present means of supply could meet. This was in accordance with previous

arrangements; but, much to the surprise of the Eltrons, Phil Trayle unexpectedly declared his intention of living on the ranch and sharing in that speculation. Perhaps Mrs Eltran, having keener perception in certain matters, as becomes a woman, was not altogether so much surprised as was her husband. Whatever might have been the latter's opinion at first, he soon became aware that Agatha, his wife's sister, was the great attraction which drew the young fellow to the farm. Had there been a possibility of doubt upon this subject, an early and particularly straightforward declaration of his views, which Phil made to his partner, and had no doubt previously made to the young lady, quite settled the matter. There were not many obstacles likely to be in Phil's way, for all liked him; he was a strapping, good-looking young man, and—a consideration not to be wholly ignored in these prosaic days—was much richer than any of his present friends. So in his case the course of true love ran smoothly enough. We are not concerned with the details; but it may be easily imagined that these were sufficiently absorbing to concentrate the thoughts of the young people on themselves.

Yet some tidings occasionally floated in from Great Bucephalus. An attempt had been made, it appeared, to revive the city; but this had not been successful, and the place only held a handful of inhabitants. Then some reports came in, having reference to Adobe Rube, who was at first declared certainly to have been killed at Strapley's Mills; then, with equal positiveness, it was said that he had been killed and scalped by his Indian allies, some of whom he had shot in a paroxysm of drunken fury. Then, this again was superseded by his supposed identification with one Richard Gately, who had been lynched at a town some two hundred miles distant; an eye-witness was said to have recognised him. Of Minnie nothing was heard; and whichever of the stories, if any, was true, her fate seemed equally pitiable, and the inmates of the Eltran store often spoke of the poor girl.

Ophirville was to be in time to come a great mart and trading centre; at present it fell short of this, and the old struggles had to be renewed by Eltran. Yet it was better than Great Bucephalus; and there really seemed some reason to hope that when the gold-fields were fully developed, the town—and by consequence, the farms—would prosper. The only drawback was that the process might be too tedious for poor Eltran's reduced capital; but he hoped for the best; and meanwhile he and his friends lived peaceably and quietly in the new neighbourhood.

Nevertheless, some little roughness occurred among the miners, and a few trifling disputes arose, at first settled by means of revolver or bowie-knife; but these were afterwards supplemented by the action of Vigilance Committees. The Ophirville gold-fields had much the same stories to tell as have always been told in such places, yet they were so far from being the worst of their kind, that a compliment to the law-abiding citizens who congregated there was expected to form a part, and did form a part, of every public speech delivered in the community.

Chiefly by the patronage of this law-abiding community, Eltran, with his friends Boytell and Trayle, continued to keep afloat; and, justified rather by hope than by actual success, the marriage of the last named with Miss Agatha was fixed for an early date, and Mrs Eltran had arrived at the ranch to give her help till the wedding was over. Agatha, had she been so disposed, could have made a selection from several swains; for eligible brides being scarce in Ophirville, none of the few who did arrive remained there long before the services of the magistrate, the official 'Squire,' were called into requisition.

The day fixed for the wedding was only a week distant, when one morning there rode up to the ranch a man who had come straight from the gold-fields, and he told of an unusually sanguinary affray which had taken place there, and was not likely, he thought, to die out for a day or two; for the miners had determined to drive away or extirpate the whole of a notorious gang of thieves, gamblers, and suspected murderers, who had long been a terror and a nuisance to the law-abiding citizens aforesaid.

Trayle had intended to ride over to the gold-fields that day; but on hearing this story, he faltered in his resolve. He was as fearless a Yankee as ever left the State of New Jersey, and had shown 'real grit' on more than one occasion; nevertheless, when a man is in love and is to be married within a week, he is apt rather to prefer the keeping out of broils than the seeking for them; so it was with Philip Trayle. In lieu of the intended trip, he rode with his friend Boytell to a village—if any villages exist out West—where they would probably do a smaller but safer trade than in the excited gold-fields, and from which they could return on the same night.

So Mrs Boytell, Mrs Eltran, and Agatha were with the children and servants—the helps—left at the ranch; but this was no matter of dread with them. Their men were both armed, and some powerful dogs formed guards almost as formidable; yet, when the quickly closing-in nightfall had come, and all was silence and blackness without, the sudden and fierce baying of the dogs, which announced a strange step, startled the women. One of the men opened a door, and evidently held a brief parley with somebody; then coming to the sitting-room, said that a man, a stranger, wished to see Mrs Eltran, and must see her at once. 'He has got the real grit,' added the speaker; 'and the dogs know it, for the two Texas hounds went for him; but they are frightened of his voice, and have slunk back, and daren't come anigh. Will you come and see him, madam?'

A good deal surprised by this visit, Mrs Eltran nevertheless agreed to see the stranger, who had refused to come in; and so, accompanied by Agatha, she went to the door. The two men, each, almost of course, holding a rifle, remained in sight, although not in hearing.

The night, though dark, was clear, and Mrs Eltran could see the visitor pretty distinctly, and she could also see the two savage hounds, which, as the labourer had said, were watching the man from a distance. Mrs Eltran began

an inquiry as to the occasion of this call; but the stranger interrupted.

'Do you not remember me?' he said.

'N-no,' replied the lady; but her voice faltered as she spoke.

The man noted this, and there was a harsh smile on his features as he continued: 'Yet you think I am considerable like 'Doby Rube, who has been, or who ought to have been, lynched half-a-dozen times. You are right, madam; it is Rube.'

'I know you now!' exclaimed Mrs Eltran. 'Come into the house, and then you can'—

'No,' said the man firmly. 'I am not presentable now. You would see more bruises and blood-stains than would be pleasant. My time, too, is short. I stand on the edge of a precipice while I talk here; but I must confide in you here and your friends. There are not many other persons in all the wide world beside whom I dare trust. I want you to do me a great favour; it is the last I shall ever ask of any one. I want you, Mrs Eltran, to do what you once did for me before—I want you to take and look after my Minnie.'

'I am sure we should all do everything in our power for the child,' said Mrs Eltran; and Agatha added: 'We have all heard of her and her gentle ways; and we all love her, and have grieved for her. My brother has tried in vain to find her: he thought she had gone to another State, or perhaps'—

'Or perhaps, with her father, was dead,' said Rube, finishing the sentence. 'Yet, madam, I have lived within twenty miles of Great Bucephalus all the time. I was one of the leaders of Jornel's band. Have you ever heard of Jornel?'

The frightened repetition of the name, and the woman's involuntary shudder, sufficiently answered the question, for to the account of this the most notorious gang of desperadoes on the frontier were laid half the crimes of the district, crimes always of the cruellest and most sanguinary character; and this was the band to exterminate which the miners had combined.

'But we are played out now,' continued the man; 'we have had a fuss at the gold-washings; the alcalde is killed, and all the county is roused. I reckon most of the band will be cleaned out right away; and so I wish to give my Minnie once more into your charge if you will take her. She shall be no expense to you, although she is the daughter of 'Doby Rube.'

'If we can do anything to help or protect the poor child,' began Mrs Eltran, 'we shall not look for payment, or'—

'My time is too short for argument,' abruptly recommenced Rube. 'Here are the title-papers for a section of land close by Bucephalus. Your friends did not know it; but the Indians did, and I do, that the spot of which this is the centre is the richest gold-bearing earth on this continent; and Minnie will be an heiress by owning half of it; for I wish her guardians to divide it with her. This bag is not for Minnie; it is a present for the three ladies.—You need not hesitate to accept it,' he said, as Mrs Eltran drew back; 'this at anyrate has no taint of blood or crime upon it. Minnie's address is in there, with an order to the woman in whose care she is to give her up.—I have often thought of taking her into the States to school; I wish I had

done so; but it is too late now. I shall never see her blue eyes and fair hair again. I loved her better than you may think possible, and if her mother had lived— Do not let her know, if you can help it,' he said, raising his voice, 'what a bad man her father was; his only merit was in being fond of her.'

'But why need you bid her such a farewell?' urged Mrs Eltran. 'You should leave this district, and take her to school, as you have just said, and then you might live, I hope, a better life. If we gave you shelter until'—

'If you did so,' exclaimed Rube, 'the men whom I can see at the end of this lobby would give me up to the sheriff, or shoot me at once, directly they learned who I was. Besides, madam, I cannot desert my comrades. Indeed, I doubt if I could get away from the territory, even if I tried, for the alarm has been sent out for a hundred miles round. They mean clearing off Jornel's band, and we will all live or die together. The sheriff may be here at any minute, to call out your husband and Philip Trayle; and I should not like to cause a fight in your doors, so I will go. Even from such a wretch as I am, a blessing may be given to my innocent Minnie; and if my good wishes for you and yours can avail, I give them heartily.—Good-bye; you will never see Adobe Rube again.' He turned as he concluded his speech, and in another instant had disappeared in the darkness, the Texas dogs uttering a savage growl in farewell. And his words were fully realised.

Adobe Rube was never again seen by any of the characters who have figured in our story. And excepting for the information he had given that night, it would have been difficult to guess his fate.

Boytell and Trayle when they came home brought ample confirmation of the excitement and indignation caused by the murder of the alcalde, or justice, and how the fiery cross, it might be said, had been sent out. That Jornel's band would be surrounded and no quarter given or taken in the fight, was considered as certain; and it was evident that Trayle, and perhaps even Boytell, had a hankering to join in the sport, the former strongly doubting as to whether a full-blooded white Yankee citizen ought to stay away from such important legal proceedings.

When they heard who had been a visitor during their absence, they could not but rejoice at having missed him, as they had heard so much of the outrages of the gang, that they could scarcely have allowed him to depart. An examination of the articles left by Rube showed that the title to the land was sufficiently correct; and there was, moreover, a kind of will, signed by Rube, but drawn up in a more clerkly hand than the outlaw was likely to boast, giving certain effects to Minnie.

This property, it appeared, was stored at the farmhouse which was the girl's temporary home. The document went on to ask Mr and Mrs Eltran to adopt the child, and gave to them and their friends at the farm a bag of rough uncut jewels—the same, no doubt, that he had now brought.

No time was lost in finding Minnie, who wept with delight on seeing her kind friends again; and on finding that they had come to take her from the unutterably dull and solitary hut which

far up, in some almost pathless hills, was her abiding-place. But ere the little party had returned to Ophirville with their charge, they heard news on the way, which, happily, poor Minnie never learned.

It is not worth while to dilate upon it here; the history and catastrophe was only one out of many frontier examples; but whatever scourges might arise in the future, Jornel's band was gone, 'played out,' as Rube had said; and the law-abiding citizens who had shot or hanged fifteen or sixteen of them in one day, rejoiced, as such peace-lovers should do, while seated under their vines and fig-trees.

There was nothing to surprise in this; but a double surprise was in store for Eltran and his friends. Amidst almost general ridicule, and openly expressed jeers, they took possession of and proceeded to explore the ground at Great Bucephalus, and, almost in the first washings, proof was given that Minnie was indeed an heiress. The child had happily fallen into honourable, kindly hands. She was sent to a good school in Philadelphia, two thousand miles away from the scene of her father's wild career and death; but she believed he had died a miner, after running the usual course of a miner's life. This she believed; and so did her husband, for she married early, as girls generally do in 'the States.'

The other surprise to which reference has been made was the amazing value of the parcel of precious stones which Rube had given to the guardians of his daughter. These consisted not only of the magnificent garnets for which the country was famed, or the beautiful moss agate found there, but of the finest rubies and emeralds also, some of them being of almost priceless value. These had never before been met with there, or within thousands of miles. The Indians perhaps knew where to get them; but they kept the secret, if it were theirs to keep. Be that as it may, the gems were so valuable that on the advice of experts they were sent to Holland for cutting and sale, the proceeds fully securing the prosperity of the 'Eltran outfit,' which of course included Boytell and Trayle. These all held on until Ophirville grew quite the central point of an important district, and until their stores and their farms were famed for a hundred miles round.

PENSIONED LIFE-GUARDSMEN.

PROBABLY many people who have stood admiringly gazing at the massive mounted cuirassiers within the boxes at the Horse Guards, or have seen the glittering escorts of Household Cavalry on duty on some state occasion, may have experienced a passing feeling of curiosity as to what becomes of those sons of Anak after they have retired into civil life. When they have finally doffed the plumed helmet, breastplate, buckskins, and jack-boots, and handed them into the troop-store—from which establishment the articles are issued to juvenile successors—when they receive their discharges, and make tracks out of the barrack gate, attired in the prosaic raiment of ordinary citizens—to what vocations, generally

speaking, do those giants betake themselves? In our article we shall endeavour to throw some light on the subject; but we shall only deal with the veterans who have put in their allotted span of twenty-one years, and not with the hosts of younger life-guardsmen who purchase their discharges, are invalided, or leave at their 'twelve.' In passing, we may mention that the last class is largely absorbed into the police and railway services.

With civil life comes plain attire. Perhaps the non-commissioned officer especially resigns his gorgeous aiguillettes and embroidered tunic and cap with something like a pang. 'Gold-lace has a charm for the fair,' says Mr W. S. Gilbert in *Patience*; therefore, the admiring looks of the gentler sex are probably lost to him for ever. It is sad to think that never again may he be fated to hear, while stalking along the street, arrayed in a coat resplendent with auriferous trimming, Mary Jane's ecstatic exclamation to Susan her companion: 'My eye—what a gor'jus, 'andsome man!'

The time-expired trooper, on the other hand, if he be at his ordinary duty, hears—with possibly a fervently ejaculated 'Domino!—the order 'Leave stables,' the last time for him, with considerable satisfaction. No more for him in this life, Queen's and barrack guards, escorts, levées, drawing-rooms, or field-days, with the accompaniments of endless grooming, polishing, burnishing, and pipeclaying. He receives his 'ticket,' as it is termed in martial slang, disposes of the articles of his cleaning kit to the highest bidders, stands a few pots of beer to his late comrades in the canteen, bids them farewell, and provided with the sinews of war in the shape of 'deferred pay,' hastens from the arena in which he has spent over two decades of his existence to the greater world outside barracks, in order to revel in the delights and comparative irresponsibility of civil life.

About the pensioned Life-guardsmen's future career. Well, though he may have been non-commissioned officer or private, the function of Cerberus constitutes the avocation which he fills fitly and naturally. Who more suited for the post of hall or gate keeper than an erect, burly, florid-faced, heavy-moustached, six-foot veteran? His martial training inclines him to perform his often automatic work with a stern sense of discipline, and a composed dignity that impresses all who come into contact with him. As Cerberus, he is the right man in the right place; he is the model of punctuality, and is always ready when wanted. He is civil in demeanour, but a trifle stand-offish when familiarly addressed by a flip-pant stranger. However, he is a man who, though possessed of a proper sense of his own importance, is—to quote from a popular music-hall ditty—'All right when you know him, but you've got to know him first.'

Bullamy, the haughty but respectful porter of the shady Anglo-Bengalee Disinterested Loan and Life-assurance Association, as described in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, who started and awed onlookers by bellowing lustily, 'Room for the Chairman of the Board, Gentle MEN,' was scarcely tall enough for an ex-life-guardsmen, though, judging from that worthy's characteristics, he ought to have been one. Perhaps Mr Bullamy, after all, was but

a trumpery imitator, and a weak copy of some quondam cuirassier of his day and generation. But as far as pomposity of style is concerned, Bullamy has a host of ponderous after-types in the ranks of contemporaneous liveried porters, who have been put through the goose-step on the barrack squares of Albany Street, Knights-bridge, or Windsor.

Again, the retired life-guardsmen—usually in this case a man who has worn the chevrons—is greatly in request as the custodian of public parks and garden enclosures. His enormous trained lung-power, erst exercised in his lusty hectoring of recruits on the square, or in bellowed commands to his troop, at this occupation comes in handy. The volume of sound he can emit, while bawling from a distance, at trespassers and evil-doers in the shape of predatory children, seldom fails to strike such juvenile aggressors with awe. Possibly, in an obscure street close at hand, our friend's wife may keep a small general shop. There, when his day's labour is at an end, and the keys are turned in the gate-locks of the horticultural tract he guards with such jealous care, the stern keeper puts off his dignity and his livery at the same time. At intervals during the evening he may actually condescend to serve at the counter, and chat with many dowdy ladies, the helpmates of the horny-handed fraternity, with quite a charming display of affability.

A number of twenty-one years' life-guardsmen become attached to the corps of Commissionaires; but such have to conform to the discipline and usages of that useful body, and call for no special remark. A few pensioners, who have either saved money, or have been fortunate enough to marry wives possessed of a balance in the bank, start public-houses. Needless to say any such hostelry has a magnetic attraction to all the ex-warriors who have belonged to the same corps as the landlord. There they habitually assemble, and chat over old matters regimental.

One or two discharged privates are appointed barracks-sweepers, and in a semi-official capacity accompany their corps from place to place, just as they did while on the active strength. Another small contingent, usually broken-down fogies who have come to grief after leaving, hang about their former comrades, and earn a precarious livelihood by doing any odd job, from getting a private ready for guard, to taking an occasional watch or chain or ring to a pawnshop, or redeeming the same.

The officers are generally willing to recommend a deserving and trustworthy pensioner when he applies for a berth; but, all the same, they are reported seldom to interest themselves in procuring him one. Their servants, however, are usually well provided for. Such functionaries are frequently relegated to the ancestral homes of those patrician commissioned gentlemen, where they figure as valets, footmen, and so forth. Ex-servants who have been lucky enough to wed ladies endowed with genius in the direction of 'managing,' have been actually known to attain the social altitude of Bloomsbury boarding-house keepers.

Many of the smartest of the non-commissioned officers, in common with men holding similar ranks in other cavalry corps, are appointed to

troops of provincial yeomanry regiments. One or two others, obtaining the posts by extra-special influence, don the Tudor costume, and as Yeomen of the Guard do duty at the Tower and on State ceremonial.

The farriers, as a rule, stick to their particular profession, and, when discharged, start forges all over London. The bandsmen, who, as is well known, are picked and highly-trained musicians, on retirement carry on the engagements in the orchestras of theatres, music-halls, &c., that they may have held throughout their regimental careers. At times the bands of their old corps may enter upon an important provincial engagement, when, for various reasons, the strength requires to be temporarily augmented. Then, by special Horse Guards authority, the services of those pensioned musicians were requisitioned, and again they attired themselves in the uniforms of their former regiments. A recently issued order, however, has withdrawn this privilege, which may have the effect of preventing the bands of the Household brigade from accepting provincial engagements.

The commanding officers of the corps of Household Cavalry possess the power of summarily, and without the preliminary of a court-martial, disposing of a ne'er-do-well by simply having his discharge put in his hand, which is endorsed with the somewhat indefinite statement, 'Services no longer required,' and ordering him to be walked out of the barrack gate. Excepting troopers who have contracted chronic bibulous habits, a good deal is condoned in respect of offences purely military. But the weeding-out process is rigorously resorted to should a man get himself into any trouble with the civil authorities outside, in a way likely to affect the high character of his corps. Then off he is packed with but scant ceremony. Thus each man who has put in his twenty-one years must of necessity have been of steady habits, and such characteristics he generally imports into civil life. A few men after discharge may go to the bad; but it is safe to say that a good ninety-five per cent. of those pensioned cuirassiers are men of unexceptionable respectability. Several—usually men of advanced age, who are incapacitated for work, and have no income but their meagre pensions—wisely seek refuge within the sheltering walls of Chelsea Royal Military Hospital.

The average ex-life-guardsman retains a fondness for porter, a humble beverage, that to him conjures up many reminiscences of his rollicky experiences of the canteen. He usually imbibes in moderation, however, unless when he meets an old comrade, or indulges in an excusable outbreak on pension days. Though not an active politician, he, like most retired warriors, has a distinct leaning towards Conservatism. For him former associations possess a perennial charm. If opportunity permits, he loves to witness any State procession at which his old regiment is on duty. His position as an irresponsible onlooker is unique and delightful, and when the affair is over, he turns away with presumably the satisfactory knowledge that he is exempted from a good four or five hours' grooming and cleaning.

The majority of pensioned cuirassiers—though originally they may have been recruited direct

for the Household Cavalry from all parts of the three kingdoms, or have been transferred from marching regiments, as many men are who are physically eligible—remain in London. Probably in the metropolis they have more immediate chances of employment on being discharged. Again, being mostly hampered with families, difficulties are thus thrown in the way of going afield to seek their fortunes.

There is but little intercourse between ex-members of the different regiments in the brigade of Household Cavalry, possibly because they saw comparatively little of each other during their term of service. But the men of any one corps are very gregarious. If they are too far apart to forgather in any particular inn, they are sure to meet in the canteen some time or other when the old regiment is quartered in London. The parchment certificate of discharge also places non-commissioned officers and troopers on a level, socially speaking. Thus, close friendships are often subsequently formed between the pensioned representatives of those grades, which, by reason of the restrictions necessarily imposed by military discipline, had been made impossible while they were on the active strength.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE Zoological Society of London has received from Professor Stirling, of the university of Adelaide, a water-colour drawing of the newly discovered Marsupial Mole ('*Notoryctes Typhlops*'), and the picture is on view at the Society's library. Only two or three of these curious animals have as yet been found, for they seem to be confined to one district, are extremely difficult to track, and can only be found after rain, when the sand is moist enough to retain the markings of their feet. Very few white men have ever seen this strange creature, whose business in life seems to be perpetual burrowing. Professor Stirling says that 'in penetrating the soil, free use as a borer is made of the conical snout with its horny projecting shield, and the powerful scoop-like claws (fore) are also early brought into play. As it disappears from sight, the hind limbs as well are used to throw the sand backwards, which falls in again behind it as it goes, so that no permanent tunnel is left to mark its course.' The drawing of this animal, the discovery of which is one of the most important made in recent zoology, is to be brought before a meeting of the Society later in the year.

The Electrical Exhibition, to be opened at the Crystal Palace in January next, promises to be the most complete display of its kind which has ever been known. It will be International in character, and will include in its sections everything which has the remotest connection with electrical science. A most complete collection of instruments illustrating the history of the electric telegraph from its first inception to present times will be shown by the Government,

and this part of the Exhibition will be arranged under the direction of Mr W. H. Preece.

At the 'World's Fair' at Chicago it has been decided that the various buildings shall be decorated with a composition known as 'Staff.' This is a mixture of plaster of Paris, alumina, dextrine, and glycerine, is of French origin, and was first used at the Paris Exhibition of 1878. The various constituents are mixed, like ordinary plaster, with cold water and allowed to harden in moulds. The composition is quite waterproof, and to correct any tendency to brittleness the castings are backed by some textile material such as coarse canvas. The colour of the material is dirty white, but it can of course be tinted to any hue that may be required.

Some interesting particulars regarding the ostrich are contained in a paper recently read before the Royal Society of Tasmania by Mr James Andrew. During the nesting season, the male bird is so pugnacious that it is dangerous to go anywhere near him. His method of attack is by kicking; and as his powerful foot is armed with a formidable nail, he can do great damage by bringing it down upon his opponent. A blow with the flat of the foot is terrible enough; but the nail has a ripping action which is far worse. Instances are adduced where a man has been killed by one blow from this awful foot; and in another case a horse's back was broken by a blow aimed at its rider. When a man is attacked, it is useless to seek safety in flight, for the bird can overtake him in an instant. The only way is to lie down flat on the ground and take the punishment until chance offers an opportunity of escape. If the bird is seized by the neck and his head tightly held down, he is rendered comparatively powerless.

An American paper recently published an interesting article on 'The Colour of Snakes as affected by Climatic Influences.' From observations made, it would seem that the colour of these reptiles will always partake more or less of the natural tints around them. Thus, when the soil is of a reddish colour, the diamond rattlesnake is reddish in his markings, and of far lighter hue generally than the same snake found in the dark woods of Demerara. The puff adder gives us another example of colours coinciding with local tints, for when this deadly creature finds its home upon the lower lands near the sea, it is pale and dirty-looking. Not so, however, when it comes from the higher ground, among more brilliant surroundings, for here he appears in the brightest yellow and black which can be conceived. The pattern upon the skin of each species seems to be preserved, and it is the colouring only which varies with locality.

Hydrofluoric acid is the agent commonly used for etching glass, and for giving it that ornamental frosted appearance which is so commonly seen in the windows of offices and public buildings. But the acid has a most deleterious effect upon the health of the workmen employed in glass factories, unless special precautions be taken to carry away its fumes. The harmful effects produced by the acid vapours are exhibited in attacks of vertigo, malaise, and dyspepsia. At certain works under the supervision of the factory inspectors of Grätz, the workmen have repeatedly

complained of illness; and inquiry proved that the precautions taken against inhalation of the acid were not sufficient. Each man worked with india-rubber gloves, and with hands inserted in a box furnished with a pipe to carry off the noxious fumes; but the heavy gas was found to collect in the workrooms in spite of this device for its extermination.

In the year 1857, the French engineer, M. Jus, demonstrated that that portion of the Sahara Desert included within the area of French Algeria contained large underground supplies of water; and the number of wells bored since that time in the departments of Algiers, Oran, and Constantine amounts to more than thirteen thousand. These wells vary from one hundred to four hundred feet in depth; and the pressure of the water forces it a couple of feet above the surface of the ground. It is then led into ditches, and is carried in this way to the vineyards, date-trees, and wheat-fields. No fewer than twelve million acres of barren land have been made fruitful in this way, an enterprise representing perhaps the most remarkable example of irrigation by means of artesian wells which can anywhere be found. Algeria owes to this method of cultivation that it is becoming a most important wine-producing country, as may be gauged from the fact that it sent to France in 1886 ten and a half millions of gallons.

It is an unavoidable feature of war-ship construction that a new design quickly becomes obsolete, and as a matter of course there are always a number of ships on hand which in the case of war would be quite eclipsed by more modern patterns. Captain Cressy, R.N., has made a suggestion to the Admiralty regarding these vessels, which seems to be worthy of consideration. He proposes that, instead of breaking up these iron-plated monsters when they are condemned as being unfit for further service, they should be utilised in the construction of breakwaters. The vessels could be filled with heavy concrete or other material at the point where the breakwater was required, and sunk so as to form a base around which further construction could be carried out. We presume that the acceptance of the proposal would be determined by the value of the materials comprised in a ship of this type.

A simple method of cleaning plaster busts and statues has lately been published; but it is applicable only in those cases where the plaster has not been painted, waxed, or treated with any other impervious coating. The article is inverted and filled with water, which gradually percolates through the plaster, and carries all dirt from its pores, the action being helped by washing the surface with water and a soft brush. The plaster is soon restored to its original whiteness, but to secure this result, the water employed must be quite free from iron.

There have been published within the last few years numerous alleged cures for consumption, and the last one—Koch's tuberculosis remedy—has given rise to an immense amount of controversy. But prevention is always better than cure, and those who unfortunately feel an active interest in the subject, either on their own account or because of some near one, will do well to study the remarks of Mr G. W. Humbleton at the

recent meeting of the British Association. This gentleman pointed out that this disease of civilised life was produced by causes which tended to reduce the breathing capacity below a certain level. To avoid it, the work which the individual had to perform should be carried on under conditions favourable to the body. Every effort should be made to develop the lungs, both by athletics and active exercise in the open air. Occupations which involved stooping and cramped positions should be avoided, and corsets and tightly-fitting garments discarded. Close and badly-ventilated rooms, especially sleeping apartments, are pronounced against; wool should be worn next the skin; the body should be held erect; and deep inspirations in breathing should be taken through the nose. This is valuable advice; but it is difficult to persuade others to avail themselves of it. Among many classes, the fresh air of heaven is too often shut out as if it were a dangerous poison.

An American physician advocates the vapour of vinegar as a valuable remedy in croup. The liquid is put into a pan, placed on heated bricks or irons, so that the air of the sick-room becomes speedily saturated with it. This seems to be a partial revival of old ideas, for the vinaigrette used to be commonly carried by ladies as a remedy against faintness. But it may possibly be serviceable in the new way indicated.

'The harmless necessary cat' is just now in rather bad odour with a member of the Zoological Society of France, who has recently called attention to the serious diminution of birds in that country through the depredations principally of pussy. Of course, boys must be credited with a great deal of the mischief; and the hedgehog, squirrel, dormouse, and other natural assailants of birds must also receive their fair share of blame. But the cat is the worst offender of all. On a certain estate where thirty-seven birds' nests were watched, only eight produced a brood of young, fourteen of the twenty-nine destroyed falling to the hunting propensities of the cat. A tax on cats would perhaps have the effect of weeding out a few of these marauders.

Those with only an elementary knowledge of chemistry are aware that there are more than forty recognised metals. A large number of these can only be regarded as curiosities of the laboratory, for there is no specific use for them; indeed, they are found in nature in such minute quantities that some of them are far more precious than gold. Among these rare metals is wolfram or tungsten, a use for which has been found since guns of enormous calibre came into vogue. It is unfortunately a matter of common knowledge that these guns are liable to fracture; but it has been found that by adding a very small percentage of tungsten to the fine steel of which the inner lining is made, an elasticity is conferred upon the metal which it did not possess before, so that it will bear alternate expansion and contraction under heavy charges without giving way. Tungsten is a white metal of very brittle quality, and its specific gravity is only a trifle less than that of gold.

It is reported that the astronomers at the Lick Observatory, who have at their disposal the largest telescope in the world, have detected certain appearances on the moon's surface which have

never been seen before. A luminous spot, for example, which appears on one of the lunar mountains has an exact resemblance to snow; yet the orb has always been regarded as a dead world without atmosphere, and snow would under such conditions be impossible.

A preparation of eucalyptus, consisting of a mixture of certain antiseptics in the essential oil of the plant, and known as 'Tucker's Eucalyptus Disinfectant,' is highly spoken of by a medical writer in *Nature*. He says that for the past two years he has used this preparation in all cases of scarlet fever and diphtheria, rubbing the disinfectant over the whole body twice, and then once a day for ten days, and has not had one case of infection. He also gives the experiences of other doctors in confirmation of his own, and tells how in one instance a child having scarlet fever and treated in this way failed to infect two healthy children who for eight days occupied the same room with the little patient. The two diseases named are so justly dreaded because of their fatal nature, and also because of the mischief often left in their train, that we have no hesitation in giving publicity to this statement.

The Antirabic Institute at Padua is, as its name implies, an establishment for treating those who have been bitten by rabid animals according to the method introduced by M. Pasteur. There have been so many conflicting statements made as to the efficacy of M. Pasteur's system, that some interest is attached to the Report for 1890, which has recently been issued by the Institute in question. It seems that during a period of seven months the total number of patients treated numbered forty-nine. Twenty-three of these unfortunates were the victims of animals proved, by experimental inoculation, to be rabid; eighteen had been bitten by animals certified by veterinary surgeons to be so; while the actual condition of the animals which originated the remaining eight cases could not be traced. Not a single death occurred among the forty-nine patients; and there was every reason to suppose that they had, under treatment, become perfectly well.

More than once have we adverted to the pneumatic system of propelling dynamite shells, which, originally invented by Zalinski, has been adopted in principle by others. A dynamite torpedo-thrower of this character is shortly to be erected on Dale Point in Milford Haven. The entrance to this natural harbour has a breadth of two miles; and the pneumatic gun can be laid so accurately that it will be possible to drop a charge of three hundred pounds of dynamite upon any hostile ship which comes within range. This terrible weapon has already been tried at Shoeburyness, when it was found that shot after shot could be dropped into a predetermined area covering only two or three yards. This reversion to the old mortar system of attack is both curious and interesting.

The beautiful colour known as Alexandrian Blue, which was commonly used by the Romans in painting their frescoes, has proved to be what drapers call a 'fast colour,' for it has in many cases stood with its lustre undimmed for a couple of thousand years. In many of the Pompeian houses, for instance, this colour is found in the mural paintings. Many attempts have been made,

after analysing the colour scraped from these walls, to reproduce it synthetically; and at last a French chemist, it is said, has succeeded in making it from its constituents, principally silicate of copper and carbonate of lime. The new manufacture is presently to be introduced as an article of commerce.

A novel kind of circular saw has been patented by Mr J. E. Bott, and introduced commercially by the Planing and Saw Company of Manchester. The saw differs from one of the ordinary kind in having its teeth alternated with planing-knives, so that as a plank is sawn asunder, the two new surfaces, instead of being left rough and scored by saw-cuts, are accurately levelled as if by a smoothing-plane. The work of a separate planing-machine is thus dispensed with, and the wood is delivered ready for polishing, after being subjected to the usual rubbing with glass-paper.

The remarkable way in which both dogs and cats will find their way home from long distances has formed the subject of many an anecdote, and most persons can recall instances of this remarkable faculty on the part of domestic animals which have come under their own observation. It is not generally known that the fox also possesses this power of finding its way back to its usual haunts. But a well-authenticated instance of the kind is quoted by Mr Harting in an interesting article in the *Zoologist*. He tells of a fox which returned three several times to its 'earth' from a place seventy miles distant. The animal was caught in Yorkshire, and sent to be hunted in Lancashire, the catcher having marked it in the ear, so that there was no doubt as to its identity.

Mr Galton's Anthropometric Laboratory, which was visited by so many persons during the Health Exhibition in London, has now found a new home in South Kensington Museum, the old site having been required for the Imperial Institute. Its work, without leading to any remarkable result, has been extremely useful; but it is curious to learn that a false standard is liable to be raised, which may in the future embarrass those who pass candidates for the public service, in consequence of the results of what may be called human vanity. Those who are proud of their strength and general physique are rather fond of testing their powers, and obtaining official records of the same, while narrow-chested and weaker mortals do not care to have a demonstration made of their feeble efforts to come up to the average. Hence a misleading standard is likely to be arrived at, which militates against that accuracy which Mr Galton endeavours to secure.

At the late Congress of Hygiene and Demography, an interesting paper was read by Dr W. Anderson on the Revolving Purifier for treatment of potable waters by means of metallic iron. This apparatus, invented by Dr Anderson, has been in use for some years, so that he was able to deal with the results gained by the use of the contrivance in different localities. The Purifier consists of a revolving cylinder, partly filled with scraps of iron, which, by constant attrition, keep perfectly clean. The water to be purified is passed through this cylinder, and in the process, takes up from one-tenth to one-fifth of a grain of the metal per gallon. This iron is afterwards got

rid of in a settling reservoir, or by rapid filtration through sand, and with it are eliminated organic matter and other impurities which may originally have been present in the water.

THE INDIAN CROW.

HE wears the outward semblance of the common jackdaw, and his disposition is somewhat similar; but the most abandoned jackdaw that ever flew is a model of probity and virtue by comparison with the gray-headed reprobate we call a Crow. The English bird has defective ideas regarding ownership, and is admitted on all hands to be a noisy and undesirable neighbour; but his shortcomings and faults are as nothing in the eyes of him whose fate it has been to make acquaintance with the Indian Crow.

A kleptomaniac by birth, that crow makes theft his profession from the hour he leaves the untidy nest in the mango tree, wherein his parents reared him on stolen goods. From the hour he can use his wings he pursues a career of audacious wickedness which would shock a jackdaw into honesty. His character is blacker than his wing. He lives by peculation and larceny, purloining from man and beast alike. He revels in cannibalism, stealing the fledglings of other birds, and tearing them limb from limb to devour while the blood runs warm. He has not a friend in the world; every hand, every tooth, and every beak is against him, and he glories in it; comporting himself with a brazen sprightliness that the guileless robin would blush to see. In the boundless jungles he might dwell in peace, and earn an honest livelihood, so he does not live there. He prefers a life of dissipation in town, and rears his family in the trees lining the busy bazaar, conscious that the mild Hindu will not only leave him undisturbed, but find, unintentionally, a living for him. He never strays far from the haunts of mankind; the poor black man's rice and chupatti are sweeter to him than the growing fruit and grain; and he does not disdain to swindle the hungry pariah dog out of his inheritance of garbage. He is omnivorous and insatiable, combining the appetite of the vulture with the tastes of the ostrich: nothing comes amiss to him; one minute he steals the toast off your breakfast table, and the next is one of a party discussing a dead rat.

Look at him as he perches there on the veranda railing. His legs are bent, his wings are half open, and his body thrust forward in readiness to take the instant flight for which his uneasy conscience warns him always to be prepared. He carries his head on one side, and his beak agape; his wicked eye is restlessly rolling; he looks exactly what we know him to be—to wit, a bad, bold, evilly-disposed bird. He is on the railing for no good purpose; he never went anywhere yet on an honourable errand, and he never will. He is waiting until your back is turned to drop noiselessly in at the open window, thence feloniously to steal and carry away your pen, shirt studs, money, or penknife; no matter what, so long as it is something loose and portable, which you want, and he does not. He purloins from sheer superfluity of naughtiness, for in nine cases out of ten he leaves his booty on the most inaccessible part of the

bungalow roof, after subjecting it to a cursory examination; and in the tenth case he drops it down the well, pretending to do so by accident. As soon as he has thus disposed of your property, he comes back to the veranda for the express purpose of hearing you scold your 'boy' for losing an article he never touched.

The black servant hates the crow with a deep undying hate not unmixed with awe, for he regards him as the abiding-place of an evil spirit. Cynical persons of broad views have been known to say that dishonest nokkurs become crows when they die; and certainly the bird's close intimacy with the minutæ of Anglo-Indian housekeeping gives the theory plausibility. This, by the way. I was about to refer to the boy's practice of saddling his own misdoings upon the crow. Anything bright and shining, like a silver spoon or gold stud, has an irresistible attraction for the crow, and the boy knows it; indeed, what a native servant does not know is not worth learning. Hence, when such an article mysteriously disappears, as things do disappear in the East, the boy always 'saw crow done come took it.' A crow once took away four of my table-spoons in this fashion; but very kindly brought them back and laid them in a drawer of the table in the back veranda, when he discovered that they were electroplate of inferior manufacture. I mention this as an exceptional case. Both the khitmugar and mesalchee recollected seeing the crow carry off those spoons, but could not remember seeing them brought back, though they agreed with me that it must have taken the bird some time to open the drawer and shut it again. Needless to say, the crow never goes to the trouble of restoring anything that is convertible into annas and pice in the bazaar.

But inasmuch as the hard-hearted European sceptic insists on holding his poor black servant responsible for the crow's misdeeds, and docks his monthly wages in accordance with this principle, native ingenuity is ever on the rack to devise means of circumventing the enemy. The bird's cunning is so extraordinary that no ordinary trap deceives him, and the boy has recourse to all kinds of dodges to accomplish the desired end. Sometimes he makes a few strong paper cones, and smearing them inside with birdlime, drops a morsel of juicy raw meat into each, and throws the snares down on the rubbish heap behind the cookhouse where crows do mostly congregate. Down comes a crow to investigate; he turns over a cone thoughtfully, and applies his eye to the interior. Meat, by all that's edible! In goes his beak, and he is securely 'bonneted.' Before he can claw off the encumbrance, the wily native is upon him, and he is borne struggling and squarking into the smoky cookhouse. There the boy squats on the floor and holds him tight, while the bobachee fastens a cork upon his nose with a bit of wire from a soda-water bottle; and thus adorned, he is released, to wear a badge of shame for the rest of his days. Being caught by the superior craft of man is the only thing a crow is ashamed of. But he does not live long if there happen to be a 'griffin' in the district; the new arrival recognises in the strange excrescence the distinctive mark of a new and curious species, hitherto unknown to natural history; and, fired

with scientific zeal, shoots him accordingly. It is an expensive mistake—for the crow.

But so admirably is the crow 'Intelligence Department' organised, that the most subtly designed trap soon fails to delude. The corked example, for instance, goes about, a melancholy warning against the allurements of paper cones, and tells every fellow he meets how he came by the decoration. Thenceforth, those instruments are doomed to failure and derision; you may spend a lifetime making paper cones and charging them with the choicest dainties, and the crows will come and sit round, squarking sarcastic remarks. If you leave the snares long enough, the birds will calmly set to work and take out the bait from the apex end in safety; but no appeal to the crow palate will induce them to fall in with your scheme.

The intelligence of an elderly crow is exasperatingly human. Point your gun at him and he seems to vanish into thin air; in reality, he has dived behind the nearest cover like a flash of black lightning. Threaten him with the unmounted barrels, and without stirring a feather, he croaks back a jeering 'squark.' He regards a hand-thrown missile with utter contempt; waiting until it is fairly launched, he calculates its course with mathematical precision, steps aside to let it pass, and resumes his old perch, yawning.

Crows are intensely clannish. If you are consumed with a morbid curiosity to ascertain how many reside within a radius of five miles round your bungalow; or if you conceive a philanthropic wish to relieve your neighbours of their share of the crow population, it is very easy, once you have caught a member of the race. That, I admit, is difficult. But assuming that you have succeeded, all you need do is, tie a red rag to his leg and let him go. In three minutes all the crows in the district have heard of the outrage, and the air over your compound is darkened by thousands of angrily protesting birds—all crows. Other feathered creatures ignore the carryings-on of this disreputable family. It is an indignation meeting, called to condemn you; and the crows, flying just out of gunshot, hurl down unanimous and deafening votes of censure with all the power of their lungs. If you appear outside for a moment, the uproar becomes positively bewildering; all you can do is to remain quiet indoors and wait. Presently there is a lull; this denotes that a committee has been appointed to examine your victim, and that the business is in progress on the top of a high tree. It is a crow Supreme Court of Judicature, and only two methods of procedure are known to it: if the rag can be pecked off, the committee crows remove it; if it can't, they lose their tempers, swear that the rag-adorned crow has himself to blame for his misfortune, and kill him out of hand. This done, the meeting, which has hovered in waiting, bursts forth in votes of still more vociferous censure, and breaks up. Then you venture forth, feeling like a man who has passed through an Indian thunder-storm and an earthquake rolled into one.

I have already mentioned the crow's taste for young birds; and there is in this nothing very remarkable. A half-fledged sparrow is a tender and succulent morsel no carnivorous bird need despise. But what, in the name of gastronomy,

is there to recommend the scorpion as an article of diet, even to the depraved appetite of a crow? And yet his fondness for this ugly reptile amounts to a passion. If you see half-a-dozen crows standing silently in a circle on the road, you may be sure there is a scorpion in the middle, lashing out on all sides with that dangerous curved spur which forms the extremity of his tail. Stand still and watch the one-sided strife. One crow takes his place in front of the reptile, to engage his attention; the rest hop round, seizing every opportunity of giving the ever-moving tail a vicious dig. The scorpion is scaly and tough, and surprisingly active, so it takes some time to disarm him; but his strokes grow fainter and fewer, and the crows' digs harder and more frequent. At last a well-aimed peck strikes home between the overlapping armour, and the tail is severed. It's all over; as the spur and its underlying sac of poison fall off, every beak closes on some portion of the scorpion's anatomy, and a tug of war ensues, 'all against all'; it is torn to pieces and swallowed on the spot.

I saw, early one morning, a very curious contest between a number of crows and a bandicoot rat. The rat had obviously been out all night, and was making his way home along a shallow open drain, when the crows caught sight of him. He was a sorry specimen of his kind; mangy and decrepit, so the crows 'went for him.' A bandicoot's teeth are long and sharp, and the birds were not inclined to come to close quarters in the open; they formed up in single file on either edge of the drain, and escorted the now hurrying rat till he reached his hole. Then they began operations; the instant the bandicoot's head disappeared they fell upon him pell-mell, and drove their iron bills into every tender spot they could reach, while one of the flock held on to his tail, seemingly bent on dragging the owner out. Whether the strain on his caudal appendage overcame him, or whether prompted by motives of vengeance, I cannot say, but after a few seconds' struggle, the bandicoot backed out and snapped fiercely at his foes, who retreated a step or two and waited. The crow at his tail was the first to retire; and giving it a defiant waggle, to make sure it was free, the rat made another rush for his burrow. The very moment his head was out of sight, a crow pounced upon his tail again, and the others resumed the attack, drawing blood at every peck. I began to understand the *modus operandi*, and grew interested: the crows' plan of action, in detail, was to assault only when the rat could not bite back; and the general idea to worry him until he succumbed to exhaustion and weakness. It took the birds just twelve minutes to achieve a victory; the bandicoot grew weary, and presently the crows confined themselves to simply dragging him out whenever he got half-way into his hole. As soon as it appeared safe, they pounced upon him *en masse*, pecked out his eyes, and literally stabbed him to death. Then, in half the time it had taken to kill him, they ate him and flew away happy.

People who don't know the crow may find difficulty in believing the following anecdote, though Anglo-Indians will accept it without hesitation. A dog of my acquaintance—a fox

terrier of long Eastern experience—was one morning eating a chicken-bone on the veranda, when two crows happened to pass, and, observing the dog and his bone, wheeled down and alighted on the veranda railing, whence they set to work croaking to induce him to drop his breakfast. Under ordinary circumstances, an English dog will fly at a crow the moment he appears; but on this occasion 'Jack' simply looked up, growled, and continued gnawing. The crows ceased croaking, and consulted together for a moment; then one of the pair dropped into the veranda a few yards behind the dog and croaked at him again; once more obtaining no answer but a growl. After strolling casually round the veranda for a minute, to let Jack settle down, the bird hopped up silently and swiftly and gave the dog's tail a cruel nip. That was too much; with a howl of pain, Jack turned upon his tormentor, and crow No. 2, who had been patiently awaiting this opportunity, swooped down upon the bone and carried it off. You never saw a dog wear a look of such abject humiliation as did Jack when he recognised how he had been fooled.

When Nature organised her great scheme of administration, she appointed the crow to the Sanitary Department, with the jackal, pariah, vulture, and kite. These four are conscientious and painstaking officials, whose utility no one denies; but after all I have said about the crow, it seems idle to add that he never does any work, or only when it happens to suit his private ends. So far his chief purpose has been to supply us with a synonym for wickedness and cunning, and our servants with a scapegoat; but he is scarcely worth preserving for these uses. Not that he stands in need of preservation or in any way owes his flourishing condition to protective effort on the part of man. He is only too well able to take care of himself; indeed, if there be anything in the doctrine of the 'survival of the fittest,' a time should come when the crow, and the crow only, will populate the world.

TWO LITTLE FEET.

Oh life, so prodigal of life!
 Oh love and destiny at strife!
 Oh earth, so full of busy feet!
 Oh woods and hills and all things sweet!
 Was there no room amidst you all
 For two more feet, so soft and small?
 Didst envy me, where thousands sing,
 The one bird that made all my Spring,
 My dove, that had so many ways
 Of making beautiful life's days?
 No room! Or rather it may be
 Earth was too small t' imprison thee.
 God only knows. I know I miss
 Thy sweet caress, thy loving kiss,
 The patter of thy dear small feet,
 Thy hand in mine through lane and street;
 While all that now remains to me
 Is just a precious memory.
 Two little feet 'neath earth's brown sod,
 Two white wings somewhere safe with God.

LAURA HARVEY.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 410.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE SCIENCE OF SOCIETY.

By MRS LYNN LINTON.

NOT every one who gives fine dinners and grand entertainments understands the true Science of Society—for indeed it is as much a science in its own way as some others of more imposing name and important general results. The faculty for this scientific arrangement of society is partly innate and partly cultivated. It is one of those mental operations which, in the higher reaches of intellectual life, we call genius—so swift the flash of perception—so untranslatable the stages of thought by which the whole bearings of a thing are understood and transferred to action. A person gifted with this faculty knows, but could not explain why, such and such persons would not suit as fellow-guests at the same dinner-table. They are of the same social standing; there is no feud between them; they do not fight under different banners, and for the matter of that they do not fight under any banner at all, being supine and neutral; there is no reason why, so apparent that it ‘leaps to the eyes,’ and yet those two, asked at the same time, would mar that harmony of relation which every intelligent hostess feels and after which she strives as much as she strives for beauty of decoration and carefulness of cookery. Perhaps the one lady paints, dyes, and blackens, and the other wears high necks and is prim; perhaps the one man has a loud laugh and a harsh voice, and the other has delicate nerves and a fastidious ear; perhaps the gowns of Mrs A. are made at home after her own quasi-aesthetic and wholly eccentric patterns, while Mrs B. gets hers from Worth, and is always in the very front rank of the fashionable squadron. Things as shadowy as this may be the cause—things which no one would see but a hostess gifted by nature with the social faculty which she has sharpened by cultivation; but to her these small kinks are quite enough to mar the weaving of a smooth web, and she gives no second thought to the collocation of these two

slightly inharmonious tints—these two faintly jarring notes. A hostess of a different stamp would have huddled the two together—for the result of a mutual tilting of noses and a general sense of misfit.

Some women, who yet entertain a good deal, never give themselves any trouble to arrange their guests according to the laws of social harmony. They bracket together the most pronounced incongruities, and give no heed to the pleasure or displeasure they create. Their dinners are social debts to be paid with sprawling, clumsily-written cheques; and their harmonies are on a par with the barrel organs in the streets. They will give the most insignificant little scrub to the woman who holds herself as the *prima donna* of the *festa*; and to the finest and most distinguished old man they assign the newly introduced daughter of the house, who has no thoughts, no ideas, no education, and no wit—and, worst of all, no beauty to make up for all this lack. Beyond the broad, blunt-edged perception that a lord counts before a commoner, their knowledge of the order of precedence does not go. All the finer distinctions are lost to them; and between the Squire of his own parish, lord of all men when he is at home, and the young attorney, whose nets are spread in vain in the sight of all birds, they know only that the one has money and the other has not, and that really now, money is not merit, and shall not rank as merit with them! These are the women who offend more than they gratify by their dinners; and from whom at last the wary shrink, sure as they are of some inappropriate association—some humiliating assignment—which will rob the hours of all pleasantness and the dinner of all grace.

In the way of the material, too, some of the obtuser kind sin quite as deeply as in the order of association. In certain houses the meal lasts over two hours with a profusion of dishes that creates satiety by the very length of the *menu*. The impression left is that of a barbaric kind of excess, wherein are lost the very elements of

beauty and the first beginnings of good taste. The succession becomes wearisome, irritating, and at last revolting. It is waste, not plenty—ostentation, not hospitality—vulgarity, not splendour. To this overplus of material you almost prefer that opposite extreme which asks a party of eight to cold roast beef as the *pièce de résistance*, and which counts the potatoes with anxious regard not to exceed in number the mouths they are to fill. Both kinds are fatal to the science of dinner-giving; and both kinds are to be found in London and all large cities, where opulence now gives itself the airs of princely and unapproachable splendour, and now the false seeming of such simplicity as, in one of less well-known wealth, would pass for griping meanness. To these mistakes add the frog-like endeavours of the comparatively poor who buy at the confectioner's, and hire from the greengrocer's, dishes and aid they cannot supply from their own establishment; by which they give an expensive and pretentious dinner that pleases no one and that cripples their own resources for no good result whatever. How delightful the contrast to this when we light on a sensible, painstaking, and harmoniously minded hostess, who asks a few well-chosen people to a small, simple, well-cooked dinner, served without hired help, and all well within the means and appliances of the household! Such a dinner as this is one of the most delightful to which one can be invited. It is true hospitality; and an evidence of scientific culture that takes the blue ribbon on the spot.

If there is a science in dinner-parties, so is there in those larger evening gatherings where, however, the boundaries are considerably enlarged, and the charter of acceptance is much more catholic than with dinners—enlarged and more catholic even in those houses which profess to be eclectic and select. With those which are as free as caravanserais, the ordinance is different, and the result not always satisfactory. Those very ecumenical gatherings are apt to leave on you the impression of a rabble, a muddle, a menagerie, rather than a harmonious mingling together of human beings bound by like ties into some sort of compact organisation. The notorious *divorcée* and the latest *débutante* with the bloom still on her fresh young cheek and her white soul as pure as snow; the man who has run away from his wife and the wife from whom he has run away; the critic who under his own name has savagely attacked an author and the author whom he has pulverised, chopped up into mince-meat, and incontinently done for; the young 'scion' who loved and rode away to the brisk tune of so much damages for breach of promise, and the forsaken maid who has had to sing 'Willy waley O!' instead of 'Fal-lal-la'—these are not harmonious ingredients for the same slice of social pudding; and a more delicate discrimination—a more scientific classification—would have been better. Such hostesses, however, may aspire to the title of catholic—taking society in a very big net with very small means, and not disinclined to be known as all-embracing. But it was a better kind of thing when such a house as that of Mr William Spottiswoode opened itself to one side of 'all London,' but that side so fine, so superior, so distinguished, as to make it in a certain sense an honour to be seen there. The

roses were so many and so fragrant that all the pots took part of their perfume to themselves! This was one of the most notable salons of its day in London—as famous in its own way as was the Hôtel Rambouillet—that archetype of a perfectly conducted drawing-room. Sir Charles Babbage, too, held a distinctive salon, the aim of which was distinguished men and beautiful women; and Miss Berry's, and Holland House, with Lady Palmerston's later presentation, are chapters of what is now ancient history.

The success or failure of all gatherings, whether in the wider evenings or the more selected dinners, depends on the hostess. Mainly, if not wholly, it is she who causes the thing to go well or to make shipwreck on the rocks. If she is fussy and interfering, thinking it her duty to interrupt all pleasant tête-à-têtes and break up and scatter to the four winds all happy little conglomerates, she does more harm than those of the sluggish kind, who invite their guests haphazard, as a fisherman casts his nets, and then does not take the trouble to assort according to size and value, but lets them all flap and flounder in the basket together. A very fussy hostess is an infliction to be warily avoided by those who understand the pitfalls as well as the rose-banks of society. Not for ill-nature, but rather by a curious kind of indiscriminate good-nature, she destroys the comfort and disturbs the happiness of every one on whom her restless eyes may fall. The well must always be made better; the contented must be the delighted. Hence she spoils the already sufficient, and destroys the perfected, through her restless desire to effect new combinations that shall be—and never are—superior to the old. She comes down like a whirlwind on Edwin and Angelina, and, in the mistaken idea that she is catering for the pleasure of each, hurries the one off to Julia, and brings to the other Alfonso, both of whom want nothing so much as to be left in peace together. As if stung by some upsetting gadfly, she routs out all the comfortable inhabitants of cosy corners, and breaks into the earnest talk of two friendly metaphysicians, two enlightened politicians. Dear soul, she means it all for kindness! So perhaps does the whirlwind when it comes sweeping over the young plantations and across the tender seedlings, uprooting, dispersing, and carrying to new quarters the shy little growths which wanted only to be left in peace where they were.

Contrasted with her stands the supine hostess, who does nothing for the better arrangement of chance combinations or for the ease, amusement, and well-being of her guests. She introduces no one, looks after no one, takes no heed to this one's boredom, to that other's neglect. Under her slack management a pretty woman may sit alone and unnoticed for want of that first stirring of the stagnant waters which would make the masculine atoms crystallise round her, according to their natural law, if but the first impulse were given. As it is, the pretty woman sits alone, inwardly chafing, outwardly frigid; and when she leaves the assembly where she has emphatically failed to receive the tribute due and generally paid to her, she leaves it dissatisfied and in an unfriendly mood towards the hostess, who, had she mastered but the mere elements of her

science, would have given to each and all a brilliant hour and not a desolate one.

The most charming of all possible réunions are those where the members are few and the guests well assorted. This does not imply sameness, but the contrary. Harmonies develop out of varieties, and you can scarcely call a monochrome a harmony in colours. An evening made up of all stars would be the dullest thing of its kind. Stars need an audience; and rivals do not make the most sympathetic listeners one can imagine. On some Sunday afternoon in London you may happen on a small knot of superior men gathered round the fireside of a certain wide-minded woman. Here the leading politician lays down the chart by which the greatest artist of the day is to steer his own small political skiff; and there the artist informs the statesman of the right view to be held about the new purchase in the National Gallery, the Old Masters or the modern school. The poet, whose eyes look round the corner for the laurel wreath of the future, learns the outlines of the last new discoveries in biology or chemistry; and the Theosophist settles the previous incarnations of the whole roomful to his own satisfaction if not to their conviction. These chance harmonies by contrast are infinitely better than the monotony of repetition; and so the wise hostess knows, and on this knowledge she acts, when she chooses her guests and arranges them according to the social diatonic scale. Whence flows the sweetest kind of social harmony, and the entire absence of every jarring note that might disturb the melody.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN,
Author of *The Cure of Souls*, *Tinted Vapours*,
Master of His Fate, &c.

CHAPTER VII.—THE MISSED ASSIGNATION.

WHEN the ladies withdrew, Ferrers held the door open, and Dolly passing out last whispered to him: 'Don't be long; I want to talk to you.'

He had barely sat down again when Mr Drew posed him with a question. 'Do you mind telling us now what was that nickname with the initials "G. F."? I've been trying to guess, and—well, I don't think I can, unless it's'—

'Stop a moment,' said Mr Drumly, interrupting him with a laugh; 'I want to have a guess, too. Suppose we write our guesses down and hand them to Mr Dawlish?'

That was agreed to, and done.

'No,' said Ferrers, when he had looked at them; 'both wrong. But I tell you what,' and he laughed. 'You'll be here for a week—is not that so?—and you can have a good spell at guessing. Whichever guesses right shall have all my sketches.'

The proposal was hailed with laughter and welcome.

'Won't you have a cut in, Sir William?' said Mr Drew.

'No,' said Sir William promptly; 'I think not. It wouldn't be fair, because I believe I know the nickname.—Shall we join the ladies?'

When they went to the drawing-room, Ferrers

looked out eagerly for the expected opportunity of a talk with Dolly; but Miss Dawlish kept such dragon-guard over her that he could say nothing of any private significance.

'I didn't know, cousin,' said Dolly, 'that you could draw and paint so beautifully. I wish you would teach me.'

'I will gladly,' said Ferrers.

'Let us look at your sketches again;' and she rose quickly and crossed to the table where they lay.

But Aunt Dawlish was equal to her move. 'Yes,' said she, 'they are lovely—aren't they! And so spirited.' And she took Dolly's arm with great show of affection and accompanied her to the table. Other attempts of Dolly to detach herself from her aunt fared no better.

Presently, Sir William suggested that the gentlemen should go to the billiard-room, while the ladies talked of going to bed. Ferrers was doubtful what to do: if Debrett had been present, he might have helped him. He concluded, however, that Sir William must expect him to appear in the billiard-room; so he rose and was following the other men. He passed close to Dolly to give her a private look of sympathy, when Dolly slipped a scrap of paper into his hand. As soon as he was out of the room he looked at it. 'Meet me,' it read, 'in half an hour in the Picture Gallery.'

The Picture Gallery! He had not the slightest idea where the Picture Gallery was!

In the billiard-room, he tried to lead Sir William into talk about his pictures, thinking that he might then offer to show his guests the Gallery. But Sir William did not respond, and Ferrers did not press the matter; for he thought him that if they did go to the Gallery, they might stay long enough to catch Dolly in the fact of keeping a clandestine appointment. The half-hour was fast running out. In desperation he whispered a falsehood to Sir William.

'Where is the Picture Gallery?' he asked. 'Mrs Drew has asked me to show it to her.'

'Not to-night, surely?' whispered Sir William in surprise.

'No; to-morrow.'

'Ah, well,' answered Sir William, 'I'll show you first thing in the morning. It's at the other end of the house—the part that has been built out.'

Ferrers lingered till there were but five minutes of the half-hour to run; then he said he thought he must go to bed, and left the billiard-room.

To have an appointment with the only woman in the world and not to be able to keep it! To have so much to say, so much to know, so much to confess, so much to ask, and withal to be dumb with doubt and apprehension—to long to see Dolly, and yet to be afraid to meet her alone!—and no chance of being resolved one way or another! He *must* find the Gallery! It was 'at the other end of the house;' but what that might exactly mean, and whether the Gallery was up-stairs or down he could not guess. He tried to be cool and collected. He understood that it was of no use for him to run off headlong down this passage or up those stairs. He could not ask any one openly to show him to 'the Picture Gallery;' but he thought that if a

servant should come along with a candle he would ask him or her to light him to the door. Perhaps, if he should chance on the way to it, he might encounter Dolly herself either going or coming.

So he adventured in the direction in which he thought he ought to go. He passed down a corridor which was dimly lighted by a small lamp at either end. As he advanced he saw the glimmer of a light appearing as if from above about half-way down the passage. He went on very carefully with his eye on it till he perceived that there was a recess, and in the recess a small winding staircase, which some one was slowly descending with a candle. He waited an instant, till he saw that the bearer of the candle was a woman, and that woman Aunt Dawlish! Where was she going? He waited a moment longer, till the glimmer of her candle was almost in his eyes; then, observing a door close by him, he swiftly and noiselessly turned the handle and slipped into the dark, closing the door again without latching it. He was about to strike a match to discover where he was, when a thin slice of light slipped past the door into the room. The door slowly opened, the light widened, and he had barely time to see he was in a dingily furnished room, whose walls were covered with books, and to whip himself behind a curtain, when Miss Dawlish entered with her candle. She closed the door, and leisurely she went and took a book from the shelves, and then sat down at the table; so that it seemed as if she meant to wait there for some time.

Ferrers was trapped. There was no keeping an appointment in the Picture Gallery that night, and there was no escape from that room so long as Miss Dawlish chose to remain! He found, however, that he was standing against a French window, which opened to the ground. He gently turned the key and the latch, opened the moving half, and stepped out into the summer night. He had barely slipped out when he heard Miss Dawlish come to the window, whether because she had heard the sound he made, or because she feared the fastenings were undone. He darted aside against the ivy, and Miss Dawlish not only latched and locked the window with great expedition, and with sharp complaints about the 'rank carelessness' of servants, but also shuttered it; and Ferrers realised that he was shut out!

CHAPTER VIII.—POINTS OF VIEW.

Ferrers stood among the roses and looked about and above him. The faint stars twinkled in the stilly night, the trees sighed sleepily, and vague, secret-seeming shadows lurked around. The cool air was laden with fragrance, and his soul was bedewed with the languorous richness of the odours of rose and honeysuckle, even as his head was moistened and refreshed by the summer dew. It was such a night as brings men face to face with the seriousness and seductiveness of Nature, as attunes their souls to large and noble thoughts, and at the same time tempts them to indulge in the sensuous fancies of love.

Ferrers was a man rather of action than of contemplation; his training as a soldier had

induced on him something of the spirit of the not too scrupulous adventurer, and his experience of barrack-life had somewhat coarsened the fibre of his affections. Yet, withal, the true, deep-seated Ferrers was a person of serious mind, honest heart, and romantic passion. Standing there in the vast stillness and melting beauty of the night, he became for the first time really aware of himself, and alarmed at the contrary impulses and desires that were pulling him this way and that. Without troubling to inquire how this strange effect was produced, he resolved to 'have it out with' himself.

He supposed he could get admitted to the house an hour thence as easily as at that precise moment; he did not particularly care whether he were let in at all; in any case, he would have a quiet walk. He was in evening dress, and he had no hat; but these facts did not trouble him: he was used to being exposed and to going bare-headed. So he put his hands in his pockets, and, with his eye fixed on the distance, sauntered away through the garden and across the park.

He set himself steadily to examine the conditions of his situation: how had he got into the coil in which he was involved? When—in an extremely needy hour—Sir William Dawlish had proposed to pay him a hundred pounds to merely call himself 'William Dawlish' and behave as such, he had promptly closed with the offer, thinking of it simply as a daring 'lark,' and seeing nothing of the painful issues and possibilities of his assumption. Now, in little more than a week, how was he situated? He found that he had not been able to behave as if he had been a block of wood or an automatic machine, or even an actor; he found that, in his own proper person as George Ferrers, he had been caught into the kindest and friendliest feeling for one of 'the jokers' whom he had engaged to get the better off in some way in his character as William Dawlish. He suspected that a match was planned between him, as William Dawlish, and the young lady whom George Ferrers found the most adorable woman in the world; and last and worst of all, he believed that young lady loved him as William Dawlish. Would it be impossible for her to love him as George Ferrers? Ah, if she only could! But the wish, the longing, was manifestly absurd. He could not, and he would not, hide from himself the fact—bitter as gall though it was to swallow!—that, though he was in all sufficient respects as strong, healthy, honourable, and complete a man as any in the land, he was shut out from all hope of marrying a lady of Dorothy Dawlish's position. He was but a poor soldier, with nothing to do—absolutely on the level of the unemployed workman—and if he ever married at all, he must marry a housemaid, a shop-girl, or, at best, a lady's-maid. He did not know why Sir William planned to work this deceit off upon his niece, or how he meant to consummate it—he hoped, indeed, no real harm was intended her—but he could no longer continue his share in it. It was unfair and cruel to Dolly—the dearest and loveliest of girls! It might be painful and humiliating for her to know the truth; but to continue the deceit was shameful and unendurable. He would go to Sir William, tell him he found it impossible to fulfil his engagement, and ask to be let off his bargain: he

would forego all promised advantage, and return penniless to London, a sadder but a wiser man.

By the time he had got as far with himself as that, he discovered that his hair was wet, his shirt-front sodden, and his feet drenched with dew: he believed he had frequently been walking on the turf, and he saw that he was coming out on the carriage-drive just by the lodge. The door of the lodge was open, and in the light which flowed from it Ferrers saw a man standing in his shirt-sleeves smoking a churchwarden pipe. When he came over against him, he perceived he was an oldish man, and guessed he was the lodge-keeper. The man hailed him and stepped out towards him.

'Ah, theer ye are, Mas'r Willium! Ah've been wonderin' if ye was to drop down an' see me. Ah on'y heerd a hour or two ago as how ye was at 'ome again. Heigh! But ye've been years an' years in foreign parts, an' it's a thick lump o' time since ah've seen ye! Ee, but hain't ye growed bigger an' broader? Sewer-ly! But ye're a fine man now!'

'Humph!' said Ferrers, not knowing well what to say and not troubling much. 'You know me, then?'

'Know ye! Ah should think so! Thik-theer dare-devil way o' yourn tells me! "Who but Mas'r Willium," says ah to myself, "can be gallivantin' out wi' ne'er a 'at on his 'ead?" No more gallivantin's now, though! He, he, he! And the old man laughed a creaking, mirthless laugh. 'Ah've heerd ye're goin' to be what we terms a family man.'

'Something of that sort, I suppose,' said Ferrers. 'But I must say "Good-night;" I find I'm very wet with the dew.'

'Heigh! But your voice is got stronger than it used to be too! Dear, dear! An' to think that ah might niver ha' seen ye thik-heer blessed night, if th' old woman hadn't got as crass as two sticks!—about nothin' at all, of course! So, ah comes to th' door for a smoke, an' ah sees ye!'

'Well, good-night,' said Ferrers.

'Good-night, Mas'r Willium.—Hullo! Who's thik-heer?'

A man—a tall man—had walked up to the gate from the road and had pulled the clanging bell. The lodge-keeper went to the gate, while Ferrers stood still to see if the tall man could be Lord Debrett. The gate, after a word of parley, was opened, and the man entered. It was Debrett.

'What? Is that you—er—Dawlish?' he asked as he approached. 'What are you doing down here like that?'

'Gallivantin', my lard,' laughed the old man. 'He, he, he! He was always a gallivanter!—Good-night, Mas'r Willium; good-night, my lard!'

'He seems to know you,' said Debrett, as they walked away together.

'Yes,' said Ferrers; 'better than I know myself.—But how is it you have just appeared?'

'I could not get away early; but I remembered my promise to you to be here to-day. So I telegraphed to your father'—

'My father?'

'Your—what do you call it?—putative father, Sir William.'

'Hang it, Debrett,' said Ferrers gloomily; 'don't joke about that.'

Debrett looked closely at him, and continued: 'I telegraphed that I would come by the last train and walk over with a handbag from the station. My man will come down with my things first train in the morning.'

'I see,' said Ferrers.

'It seems to me,' said Debrett, 'you must be still in a funk. How are things going? Anything happened? Surely nothing much in the way of action can have been done on the first night of meeting.'

'No; nothing much has happened, except that I have had to tell another lie or two.—Look here, Debrett; I'm going to clear out of the whole business.'

'Hallo!' said Debrett. 'What's that for? Spoil the sport just when it's going to come off!'

'I don't find it sport any longer,' said Ferrers.

'What? Has Dawlish been cutting up rough? He's capable of that, I daresay; but hadn't you better just have a straight talk with him?'

'I mean to have a talk with him,' said Ferrers, 'but not for that reason: I've nothing in particular to complain of in his behaviour.'

'What the dickens is the matter, then?'

'It's just this, Debrett: I'm beastly uncomfortable about the whole affair. The longer I go on with it, the more mess I'm getting into.'

'Oh! Bothered about Drumly again?'

'That's part of the mess; but the worst is something I found out to-night. We were talking at dinner, all very friendly. Sir William said something about home-farming, and that joker Drew took it that he was speaking about setting up house. I didn't see the thing quite at first. Everybody was smiling or looking comic about it; I even caught the servants tipping the wink to each other. "Hallo!" says I to myself, "there's something in this!" And then—you know how you see a thing all in a flash, and wonder that you were such an ass as not to see it before. "By Jingo!" thinks I, "they mean me and Miss Dawlish to set up house!"'

'You and Miss Dawlish?' said Debrett.

'You know what I mean: me, as Will Dawlish, to marry Dolly Dawlish.'

'Oh, is that the game?' exclaimed Debrett.—'Dolly, I suppose, has lots of money, then?'

'I don't know anything about that; but money or no money, it's an abominable shame to treat a girl in that way, and I'm not going to do it.'

'But,' said Debrett, 'it struck me when you first told me about Dolly that you were lost in admiration of her—in fact, that you were quite gone.'

'So I was,' said Ferrers bitterly; 'the more fool I. I didn't see or think where I might be going, till I heard this to-night. But, by Jingo! I know now, and I'm going to stop it!'

'I don't quite see,' murmured Debrett.

'Don't you see,' explained Ferrers, somewhat incoherently, 'that it's one thing to hang about with a kind, lovely girl like Dolly, talking to her and looking at her, and feeling that she likes to be with you? It comforts you and sets you up without your quite knowing why. But it's another thing altogether when you see all that brought slap down to the practical business of marriage—marriage with the person that you're not, but that you pretend to be! Then you've got to stand up and tell yourself the truth, and

say to yourself: "Come now, you've just been bluffing yourself all this time. You've been admiring the girl; and you've got fond of her—doosed fond, I may say—and there may be no great harm in that; but when you're properly fond of a girl, and you think she is of you, then—why—you want her for your own self. But here there can't be any marriage; first, because the girl likes you, not for your being yourself, but for your being to her somebody else; and second, because, even if she liked you for yourself, she couldn't marry you.—You know, for all your being a big long-legged brute, and the son of a fine honest old father that always paid his way, you're no better than a beggar!" 'Pon my soul, Debrett! isn't that the plain downright truth? And isn't the proper thing to do—the only fair thing to the girl—to stop the whole game, and let Sir William explain it as he likes? Let him call me a villain, an impostor, if he likes! By Jove! I think I deserve it!'

'But stop a minute,' said Debrett. 'Perhaps you're mistaken about the marriage.'

'I'm not mistaken, Debrett,' said Ferrers positively. 'I can't quite explain to you all the little things that make me certain about it; but certain I am that Sir William's game is a match between William and Dolly Dawlish.'

'It comes to this, then,' said Debrett with a laugh, 'that you, in a sort of way—don't you know?—are your own rival! Look here; why don't you go in and beat the other fellow?'

'What do you mean?'

'Go in and win Miss Dolly Dawlish for your very own self—for the man called George Ferrers.'

'What do you take me for, Debrett? Hang it! I may not be, as you told me yourself, the kind of thing you call a gentleman; but I'll try to pass for it, and I'll not be a cad; and I'd rather go into penal servitude than deceive that girl any more.'

'No need to deceive her, my boy. Tell her straight who you are, and ask her if she'll marry you.'

'I couldn't do it, Debrett.'

'But look here,'

'No; I couldn't do it. I couldn't lower myself to that: to ask her, a lady, used to the life she leads, educated, and very likely rich, to marry me!—*me*—who can hardly talk to her, and who hasn't a shilling, nor much chance of earning one honestly!—ask *her*, delicate and fine and sweet as a flower, to live with a rough beggar like me, and in the way I'll have to live! No, by Jingo! I'm not going to get myself laughed at and insulted by proposing such a thing!'

'But, my dear chap, there would be no need to live like that. She'd have plenty of money.'

'And do you think I'd live on her money?'

'But poor women marry rich men every day and live on their money.'

'That's all right,' said Ferrers: 'they're women, and it's what is expected of them.—You don't seem,' he continued after a pause, 'to have much good advice to give.'

'No, old chap,' said Debrett; 'I don't. But just listen to me one moment. I know more of this kind of life and this kind of people—ladies and all—than you do. And what I say at this

particular moment is this: before you throw up the whole game, set Sir William Dawlish against you, lose your money, and spoil your chance of getting anything to do after this, try to make sure that the young lady would thank you for throwing it up and being so lofty.'

'What? Do you think she'd rather I went on like this?'

'She might. All I say is, "Try to find out."'

'I don't believe it,' said Ferrers fiercely.

'At anyrate, think it over again. Sleep on it: you can't make a fuss till to-morrow.'

And that word of calm worldly advice allayed the impetuous heat of Ferrers' righteous resolution; and he said to himself that it might be better to sleep on it.

As it happened, he could have had no interview with Sir William that night, even had his determination been hot upon the point; for when they rang the bell at the hall-door, they were admitted by a sleepy footman, who—staring at Ferrers—informed them that they were "hall gone to their rooms." So Ferrers, with a last look out into the summer night, which was becoming all vague white mist below—out of which stood the tops of the trees, and dim, twinkling stars above—brushed the dew from his hair by rumpling it with his hand, and took off his coat and shook it before the wondering footman. Then he followed the domestic up-stairs with Debrett.

At the door of his room Debrett gripped his hand. 'Sleep on it,' he repeated.

'Will you be about early?' asked Ferrers.

'As early as you like.'

THE COMMERCIAL VALUE OF SMALL THINGS.

THERE are some things in common use of apparently such trivial value that their manufacture and commerce are scarcely ever considered, and yet some of these attain to very large proportions, and give employment to thousands of people. Pins, needles, nails, and screws have been frequently written about. Fifty years ago, the collective trade in these articles was stated to amount in value to two millions and a quarter. What they have reached to now it would be difficult to estimate. Steel pens, which then amounted in quantity to but seven hundred tons, valued at £175,000, are now the universal writing implements. The item of blacking, which in 1880 represented a sum of £560,000, must have doubled in amount with the progress of population and the use of the shoebrush. Christmas and New-year cards and valentines are trivial articles in themselves, and yet they form an enormous section of trade, giving employment to thousands. So with post-cards and penny stamps; 201½ million of the former circulate in a year; and over 1558 million letters are delivered annually, being at the rate of forty-one per head of the population. Thirteen tons of postage stamps are stated to have been sold in New York alone last year. So with the penny and halfpenny newspapers, which, being cheap and within the reach of all, have an enormous circulation. The penny articles sold in the

streets, and the annual savings of the people in the Penny Banks, are further instances of the aggregate value of small things.

Another article of small value but of large production is wooden spoons, made in Russia. We see nothing of them in this country, unless at some of the Russian stalls in an Exhibition, where those painted and decorated wooden spoons are bought as cheap curiosities. They are largely exported to Persia. About 126 million of these spoons are made every year, selling wholesale at from nine to twenty-four shillings the thousand. They give employment to large numbers, as in the subdivision of labour they pass through many hands; one workman cutting the wood into lengths, another shaping the spoon in the rough, a third hollowing it out, and a fourth painting and varnishing it.

It is said of some men that they are born with a silver spoon in their mouth; and of others, with a wooden one; but the Yankee had no spoon at all, for he was apparently born with a jack-knife in his mouth, so fond is he of whittling. He cannot see a newly-planed board but he must try the sharpness of his knife upon it. There is one production of wood which ought to silence all cavil at the importance of American 'notions,' and that is wooden shoe-pegs, of which a single State makes about fourteen thousand bushels annually, valued at four thousand pounds. A story is told of an American shoemaker who purchased of a pedlar half a bushel of shoe-pegs, all neatly sharpened at one end, and warranted to be of the best maple wood. He found them on close inspection, to be nothing but pine. Not caring to be taken in and done for after this fashion, and being constitutionally fond of whittling, he went at them with his jack-knife, and sharpening the other end of each peg, resold them to the pedlar on his next trip for oats.

During one of the visits of the Queen and Court to the Exhibition of 1851, after admiring and commenting upon the magnificent display of maize from the United States, Her Majesty noticed close by some baskets and boxes filled with what looked like grain, and inquired what seed it was. 'Seed, ma'am?' replied the exhibitor. 'Why, they be sole-binders,' at the same time lifting her foot to show their use. Prince Albert asked how they were made. 'Why, sir,' answered Jonathan, 'we just throw in junks of wood at one end of the machine, and the pegs come out at the other so fast as to keep the women-folks busy enough in gathering them up.—Ah, sir, America is quite a smart place for such notions.'

Forty years ago the quantity of wooden shoe-pegs dealt in here was twelve hundred tons, valued at about one pound a ton; and although they have been much superseded in the shoe-making trade, the quantity used is still very large. In the East, pegs of bamboo have always been used for fastening the chests and other wooden packages.

The little whitewood toothpick pointed at both ends was patented in America in 1866, and would seem a small article to create a monopoly in; yet the factory at Bucksfield, Maine, used up many thousand cords of wood every year in the manufacture of this small article. The cord of wood consists of a thousand billets or four loads. Two thousand five hundred toothpicks were sold for one shilling, and a large profit was made. Now, the patent having run out, many others have gone into the trade, and prices have fallen to fivepence the two thousand five hundred toothpicks retail, and even lower wholesale.

Toothpicks are made of the wood of the spindle tree ('*Euonymus Europæus*') in Germany. This manufacture is said to employ large numbers of the peasants in the Grand-duchy of Hesse during the winter evenings. There are four kinds made: No. 6 selling at two shillings per thousand; No. 7½ at three shillings; No. 10 at four shillings; and No. 15 at four shillings and sixpence. 'Parletos,' or toothpicks of willow-wood of nice finish, especially those called 'Flor du Parletos,' are sold in Portugal at prices ranging from fivepence to four shillings per thousand.

Owing to the substitution of steel pens for quill pens, other uses have had to be found for the goose-quill, and now they are converted into bristles for brushes, toothpicks, fishing floats, fuses for guns, and hair-pencil holders.

The last year in which the Board of Trade made any record of the import of quills was 1870, when 27½ million goose-quills, valued at £20,591, and 30,000 swan quills, of the value of £376, were received. The quills of the swan and turkey were used for engrossing pens, those of the goose for ordinary writing, and those of the crow and wild-duck for fine descriptions of writing. The classifications of goose-quills were numerous, according to their position in the wing pinion.

In one establishment in Paris 250,000 toothpicks per day are now made of quills, or considerably more than a hundred million yearly. Each woman engaged can fill twenty boxes in a day, containing forty small bundles of twenty toothpicks each, or eight hundred toothpicks per box. Some of the principal hotels and restaurants on the Continent and in the United States require their addresses printed on the toothpicks used by their guests; and in Spain and her colonies it is customary to have all kinds of gallant devices, or mottoes, impressed on them by a machine which makes letters and figures on the pen-quills.

In China an enormous trade is done in fire-crackers, not only for local use, but for shipment to India and America, in boxes of about forty packets. The average annual shipments are 162,000 hundredweight, valued at £304,000.

Bran, the exterior husk or refuse in grinding wheat, one would have thought to be a very unimportant article, and yet Holland ships about 32,000 tons, valued at £73,000. It is used to some extent for feeding stock, by tanners

and calico-printers, and for filling dolls and cushions.

The spawn of fish are a comparatively trivial article, and yet they lead to an important commerce. About 13,000 hundredweight of the roes of cod-fish are shipped annually from Norway, value £60,000. This is sent to France as *rogue*, to be thrown into the sea as attractive bait for the sardine fishery. The eggs of the sturgeon, under the name of 'caviare,' are shipped as a food delicacy from Russia to the extent of over 3000 tons, valued at £292,000. The roes of the mullet and other fish are also largely used as food in various parts of the Mediterranean. The whitebait, the sprat, the sardine, and the anchovy are the smallest of the finny tribe, and yet the collection and sale of these form important and very profitable industries.

A very tiny article is the egg of the silkworm, not bigger than an ordinary pin's head, and yet an enormous trade is carried on in rearing them. Each moth lays from two to three hundred eggs, and it takes about thirty-four thousand to weigh an ounce. Some years ago, when there was a disease in the European silkworm, it was deemed necessary to import fresh 'grain,' or 'seed,' as it is technically termed, from Japan. The importance of the trade may be estimated from the fact that there was introduced in the ten years ending with 1872 about four million ounces of silkworms' eggs to Italy and France, the aggregate cost of which was seventeen million pounds. The export trade in silkworms' eggs from Japan has, however, now gradually dropped of late years, from an average of one hundred and thirty thousand pounds to about one thousand pounds in value.

What individual, as he buys his penny bottle of writing-ink, thinks of the importance of the manufacture, and the extent of the trade, in this necessary ingredient of correspondence? Estimated at £25,000 in value forty years ago, what must it be now, with the advance of education, and the vast progress of commerce and correspondence—certainly £150,000. So with the production of printing-ink, a small manufacture in the middle of the century, but now an immense trade, in order to meet the ravenous demands of the printing-press for newspaper and book work. Some of the daily London papers use up three tons of printing-ink weekly.

It is not necessary to touch here upon the modern utilisation of waste substances. But there is one that was long looked upon as a nuisance and an encumbrance—sawdust. This is produced in large quantities at the numerous sawmills in America and Europe on the banks of rivers and lakes. The law forbids it to be thrown into the streams, as injurious to fish, and the steam-mills are unable to burn all their waste. Its chief use formerly was for packing blocks of ice, strewing cellars, &c.; but lately it has been found possible to compress it into the solid form of paper-pulp and roofing-boards.

Fifty years ago, matches as an article of manufacture and commerce were scarcely thought worth mention. The introduction and general use of lucifer matches and wax vestas has, however, created great industries of large commercial value. It is difficult to estimate accurately our home production; but figures have been given as to the trade and consumption in European and

American countries. Jönköping, in Sweden, is the oldest and largest match-factory in the world. It was established one hundred years ago; and in it are now to be seen specimens of the rude matches which were in use at the beginning of the century, when the flint and steel had to produce the spark to light the tinder in the box. The matches in those early days were big slips of wood furnished with a handle and a tip, to dip into a bath of sulphur. Jönköping used to supply the Continent, and still sends considerable supplies to England, although British makers now carry on an extensive trade. In 1863 the export of matches from Sweden was under half a million pounds in weight; in 1888, the quantity shipped was over thirty million pounds, valued at over five hundred thousand pounds. As a box of matches weighs less than half an ounce, 1000 million boxes were thus sent away from Sweden. But Norway also adds its quota in about one-seventh of the quantity made in Sweden, fetching, however, lower prices, being valued at about ninety thousand pounds.

The machinery for match-making has been brought to wonderful perfection. A machine cuts twenty-two match-sticks each revolution, and two hundred revolutions are made in a minute, so that it turns out over two million and a half daily, and the immense number of 821 million in the year. The process of the manufacture of the wooden match-boxes is almost as curious as the matches they contain. In former days matches used to sell in America at a half-penny each. The number of persons employed in making matches in the United States at some thirty factories is now many thousands, and the consumption is more than five matches daily per head of the population, or about 110,000 million. In France, the consumption is said to be about 200 million per day, the manufacture giving employment to ten thousand workpeople. The manufacture was farmed out; but the quality made is so bad, that the State intends to resume the manufacture, and anticipates making a profit of two hundred thousand pounds. The Argentine Republic imports wax vestas to the value of upwards of one hundred thousand pounds annually, the Spaniards being great smokers. Austria makes large quantities of matches, and they are sold at the rate of a farthing a hundred. A box contains fifty packets, each holding seventy lucifers. There are eight or more factories, some of which employ as many as five thousand hands. There are in Europe, it is believed, over fifty thousand factories, making matches to the value of ten million pounds.

Among other small things which have a commercial value are the seeds of the cones of various pines, largely eaten at present in Italy and the north of Europe and various parts of America, where they form indeed the chief food of different tribes of Indians. Another seed of trivial value, melon seeds, totally neglected in Europe, forms a considerable article of commerce in the various Chinese ports, and in some of them exceeding three to four thousand hundredweight yearly. They are eaten at dessert. The seeds of flowers of the various water-lilies also there form considerable articles of food. In some of the ports, the trade in lily flowers, as a relish for food, amounts to twenty thousand hundred-

weight annually, and of lotus nuts frequently twenty thousand hundredweight.

This cursory glance at small things shows the value to which many attain to meet the public demand.

DELAYED AT LAS PALMAS.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

I WAS on my way home from South Africa, where I had been living for nearly three years, looking after the affairs of the mercantile firm of which I am a junior partner. Things had been getting into a muddle out there, and it was suspected that our manager was acting—not exactly on the square. It was desirable, therefore, that some responsible person should go out to investigate, and if needful, remain for some time, until that branch of our business was put on a more satisfactory basis. I had been admitted to the counting-house some years before by my uncle, who was one of the principal partners; and if I proved myself to be possessed of sufficient energy and business capacity, it was understood that I might eventually be taken in to the firm.

‘Robert,’ said my uncle, ‘if you are worth your salt, this should be a capital opening for you. It rests entirely with yourself whether you succeed or not.’

I had no special claims on my mother’s brother, who, though a bachelor, had many other relations; and since I could bring no capital into the business, I felt that the offer was a very generous one. I had the ball at my foot, so to speak, and resolved to exert myself to the utmost; and am proud to say that during the four years I was in the employment of the firm both partners were convinced that I was certainly worth my salt. As yet, however, there had been nothing further said as to my promised share in the business. Then came the proposal that I should go to Africa; and it was intimated to me that if I was successful in the management of that difficult and delicate piece of work, I should at once receive a junior partnership in the firm.

I was rather glad on another account to leave London at that particular time, for I had met with a bitter disappointment, of which I did not care to speak, and of which no one knew but myself. It was nearly a year before that I had met Louie Moir, whose sweet face and lovely dark-blue eyes haunted my dreams both by day and night. In short, I fell deeply in love with her. We met pretty frequently; played tennis together, danced together; and though I had not spoken of love, I had some reason to believe that she knew and understood my feelings; and I cherished the blissful hope that I was not indifferent to her. I had hitherto refrained from speaking, because, though my salary was pretty good, it was hardly sufficient to entitle me to ask Miss Moir to share it. Of course my prospects were good; but I thought it would be better to have an assured position before asking Mr Moir for the hand of his daughter.

One evening in June I went to a fête at the Botanic Gardens, where I expected to meet Louie. Presently I saw her with her mother

bending over a stand of orchids. A gentleman whom I did not know accompanied them, and was gazing through a pair of eye-glasses at the elegantly dressed crowds passing and repassing. I walked up and shook hands, prepared to saunter round with them as usual, to admire the exquisite groups of plants and flowers. I observed that Louie was pale and weary-looking, but this might have been due only to the heat. The other fellow—who was introduced to me as Mr Bremner—kept close beside her. As we could not well walk about four abreast, I was compelled to drop behind with Mrs Moir. She had hitherto treated me with cordiality and kindness; but to-day there was a marked change in her manner. She was cold and distant, and when she encountered a group of acquaintances, she joined them, and coolly bowed me off. I tried, but ineffectually, to get a few words with Louie, and hung about the gardens, perplexed and miserable, till I saw the Moirs leave, and then I departed immediately afterwards. I spent a sleepless night; but I resolved that next day I would call and explain my position to Mr or Mrs Moir, and ask their consent to speak to Louie.

As luck would have it, that very morning my uncle called me into his private room and told me they had just received advices from the Cape which made it imperative that somebody who could be trusted should go out without delay.

‘Now, I know that we can trust you, Robert,’ he said; ‘and if you have no objection, we should wish you to start next week.’

I expressed my perfect willingness to go at the time indicated; and some further conversation ensued, when I heard of something to my own advantage.

I was therefore in capital spirits when I started to make my call at Mrs Moir’s, for the promise I had just received from the heads of the firm was what I had been waiting for, and I could now approach Louie’s parents with more confidence. I found only Mrs Moir in the drawing-room. Miss Moir I was told was out. After a few commonplace remarks, I was considering how I could best introduce the subject nearest my heart, when the lady startled me by saying in her blandest voice: ‘I think, Mr Grahame, that you as a friend will be pleased to hear of anything which concerns the happiness of our dear Louisa. She is likely to be married before very long to Mr Bremner, the gentleman who was with us last night.’

My heart almost stood still with surprise and dismay. I could not speak for a minute; but Mrs Moir talked serenely on about her dear child’s prospects and Mr Bremner’s excellent qualities.

I managed at last to stammer out a few words of congratulation, but of course said nothing of my own blighted hopes. I mentioned that I was going to South Africa; and she made some inquiries about my purpose in going, the time when I proposed to start, and so on. She said she hoped I would call to see them again before leaving. I replied that I had a great deal to do, and might not have time; and she did not press me.

A week later I sailed without having seen Louie, for I could not bear to meet her under

such altered circumstances. I was glad to turn my back on England—glad that I had the opportunity of seeking oblivion among new scenes and strange faces.

In due time I reached my new field of labour, and found that the affairs of the firm were even in a worse condition than had been feared. I set to work, however, with zeal and energy, and by-and-by was able to bring things into better order. I was highly complimented by both partners, and received the promised reward. I might have returned to England in little more than a year, had I cared to do so; but there was no object in returning, and as my presence was desirable out there, I willingly agreed to remain some time longer. At length my health began to break down; and I was compelled to take passage by the *Coomassie*, and return home.

When out at sea, we encountered a violent storm; some of the machinery was damaged, and the ship was so much disabled that we were obliged to put in to the nearest port for repairs, which happened to be Las Palmas in the Grand Canary. We were likely to be detained there for several days, and some of the passengers grumbled a good deal at being delayed; but I was quite indifferent. The island was pretty, the temperature mild and genial after the great heat I had been accustomed to; and I thought a short sojourn there would be rather pleasant. I took up my quarters at Quiney's Hotel, where I found between thirty and forty guests were already located.

'This seems rather a jolly sort of a place,' said Dick Preston, a fellow-voyager with whom I had become rather intimate on board ship. 'I have just been having a look round, and there is an uncommon nice garden, with a lot of jolly comfortable-looking chairs, where one could lounge about and smoke for hours; and I saw a couple of rather nice-looking girls sitting in a place all covered with vines and creepers. I wish somebody would introduce me. I should like to make their acquaintance. I am told that splendid cigars can be had for very little. So I think, old man, that we shall be able to put in a few days here pretty decently.'

'Not a bad-looking collection,' said Preston in a low voice as we seated ourselves at the dinner-table some hours later. His remark referred to the company, who were dropping in in little groups of twos and threes and seating themselves at the table with nods and smiles to other groups, or friendly remarks to those near them.

'Yes,' I said; 'a very pleasant-looking party, and apparently very friendly with each other—quite *en famille*.'

As I spoke, I caught sight of a figure on the opposite side of the table, a little farther down—a slight girlish figure; and as I looked at her, a pair of lovely blue eyes met mine for an instant and then were bent on her plate. I observed her face flush and turn pale, and the hands which unfolded her *serviette* trembled. My own heart was beating painfully, and I answered Preston's remarks at random. Yes, it was she—it was Louie. I had no right to think of her by that name. She must be Mrs Bremner now; and oh, wretched fool that I was, that sudden meeting had revealed to me the fact that I loved her as

devotedly as ever! She was accompanied by an old lady whom I did not know; but I heard her say, 'Yes, aunt,' in reply to a question addressed to her by her companion. Two seats on the other side of her were still vacant. Would her husband be with her? I wondered. Presently, a young lady and gentleman came in and took the vacant seats, evidently only acquaintances. No—Mr Bremner was not there.

I hardly understood what was going on around me. A gentleman sitting next me was asking questions about the accident to the steamer, and I scarcely think my replies were very coherent, for I was straining my ears to listen to the tones of a sweet low voice which thrilled through every nerve of my being.

'I say, look here, Grahame. Are you well enough?' said my friend, turning to me. 'You look a bit shaky, don't you know?'

'Oh, I am all right,' I replied.

'You don't look it. But I suppose you have not quite recovered from your illness.'

'I did feel just a bit queer; but it is nothing. I shall be all right when I get outside. I shall just go and take a turn in the garden.'

But Dick's politeness would not suffer him to let me go alone. It was useless for me to protest, although I would have given anything for a few minutes' solitude to collect myself. We paced the moonlit garden, fragrant with the scent of roses and orange flowers; and then, as dinner was finished and other visitors came out to smoke, I suggested that we might take a turn down to the town. As we emerged from the hotel we were assailed by a collection of ragged urchins, who held out their hands clamouring for *cuartitos*.

'Get along, you troublesome little rascals,' cried Preston, accompanying his, to them, unintelligible remark by gestures which were sufficiently expressive. He succeeded in driving them all off except two, who persisted in constituting themselves our escort. Wherever we went they went; if we stopped, they squatted on the ground till we were ready to move on again, when they instantly jumped up and resumed their march. But the funniest thing was that the little ragamuffins had produced from the recesses of their tattered garments the materials for a cigarette, which they deftly rolled and smoked after the orthodox fashion.

The diversion created by the cigar-smoking vagrants had given me time to recover my composure, and I was now able to express some degree of interest in what was going on around me.

'Look here,' cried Dick, laughing. 'Here is love-making under difficulties. Look at this fellow, craning his neck up to a first-floor window, and the girl leaning out talking to him, or listening to his amorous speeches; and, by Jove! if there is not an old lady, the mother very likely, sitting inside and listening to every word. Poor beggar! It is hard lines for him. Great Scott! just imagine making soft speeches in the hearing of a prospective mother-in-law!'

It was impossible to help laughing.

'What a lot of nonsense I have talked to the girls in my day,' he went on reflectively; 'but if I had to spoon under these circumstances, I should very soon dry up.'

'Yes; I should think it would be an effectual barrier to flirtation. A man must surely be in downright earnest when he will stand making a public exhibition of himself like that,' I observed.

'Why, here is another at the same old game,' cried Preston as we turned a corner and almost ran into another fellow, whose neck was bent back to a most uncomfortable-looking angle, and who had no eyes for anything but the dark-eyed beauty who was bending down to him from the window. 'When I write a book on "The Canaries,"' said Dick, as he took the cigar from his lips, sending the smoke curling upwards, and regarding the red spark at the end meditatively—'when I write a book on these sunny and salubrious islands, I shall not recommend for universal imitation the manners and customs of the natives in the matter of courtship.'

Next morning about seven o'clock the attendant knocked at my door, bringing me a cup of tea, in accordance with the usual custom. He had scarcely left the room when Preston entered fully dressed. 'What! not up yet?' he cried; 'and sipping your tea like an old lady.'

'Have they not given you a cup?' I asked.

'No; thank you. A glass of "bitter" is more in my line, only it is so confoundedly dear in these happy climes. A few oranges are not a bad substitute, however.—But come; are you not going to get up?'

'What's the good?' I said lazily. 'What are you going to do?'

'Oh, just have a look round.'

'Well, you can tell me about it when you come back,' I said. 'I am not going to stir for a good hour yet; the days are quite long enough as it is.'

'Just as you like,' he said. 'I'll leave you to your repose;' and I heard his cheery whistle as he crossed the square, and I was left to my gloomy reflections.

During my residence abroad I had as a matter of course been in constant communication with my relatives and friends at home; but it so happened that nobody had ever mentioned Miss Moir's name in any of their letters. Indeed, there was no reason why they should, for the fact of my love for her was a secret I had kept to myself; and my attentions to her had not been so conspicuous as to excite general remark. From the hour when I had left her mother's presence, nearly three years ago, I had never heard one word about her, nor did I know if her marriage had taken place. I had scanned the columns of the *Times* diligently, but without meeting with what I sought, yet dreaded to find. It did not follow that she was not married, though I had seen no announcement of the event. Only, of course, it was uncertain; and I was at a loss how to address her, for I had made up my mind to speak to her, and only regretted that I had made no sign of recognition when I first caught sight of her. But the shock of surprise had deprived me for the time of my self-control. I lay and ruminated, unconscious of the flight of time, till I heard Dick's voice talking to some one outside. I sprang up, and hastily proceeded to dress, and in a few minutes my friend entered.

'It's a glorious morning,' he said, putting down his hat and mopping his forehead; 'only,

rather warm. I have been down to Elder & Dempster's office, and they tell me it is doubtful if the *Coomassie* will be ready to put to sea again for four or five days. Desperately annoying; but what can't be helped must be put up with.'

'Spoken like a philosopher,' I remarked; 'and after all it might have been worse. We might have been landed somewhere where there was nothing but birds' eggs and crabs to live on.'

'True enough.—But do you know I met with such a nice-looking girl, of the fair-haired, blue-eyed sort. Perhaps you may have noticed her last night. She was sitting at the other side of the table beside an elderly lady, who turns out to be a spinster aunt. I made the acquaintance of the old lady this morning. Her name is Miss Brown; and she has informed me that she came to the islands to take charge of her niece, who has been in rather delicate health. They have been staying at Tenerife for three weeks, and came here ten days ago. Her niece came out to meet her while we were talking, and she was good enough to introduce me. I intend to cultivate the niece. She is as pretty a girl as I have seen for many a day. Her name is Miss Moir.'

'What did you say her name was?' I asked, for my senses were all tingling at the sudden assurance that she was still Louie Moir.

'Moir—Miss Moir. The aunt's name is Brown.'

As we came down to breakfast we met the two ladies coming in from the garden.

'How do you do, Miss Moir?' I said. 'I hope you have not forgotten me?'

'How do you do, Mr Grahame?' she replied coldly.

Preston stared at me, but did not speak.

'You have been some days on the island, my friend here tells me,' I remarked.

'We came about ten days ago,' she answered in the same cold constrained voice.—'May I introduce you to my aunt?' and she performed the brief ceremony, and immediately turned to Preston and chatted to him freely, leaving me to converse with Miss Brown, with whom I exchanged a few remarks as we entered the breakfast room.

'Grahame, you sinner,' said Preston as he took his place beside me at the table, 'you never told me that you knew Miss Moir.'

'I was not sure it was her you meant.'

'You must try a better lie than that if you want it to pass for truth,' said he dryly.

'Well,' I replied, 'I understood she was married; but I was not sure.'

'Hum,' he said, looking at me sharply; 'you saw her last night. I wonder if her presence had anything to do with your loss of appetite? I believe you were spoons on her at one time, and that she threw you over.'

'Don't! there's a good fellow,' I said; 'I will tell you about it afterwards.'

'All right,' he answered with a slight nod, glancing across at Miss Moir, who was talking to the gentleman on the farther side of her, and never looking in our direction.

When the meal was over, she rose and left the room, going straight up-stairs. I hung about in the hope of seeing her again, for I was anxious to find out if possible how it really stood with her, and if she was cognisant of the information her

mother had imparted to me. It could hardly be that Mrs Moir had intentionally deceived me, yet, if Louie knew that I had been told that she was about to be married, she could not be surprised that I did not see her again. But if she did not know, I reflected with bitterness and despair that my abrupt departure, without one word of farewell, must have wounded her feelings and her pride terribly, if it was as I had once fondly hoped, and that she was not engaged to Mr Bremner. If I could only get a chance to speak to her, all might be explained; but she seemed determined to avoid me.

She came down-stairs at last, and was passing me without a look or a sign of recognition. I stepped forward and would have spoken; but she only gave me a haughty bow as she passed out. At the luncheon table it was just the same—she persistently ignored me.

I wandered listlessly about the town, accompanied by Preston, who proved himself to be of a real good sort. He neither chaffed me nor worried me with questions, though he saw plainly enough that something was wrong. He rattled on with the kindly intention of cheering me up, for I was about as lively as a mute at a funeral. We strolled into the Museum, and inspected the mummified remains of the dead and gone Guanches, the ancient inhabitants of the island; and some old red pottery and other articles, which may have been the work of the hands which have for ages been folded under these queer mummy cerements. But we soon had enough of the ancient relics. Leaving the square where the Museum is situated, we walked along one of the narrow streets which have such a gloomy deserted appearance, with the windows all covered with green shutters. These shutters, which are called *postigos*, have a habit of flying suddenly open when those within wish to get a view of what is passing in the street. We were rather startled by a *postigo* flying open just in front of us, and a dark-eyed damsel appeared at the window, the object of whose curiosity was evidently our humble selves. Preston courteously raised his hat to her and said, 'Bonita muchacha,' which was all the Spanish he knew. The 'pretty girl' thus addressed withdrew her head with a coquettish toss and a smile, half closing the *postigo*; but we had not gone far when she peeped out again, when Preston smiled and waved his hand to her. He was quite proud of his knowledge of the language, and again murmured 'Bonita muchacha' as we passed a girl with a white lama shawl arranged over her dark locks in the form of a mantilla. The young lady smiled, showing all her pearly teeth.

The natives are very tolerant of the eccentric vagaries of foreigners; nevertheless, I thought it just as well to warn my friend that the Spaniards are a jealous race, and that it might be wiser to deny himself the pleasure of making his usual remark as we passed a lady in a black lace mantilla whom we saw approaching. However, he had another chance, for, as we neared the lower part of the town, many hands were stretched out to us, begging for *cuartos*. My friend selected one of the nicest-looking girls he could see, and bestowed a few coins upon her with his usual remark. She was delighted, and made some voluble expressions of thanks, which

were of course meaningless to us, and then ran off, returning in about a minute with another girl, whose hand she held up, pointing to herself and then to the other girl, whom she called 'Carina.' We understood her to mean that since she had found favour in our sight, she desired us to extend our generosity to her friend also, which we could hardly refuse to do. Our liberality, however, procured for us the undesirable distinction of a numerous escort all the way back to the hotel, all holding out their hands at intervals and keeping up an irregular chorus of 'Cuarto, cuartito.'

'Hang me if I won't learn some more Spanish this very night,' said Preston; 'but it shall be the equivalent for some strong phrases that shall send these rascals scattering.'

THE MIXED COURT OF SHANGHAI.

A STRANGE or, rather, unique institution is the Mixed Court of Shanghai. This Court is constituted to administer justice in the settlement of all the cases in which foreigners and Chinese are involved, when the foreigner is the plaintiff and the Chinese defendant; and in the cases in which both parties are Chinese residing in the settlement. In the case in which the defendant is a foreigner protected by or belonging to a country having treaty with China, the case must be tried at his Consular Court, where the suit is brought by the plaintiff.

As for the natives, the Mixed Court trials are generally limited to slight offences, or contraventions of municipal regulations. For the crimes of a certain gravity, the Mixed Court gives generally a verdict of non-competency. Then the defendant is sent to the city magistrates, by whom the culprit is judged and sentenced to be tortured, or massacred, if necessary.

The Mixed Court is presided over by a Chinese magistrate, a mandarin of inferior order, representing the Tao-Tai or governor of the city or district, who only attends the Court when a case of great importance is called for. When the Tao-Tai is present, a Consul-general also attends. On other days, a foreign assessor sits with the magistrate. The assessors are always chosen among the members of the consular body having a fair knowledge of the Chinese language. They have only consulting powers, and their special duty is to look after the interest of the foreign plaintiff, and to ensure the bylaws of the settlement being enforced. According to the existing rules for the municipal administration, there are in Shanghai two Mixed Courts, one exclusively French, sitting in the French Concession; and another cosmopolitan, sitting in the so-called English Settlement.

The external appearance of the Mixed Court is not very imposing. A number of monsters are exhibited, to inspire the desired terror to wrong-doers, and especially thieves, who, notwithstanding the sight of those awful faces,

continue to steal, just as if theft was a Chinese national institution. Close to the gateway are two huge cages formed of strong bamboo, inside which are seen the prisoners condemned to the 'cangue.' The bars are almost wide enough for a thin fellow to wriggle through; but such an attempt would be unhappily prevented by a wooden collar about two feet square and more or less thick according to the gravity of the transgression, and which the convicts must wear from morning to night. This instrument, which is by the Chinese called 'kia,' and by the foreigners 'cangue,' has the wooden frame firmly secured by an iron bar all round, and is closed with a lock, from which hangs a long chain, which binds their waists or attaches together two or more men condemned to the same punishment, joining in one inseparable squad several Celestial scoundrels.

On the planks of the cangue there are written in large Chinese characters the name of the culprit, the crime committed, and the length of the sentence. Sometimes on the sides of the cangue there are two holes through which the men must put their hands, and then they are fed by others. For small offences, a man wearing the cangue has his hands free, and he can easily eat, drink, or smoke; and with the great familiarity usual in China between prisoners and outside friends, the former never fail to get fruits or tobacco from passers-by. In the latter case, it seems to us that once having become accustomed to the collar, the life of a man sentenced to this kind of punishment is not much to be pitied. The convicts condemned to wear the cangue walk a couple of hours through the streets, and each of them has to stand in a humble position before the door of the house where the crime was committed.

Passing through the portal, we enter the courtyard. Other demoniacal figures adorn the walls and show their awful teeth. In front, above the door through which enters the mandarin, there is one which specially attracts the visitor's attention: it is a kind of dragon with a *gaietta pelle*, like one of Dante's three beasts. The hideous monster is said to be the emblem of avarice. It is painted there, it is said, to show that avarice of 'squeezing' is a sin which the mandarins are to guard against; but, unhappily, this precious maxim is in China, more than in most countries, well appreciated, but badly applied.

Even the courtyard is of some use in the administration of justice in China. Here takes place the flogging, a practice which the Celestials have been used to for several thousands of years, and which Western civilisation, coming to play the rôle of Queen in the Far East, thought convenient to maintain for the sake of the European prestige; but also because many Europeans believe that without the intervention of the bamboo, it is impossible to obtain respect from the Chinese. The flogging is administered in public. The culprit is brought in by a Court runner, who holds him by the pigtail. He is delivered from the cangue, if he wears one; and after having his hands and feet bound, he kneels down before the mandarin who attends the flagellation. The blows, which vary from ten to five hundred in one or more times, according to the sentence, are applied to the most fleshy

part of his bare thighs. Sometimes the punishment is borne with indifference; and when the culprit has paid his tribute to justice, he runs away with the nimbleness of a cat; while another, screaming and yelling like one possessed by evil spirits, cannot walk or even rise. You must not believe, however, that this difference of self-command in the face of the bamboo originates from a stronger physical constitution or greater moral force. The cause is only due to the amount of cash the condemned man is able to pay. Before lying down, a good word said to the flogger will mollify his cruelty and determine the weight and severity of his blows. It seems that a regular scale exists; blows of whole strength, three-quarters, half-strength, and no strength at all. Justice thus admits of modifications. What guarantee the officer can have against being cheated by a scoundrel who afterwards would not pay the appointed sum, we cannot tell; but we should think there are very few who refuse the due reward to the old Cerberus, because not only would all credit be stopped on the next occasion, but he would make him pay the arrears, and also the interest of the old affair, by supplying him with blows of extra strength; and this, you will agree with us, is well merited and conducted justice.

After the courtyard we come into the courtroom. The hall of justice, like all the rest, has a miserable appearance. A table badly joined is the Bar. On the Bench, a huge inkstand, pencils, and tablets of Chinese ink, a teapot and teacups, as tea is served during the sitting. Besides these commonplace objects, there is a peculiar one, which claims attention. It is a hollow cylinder, full of tallies or slips of wood, a number of which are taken out and thrown on the floor by the magistrate when the sentence is to be pronounced. These sticks are picked up by the attendants and counted. The slips are of different value, like gambling counters. Some are worth one hundred, some fifty, ten, or five blows each; but the condemned man has the consolation of expecting a deduction of ten per cent. at the delivery of the same. This liberality goes to the Emperor's credit, and it is called the Imperial favour; according to the Confucian maxim, that in enacting laws, severity is a necessity; while in executing them, mercy is to be granted.

Behind the Bench are placed two or three chairs—one for the mandarin, one for the assessor, and a third for another consul, who happened to be interested in the case.

The magistrate wears the mandarin dress of the order to which he belongs; on his head he has the 'mao,' or round mandarin hat, with a yellow, white, blue, or red button, with some peacock feathers, according to his rank. In winter he wears a long fur-lined robe with square embroideries in the mandarin style; in summer, a long robe of thin embroidered silk, buttoned up to his neck, from which hangs a long chain of glass beads. As for the foreign assessor, there is neither wig nor Court robe; some even wear a morning dress and keep their hat on, just to contrast with the Chinese magistrate who, against the rules, sometimes takes his off.

Not seldom a disagreement between the magistrate and the foreign assessor occurs. In the

spring of 1885, for instance, an amusing episode took place between the magistrate Huang (which means yellow) and Mr Giles, British Vice-consul, both of an equally excitable temper, and suffering apparently from liver disease. In a moment of irritability, Mr Giles, who has the reputation of being an eminent Chinese scholar, seemed to have said something that wounded the susceptibilities of Huang, who struck slightly with his pencil (not on purpose, certainly) Mr Giles's hand. He pushed the mandarin's hand, causing the pencil to fall from the fingers of the Chinese. The latter, greatly excited, hit the shoulders of Mr Giles, who rose and left the Court, to the extreme regret of the public and the prisoners, who were taking great delight in this unexpected *entr'acte*. The incident did not end here. The British Consul-general asked of the Tao-Tai the dismissal of magistrate Huang; and having failed in obtaining it, he appealed to the consular body, which, by collective action, should demand satisfaction for one of the members thus roughly treated by the magistrate. But the application to the consular body proved unsuccessful, as the majority were not persuaded of the advisability of keeping on the assessor's chair one whose excitability would produce no better results than to maintain a state of irritation with the local native officials. The matter was therefore sent to higher authorities at Peking for a decision; and the response was a judgment worthy of King Solomon: Huang and Giles to be both recalled. In the place of Mr Giles was appointed Mr Playfair, who we are sure did always justice to his name, and made 'fair-play.'

The prisoners brought before the Court belong, of course, mostly to the lowest class of people. Among the number of natives, the wheelbarrow and 'rik-sha' coolies, the 'san-pan' and cargo boatmen, figure rather prominently in the Court transactions. The majority of cases are petty larcenies, thefts of articles taken from an opium or tea shop or from a lodging-house. Besides, there are to be noticed the peculiar crimes of the Chinese, such as kidnapping, disputes over the sale of a wife, the mortgaging of a concubine, &c. It is not unusual also for a foreign master to prosecute his house-boy or his 'mafoo' or groom for having stolen money, jewellery, or house-implements.

Another class of rogues are the street gamblers; but these fellows are too smart to be easily caught. They practise their trade in a den of some deserted by-street. A comrade keeps a lookout, to report the coming of a policeman, who is never or hardly ever in a great hurry. At his approaching all scatter away, and no sign of gambling is perceived. As soon as the majesty of the law is out of sight, the comrade returns to his watch, and gambling is heartily resumed.

Very curious is the trial of the Chinese Court. The prisoner is brought in by a Court runner, who holds him by the cue on arriving before the magistrate; the prisoner kneels down, and must remain erect on his marrow-bones all the time the case lasts. If he tries to squat down or to find a more comfortable position, the guardian, not previously prepared by a good word, pulls his cue mercilessly and forces him to keep erect. The process of interrogation is also very curious, and by no means respectful. A runner appointed

by the magistrate, and acting in the capacity of interpreter, should a plaintiff or a defendant speak in a dialect not understood by His Worship, tries to interrogate one of the prisoners, while half-a-dozen people interested in the case shout at the same time. Then, when silence is obtained, the defendant tells his story. As a rule, the Chinese never admits himself guilty. He cries, shouts, howls, wails, weeps, gnashes his teeth, strikes his forehead strongly on the pavement, in order to protest his innocence, till the guardian, if not absent-minded, brings him to reason by jerking and pulling his pigtail at the very moment his lamentations may lead some one to consider the tail is useful for something. Many times the plaintiff, who may be as much excited, goes down on his knees and, without asking permission, begins also to gesticulate and scream with a deafening voice, in order to persuade the magistrate of the justice of his complaint.

No counsel, barrister, or lawyer of any kind is allowed to plead in the Court, and their absence makes the whole thing quicker. The magistrate, after having heard the opinion of the foreign assessor, pronounces the sentence, which in all cases will cause the greatest misery to the condemned man. A fine of two hundred 'cash,' with the alternative of one or two days' imprisonment, overwhelms the culprit with grief. He begins again to yell and strike his head, until the runner, pulling him up, drags him out of the Court, where, as soon as the man sees that there is no way of getting off cheaper, he reconciles himself to his fate, and even rejoices over his good luck.

A frequently successful trick for a prisoner to prove his innocence is the appearance of an old man, calling himself the prisoner's father or grandfather, who declares that his son is a model of filial piety, the touchstone of morality in China. Sometimes the grandfather is a genuine one, but more frequently is borrowed for the occasion.

A very good impression would be made on the magistrate if a Celestial charged with assault could bring in a grandfather hurt in some way, with his face bleeding, or having bruises on his arms or legs or a huge plaster on his chest, in such a condition that he could give evidence that the grandson was forced to strike other people in order to defend him and save him from certain death.

THE COTTAGE BY THE BURNSIDE.

THE Cottage by the Burnside has no longer any existence except in the memories of those who were interested in it and its old inmates. A quiet moorland road, which winds along the hillside for miles between upland pastures and occasional patches of corn, turnips, or bog-hay—'a gey bare streak o' a road,' as the country-people call it—dips down at one point into a little glen, clad with oak, birch, and thorn trees, with here and there a slender waving rowan-tree and an undergrowth of sloe and hazel bushes. A bright little burn, which rises far up in the moorland, and descends in a succession of linnis and sunny pools, winds through this wooded glen to the river

Nith. An old stone bridge carries the lonely road aforesaid across the glen and the burn; and from this bridge, in former days, might be seen the cottage by the burnside, which formed a picturesque object in the landscape, standing as it did on an angle formed by a sharp bend in the stream. The cottage had been an old barn or granary in former days, and had a high thatched roof, and odd little windows of various shapes and sizes.

Behind the cottage were hidden the byres and piggeries belonging to the 'dairy' of cows which occupied the place of the old farm buildings to which the cottage in its original capacity of a granary had belonged. The waving trees of the glen formed a background green and soft in summer, and a black network of branches against gray winter skies; while all the year round, looking over the parapet of the bridge, the burn filled the foreground, sometimes drumly and turbid with sudden 'spates' among the hills, but generally rushing briskly among the boulders in its channel. It was a stream beloved by fishers, for wonderful takes of trout were by no means rare; and sea-trout, or even a salmon, were sometimes got in its pools.

A rough cart-track led from the end of the bridge, and wound under the trees down to the cottage, which was on the side of the square next to the burn. A very rough road it was at all times, and in wet weather it was almost impassable. Old David at the dairy used to say, with a cheery twinkle in his eye, 'It's an uncommon road for mud this.' An old door, warped and frayed with age, led into a flagged passage; and from it, again, another door of the same ancient description opened into a large low room with smoke-blackened rafters and a stone floor, worn into hollows with age and the tread of many feet. Two old 'presses' of dark wood; a 'kist' for blankets; a dresser, gay with many-coloured plates, bowls, and jugs; an eight-day clock about a hundred years old, with a brass rim for a face—'that chappit unco slow,' as Eppie used to say. Such was the furniture of the cottage, completed by two box-beds, hung with blue checked linen curtains; and a big spinning-wheel, which stood winter and summer by the peat-fire, and filled the cottage with its murmurous hum, as Eppie, the younger of the two old sisters, stepped briskly back and forward before it, deftly twisting the 'rowans' of wool which lay in a big basket beside her into a strong worsted thread.

At the first glance, it seemed as if Eppie were the sole inhabitant of the homely dwelling; but on looking into the farther box-bed, a very old woman might be seen, with her shoulders propped up by pillows, and a form so small and shrunken that it hardly showed beneath the heavy bed-clothes and crimson counterpane. The bed linen was coarse but snow-white; and here, for thirty-five long years, Betty Brydone had lain. She was a small fair woman, very different from Eppie, who was big-boned and broad-shouldered,

with a homely kind face, and a shrewd glimmer of humour in her gray eyes. Any one looking at the two sisters, and judging from appearances, would at once have said that Eppie was the moving spirit of the small household; but it was not so. Betty, or 'Bet,' as she was always called, with her frail form, pink and white cheeks, and eyes blue and calm as a child's, had an indomitable will; and, moreover, she had 'the purse,' for she fortunately had a small annuity, which, with the proceeds of Eppie's spinning and her own industry in plain sewing, was quite enough to supply their modest wants.

An old neighbour who used often to visit them said: 'Bet was aye *maister*; but Eppie was a rare dounce canny woman, and so they did fine. Bet aye keepit the siller in a stocking fit, aneath her pillow; and when we gaed to our tea at the New-year time, or thereawa', she verily brocht out the siller teaspoons frae the bed, and gied them to Eppie for our tea.'

When a visitor went in, after a hearty welcome, and the ceremonial—never omitted on Bet's part—of changing her apparently spotless cap for another which was supposed to be fresher, and which hung on a nail at the 'bed-heid,' she would chat briskly about the weather, the village news, &c., while her thin white fingers never ceased to sew rapidly at the caps with many frills which she was quite famous for making.

Very, very seldom did Bet touch upon her own story; but at rare intervals she did. Two ordinary lifetimes had been hers—forty-five years of busy bustling life, filled latterly with the ceaseless cares and endless activities of a small farmer's diligent wife; then thirty-five years of absolute helplessness and comparative penury; but through it all, in storm and sunshine her brave spirit had never flagged.

Bet and Eppie were shepherd's daughters, who had early gone out into the world to win their bread and work their own way. Bet, after a few years, married her master, the miller on Airdle Water. A small farm was attached to the mill; and here, for more than twenty years, they led a happy prosperous life, with only one drawback—they had no children to gladden their home. At last, trouble came; some of their money was lost by the dishonesty of a relation; the miller himself died; times were very bad; some of the 'beasts' died; but Bet only worked harder than ever.

One bright August morning they were carting in hay from a sloping field near the Airdle; the larks were singing high in the air; grouse were calling on the moors; the rabbits with their white tails popped in and out among the bushes by the burnside. The workers were in high spirits, for this was the last of the hay, and it would soon be safely in. Bet was on the top of the cart, spreading and packing the hay as the men tossed it up. Always active, she was working with might and main that day that they might get through. Suddenly, something startled the horse; it jumped forward; in an instant the cart was overturned, with Bet beneath it; and in that moment all life's activities were over for Bet for evermore. They carried her home to the mill, apparently lifeless; and when consciousness returned, it was found that her spine had been

hopelessly injured, and that her limbs were perfectly powerless.

Her husband's heirs agreed to take over the mill and the stock, and to pay Bet a small annuity of ten pounds a year. Eppie, who was also a widow, and whose family were grown up and doing for themselves, came to live with her; and after some little trouble and shifting about, they finally settled in the cottage by the burn-side, where they passed the remainder of their lives in peace and quietness.

The outside world rolled on with its chances and changes; railways and telegraphs became accomplished facts; the scream of the steam-engine was heard even in their quiet valley; but Bet never saw a railway train! The Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the Franco-Prussian War, all went and came; but to them there was little change but that of the seasons—summer and winter, seedtime and harvest. In the summer, Eppie went out to 'cast' their peats or to give some neighbour and his family a hand at the hay; but the only change the summer brought to Bet was, that she had longer light for her seam. For a good many years they had only one window, and it was at the side of the fireplace farthest away from Bet's bed; but after a time they got another window in rather a curious way.

The one disturbing element in the prevailing quiet of Bet's bed-ridden life was a rumour that the factor had said at various times that the cost of keeping up the old granary was far more than the rent the old women paid for it, and that therefore he was going to pull it down, and they must seek for quarters in the village. This was a sore heartbreak to Bet, for, as Eppie said, she 'couldna thole a change.' One fine day the factor came to see the state of matters for himself; and the sight of Bet's combined helplessness and independence, and Eppie's affection for the sister who was at once so strong and so weak, overcame his resolution to warn them out. He gave orders not only to repair the granary, but to make a small window of four panes directly opposite Bet's bed, which, as she often remarked afterwards, in tones of the deepest gratitude, was 'an extraordinary' benefit to her. From this window, lying on her pillows, she could look across the burn and see the young lambs in the holm on the other side, and the trees bursting into leaf near the road.

No one ever heard a murmur escape from Bet's lips; it was the Lord's will, and that was all she ever said. She sometimes wished she could have gone to church; but both the parish minister, and the minister of the dissenting church, to which she and miller Brydone belonged, were, as she often said, 'rale attentive to her.'

'Do you never weary, Bet?' a young girl said to her one day, impressed by the monotony of a life limited by the box-bed and the homely fireside.

'Whatfor suld I weary, my dear?' was the old woman's quick reply. 'I hae my wark, and I keep up a guid heart. We were never sent into this war!' to weary, but to work.'

That was the secret of Bet's humble philosophy and cheerfulness; and who shall say she lived in vain; for, though the two old sisters and their cottage have passed away, yet the remembrance

of them and others like them animates the Scottish men and women of to-day to emulate their patient contentment and brave endurance—to work their work, and to keep up 'a guid heart' through it all.

A DEAD FRIENDSHIP.

THERE is no more to say;

Some bitterness of thought is left unsaid,

And broods within the heart and will not go,

But leave it thus untold to fade away,

And give no life to what is better dead:

Each knows the other knows it; leave it so.

Henceforward we may meet

With knowledge of each other, but not love;

Here for the last time we shake hands and part;

Our love has waned, our faith grown incomplete;

Which is at fault we may not hope to prove,

For each acquits himself to his own heart.

Ah! friendship has its spring,

Like all things else, its growth and its decay;

It may not last, its summer is not long;

When it is dead and ended, shall we bring

But bitter words unto its grave, and say:

Thus didst thou wrong me! Thus thou didst me wrong!

Nay, hush! Let us forget.

What profit is it to remember all?

Let us remember only what was best.

Things that were bitter, things that pain and fret,

Ill thoughts we may regret but not recall,

Let them be all forgotten unexpressed.

And I will think that you

Died with your hand in mine, one summer when

Our friendship still was at the full, and we

In all our thoughts were each to other true,

That thus, my old-time friend, and even then

You died.—I ask you to think thus of me.

So each, perhaps, may keep

Remembrance as of one he used to know,

A dear dead friend he ne'er again shall meet,

And ne'er forget; forgetfulness shall heap

Its dust on all but that, and we may grow

To find in such remembrance something sweet.

A. ST J. ADCOCK.

** TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited, 47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 411.—VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE LAND OF INCONGRUITIES.

SOMEWHERE, India has been called the 'Land of Incongruities;' and no term could better describe the curious state of things therein produced by the running side by side of Oriental stagnation and Western progress. We have a great country inhabited by millions, the vast bulk of whom are immovably rooted in their intense conservatism; who are trammelled by a network of caste laws and prejudices; and who cling with the obstinacy of ignorance or fanaticism to their old customs and traditions. Then, scattered thinly over this desert of bigoted superstition, we have little colonies of educated Englishmen, who may be considered to be on the whole of rather superior culture and intellect, as nearly all owe their present position to having passed a competitive examination of more or less severity. These latter, with their wives and daughters, have exhausted the resources of Europe to surround their Indian homes with every luxury that can help to make their exile more tolerable. They live everywhere in that free and pleasant social intercourse that is one of the greatest charms of Indian life; but their nineteenth-century civilisation for ever rubs shoulders with the prehistoric barbarism of the great nations round them, in which these little British stations are immersed like islets in the sea. There is no sharp line drawn between them; everywhere we find the two extremes touching and overlapping. The punkah that waves overhead in the most luxurious drawing-room furnished with every refinement of modern art, is pulled by an almost naked savage squatting in the veranda outside, a creature who neither knows who we are nor whence we come, but regards us as beings from another sphere, whom he might possibly worship, if he were capable of worshipping anything higher than his copper coins and his caste rules about eating.

Alongside of the big English shops we find the hovels of the 'bunniah,' who grind the grain they sell between two stones, and swindle their

helpless customers over a thimbleful of lentils. The bunniah may be a thousand times richer than the European shopkeeper behind the plate-glass windows next door; he may have a perfect silver-mine of rupees buried under the mud floor of his hut; but still he sits in filthy rags in a hole where he can barely turn round, cheating the wretched coolies over a farthing's worth of rice, as his ancestors did a thousand years ago. He has enough learning to cook his own accounts, or to calculate the interest on five rupees at a thousand per cent., and he sends his son to school until he can just do the same. Then the son takes his place beside his father in the shop, and squats there for the rest of his life, never stirring save for the purpose of collecting his money, or to arrange about selling up some unfortunate debtor; until, fifty years or so hence, he will be carried feet foremost to the burning-ghat, leaving the silver-mine under the floor somewhat larger than he found it, as the result of his long life of sordid meanness.

Many curious inconsistencies naturally spring from the presence of the three great and very distinct races now living together in India. First, there are the original inhabitants, the Hindus, with their great system of caste, and a religion that nowadays apparently consists entirely of caste rules and laws, referring principally to the matters of eating and drinking. Next come their Mohammedan conquerors, of a more haughty and warlike nature, and imbued with the spirit of a vicious and intolerant religion that permits no compromise between the forcible conversion and the extermination of the unbeliever. Finally, there are the English, masters of both, and the present rulers of the land.

The accident of a similarity in colour between the Hindu and the Mussulman, and the fact that the two races are so closely mingled and living side by side all over India, makes it very difficult for any one not dwelling in the country to realise the gulf that lies between them, or the bitter enmity that is kept latent only by a power stronger than either. The Hindus, usually the

most peaceful of men, and ready to live amicably with those who do not endanger the purity of their caste, burn under the recollection of the insults and oppression of their Moslem invaders, and with the dread of another similar fate should India unfortunately be at any time left to her own resources. The Mohammedans look with the most utter contempt on everybody who is not of their religion, and feel equal hatred and jealousy for Hindu and Englishman alike. They reject the opportunities—that the more pliant Hindus have been quick to take advantage of—afforded by our offering the means of education and subsequent employment to the natives of India; and prefer to dream sulkily of the days of their bygone glory, or of the bloody revenge they would execute, could the sword of Islam once more sweep across the land.

Wherever we English live in India, there the three races are found together. Our servants are drawn equally from both the native classes. Cooks and table-servants are invariably Mohammedans; while grooms, bearers, gardeners, and outdoor servants generally, are usually Hindus. Through this circumstance, perhaps, order in the household is better maintained, as each class, so ready to take advantage of and swindle the master themselves, keep a sharp eye on the sins of the other party. Mussulman and Hindu live side by side in the bazaars amicably enough to all appearances, except when some festival, with its processions and drums and noise, goads the opposite faction to madness like an Orange band among the Fenians. Heads are then broken, and blood is freely if harmlessly spilt, till the police, and sometimes even the military, hunt both sides impartially about the streets until they disappear.

As the races are intermingled, so are their religions. In the throng of the street the Mohammedan spreads his praying-cloth and prostrates himself towards Mecca almost in the shadow of the Hindu temple; and the sweet sound of English church bells mingles with the voice of the muezzin and the braying Hindu conch. At your own church gates may be seen the dirty little wayside Hindu shrines of mud, garnished with bits of red rag and garlands of marigolds, and black with the smoke of votive lamps; while, if you happen to live near any sacred city, you will be edified by the spectacle of hundreds of hideous fakirs, rivalling each other in the loathsomeness of their attire, and the ingenious unpleasantness of their self-imposed penances, walking, crawling, or rolling along the road, or prowling about your servants' quarters in search of alms.

In all his farming operations the native clings with the greatest obstinacy to the ways and customs of his forefathers. Travelling by rail over the hundreds of miles of fertile plain in the north of India during the spring harvest, past the wretched little clusters of mud hovels where

the agricultural population live, one may see everywhere among the fields the mud-plastered thrashing-floors on which the wheat is being trampled out of the ear by bullocks. On the great heaps of grain and chaff and broken straw lie the men watching the noisy children who keep the cattle on the move, and the women laboriously reaping the ears of wheat one by one with a small knife. Then, if there be any breeze, one sees the women standing on the top of a bullock cart or other elevation, with baskets poised gracefully over their heads, pouring down a stream of grain from which the chaff is blowing like a cloud of smoke. When the grain thus primitively thrashed and winnowed is transferred from the creaking, crawling bullock-wagons to the railway train, it bids farewell to the leisure of the Old World; the demon of steam takes possession of it; and hurrying from train to ship, from the sunny plains of India to the murky docks of England, it passes into the whirling machinery of the mills at home.

Under the walls of the great woollen mills at Cawnpore, whose huge many-windowed blocks are nowadays more suggestive of Manchester than of mutinies and massacres, there may be seen natives weaving cloth just as they did before Cæsar conquered us skin-clad savages in Britain. Two sticks driven into the ground have the warp strung between them, while the wool is laboriously woven across the threads from a shuttle held in the hand. The yarn they use has been spun on the rudest imaginable spinning-wheel, or made by the help of distaff and spindle, the latter weighted with a stone ring similar to those found in Celtic barrows at home.

I remember a curious scene at Cawnpore some years ago. I was living on the banks of the Ganges, not a quarter of a mile from the notorious massacre ghat where Nana Sahib's treachery overwhelmed the unfortunate captives he had deluded with the hope of release. From the edge of my compound on the river about a mile of the stream was visible, and on this stretch of water there were seldom less than a couple of deceased Hindus to be seen floating with the current, or stranded on a sandbank with half-a-dozen vultures tugging at them. Bones and skulls were scattered along the banks, and even carried into the garden by the vultures, where they had to be periodically collected by the gardener and returned to the sacred river. The next house was a regimental mess, so close that we had the full benefit of its band on guest-nights. One moonlit evening the band was playing when a violent thunder-storm came on. At one moment the river would be lit up by the sudden glare of lightning, at the next the cosy lights from the messhouse would shine out into the darkness. The band, as if by arrangement, played some weird overture, which mingled with and now and then was lost amid the thunder and the howling wind. In the short lulls, the moan of jackals and the cries of startled birds came over the water to join in the concert. The scene was incongruous enough. There was the mess-room, brilliant with lights, the table glittering with silver and flowers, and twenty Englishmen dining luxuriously on the very edge of the black storm-lashed waters of the sacred river that was bearing past its dead within a few yards of them.

Then the storm passed; the moon shone out from among the breaking clouds, and the refrain of a dreamy waltz changed the picture from one of fury into peace in a few moments. But the ominous black specks still broke the silvery surface of the water; and the name of England may be but a faded memory ere the old Ganges ceases to take its dead children to its bosom, as it used to do, perhaps, when the ice-cap of the glacial epoch lay thick on the British Isles.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

CHAPTER IX.—SIR WILLIAM'S FRANKNESS.

FERRERS was astir betimes. He drew up his blind, flung open his window, and took a great draught of the clear morning air. The sun shone gloriously, dissipating the vapours of the night and the sleepy fragrance of the flowers; a lark carolled overhead in the fresh gaiety of rejoicing; and Ferrers felt that it would be a delightful world if he only had a clear and easy conscience. When he had dressed, he went to find Debrett. He thought he might not yet be up, so he knocked at his door, and receiving no answer, he turned the handle and entered. Debrett was still asleep in bed. Ferrers shook him by the shoulder, and at once he was awake and alert, as became a soldier. 'Hallo!' said he, 'what's the matter?'

'You promised,' said Ferrers, 'to be up early.'

'What's the time?'

'A little after six.'

'What's the use,' grumbled Debrett, 'of getting up when there's nothing to do? There's nothing to shoot.'

'There's rabbits, I daresay,' said Ferrers.

'Rabbits!'

'Well, we can have a walk and a talk, and a look at the crops.'

'Look at the crops—and shoot rabbits!' exclaimed Debrett. 'There speaks the farmer! I wish you wouldn't, Ferrers.—Is the door closed?'

'Yes,' answered Ferrers. 'And I *am* a farmer—or at least a farmer's son, and not a lordly sportsman.'

'Oh, you feel like that again, old chap. All right. I'll get up and have a look at the crops with you.'

Ferrers went down into the garden and hung about until Debrett appeared, when they strode away beyond the bounds of the park—stretching their long legs in unison—and entered upon devious paths by coppice and corn-field.

'May Mr William Dawlish smoke a pipe in the country?' asked Ferrers.

'Certainly,' answered Debrett. 'Why not?'

'That's just what I thought: "Why not?"' said Ferrers. 'Still, I thought I'd like to know from an authority if it was the correct thing.'

'So you've made up your mind to go on with the game?'

'No; I have not, Debrett. I'm going to put the matter to Sir William as soon as possible.'

'Well,' said Debrett, 'remember what I said to you last night: before you throw it all up, be sure that the young lady will approve.'

'Yes,' said Ferrers. 'And I must have a word with her about another thing. I forgot to tell you last night that when she saw we could get no talk together in the drawing-room, she asked me on a slip of paper to meet her in the Picture Gallery.'

'She did—did she? Well?'

'I didn't meet her.'

'Why? How was that?'

'I couldn't find the Picture Gallery. I was in search of it, when I had to retreat before Aunt Dawlish into a dark room, where she—without knowing it—pursued me, and drove me out bare-headed into the garden.'

'Oh, that was it!' laughed Debrett. 'But how are you going to explain all that to Miss Dolly?'

'I don't know. I don't see how I can explain it without telling her the truth. And then I'm in this double fix: I ought to tell Sir William first that I must tell her, and that will make an explanation necessary to him of the necessity of telling her.'

'And so you would have to betray the lady's confidence? That won't do.'

'No; I see that won't do at all. But what will do?'

'Let things be as they are; and tell Miss Dolly that you could not keep the assignation because you had to flee before Aunt Dawlish. Then she'll laugh at a big soldier like you running away from Aunt Dawlish, and it'll be all right.'

'Yes; that might do. And then, I know, she'd look so charming, I'd want to take her in my arms.—No; I must first have my talk with Sir William: I can't go on like this.'

'What an obstinate fellow you are!' exclaimed Debrett.

'Debrett,' said Ferrers, and he stopped and laid his hand on his friend's shoulder, 'you don't understand me in this. I feel about it more, far more, than you think. I'm hit—hit very hard here. I could die for that girl!—and I'm deceiving her! My boy, you can only tell what the grinding feeling of that is like when you're really, right-down, in love. If I go on as I have been going, seeing her, sitting with her, and talking to her, I shall have to do something mean: I shall have to run away with her! That would be madness, you see, and I want to get out of it.'

Debrett looked on him, and saw that he must be grievously smitten; his hopes, his fears, and his desires were so extreme and contradictory.

'All right, my boy,' said Debrett quietly. 'I understand, and I sympathise; and I'll stand by you as your friend. Shall I break the matter to Sir William?'

'No; thank you, Debrett,' said Ferrers; 'I think I'd better go through with it myself.'

'The sooner the better, then. Shall we go

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back? You may have a better chance of getting him alone before breakfast than after.'

So they returned towards the house. And the sun rose higher and hotter in the heavens, and the larks rose with a less joyous song to a less height, and returned to earth more quickly. They had got nearer Dawlish Place by only a field or two, when, on the margin of a coppice a little way off, they descried three men.

'There is Dawlish, I believe,' said Debrett; 'but who are the others? They can't be the bankers: Drew and Drumly don't stand so high as that, do they?'

'No,' answered Ferrers; 'they're not Drew and Drumly. Besides, Drumly's lame.'

That he said on seeing the two strangers part from Sir William and walk hurriedly off. They were both tall, but the one seemed powerfully built, and the other slimly and delicately. They moved away arm-in-arm; but it appeared to Ferrers that the stronger was hastening the steps of the weaker. They skirted the coppice and then disappeared round its end.

'I wonder who they are?' said Debrett. 'They don't look like farmers; they didn't behave like servants.—But here's Dawlish.'

The baronet appeared to have just discovered them. He lightly waved his hand, and sauntered to meet them.

'Been looking at your covers, Dawlish?' asked Debrett. 'How are the birds?'

'Oh, they seem in good condition.—But how is it you are out so early? I'd have thought that, coming in so late as you did, you'd have wanted to lie in bed in the morning.'

'I did want to lie in bed; but this man would have me out. He has got a bad liver or something.'

'He doesn't look like a man,' said Sir William, with one of his polite grins, 'that knows he has a liver.'

'Perhaps it's a bad conscience, then,' said Debrett. 'I know he has got something the matter with him.'

'Oh!' said Sir William, with a quick look of suspicion.

'And I want a word with you about it,' said Ferrers.

'With me?' exclaimed Sir William. 'But I'm neither a doctor nor a parson.'

'But it concerns you,' said Ferrers.

'Oh!—Well, say on.'

'Shall I leave you?' asked Debrett.

'If Sir William Dawlish doesn't mind,' said Ferrers, 'I'd prefer you to stay: you've known of this business since the beginning.'

'Stay by all means,' said Sir William, looking more keenly suspicious; while Ferrers paled somewhat, and was sensible of such an agitation beneath his waistcoat as he had experienced when he had first faced 'the jokers' Drew and Drumly.

'The fact is,' began Ferrers, 'I'm getting more and more uncomfortable in this business, and I want to put it to you whether you can't let me off my bargain.'

'That's awkward,' said Sir William. Then, with a sharp look: 'You seemed comfortable enough last night: what's the reason of the change?'

'I've been turning over things in my mind, and I find I can't go on.'

'But why? I think you owe me a reason—I do, Ferrers. Having gone so far, I think you should frankly explain to me why you can't go on to the end. What are you afraid of?'

'Well, then, frankly—I am as much afraid of myself as of anybody or anything.'

'What do you mean?' asked Sir William.

'Somehow or another, I've got to care more for Miss Dolly Dawlish than I ought to do.'

'You shouldn't have done that,' said Sir William with a snap.

'How could I help it? You slip into things of that sort before you know.'

'Oh! He, he!' laughed Sir William; and there was a quality of cynical derision in his laugh which irritated the other.

'It is very absurd in me, I know. But a man can't help his feelings, though he can help how he behaves. That's why I confess it to you, and ask you to let me go.'

'Have you told the young lady that you are in love with her?'

'Most certainly not. That would have been behaving improperly to her and to you. You don't seem to understand what I said.'

'Oh, quite. Well, so long as you say nothing about it, there's no harm done.'

'But, good heavens, Sir William! have I no feeling? If I go on seeing the young lady and talking to her, I may lose control of myself!'

'But you mustn't,' said Sir William with a grin.

'If you have controlled yourself so long, you can surely control yourself for a day or two longer; that's all I ask of you. I put it to you on the point of honour. I went into this business in full dependence on your good sense and cleverness; I have performed my part; is it fair in you to abandon yours? You see we stand or fall together in this. If you give up your part, the whole thing is burst up; and it will be more than a fiasco: it will be a disgrace both to you and to me.'

Ferrers pulled his moustache in silence.

'If you go away now,' said Sir William, 'how am I to explain your disappearance?'

'You will excuse my saying,' resumed Ferrers, 'that there is something else troubles me besides my own feelings. I may be wrong, but I have a suspicion that you are using me for a purpose I don't like being used for.'

'What do you mean?—Speak out.'

'Well, I don't like,' declared Ferrers, 'to be in the position of a sort of promised husband to Miss Dawlish.'

'Oh, that's what you don't like,' laughed Sir William. 'But what makes you think you are in that position?'

'Will you answer me truly, Sir William?' said Ferrers, in a tone which might be taken for demand or entreaty according to the temper of the listener. 'Is there a marriage arranged, or going to be arranged, between William Dawlish and Miss Dolly Dawlish?'

'Now you're asking questions,' said Sir William. 'You are contravening the compact I made with you as a good soldier to carry out instructions without demanding explanations.—I think, Debrett, that is something like the form of words I used?'

'It is, Dawlish,' answered Debrett.

Ferrers said nothing; but he tugged at his

moustache, and his look became more grim and obstinate. Sir William noted the look, and diplomatically set himself to mollify and disperse it.

'I'll not be hard on you, however,' he said. 'I'll admit that your guess is correct—in part, only in part. But—there is no possible William Dawlish but yourself. It is a sad—a humiliating—thing for a father to confess, and I must say I had hoped to avoid the confession that my son is to all intents and purposes non-existent; to the world and all its duties and affairs he is practically dead.'

That seemed so obviously sincere and heartfelt a confession, and tallied so well with what Ferrers had overheard at the outset of the business, that he accepted it without hesitation, and indeed felt rather sorry he had extorted it.

'There is,' continued Sir William, 'in the expectation of the trustees, you understand, the prospect of a match between Miss Dolly Dawlish and Mr William Dawlish.—Now you know. What then?'

'Then, Sir William,' answered Ferrers, 'I can't carry out my share of the plot: I can't go on deceiving the young lady.'

'Deceiving?' exclaimed Sir William. 'What would you say if the young lady were herself a party to the plot?'

'By Jove!' exclaimed Debreth.

'I don't believe it!' said Ferrers flatly: the mere suggestion contradicted his belief in the young lady's frankness.

'You are somewhat unreasonable,' said Sir William with a shrug; 'but a little temper is excusable in you at present. Now I'll be kind to you, and, just as one man to another, I'll explain the whole matter. I'm hard up, and have been for long; a mortgage will foreclose soon, and if it do, I'm ruined.—You perceive I am quite frank with you. All that my niece knows: I have told it her; and she is only too glad out of her prospective abundance to help her uncle.'

'She is a trump!' exclaimed Debreth.

'She is a Dawlish,' said Sir William sentimentally. 'My brother left her his heir, with a certain reversion to me, you understand; but I cannot in my need touch the reversion, nor even raise money on it, and my niece can only touch her own money on the eve of her marriage. You understand that?'

'Perfectly,' said Debreth.

'But even then she cannot touch it unless her trustees, Drew and Drummy, approve of the match. Now they know that my brother wished that my son, if possible, should marry his daughter. Therefore, we have devised this marriage—this marriage which cannot come off, because when the time comes William Dawlish will be gone.'

Ferrers said nothing; but his thought was troubled by two points that gleamed upon him from Sir William's revelation: Dolly, then, knew he was not William Dawlish, and she was consciously playing, for her uncle's sake, a game with him. These points were so disheartening to him, simple and modest as he was, that he at once called himself a fool for his presumptuous beliefs and doubts, and resolved to have done with the business, escape, and forget all about it.

'Now I have frankly told you the state of things,' said Sir William, 'what do you say? It must at the longest be all over in a day or two, and you may judge for yourself whether or not Miss Dawlish is conscious of the state of things.'

'I'll go on then, and see it out,' said Ferrers quietly. He was not quite sure he was doing right in assenting; for he was bewildered as well as disheartened by the new and plausible view of things presented by Sir William, and, moreover, he heard in his ear the suggestion which Lord Debreth had made but a few minutes before: 'Try to make sure that the young lady would thank you for throwing it up.'

'Very well,' said Sir William, as if it did not much matter whether he did or not.

'That's all right,' said Debreth about five minutes after the matter had been thought concluded. 'I thought it would be.'

They were approaching the house—they had indeed crossed the park and were entering on the garden proper—when they saw the very two men from whom Sir William had parted by the coppice, hurriedly cross the end of the garden and disappear somewhere in the neighbourhood of the stables. Ferrers, having his attention so much occupied with other things, would have made but light note of it, had he not remarked the look of resentment, almost of fury, with which Sir William regarded them. That look fixed the incident in his memory. There was another thing smote him disagreeably ere they reached the hall door: an open vehicle drove up bearing luggage and two men, one of whom was probably Debreth's servant, while the other was certainly the servant of Mr Drummy—the black-muzzled Irish-American.

But all common disagreeable things were forgotten in the deep unaccountable misery he felt, when, on chancing to raise his eyes just when under the wall of the house and against the richest rose-bushes, he espied Dolly Dawlish looking down on him from an open casement. When she knew herself seen, she withdrew, and hid behind a flaunting curtain; but Ferrers still felt that her eyes were on him.

ANCIENT STEEL.

It was the deliberate opinion of the wisest of men that 'there is nothing new under the sun.' And indeed, in the study of the manifold developments of applied science in the present day, one is surprised to find how many of its elementary principles were known and acted upon in ancient times, and how that knowledge and appropriation have continuously supplied the foundation on which the superstructure of our vast and increasing attainment is built.

To a great extent this is the case with steel; and in taking as the subject of this paper, 'Ancient Steel,' we purpose to draw attention to that branch of its manufacture which dates from pre-historic times, and which, after its entrance into the sphere of authentic record, possesses an historical continuity down to the period at which we date the birth of modern steel, rather more than a quarter of a century ago, and which, so

far from being disused or non-existent at the present time, forms the groundwork of the main applications of the processes now in use.

Dr Percy is perhaps alone in his theory that in the precession of the prehistoric ages, the Iron Age preceded the Age of Bronze. Nor does the solution of this problem of precedence receive much assistance from that far-reaching book of the past, the relics of ancient Assyria and Chaldea—whose definitely fixed chronology goes farther back than that of any other nation of primitive antiquity; as the results of early metallurgical work are therein presented to us concurrently, both in allusions to various metals in the mythologies and literature of the first epochs of their national life, and also in the numerous articles of bronze and iron unearthed in the mounds, and found enclosed in sarcophagi. The existence alone of certain little iron instruments bearing cuneiform characters carries us back to perhaps more than 4000 B.C., as the earlier language, of which the cuneiform character was the written symbol, had had time to become almost obsolete by about 3000 B.C.

Of the conditions of metallurgical industry in ancient Egypt we infer more than we learn from written records. The gigantic architectural works, of all but prehistoric antiquity, which were the great glory of ancient Egypt, involved a considerable knowledge of more than the elementary principles of applied science, and the existence of tools of extreme efficiency. Now, recorded history in Egypt undoubtedly begins with Soris (Seneferu), the king whom Manetho places at the head of the fourth dynasty, and whose monuments and inscriptions are the first of the series in which is written the history of ancient Egypt, and which carries us back to at least 2700 B.C. To his three immediate successors tradition ascribes the building of the great Pyramids; and in regard to these it is simply impossible that tools composed of any metal but extremely hardened iron (that is, steel) could have been effectually used in dealing with the granite and hard stone of which they are composed. Equally so is this the case with the obelisks of a later date, the earliest of which we learn was the work of the second king of the twelfth dynasty. The monarch whose works are made most widely known throughout the modern world by his inscribed monoliths—which have found a resting-place in capitals of Europe and America—was Thothmes III., also of the twelfth dynasty, the specimen of his work which we possess being the obelisk on the Thames Embankment. To the same period belongs the representation discovered by Wilkinson on the walls of one of the Theban tombs, depicting a forge and bellows, and various stages of the smelting process, together with an object which is probably a crucible. Pictures of knives, shears, &c., occur in representations of various deities and mythological facts, which of course belong to the earliest conceivable period of

the nation's history. Experts in the deciphering of the hieroglyphic inscriptions conclude from them that the Egyptians were familiar with the working of iron.

Metallurgical work in iron and steel among the Hindus is of such remote antiquity that its origin and early development cannot satisfactorily be traced; but the method of manufacture was practically identical with that which constitutes the main metallurgical industry of India at the present day, and which thus presents an almost unique phenomenon of uninterrupted continuity throughout many centuries—the Wootz-steel. This ancient Indian Wootz-steel, which is practically the result of fusing a mixture of malleable iron and carbon, is in its main outlines a crude and miniature anticipation of the modern Siemens process; as, similarly, points of identity are perceived between an ancient Japanese method and the great Bessemer process.

The Chinese, who, in very early ages, had attained to some degree of understanding in the elementary principles of science, and their applications, possessed also a comparatively advanced amount of knowledge in the manufacture and use of steel. Of its origin among them we have no account; but it is quite conceivable that its discovery preceded that of the lodestone, which under the name of Tche-chy (directing-stone) was in use among them fully 2600 B.C. There is mention of steel in very ancient Chinese writings, and an account of the process of manufacture by one writer about 400 B.C.; and various descriptive allusions to it, implying a considerable amount of knowledge and power of discrimination in reference to its properties, occur at various subsequent periods down to the present day, when it is still a flourishing branch of their manufacture.

Inferentially, it is perfectly clear that the Phœnicians were acquainted with the use of extremely hardened iron (properly speaking, steel), as their numerous and beautiful works in ornamental metallurgy, and the cutting and engraving of precious stones, for which they were conspicuously eminent among the nations of antiquity, necessarily involve; as also do the inscriptions which exist in the Phœnician language. Phœnicia, as represented by its famous daughter-city of Tyre, was at the height of artistic celebrity in the time of David and Solomon (1050–1000 B.C.). With them, as powerful neighbouring monarchs, Hiram, the ambitious young king of Tyre, found it wise to enter into a friendly alliance, and concluded an arrangement which proved to be for the mutual advantage of both communities, in the numerous works of art and value, especially in metallurgy, executed by his trained artificers for the furnishing and enrichment of the Temple, Capital, and Palace at Jerusalem.

In the time of Homer, iron was well known, but was much less used than bronze, being costly, as we infer from the fact that he makes Achilles

offer it as a prize at the funeral of Patroclus. Three times in the *Iliad*, Homer speaks of iron as *polukmētos*, that is, a metal obtained with great labour. In the preface to Dr Schliemann's *Mycenæ*, Mr Gladstone says: 'The poet [Homer] always mentions it [iron] as a rare and valuable substance, *used where great hardness was required*, and for objects comparatively small and portable.' It is clear also that in Homer's time the art of tempering was well known; with regard to which Professor Roberts-Austen says: 'The knowledge that steel might be hardened must have come to us from remote antiquity. Copper hardened with tin was its only predecessor, and it continued to be used very long after it was known that steel might be hardened. . . . The Greek alchemical manuscripts, which have been so carefully examined by M. Bertholet, give various receipts, from which it is evident that in the early days the nature of the quenching fluid was considered to be all-important. There were certain rivers the waters of which were supposed to be specially efficacious.'

Hesiod, writing a century after Homer, speaks of iron as having been unknown during the age of bronze. Inferentially, it was well known and used in his own time.

A very interesting discovery, made by Dr Schliemann during his researches at Troy, was that of a dagger of steel four inches long, one and six-tenths of an inch wide, with a double-edged and arrow-shaped blade, in a perfect state of preservation. He says of it: 'This is the first object of iron found by me here—nay, until now I had found no trace of iron in any one of the four prehistoric cities, the ruins and débris of which succeed each other here; neither had I found a trace of that metal at Mycenæ.'

Herodotus (484 B.C.) speaks of a colony of Phœnician workers in metal whom Cadmus, an ancient king of Phœnicia, had brought into Greece; but Day's investigations lead him to conclude that it was not introduced into Greece from the Phœnicians, but from Egypt. Aristotle (384 B.C.) says that iron is purified from scoria by melting, and having become sufficiently pure by being thus treated several times, it is changed to steel (*stomōma*). Hence we are led to suppose, says Sir William Siemens, that in Aristotle's time, steel was made by careful selection and treatment of steely iron, which latter was produced by something analogous to the ancient Catalan process of producing iron or steely iron direct from the ore in finery hearths. Aristotle also alludes to the Wootz-steel of India, which in his time and country was well known, and evidently excited interest, as he gives details of the process of its manufacture.

The historian Diodorus Siculus, of the time of Julius and Augustus Cæsar, mentions an ancient method of manufacturing steel swords, in which the iron was buried in the ground and left till rusted, with the result that the blades were so finely tempered as even to cut through a nail without spoiling the edge—in which rather striking assertion, Plutarch, writing in the early years of the Christian era, concurs.

By the time of the first Pliny, an extensive knowledge of steel, its properties and manufacture, evidently prevailed. In his *Historia Naturalis* there are many references to it and its uses. 'By

means of iron and steel we build houses, hew quarries, and cut in stone; yea, and in one word, we use it to all other necessary uses of this life.' 'No kind of iron shall match in goodness the steel that cometh from the Seres [that is, Serica, a geographical designation corresponding in Ptolemy's time to North-west China]. . . . In a second degree of goodness may be placed the Parthian iron; and setting aside these two countries, I know not where there may be any bars or goods tempered of fine steel, indeed; for all the rest have a mixture of iron more or less; and generally in the most parts of the world wherein we live, all our steel is of a more soft and gentle temperature than that of the Levant. The goodness of steel in some countries ariseth from the nature of the mines, as in Austrich; in others from the handling and temperature thereof, as by quenching. . . . The finer any edge-tools be, the manner is to quench them in oil for to harden the edge, for fear lest the water should harden them overmuch, and make the edge more ready to break out into nicks than to bend and turn again.' With a good deal more on the subject. In Pliny, too, occurs the first mention of 'cold-shortness,' from which we assume that the presence of phosphorus in those early days was a source of perplexity to manufacturers. The etymology of the words 'cold-short' and 'red-short' is more intricate and obscure than would at first sight be supposed, and if it could be accurately ascertained, would perhaps throw some light on the experiences of pioneers in the metallurgy of steel. Holland translates Pliny's word for 'cold-short' as 'colsar,' the earliest form of the word with which, as far as we are aware, we are yet acquainted.

Galen (131 A.D.) alludes to knives made from Indian steel (Wootz) as being remarkable for their strength and hardness.

In South Africa the Kaffirs have from time immemorial manufactured a kind of steel for their assegais by heating the raw iron ore in contact with charcoal and otherwise treating it. Amongst other tribes, Mungo Park found a simple process in use, his description of which is familiar to all who have read his Travels.

Written records of steel and its uses are but scanty during several early centuries of the Christian era, the only information we have concerning the condition and progress of the metallurgical industry of iron and steel being contained in allusions to various weapons of war among the Britons at the time of the Roman invasion, and the rather extensive employment among the Romans of iron and steel in military accoutrements, hunting-weapons, and implements of domestic use, of which antiquarian research has discovered and preserved many relics.

Towards the later part of the fourteenth century we find records of the importation of steel from Germany, and of the settlement of a colony of German steel-workers in Northumberland, where they carried on a considerable trade and achieved some celebrity. From the fact of its importation we conclude that little or no progress was being made in British steel manufacture during this period.

Mentions of various uses of steel and statutes in reference to it, its importation and home manufacture, increase in frequency throughout

subsequent periods, though we have no account of the industry itself, or any improvement or development, until, in the year 1540, the theory of steel manufacture once again finds a place in the world of letters. Vanoccio Biringuccio, in his *Pyrotechnology*, one of the earliest works on metallurgy extant, published in that year, describes a process which consisted of the retaining of malleable iron for some hours in a bath of fused cast-iron, when it became converted into steel; a theory which in 1556 found corroboration in the *De Re Metallica* of Agricola, who describes the process by an engraving which depicts bars of iron standing upright in a charcoal fire similar to that of a Catalan hearth. After an exposure of several hours to the highly-heated charcoal and carbonic oxide, they became converted into steel.

In 1722 Réaumur produced steel by melting three parts of cast-iron with one part of wrought-iron (probably in a crucible) in a common forge; he, however, failed to produce steel in this manner on a working scale. This process has many points in common with the Indian Wootz-steel manufacture.

To Benjamin Huntsman, a Doncaster artisan, belongs the credit of first producing cast-steel upon a working scale, as he was the first to accomplish the entire fusion of converted bar-iron (that is, blister-steel) of the required degree of hardness, in crucibles or clay pots, placed among the coke of an air-furnace. This process is still carried on at Sheffield and elsewhere, and is what is generally known as the crucible or pot-steel process. It was mainly supplementary to the cementation process, as formerly blister-steel was alone melted in the crucibles; but latterly, and at the present time, the crucible mode of manufacture embraces the fusion of other varieties and combinations of metal, producing accordingly different classes and qualities of steel.

In 1839, Josiah Marshall Heath patented the important application of carburet of manganese to steel in the crucible, which application imparted to the resulting product the properties of varying temper and increased forgeability. He subsequently found out that a separate operation was not necessary to form the carburet—which is produced by heating peroxide of manganese and carbon to a high temperature—but that the same result could be attained by simply in the first instance adding the carbon and oxide of manganese direct to the metal in the crucible. He unsuspectingly communicated this after-discovery to his agent—by name Unwin—who took advantage of the fact that it was not incorporated in the wording of the patent, and was thus unprotected, to make use of it for his own advantage. The result was one of the most remarkable patent trials on record, extending over twelve years, and terminating in 1855 against the patentee—a memorable instance of the triumph of legal technicalities over the moral sense of right.

It will be seen that the direct result of the processes of ancient and existing use to which we have referred is exclusively 'hard steel,' that is, highly carburised steel, represented chemically by its principal constituent of the metalloïd carbon—varying from about six-tenths to one and a

half per cent.—and readily capable of hardening and tempering; with regard to which—hardening and tempering—many amusingly curious theories and practices were in currency among alchemists from time to time throughout the period succeeding the middle ages.

DELAYED AT LAS PALMAS.

CHAPTER II.

In the evening, after dinner, Preston and I were sitting on the flat roof of the hotel. This was a favourite lounging-place, for there was more air than down in the sheltered garden. There were plenty of basket chairs scattered about, and it was very pleasant to look over the flat roofs and the feathery tops of the palm-trees to the beautiful moonlit sea. It so happened that we had the place to ourselves, and something impelled me to open my heart to my gay, light-hearted friend, who yet seemed to be possessed of great good sense, and who had treated me with rare delicacy and kindness. So I told him all my story, and he listened patiently almost without remark till I had finished. 'Now,' I said in conclusion, 'what do you think I should do? I cannot leave the island till I have tried to justify myself; though I cannot see how I could have acted otherwise under the circumstances.'

'But did she understand the circumstances? that is the question.'

'What do you mean?' I asked, for I had not hinted that I had ever had the smallest suspicion that Mrs Moir had misled me.

'Well, you see, it was just this way, so far as I understand. You had been dangling after the young lady for some time, but had never come to the point. Now, many young fellows have a habit of hanging about a pretty girl with no serious intentions whatever, and with no object beyond a pleasant flirtation; and parents, especially mothers, don't like it. It may be a prejudice on their part, still the fact remains they do not like it.'

'But, my dear fellow,' I was beginning, when Preston waved his hand to enforce silence, and proceeded.

'Well, let us say you were not flirting; but your conduct would bear that interpretation. Then, furthermore, we will suppose that certain inquiries were made, and that it appeared you were not, as regards outward circumstances, in that enviable position which would induce prudent mammas to cultivate your acquaintance with any great enthusiasm. Then a wealthy and more eligible suitor turns up. He is none of your shilly-shallying sort, but makes his meaning clear to the powers that be from the very first; and nothing prevents him from going in and winning except a foolish prejudice on the part of the young lady in favour of the very undesirable young man who will neither speak out nor take himself off. Well, now, you see, from the mother's point of view it would be a very good thing if you could be got rid of; and "all is fair in love and war."

'Then you think that Mrs Moir told me what was not true, simply that she might get rid of me?'

'I think it is very likely; and small blame to

her if she did. I mean no offence, you know ; I speak merely as an impartial observer. The old lady no doubt thought she was doing her best for her daughter.'

'Then you would justify falsehood and double-dealing ! Your standard of ethics does not seem to be a very high one,' I said stiffly.

'Stop a bit, my dear fellow ; you must remember that you were not acting on the square yourself. Any fellow who dangles after a girl month after month and never speaks out honestly, as she and her parents have a right to expect, has very little reason to complain if he is left in the lurch in the end. By your own showing, you did your best to engage the young lady's affections, and then cruelly kept her in doubt and expectation. No sensible mother would allow her daughter to occupy such a humiliating position ; nor do fathers as a rule care to hold their daughters so cheap as to ask a young fellow the meaning of his attentions. I think if Mrs Moir practised deceit towards you, it was your own unjustifiable conduct that drove her to it.'

'One would think you held a brief for Mrs Moir, by the way in which you defend her.'

'I don't defend her at all. If she did as we suspect, she inflicted a great injury both on you and on her own daughter. But I want to point out that yours was the first fault, and that Mrs Moir's conduct was a direct consequence of your own.—Don't be cross, old man,' he said, taking out a fresh cigar and preparing to light it. 'If I am to suggest a remedy, we must look the facts fair and square in the face.'

'Then you don't think the case utterly hopeless ?'

'No ; indeed, I do not. You see, in the first place, she has not married the other fellow, probably because she did not care for him. Then she treats you with marked coldness, which shows she resents your former treatment of her ; and I think that unless she had cared for you a little, she would not have troubled herself in the least about meeting you again, and would have laughed over your past experiences.'

There was some comfort in this view of the case, for 'auld love is easy kindled,' as the Scotch say. I was considerably astonished at the shrewdness and worldly wisdom of my light-hearted young friend. I felt the justice of his remarks on my own conduct, and expressed my surprise at hearing such sage sentiments from one of his years.

'I don't go through the world with my eyes shut, and I have sisters,' he said significantly.

'Well,' I said, 'to come to the practical. What would you advise me to do ?'

'Hum ! It is not so easy to tell,' he said thoughtfully.

'I must have an explanation with her, and how am I to do that if she won't allow me to speak to her ?'

'I'll tell you what I would do, if I were you. I would take your cue from her, and since she does not wish to speak to you, avoid her as sedulously as she now avoids you. This will have the effect of making her lay aside her defensive armour ; and, then when an opportunity offers, you can be prepared to take advantage of it.'

'I don't know if you have the harmlessness of the dove, Preston, but you certainly are possessed

of the wisdom of the serpent. It is awfully good of you to bother yourself about my affairs, and I will try to follow your advice.'

'I wish you luck,' cried Preston ; 'and I hope things may come all right in the end.'

'I don't know,' I answered. 'I am not very sanguine. The first part of your advice can be followed without difficulty. It is easy enough to avoid people in this crowded hotel ; but how to get a word with any one in private is more than I can see.'

'Don't be down-hearted, old chap. Chance may favour you, when you least expect it, and if I can help you I will.'

In accordance with the resolution I had come to, I merely bowed to Miss Moir and her aunt when I met them at the breakfast table next morning, and neither then nor later in the day did I make any attempt to speak to her. Attracted by the cool splash of the fountain, I sauntered into the garden in the afternoon with a cigar and a novel. Louie and her aunt with Preston and two or three others were sitting in the shade thrown by a group of palm trees and eucalyptus.

'Come along, Grahame ; here is a seat for you,' cried Preston.

'Thanks ; I am going to smoke,' I replied, passing on to the other end of the garden.

I could hear their lively chat and merry laughter, and I recognised Louie's voice, the gayest of all. They were planning some excursion for the morrow, and Dick said : 'Perhaps the knight of the rueful countenance may be induced to join us ;' and turning towards me, he called out : 'I say, Grahame, are you open for a drive to Telde to-morrow ?'

'Are you making up a party ?' I asked, going towards them.

'Yes ; there are seven of us, and you would make eight—just enough for two conveyances. But don't come if you would rather not. Perhaps you would prefer to stay here and finish your novel,' he said, laughing.

'I shall be very pleased to join you,' I replied, but without any show of eagerness.

When we started on our expedition next morning, I waited till Miss Brown and Miss Moir had seated themselves in the one conveyance, and then I stepped into the other one. After leaving the town, the road led along by the sea-shore for some distance. It was a bright lovely morning, and the sea was of a deep sapphire blue ; giant rollers came sweeping majestically in, and dashed in snowy foam against the rocky coast with a deep thundering roar. Then the road ascended ; and passing through a tunnel, we drove along the edge of precipitous cliffs, where sea-birds build their nests, and fly screaming and circling above our heads, or dart down to the blue waves below. Far out over the sea, the mountains of Fuerteventura were faintly visible against the clear sky. Then the road takes a sudden turn, and the way lies over beds of scoria and lava, covered with cactus and euphorbia. Past a *caldera*, or extinct volcano, and we come to a small village, of which the whole juvenile population rush out and follow us, calling 'Cuartito, cuartitos,' flinging bunches of flowers into the carriages.

The three lean but active ponies which are attached to each conveyance soon leave our ragged

little pursuers far behind, and another turn of the road brings us in sight of the beautiful little town of Telde with its Moorish dome and groups of noble palm-trees—its white flat-roofed houses, half concealed by groves of orange and mango, bananas, peach, and other fruit-trees.

We have lunch at a *fonda*, or Spanish inn. Like all Spanish houses, it is built in a square, enclosing a piece of ground called the *patio*, laid out as a garden. It is shady with palm-trees, gay with flowers, and musical with the fall of waters; and here we desired them to serve our meal. After lunch, we walked down the *barranco* to the famous orange groves, where the rich golden fruit is found in the greatest perfection. We were walking back to Telde up the *barranco*, and Miss Moir, who had fallen a little behind, was botanising. I lingered also, but without speaking or appearing to take any notice of her. Indeed, I had hardly exchanged a word with her all day; and as Preston had foretold, she was less repellent in her manner towards me. She was climbing up the steep side of the *barranco*, or narrow ravine formed by the torrents rushing down from the hills. She was trying to reach some maidenhair fern, when she slipped her foot on one of the loose stones, and would have fallen had I not sprung forward and caught her.

'Those loose stones are not to trust to,' I said. 'I hope you have not hurt your foot?'

'Oh no; I think not. It was only a slight jerk. It was fortunate you were so near, or I might have had a bad fall among these rough stones and prickly cactuses,' she said, looking up at me; adding, 'I am sure I am very much indebted to you.'

'I am glad to have been of some assistance to you. But won't you sit down and rest for a little, till you see if your foot is not injured? and I will go and call the others; they cannot be far ahead.'

'Oh no; it is not necessary to alarm anybody. My foot will be all right presently. I will just take your advice, and rest for a little,' and she seated herself on a huge boulder.

I stood for a minute, thinking now was my chance if I wished to speak to her. I sat down and began, poking away the pebbles with my stick.

'Miss Moir,' I said, 'I was very much surprised, when I met you the other day, to find that you are not married.'

She flushed up, with a look of offence, but did not speak.

'Your mother told me,' I went on, 'that you were to be married to Mr Bremner.'

'My mother told you that?' she exclaimed, in a tone of intense surprise; and then, after a short pause, she asked incredulously: 'When did she say that?'

'Do you remember,' I said, turning to her, 'that evening when I met you at the floral fête? Mr Bremner was with you, and stuck to you like wax, and I could not get a word with you.'

'I remember,' she murmured.

'Well, it was just the next day that it was proposed I should go to the Cape. It was not expected that I should be absent more than a few months; and on my return I was to be taken in as a junior partner. Perhaps you may have

guessed,' I proceeded, 'what hopes I cherished at that time. I thought that you understood; but I did not like to speak to your father till I had a better position to offer you. The promise which had been made to me was just what I had been waiting for, and I resolved to lose no time in telling your parents all about my circumstances and my love for you. I could not leave the country without knowing my fate; and I may as well confess that I was pretty confident of success; but my hopes were soon dashed to the ground. I called that very afternoon and saw your mother; but before I had begun to speak of my own affairs, she told me that she hoped soon to see you married to Mr Bremner.'

'She surely did not tell you that I was engaged to him?'

'No; she did not say that exactly; but I remember her words distinctly enough; they fell upon me like a death-blow,' and I repeated Mrs Moir's remarks verbatim.

Louie did not speak; she only flushed painfully, and began nervously to pluck at a little tuft of flowers which grew beside her.

'I told your mother that I was going to Africa; but, as you may well believe, I could not speak of the hopes her cruel words crushed as ruthlessly as you crush those flowers. I could not trust myself to see you or speak to you; therefore, I did not call again before I left, which was within a week.'

Still Louie said nothing. She sat and plucked at the leaves and stalks near her, for the blossoms were scattered, bruised and broken, at her feet.

'I supposed the marriage had taken place,' I said, 'though I had not heard of it.'

'Mamma told me about your visit,' she said falteringly and without looking up. 'I never thought you would be so unkind as to leave without seeing me.'

Just then, we heard voices, and soon Miss Brown and Preston appeared coming down the path.

Louie pulled herself together, and called out in a cheerful voice: 'Did you think I was lost, auntie?'

'Well, my child, I was a little alarmed. I thought you might have fallen, or something.'

'I very nearly came to grief. If Mr Grahame had not caught me, I should have tumbled down among those cactuses and rocks.'

'Bless me, child, I hope you are not hurt?'

'Oh no. "Very nearly" never killed a man, you know,' she answered, laughing.

'I am afraid Miss Moir has hurt her foot,' I said.

'Not at all; it was only a slight twist. I can walk well enough now.'

'I suppose you succeeded in having it out with Miss Moir?' said Preston, when the ladies had gone on a bit. 'I exerted all my diplomacy to give you the opportunity; but I could not allay Miss Brown's apprehension a moment longer. I hope we did not spoil sport by returning too soon?'

'Oh no. I said quite enough. I do not think Miss Moir quite believed me at first. I am convinced her mother had wilfully deceived me; and it was no wonder she doubted the truth of what I said. She hardly spoke.'

'Poor girl! She is in a painful dilemma. To believe you was to convict her mother of falsehood.'

'And yet, I think she did believe me in the end,' I said in a low voice.

Miss Brown and Mr Preston had struck up a great friendship. He was such a good-natured, obliging sort of fellow; so kindly and courteous in his manners to her, that he had quite won the ancient spinster's heart. They had arranged a drive to San Mateo. 'It was so much better,' she said, 'to have the company of gentlemen, especially in the more distant excursions. Ladies are so dreadfully victimised, when there is nobody to protect them. The beggars alone are nearly too much for me.' Miss Brown was not of the strong-minded order of women.

Our route was in the opposite direction to that of the preceding day, and was more inland. The roads were mostly shaded by tamarisk, eucalyptus, and pepper trees. We passed vine-clad slopes, orange groves, palms, and sugar-canes. We travelled in the usual four-wheeled conveyance drawn by three ponies, and went swinging along at a great rate, though the way was nearly all up-hill. We never stopped till we reached the half-way house, where we rested for a little, and drank a glass of the muscatel wine for which the district is famous. On reaching San Mateo; we walked up to a waterfall to which we had been directed.

We were followed by about half-a-dozen small boys, most of whom wore only a tattered shirt. One or two had a ragged nondescript garment over the shirt; but the weather was warm, and they seemed comfortable. Two of the boys had been engaged by the driver to carry the luncheon-baskets with which we had been supplied from the hotel; and the others, having no other occupation on hand, had followed to see what was doing, and perhaps receive a share of anything that might be going. We tried to drive the supernumeraries away; but it was no use. They would stop for a minute when we had made ourselves quite hot with threatening pantomime, and the minute we turned away, they followed up as persistently as ever.

We soon arrived at the spot indicated, and the baskets were placed under a tree. The boys seated themselves close beside them, manifesting a great interest in the contents, having evidently invited themselves to luncheon; but as our would-be guests were neither clean nor savoury, we made them take up a position at some distance, where they sat and watched our every motion. One queer little chap with a solemn wizened face, which might have belonged to an old man more than to a child, attracted our notice. He was the smallest of the party, and wore a little cotton shirt and a waistcoat, or rather a garment which might have been a waistcoat, but was now only a varied assortment of holes, held in precarious unity by a shred or two of rag. This curious little oddity produced from some receptacle in his upper garment a small pinch of tobacco and a withered leaf. These he rolled into a cigarette; and producing a match, he lighted it and puffed away with evident enjoyment.

When we had finished, we waved the expectant youngsters forward to finish the good things;

but as their pell-mell rush showed there was likely to be a regular scrimmage over the baskets, we made them all sit down again, while we apportioned the viands in equal shares. Half a bottle of thin Canary wine was divided in the same impartial manner.

After lunch, we proposed to climb a little higher up the stream for the sake of the view; and it was not long ere my wily friend Dick had led the vigilant duenna off the track, and left Louie and me by ourselves, except for the ragged escort who persisted in keeping close at our heels. We sat down for a while to enjoy the lovely scenery, and our youthful bodyguard squatted down in a semicircle in front of us, evidently bent on studying the manners and customs of the strangers.

We had been silent for a while, and then Louie said: 'Mr Grahame, I think it right to tell you that I was not engaged to Mr Bremner; but what my mother told you was true in a way, for she was very anxious I should accept him.'

'And what did you?—I mean, were you?'—

'I did not care for him, and I refused him, though my mother was much displeased, for she had a very high opinion of Mr Bremner.'

I turned to her, and took her hand, saying: 'Tell me, Louie, have I for ever forfeited all hope of calling you mine?'

Her answer need not be recorded, but it was eminently satisfactory.

All this time the small students of human nature were gazing in round-eyed astonishment at beholding certain demonstrations which are seldom performed before an audience except in the theatre. The love-scenes on the stage are often rather trying to the spectators; but our audience appeared to be hugely delighted; they clapped their hands, and would have cheered if they had known how. They followed us back to the town; and when we drove off, after a liberal distribution of *cuartitos*, we left them as happy a set of tatterdemalions as were to be found on the island.

When I met Dick on our way back, he gave me an inquiring look.

'All right,' I said.

'I am uncommonly glad to hear it,' he replied.

But no further remark was made, for we quite understood that Louie would need to break the news gently to her aunt.

She was rather put about, poor old soul, for, as she said, she was responsible to Mr and Mrs Moir.

The two ladies intended to leave for home in another week, and we decided to let the *Coomassie*, which was now ready to put to sea, sail without us, and to accompany them on the homeward voyage. We spent the intervening days very pleasantly, visiting the Guanche caves, the Grand Caldera, and the various sights in the island.

We sailed for home on the appointed day in splendid weather, and had a delightful voyage till we entered the English Channel, when a dense fog enveloped us. The engines were slowed, and frequent soundings were taken. Two young fellows on board, who had been on a pleasure trip, were in what Mr Bunyan would have called 'doleful dumps,' because they had set their hearts on being in Liverpool in time for the 'Grand National' steeplechase, and the fog was likely

to destroy all chance of it. For my part I did not care how long the fog lasted, were it not for the risk of being run into. I felt that all my world was on board the steamer, and I knew not what might happen when we reached London. Louie was quite confident that her parents would give their consent to our engagement, but I myself could not help feeling rather apprehensive.

In the evening, a great cheer got up, and the young fellows came rushing down to tell us that Carnarvon Bay light was seen, that the fog was clearing, and we should 'do it yet.' The fog-horn was kept sounding out its warning for the most part of the night. Holyhead light is passed, and the deep-toned bell is heard from the shore. In the morning we are in the Mersey. The pilot has come on board. The sporting men are in the wildest excitement. 'We shall do it,' they cry; 'we shall do it!'

At last we are in. The sporting men settle with the Custom-house officers for some cigars, and are first ashore. The last we saw of them, they were waving their hats to us as they drove off in good time for the great event. We followed more leisurely, and in due time were dashing along in the London express.

Mr and Mrs Moir were both on the platform when we arrived in town. There was a little constraint in Mrs Moir's manner towards me; but she expressed her thanks for my attention to the travellers. Mr Moir shook me warmly by the hand, and hoped they would soon have the pleasure of seeing me at Clapham Park.

I called the following afternoon; and with the full consent of all concerned I was allowed to place on Louie's finger the half-hoop of diamonds I had brought with me; and in a few months I expect that a plain golden circlet will keep it company.

CLERKENWELL AND ITS ASSOCIATIONS.

'Sir,' said Dr Johnson to Boswell on one occasion as they emerged from Bolt Court into Fleet Street—'talk of prospects, sir! This is the most sublime and picturesque combination of objects within the periphery of our terraqueous ball.' A similar tribute of praise could not certainly be paid to Clerkenwell in the present day; and yet the prospect from the Well of the Clerks in early times must have been very charming, situated as it was on the skirts of the forest of Middlesex, while all around were gently-sloping hills, and limpid streams, fed by the many springs for which the neighbourhood was renowned. A writer of the time of Henry II. mentions among the excellent springs round London on the north, Clerkenwell, Holywell, and St Clement's Well, as being of most note; and most frequently visited, 'as well by the scholars from the schools as by the youth of the city when they go out to take air in the summer evenings.' At this time, too, it possessed 'fields for pasture, and a delightful plain of meadow-land, interspersed with flowing streams, on which stand mills whose clack is very pleasing to the ear.'

Once a year at least, the parish clerks of London assembled here 'to play some large history of Holy Scripture'—during the fourteenth century, when miracle plays were part of the religious life of the nation. In course of time, wrestling-matches and other feats of strength were added to the attractions of Clerkenwell, and continued to draw large audiences in the days when miracle plays were a thing of the past.

Few things are more curious in the history of London than the freaks of fashion with regard to locality. The dreary and commonplace aspect of the dingy brick houses, mostly built at the close of the last century, which characterises the clock-making neighbourhood of to-day, makes it difficult to realise that the vicinity of the Well of the Clerks was still a village in the reign of Elizabeth, but fast becoming a favourite spot for the suburban residences of the noble and wealthy classes. The names of the streets and courts still keep the legend alive, although fashion has long since deserted Clerkenwell, as it has deserted Bloomsbury and Soho. Yet in St John's Square in 1661 lived Charles Howard, first Earl of Carlisle, one of the governors of Jamaica. Here, too, lived about the same period the Earl of Essex, at one time Viceroy of Ireland. Suspected of complicity in the Rye House Plot, he was confined in the Tower, where he died by his own hand. Lord Townshend, one of the five Commons deputed by Parliament to go to Holland to beg the return of Charles II. to his loving subjects, had a house here; and on the west side of the square Bishop Burnet, the celebrated author of the *History of his own Time*, passed some portion of his life, and lies buried in the parish church of St James. His life was passed in the midst of stirring times, and was of a most eventful character. Born in Edinburgh in the year 1643, during his long career he experienced every vicissitude of fortune. At one time we find him in France, sharing the fate of exile with Algernon Sidney and Fletcher of Salton, being well received by Louis XIV., and counting among his friends such men as Condé and the eloquent Bourdaloue and Père La Chaise. Again, when no longer a *persona grata* in France, he retired to the Hague, and there enjoyed the favour of William of Orange. He was one of those who landed with that Prince at Tor Bay; and when William was established on the English throne, was finally rewarded with the Bishopric of Salisbury.

Clerkenwell Close reminds us of that gentle knight, Sir Thomas Challoner, who, like Burnet, passed an eventful life, and died in the house he had built himself at Clerkenwell. As a diplomatist, he had been on an embassy to the court of Charles V., had accompanied that emperor to Algiers, and nearly lost his life on the coast of Barbary in 1541. A few years later, he fought at Pinkie (near Musselburgh), and received the honour of knighthood on the field of battle.

Newcastle Place is built on the site of the suburban residence of the Dukes of Newcastle. Of this family the most celebrated was the William Cavendish who enjoyed the favour of James I., and followed the fortunes of his son. After the battle of Marston Moor, he left England and spent eighteen years in exile on the Continent, living while at Antwerp in a house owned by the widow of Rubens. His wife, Margaret, was of a literary turn of mind, and something of a blue-stocking. Even her husband forgot his usual reverence for her erudition on one occasion when he said to some friend who was extolling his wife's learning: 'Sir, a very wise woman is a very foolish thing.' She was wont to be surrounded by a bevy of damsels, whose business was to write down her passing thoughts by day; and if a sudden inspiration seized her at night, her luckless footman, 'John,' was pressed into the service. Two lines from her works will give an idea of her curious conceits in the way of metaphor. She thinks

Life scums the cream of beauty with Time's spoon,
And draws the claret wine of blushes soon.

Her memory is immortalised for us in the pages of *Peveril of the Peak*.

Few places in the metropolis are so haunted with memories of the past as the site of the Priory of the Knights of St John of Jerusalem. The famous old gateway still frowns down on us—the sole relic of the medieval grandeur of the home of the Hospitallers. With their history we are not now concerned. But the Gate of St John has other associations. From here, Edmund Tylney licensed as many as thirty of Shakespeare's plays. Here, in later days, Edward Cave set up as a printer and started the *Gentleman's Magazine* on its prosperous career. At the Gate, Dr Johnson was a frequent visitor, and here, we are told, when strangers called, he ate his plate of victuals behind a screen, sensitive of the ridicule his shabby clothes might entail upon him. Here, one is glad to say, the genius of the rough but ever kind-hearted philosopher found eventual recognition. In a room over the gateway, Garrick made his début as an actor in an amateur performance of Fielding's *Mock Doctor*, his fellow-actors being Cave's journeymen.

A celebrity of the last century lived in Aylesbury Street, Clerkenwell; this was Thomas Britton, the 'musical small-coal man.' Born in Northamptonshire about the middle of the seventeenth century, he became apprenticed to a vendor of small-coal in St John Street, Clerkenwell. In 1677 we find him master of a stable with two stories, the lower of which he used as a coal-shop, while the upper formed a long low room, to which access was gained by a ladder-like staircase from the outside. In 1678 he here established his musical club, which continued to meet on Thursdays for nearly forty years. Up the rickety stairs the beautiful Duchess of Queensberry was not ashamed to climb to hear the first violin players of the day perform, or listen to Handel bringing forth matchless music from the organ. The admission to the concerts seems to have been at first free; but afterwards the subscription to the club was ten shillings a year, and the members were regaled with coffee 'at a penny the dish.' Not only learned in coals and music,

Britton dabbled in chemistry and alchemy, and had a fine taste in books. Noble book-hunters, and seekers after rare editions, such as Harley, Earl of Oxford, Lord Pembroke, and the Duke of Devonshire, either came to his house in Clerkenwell or met together at Christopher Bateman's, in Paternoster Row—Britton still wearing his blue smock, and with the coal-sack which he had been carrying about the streets all the day, over his shoulder. He continued, in spite of his musical and literary tastes, to sell small-coal until his death.

The names of Great Bath Street, Cold-Bath Square, Spa Fields, and the like, remind us of the days when drinking the waters was so much in vogue. In 1697 a spring was discovered in Cold-Bath Square by a certain Walter Baynes, and was made by him into a source of considerable profit. A bath-house was erected, which was open from five o'clock in the morning until one in the afternoon. The charge was two shillings; but by payment of sixpence extra, persons in feeble health might use a chair, which was suspended from the ceiling in such a manner that it could be lowered into the water and drawn up again. In this square, at a later date, lived poor Eustace Budgell, the friend of Addison, who sought a melancholy death in the Thames, his mind being partially unhinged by the worry of litigation and by losses in the South Sea speculation. He left a paper on his desk with the words, 'What Cato did and Addison approved cannot be wrong.'

Taking the waters then, as now, was attended by a good deal of merry-making and amusement. The proprietor of a place of entertainment 'near the New Wells by the London Spaw,' in 1745 added an amusing note to his programme of attractions: 'The proprietor being informed that it is a general complaint against others who offer like entertainment that if the gentle zephyrs blow ever so little the company are in danger of having their viands fanned away through the thinness of their consistency, promises that *his* shall be of such solidity as to resist the air'—referring, doubtless, to the proverbial thinness of a 'Vauxhall slice.'

Other famous places of resort in the neighbourhood were Sadler's Wells and Bagnigge Wells. Nell Gwynne had once a summer residence at Bagnigge Wells House. About the year 1680 it became a place of entertainment. Nearly a century afterwards, a mineral spring was discovered, and for many years Bagnigge Wells enjoyed great popularity. About 1775 we learn that one of the characteristics of 'bon ton' was

Drinking tea on summer afternoons
At Bagnigge Wells with china and gilt spoons.

Miss Edgeworth in one of her *Tales* also alludes to this spot—

The City to Bagnigge Wells repair
To swallow dust, and call it air.

Bull and bear baiting, cock-fighting, and similar amusements, attracted large audiences during the early years of the last century to a spot in Clerkenwell bearing the ill-sounding name of Hockley-in-the-Hole. A handbill for the year 1710 will give some idea of the kind of entertainment

which was provided: 'At the Bear Garden in Hockley-in-the-Hole.—This is to give notice to all gentlemen gamesters and others that on the present Monday is a match to be fought by two Dogs, one from Newgate Market against one from Honey Lane Market, at a Bull for a guinea to be spent. Likewise a green Bull to be baited which was never baited before, and a Bull to be turned loose with Fireworks all over him. Beginning exactly at three of the clock.' These sports caused considerable scandal to the more respectable inhabitants of Clerkenwell, and frequent endeavours were made to put a stop to them, but without much avail. The spread of education and the gradual softening of manners proved the only real remedy.

Strong men, then, as now, created a considerable amount of interest. One of these celebrities, Topham by name, lived in Bath Street in 1741. One of his feats was that of lifting three hog-heads of water, weighing over eighteen hundred pounds; and a story is told of him that one night, finding a watchman asleep in his box, he raised both from the ground and dropped them over the wall of Bunhill Fields burying-ground!

Clerkenwell is especially the home of the clock and watch making industry. In the early years of the last century many persons employed in these trades took up their abode there. The celebrated painter, Charles Robert Leslie, was the son of a clockmaker living in Clerkenwell; and in 1721, Christopher Pinchbeck resided in Albion Place, where he invented his astronomico-musical clocks. In a house at one time tenanted by the father of John Wilkes, lived Colonel Magniac, who employed himself in making automaton clocks for the Emperor of China.

There is no loneliness so complete as that experienced by a stranger in a large city, and to those who wish to be let alone by their fellow-creatures, the great world of London offers more attractions than the country. Misers and eccentric persons of all descriptions have always, therefore, been found in the metropolis in considerable numbers, and in no part of it, perhaps, more than in Clerkenwell. Here lived the eccentric centenarian, Mrs or 'Lady' Lewson, who for many years before her death (1816) had always appeared dressed in the garb of a century previous, when 'Life was hers, and hope was young.' Another eccentric character was the miser Cooke, who was wont to ask persons he called on to put a little ink in the bottle he always carried about with him. He used generally to add that he had no objection if they filled it! At his death, he left a very large fortune. A curious case of mental aberration produced by the pride of place and riches was that of Elizabeth, Duchess of Albemarle, who lived at Newcastle House, Clerkenwell. After her husband's death in 1698, she resolved never again to give her hand to any but a sovereign Prince. She accordingly rejected all her suitors until Ralph, Duke of Montague, won her hand, coming disguised as the Emperor of China!

Did space permit, mention might be made of many other worthies in Clerkenwell's roll of fame. As it is, a few notes on the historic Red Bull Theatre must suffice. On the site of Woodbridge Street, the old Red Bull was a famous

theatre in the time of Shakespeare, though we have few details of the performances there. Edward Alleyn, the founder of Dulwich College, once trod its boards. Its fortunes underwent many vicissitudes in the times of the Puritans; but at the Restoration, the King's Players acted here for some time until they removed to their new theatre in Vere Street, Clare Market. Pepys did not think much of the management of the theatre at this period, for in his 'Diary' for the 23d of March 1662, he says: 'To the Red Bull, where I had not been since the plays came up again. Up to the tiring-room, where strange the confusion and disorder that is among them in fitting themselves, especially here, where the clothes are very poore and the actors but common fellows.' He goes on to say the house was anything but full, and the play badly acted; and he tells us that a boy that was to sing a song, not singing it right, 'his master fell about his ears and beat him so that it put the whole house in an uproar.' 'The Red Bull,' says Sir William Davenant in 1663, 'stands open for fencers, for there are no tenants in it but spiders!' Such was the end of the old Red Bull Theatre, which, like the 'Globe,' had 'seen its day,' and outlasted the golden age of the English drama.

PUSSY'S NOTABLE FRIENDS.

FOLLOWING in the wake of Buffon, writers of Natural Histories are pretty unanimous in setting down the cat as an animal incapable of personal attachment; yet Puss has contrived to win the friendship and affection of many notable men. The skull of Morosini's favourite cat is still preserved among the relics of that Venetian worthy. The counterfeit presentment of Andrea Doria's huge spotted pet contemplates the Doge with mournful tenderness on the canvas, as he was wont to do when both were in the flesh. Sir Henry Wyat's gratitude to the feline friend who saved him from starving in the Tower by bringing pigeons for his sustenance, caused him ever afterwards to make much of his purveyor's kindred, and we are told, 'you shall not find his picture anywhere, but, like Sir Christopher Hatton with his dog, with a cat beside him.'

Having exhausted his credit with the candle-dealers, Tasso besought his cat to aid him with the light of her lustrous eyes. Cowper commemorated his sedate favourite being shut up in a drawer; gloried in saving her becoming the victim of her philosophical inquiry into the nature of a viper, by decapitating the intruder with a handy hoe; and thought Lady Hesketh could not withstand an invitation to come and see a tortoiseshell kitten given to indescribable gambols, 'the drollest of creatures that ever wore a catskin,' ere Time, that spoiled all things, turned her into a cat. When Horace Walpole bewailed to Gray the loss of his handsomest cat, the poet condolingly replied: 'I know Zara and Selima, or, rather, I knew them both together, for I cannot justly say which was which. Then as to your handsomest cat, I am no less at a loss, as well knowing one's handsomest cat is always the cat one likes best; or if one be alive and the other dead, it is usually the latter that is handsomest. Besides, if the

point were never so clear, I hope you do not think me so ill-bred as to forget my interest in the survivor. Oh no! I would rather seem to mistake, and imagine to be sure that it must be the tabby one.' It was the tabby one; and in the hope of immortalising Mademoiselle Selima, Gray sent Walpole an ode recording how Selima, tumbling from a 'lofty vase's side' into a tub of gold-fish—

Eight times emerging from the flood,
She mewed to ev'ry wat'ry god
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred;
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard.
A fav'rite has no friend!

Upon Gray's death, Walpole memorialised poet and puss together by placing Selima's vase upon a pedestal inscribed with the opening stanza of the ode.

Advising Miss Susannah Thrale to read Bickerstaffe's account of his cat, Dr Johnson wrote: 'I could tell you as good things of Lily, the white kitling, who is now in full growth and very well behaved.' Speaking to Langton of the desperate state of a young scapegrace of good family who was running about town shooting cats, the Doctor muttered: 'But Hodge shall not be shot; no, no, Hodge shall not be shot!' Hodge was the cat for whose delectation he fetched oysters. Seeing the favoured creature scrambling up his master's breast, while, half whistling, the smiling Doctor rubbed its back and pulled its tail, Boswell, smothering his antipathy to the feline race for the nonce, remarked that Hodge was a fine cat. 'Why, yes, sir,' replied Johnson; 'but I have had cats whom I liked better than this,' adding, as if he feared Hodge might be offended, 'but he is a fine cat, a very fine cat indeed!' Equally considerate of his cat's feelings was Sterne. Writing from Coxwold to his well-loved daughter, he tells her: 'As to my pleasures they are few in compass. My poor cat sits purring beside me. Your lively French dog shall have his place on the other side of my fireside; but if he is as devilish as when I last saw him, I must tutor him, for I will not have my cat abused.'

Scott's love of dogs did not prevent his delighting in the company of 'a conversable cat,' like the big gray puss who was almost as important a member of the Abbotsford household as Maida herself. His grave interested demeanour when listening to his master reading the old romance of Arthur to Washington Irving, impelled his fellow-auditor to observe that he evidently had a taste for black-letter literature. 'Ah,' said Sir Walter, 'these cats are a very mysterious kind of folk; there is always more passing in their minds than we are aware of: it comes, no doubt, from their being so familiar with warlocks and witches.' Then he told the story of the guidman who told his guidwife that he had met a funeral procession of cats on his way home; whereupon the family cat exclaimed, 'Then I am king of the cats!' and vanished up the chimney. 'Our grimalkin here,' added Scott, 'reminds me of the story by the airs of sovereignty he assumes; and I am apt to treat him with respect from the idea that he may be a great prince incog., and some time or other come to the throne.'

Bentham did not dream of his feline companion attaining quite so high a dignity. On his first

coming he had christened him Langbourne; but as he developed in width and wisdom, the philosopher dubbed him, 'Sir John Langbourne'; and when advanced years brought increased gravity, inducted him into the Church, to die in full possession of all his faculties and be mourned as the 'Rev. Sir John Langbourne, D.D.' Josh. Billings resented the suggestion that 'William' was too dignified an appellation for his favourite, and insisted that such a special blue-blooded specimen of the feline critter deserved a dignified name, adding: 'Poor old man! he has had fits recently; and now I call him Fitzwilliam!'

When Pius IX. sat down to dine, his cat came in with the soup, mounted a chair opposite him, and dumbly and decorously looked on until the Pontiff had finished his meal. Then it received its own at its master's hands, and took leave till the same hour the next day. The demise of puss alarmed the Pope's household, lest he should be painfully affected by the loss of his old table companion; but His Holiness 'did not seem to care a bit more about it than he had cared for the death of his Secretary, the Cardinal Antonelli.' A much more pronounced cat-lover was the Abbé Galiani, who declared his life at Naples would have been unbearably dull but for the companionship of his two cats, of such value in his eyes, that losing one through a servant's negligence, the Abbé made a clean sweep of his household, vowing he should hang himself in despair if the lost one were not recovered, which, fortunately, came about in time to avert such a catastrophe. Lamenting the passing away of his friend the Archbishop of Taranto, Sir Henry Holland says: 'His cat and the Archbishop, sitting together as they generally did, made a picture of themselves, the former looking the more austere theologian of the two.' A friend visiting Bishop Thirlwall in his retirement, thinking he looked uncomfortable and weary, asked why he did not sit in the easy-chair. 'Don't you see who is there?' was the reply of the Bishop, as he pointed to a big cat fast asleep on the cushion. 'She must not be disturbed.' The great Churchman preferred his cat's comfort to his own, like Mohammed, who cut off the sleeve of his robe rather than interfere with the repose of his beloved Muezza.

Razzi the painter's Angora cats shared his affection with a troop of squirrels, monkeys, goats, and asses. Mind, the 'Raphael of cats,' loved cats only, and did not care how many he had about him. His special pet was always at his side when he worked, to be talked to and answer in cat language. When an epidemic of madness broke out among the feline population of Berne, the police killed every cat they could find; but Mind contrived to hide his pet until all danger was past. While rejoicing at her escape, he never forgot or forgave the massacring of his favourite animals, for his love extended to the whole race. That apparently was the case with Harlequin Rich, for when pretty Peg Woffington succeeded in obtaining audience with him, she found Rich lolling on a sofa, with a cup of tea in one hand, a playbook in the other, and seven-and-twenty cats of all ages, sizes, and colours bearing him company; some on the floor, some on his knees, some perched on his arms, others on his shoulders, and one cleverly balanced on his head.

Although it was a Frenchman who declared a

love of cats to be a vice of inferior minds, and that no man of taste ever could have any sympathy with a beast passionately fond of asparagus, our neighbours have taken kindly to puss. If he did not particularly care for cats, Richelieu delighted in kittens, and Colbert shared his fancy. Chateaubriand loved the cat for its independent spirit; and when he lodged with Widow O'Leary in London, he mourned with his landlady on her losing two lovely cats, as white as ermine, with black tips to their tails; and he always blessed his embassy to Rome, because Leo XIII. then made him the proud possessor of Micetti, a big grayish-red cat, which he loved and cherished to the end of its existence. Victor Hugo kept a warm corner in his heart for his lazy Chanoine. Paul de Kock's Frontin was a beloved home companion for eleven years. Montaigne thought out his essays while stroking his tabby's fur. No one in St Beuve's establishment dared touch his writing-table, but his cat was privileged to do as he willed amid its piles of papers. Beaudelaire could not see a cat in the street but he must coax it to come to his arms; and visiting a house for the first time, he was not happy until he made the acquaintance of the cat pertaining to it.

Lover of all things fair, Theophile Gautier had a passion for cats, born in boyhood, when his gray cat used to bite Madame Gautier's legs whenever she took her son to task. No gift was so acceptable to Gautier as a cat; but he was fairly alarmed when he received a white Angora, 'a veritable Apollo.' He said he should not dare to offer it anything but white mice. His cats were given grand names—Zobeide, Zuleima, Zuleika, Cleopatra, Zi-zi, were some of them. Childbrand was a splendid tawny, black-striped specimen. A red-coated, white-breasted, pink-nosed, blue-eyed beauty was named Madame Theophile because she walked with him in the garden, reposed on his arm indoors, and slept at the foot of his bed. She had a weakness for patchouli, and delighted in hearing her master's lady-friends sing; but invariably closed their mouths with her paw if they attempted a note too high for them. Another of his special pets was a white cat, named Don Pedro de Navarre, a cat much interested in his owner's pursuits, who would turn over the leaves of a book and then fall asleep, 'for all the world as if he had been reading a fashionable novel.' The Don never retired to rest till Gautier came home, meeting him at the door, and preceding him to his bedroom. As soon as he was between the sheets, up jumped the Don, took Gautier's neck between his paws, rubbed noses while uttering little cries of affection, and then perched himself on the bedhead and slept like a bird on a branch. He was provided with a spouse in the dreamy, contemplative, snowy Seraphitas; but the pair died all too soon, and the White Dynasty was succeeded by the Black Dynasty—three black beauties, the offspring of the white pair. They bore the names of Enjolras, Gavroche, and Epinone. The first named was a magnificent cat of slow and majestic movements; Gavroche was of Bohemian temperament, fond of low company, and given to the amiable weakness of inviting starved strays to partake of the good things provided for himself. Epinone was a perfect lady, who received visitors, conducted

them up-stairs, and amused them till Gautier relieved her, when she retired to the corner of the piano, and listened to the conversation without interrupting it. She took her seat at table, and went regularly through the dinner from soup to dessert; but if she found knife, fork, and spoon laid in her place, Epinone betook herself to the piano and quietly looked on. Naturally, this model cat lived beloved and died lamented. Gautier's artist cronies were fond of caricaturing him and his pets; but he told them cats were quite beyond their pencils: they might draw men and women—mere talent sufficed for that—but to portray a cat required genius.

Chesterfield provided for his cat by will; and Sir George Bowyer desired the inheritors of his property to protect his church and convent at Abingdon, hoped they would remember his poor people, and expected them to take care of his cat. Even that utter scoundrel, Thomas Griffiths Wainwright, loved his cat, and we may take it for granted the attachment was reciprocated—his pet being the exception proving the rule laid down by Oliver Maddox Browne, that it is an impossibility for a cat to form an enthusiastic friendship with a person of utterly vitiated and unprincipled morals.

BIRD-MUSIC.

Oh, sweet the thrush's song
From the tall lime's retreat;
No sound of flute or human voice
Was ever half so sweet.

What means that wondrous note?
I sit and ponder long.
All Nature's varying moods and life
Seem uttered in the song:

The thoughts of grass and flower;
The scents of new-mown hay;
The mystic murmur of the winds
Which 'mid the branches play;

The words of the green leaf;
The odour of the air;
The gleaming of the evening dew;
The love of all things fair;

The soft laugh of a child;
The cry of heart that bleeds;
The shadow of a summer cloud
Upon the summer meads;

The rifts of soft sunshine;
The sweet rush of the rain;
The colour of the daffodil—
They all seem in that strain.

Oh, wondrous burst of song!
Its central note is Love,
And all sweet fancies of the soul
Around it seem to move.

WILLIAM COWAN.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 412.—VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

MODERN CREDULITY.

IN spite of improved education and the diffusion of knowledge through an ever extending printing-press, there is an amount of simplicity among us that may be described as perennial in its greenness. This is best seen in the twofold forms of superstition, and credulity with respect to the pretensions of charlatans and impostors of every description. There are few minds, even in these scientific days, which are wholly free from superstition. It will generally be found that every man has some pet superstition of his own, however he may laugh at those of his friends. The old belief in apparitions seems only to have taken a new departure in the modern form of spiritualism.

To turn back after once setting out, spill salt, walk under a ladder, sit down thirteen at dinner, are still considered unlucky omens. Such superstitious fancies are widespread and die hard. They have a powerful hold on the minds not only of the ignorant of all nations, but of those whose education and experience might be expected to relieve them of all such notions. In Yorkshire, to break a looking-glass is still believed to entail seven years of trouble. In Cornwall, no miner whistles underground; while in many places, pixies, fairies, and brownies are yet regarded as existent beings.

According to feminine fancies, it brings luck to separate men when you meet several together, but quite the reverse to walk between two women on the pavement. To dream of ivy is still considered very favourable, and indicates good weather should you undertake a voyage. Good fortune is ensured if you sneeze on a Saturday; but we must beware of marriage on that day, Wednesday being considered the luckiest. The last day of December is a favourite wedding day in some places. A bride should avoid wearing green colours, as being emblematical of evil. In western counties, Sunday is regarded as an especially lucky day for births. In Devonshire you mustn't wash clothes on New-year's

day—and so on through the whole catalogue of cautions.

On Ascension day, Lord Penrhyn's extensive Welsh quarries are closed, because an idea prevails among the quarrymen that if they work on this holiday some fatal accident will occur. Good-Friday buns are sometimes kept through the year for good-luck. In the north of England, women still wear round their necks blue woollen threads till they wean their children, for the purpose of warding off fevers. It is not so long since a woman, arrested for theft, when searched at the main Bridewell, was found to be wearing a horseshoe 'with nails complete'—for luck, which on that occasion seems to have deserted her. From the pocket of a burglar, searched at Bow Street, was taken a lump of coal, which, the police explained to the astonished magistrates, is usually carried by these midnight prowlers as a sort of talisman to ensure their safety, just as many persons still believe in the efficacy of certain gems. It was noticed that a number of Russian officers in the last war with Turkey wore turquoise rings as 'a means of protection against a violent death.'

Faith in the life-saving virtues of a caul is still prevalent. Rather recently, a case occurred, however, tending to explode this idea. At the inquest on the body of a man found drowned in the Thames, it transpired that the deceased used to boast that he would never be drowned, as he had been born with a caul. In a certain neighbourhood of the same river, night-poachers have a great fear of 'being pelted with human bones.' There is a hole there in which are said to lie the remains of scores of people who were murdered by highwaymen, and thrown in enclosed in weighted sacks. Poachers declare that they have fibulas hurled at their heads if they venture in that district.

Sailors are not the only class who associate the harmless necessary cat with dire portents. Some actors have implicit belief in pussy as an augur of good or evil. The success of that laughter-provoking piece, *The Private Secretary*, is said to

have only been really assured after a black cat chanced to put in an appearance at one of the rehearsals. In fact, no business or profession seems to be entirely free from being influenced by some sort of fetish. Gamblers are notoriously superstitious, and profess to foresee revelations of luck in a great variety of odd ways, but especially in dreams. Their belief in the significance of numbers is marvellous.

In Florence, the dread of the number thirteen is so great that it is absent from many streets, the numbers skipping from twelve and a half to fourteen. In Naples, the date on an old tombstone, a flock of birds, or the number of shadows cast by the moonlight through the iron bars of a gate, send away scores of wretched noodles to invest their last few coins in lottery tickets, in the full assurance that winning numbers have been revealed to them. Similarly, the French are not much wiser in this respect. A son-in-law is confident of winning half a million francs if he can only secure a ticket the last two figures of which shall represent the age of his wife's mother. Another man bases his hopes of gain on the coincidence of numbers with the respective ages of himself, his wife, and three children. Human folly is the same in all countries; and were the State to permit lotteries here, it is certain that the same heathen reliance on just such Mumbo Jumbo would be manifested.

Then, consider the importance of colours with regard to one's hair and complexion as shown in the custom of 'first-footing' every new year. Imagine the villain of the play with fair locks, eyebrows, or beard! Yet the great Napoleon is said never to have trusted a general who had light hair or moustaches. One of the richest men in America is reported to confide in clerks and others in proportion to the darkness of their complexions. The power of 'overlooking'—the magic influence of the 'evil-eye,' and other uncanny attributes, are to this day thoroughly believed in by the Irish peasantry.

In certain parts of Scotland, the people entertain a great horror of the mere mention of swine. Not very long ago, in Inverness, the small clay effigy of some obnoxious person, as used in witchcraft, was produced in court in evidence against some modern wizard. Witnesses testified to the deaths of cattle and illness of peasants through this revival of the black art.

Lately, in the Thames police court, it came out that a woman who had lost a shawl tried to discover the thief by the ordeal of 'the Bible and the key,' a test which 'never failed.' Before invited witnesses, she laid a Bible on the table, and placed a key, to which a string was attached, between its leaves. She held the projecting part of the key, pronounced several neighbours' names, and repeated some doggerel invocation, till at mention of the guilty name the key 'twisted itself out of her hand and fell on the floor.' In the same manner she averred that the name of

the pawnbroker was obtained with whom her shawl had been pledged.

After such revelations, can we wonder that prophetic calendars find thousands of annual purchasers, or need we be surprised that the law frequently fails to protect silly dupes from the wily snares of fortune-tellers?

To consider further evidences of modern credulity, what thinks the reader of chemists in our times being applied to for mystical remedies, as if the days of necromancy were not over? A young woman who was crossed in love wrote to a London chemist for a love potion, which she believed would bring back the roving affections of her fickle swain. The chemist was requested to 'mix a good strong one, as it was for a farmer who was considerably over six feet high, and broad in proportion.' This was not the first of such curious applications he had to refuse. In Somerset, a dairyman whose cows showed a decrease in their yield of milk concluded that he was 'overlooked,' and betook himself to a 'wiseman,' to whom he paid a guinea down, and agreed to keep him at the dairy at the pay of one pound a day and maintenance till the spell was exorcised.

There are striking examples to prove how easy it would be to make a rapid fortune by pretensions to some sort of uncanny powers, did not wise legislation place certain little obstacles in the way of such enterprises. Feminine curiosity with respect to gypsy fortune-telling is well known. But one expects a farmer in these days to have better sense than to proceed to a gypsy camp, as did one lately, for the purpose of getting his 'planet ruled.' It was the old story of a fool and his money soon parted. The fees demanded from time to time were wrapped up in a handkerchief, and some 'dragon's blood' in a dried state grated on it. He was lured on with promises of shortly becoming the possessor of some property, and was shown a tumbler in which was some liquid, and on looking into it he saw what appeared to be some houses floating therein. At the gypsy's request, he threw the contents of the glass over his left shoulder into the fire. After parting with over one hundred pounds, he found the gypsy camp suddenly abandoned, and took his story to the nearest police office for advice and consolation.

Since commencing this article, a curious case has occurred which bears on our subject. A youth was taken suddenly ill, and the parents, instead of sending for medical assistance, applied to a 'sommambulistic woman,' who mixed some patent potion of her own, which was administered to the patient with the result that he died in horrible agony the same night. At Salisbury, another woman got herself into trouble through setting up as a 'divinity' and professing to read the destiny of a female dupe 'through a piece of thick glass,' for several pecuniary considerations. The foolish applicant became at last so much under the influence of this crafty 'sorceress,' that her mind grew affected.

But a greater adept than she at the mystery business now claims our attention, Methrattton, the Great Seer of England, Astrologer, Grand-master of the Mysteries, &c. An examination by

the police of the letters and documents in his possession proved that the 'prophet' had been doing an extensive and lucrative business. His fees for talismanic advice varied from sevenpence for 'seven years future' to fifty pounds for the 'elixir-of-life secrets.' His correspondence revealed an amount of credulity among the public enough to dishearten the most philanthropic optimist. Unhappy married people would be pleased to be foretold of the early deaths of their uncongenial partners. One gentleman wished to know how long his mother would live, from whom he had great expectations; while a lovesick maiden sent a remittance in order to be told how she could obtain the affections of a certain young man. 'Would the astrologer control the planets so as to draw her and her beloved together, as they lived fifty miles apart?' The talismanic charms were in great demand, and must have been very profitable, considering that a sheet of crown paper would cut up into about eight pounds' worth of the said prophetic emblems.

With such examples of modern credulity in free and enlightened England, it is not so surprising to hear that recently in Russia a peasant was relieved of all his money by the simple expedient of three 'venerable-looking men, dressed in clerical fashion,' calmly informing him that they were three of the apostles. 'We have given you wealth, but you have omitted to exercise charity.' At these words, the trembling victim fell on his knees, begged for mercy, and gave up five hundred silver roubles—all the money he had in the house.

Some humorist suggested as the best allegory of Faith—a bald-headed man investing in a bottle of hair restorer. The public credulity with regard to new patent panaceas is positively touching.

Advertisements offering absurd remedies for any defects of nature meet with instant success. It is only the other day that an amusing illustration of this form of modern gullibility was seen in France. With the feeling that there is nothing so perilous for popularity as obesity, an actress found promise of relief in a doctor who had introduced 'massage' into his practice. He offered to reduce Mademoiselle to sylph-like proportions. She underwent the shampoing process two hundred and thirty-five times, the protracted energy of the medical man being only equalled by the sublime faith and patience of the actress. But alas! in the end she was no thinner, and dismissed him, after paying six hundred francs.

Specimens of the pitfalls always yawning for the unwary through the medium of advertising swindles would fill volumes as they at present fill many newspapers. One example in conclusion will suffice. As the result of a wager between some French journalists that human credulity had no limit, the following announcement was published: 'I Promise Nothing; I Engage to Perform Nothing. But send one franc fifty centimes in postage stamps. Perhaps there is a little surprise in store for you. Who knows? Address, "F. D." Post-office.' The impudence and apparent candour of this cool appeal to the public met with every success. Stamps rained in for several days, so that the winner of the wager was able to hand over a substantial sum to a local charity, after which he told the story in the

newspaper, so that the dupes might know what had become of their money. How true is the saying, 'People love to be taken in,' for in such cases experience teaches nothing.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

CHAPTER X.—'THE BEST-LAID SCHEMES O' MICE AND MEN'

FERRERS' feeling, however, speedily underwent another fluctuation. All the party met at breakfast; but Dolly had neither word nor look for Ferrers: her regard was wholly given to Lord De-brett. Ferrers was hurt, and a little jealous, not understanding that a woman has eyes and sense in the back of her head, and, while appearing engrossed with one, is truly observing and comprehending the whole behaviour of another. He conversed with Drew and Drumly; but he scarce knew what he said, for his eyes and his thoughts were given to Dolly.

When breakfast was over he felt he could endure it no longer: he *must* know how he stood. He followed Dolly from the room and caught up with her as she was crossing the hall.

'Miss Dawlish,' he said.

She turned and looked at him as if she scarcely knew him, and he felt chilled and daunted.

'Won't you come out into the garden for a little?' said he.

'I was just going,' she coldly answered.

He got her hat and his own from the hat-stand, and together they went out.

'I was in the garden soon after six this morning,' said he casually.

'Why did you get up so early?' she asked, as with indifference, while she paused to pluck a rose, which she found she could not accomplish without the aid of his knife. 'Had you a bad conscience?'

'Yes,' he answered; 'a very bad conscience.'

'Why?' she asked, still without looking at him.

'For one reason,' said he, 'because I failed to keep an appointment last night with'—'the dearest girl in the world,' he was going to say—'a young lady,' he really said.

'And why did you do it?' she demanded, at length looking at him. 'Are you not ashamed of yourself?'

'No; not ashamed,' said he: 'sorry—sorry because I couldn't help it.'

'Couldn't help it?' she echoed, turning with a look of frank astonishment. 'I really believe it was that you didn't care a bit to come. You thought it was bold in me to ask you, and you wanted to make me feel it was. You have been very unkind!'

'You misunderstand me altogether,' said he, almost beside himself with her evident distress. 'I am not unkind: you do not know how kind I could be—if I might. And no one could think anything you did was bold; only frank and beautiful.'

'Why, then,' she asked more quietly, 'did you not come?'

'Because,' he repeated, 'I couldn't. I was on my way to the Picture Gallery, when Aunt

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Dawlish came along. I did not wish her to see me, so I slipped into a dark room till she should pass. She didn't pass; she came in and sat down to read. I was behind a window-curtain, and I got through the window into the garden. Then I saw that by the time I had made a fuss to get in at the hall-door it would be too late to find you.'

'I waited a long while,' said she, 'till I was ashamed. And then a horrid idiotic laugh rang through the Gallery, and I was afraid, and ran away.'

'A laugh?' exclaimed Ferrers. 'Was there any one there?'

'No; and I never heard that the Gallery was haunted. Did you?'

'No,' he answered. 'But how sorry, how very sorry I am that I was the cause of your trouble and fright.'

Indeed, as he looked at her and wondered if that beautiful and delicate creature really cared for him, knowing he was not her cousin, and was not ashamed thus simply to confess it, he was wildly elated, and the next moment, as he thought of his own unworthiness, he felt humbled and chastened. And still, as he looked at her, a doubt invaded him, too, of Sir William's truthfulness, and a suspicion that it was impossible Dolly should guess he was other than William Dawlish. If she did, could she be so frank and unconstrained with him?

Meanwhile, Sir William had appeared. He sauntered down towards them, dipping his nose here and there to sniff at a flower, and when he was up with them he slipped his hand into Ferrers' arm. 'One moment,' said he, and drew him aside. 'You asked me last night,' he went on in a low voice, 'where the Picture Gallery is: you wanted, I think you said, to show Mrs Drew the pictures?'

'I did say so,' answered Ferrers.

'Well, if you come with me now, I'll show you.'

Ferrers turned and begged Dolly to excuse his leaving her.

'Where are you going?' she asked quite simply.

And quite simply he answered, 'To the Picture Gallery; while Sir William first frowned, and then smiled somewhat wryly.'

'Do you think,' said Sir William to Ferrers, in a low voice, when they had set off together, 'that it is necessary or wise to be so much alone with Miss Dawlish?'

'Am I really with her too much?' asked Ferrers.

'Well, on your own confession of this morning,' said Sir William, 'her exclusive company is dangerous; and there is such a thing as leading one's self into temptation.'

'I suppose there is,' said Ferrers. 'I'll try to avoid it.'

'Don't avoid her too much,' said the other, 'and don't seek her out too pointedly; try to find a happy mean.'

'I'll try,' said Ferrers.

And then silence fell between them, and Ferrers seemed interested only in noting the doors and the turnings on the way to the Picture Gallery. It was a long low room, with dark oak floor, and with a low-browed, curtained door at either end.

It was lighted in orthodox fashion by slanting windows in the roof, which were shaded by blinds that had doubtless once been white, but that were now stained and dingy. The pictures were mostly faded portraits, with devices in arms and armour between, and Ferrers regarded them with indifference as Sir William led him round and pointed out this and that person and expatiated on their private and public history. They had not been long thus occupied when the door opened, and in came Dolly with Mrs Drew.

'Mrs Drew,' said Dolly, addressing Ferrers, 'heard you were here, and she thought she would like to go round the Gallery with you. She expects you, since you are an artist, to show her which are the best pictures.'

'I don't know much about portrait-painting, though,' said he, 'nor care much.'

'That doesn't matter,' said Dolly, and straightway began to act as cicerone herself. 'I want to show you, Mrs Drew, one particular portrait, that I admire very much—this one down here.' She led the stout and smiling Mrs Drew down the room by the hand, and drew her up in front of the portrait of a cavalier of King Charles's days. 'Isn't it beautiful?' she demanded.

'Very,' said Mrs Drew, marching nearer for a close perusal. 'The lace about the neck and wrists is wonderful!'

'Oh, that's not what I mean,' said Dolly. 'And to get the effect you must keep farther back.'

'A curious and valuable frame, too, I should think,' said Mrs Drew, as she was withdrawn to a proper position.

'Look at it from here,' said Dolly: 'the face, the expression, and the attitude. Whom do they remind you of?'

'Law! Bless me! Yes!' exclaimed Mrs Drew, considering face, expression, and attitude through her glasses. 'Who is it?'

'Don't you see?' said Dolly with a touch of impatience. Then in a lower tone: 'One of us here.'

'You don't mean yourself, my dear?' timidly queried Mrs Drew. 'But I'm not good at guessing riddles.'

Dolly gave Mrs Drew up, and at once surrendered her secret. 'Cousin Dawlish,' said she.

'To be sure!' exclaimed Mrs Drew aloud. 'It is indeed remarkably like Mr Dawlish.—Don't you think so, Sir William?'

'Er—yes,' said Sir William, considering the portrait again. 'I have observed it. There is a considerable likeness, especially in that cavalier way of wearing the moustache.'

'And the lofty look,' said Mrs Drew.

'The nose in the portrait, though,' pursued Sir William, 'is higher and finer.'

'I wonder if there really is a likeness?' said Ferrers, scarce knowing what to say in his embarrassment, or where to look in his bewilderment.

'He was a great soldier,' said Dolly; while Sir William turned to look at her. He manifestly thought there might be something to beware of in Dolly.

'It is very strange,' said Ferrers to himself. 'If Dolly really and truly knows that I am not "Cousin Dawlish," how can she keep up the

pretence that I am so easily and naturally? And especially, why does she keep it up with me?"

Yes; why did she not let him know that she understood the position? Was it because she, like himself, had her feelings so far engaged that she shrank from precipitating an explanation which might end their intercourse entirely, or at least strip it of its curious charm of half-disguise? He hugged that possibility warm to his heart; but yet—yet—while he feared an explanation, he felt it must come, and he must urge it, urge it at the first opportunity.

As they left the Gallery, Dolly reminded Ferrers of his promise to teach her something of the art of painting, and Sir William jocularly proposed that they should all go sketching with pencils, crayons, paints, or what not ('Make quite a sketching match of it,' said he), and in the evening put the sketches to the vote of the company as to which was best of any given scene. When they left the Gallery he carried his proposal round. It was well received; for there was little to occupy the guests—there was no shooting or fishing, and it was too hot to ride—and this was thought a fresh and amusing pastime. While the members of the party were seeking out sketching materials, most being content with pencils and sheets of paper, a large wagonette was being got ready to carry them to a favourite sketching-ground.

'Isn't this abominable?' said Dolly aside to Ferrers when they met with their serious and workman-like canvases and paint-boxes.

'It is,' said Ferrers.

Lord Debrett, who had a soldier's rude eye for a practical joke, appeared furnished with a smooth piece of board and a large carpenter's pencil. 'I think,' said he, 'this is about my size;' and even Dolly was compelled to laugh.

So they set out, carrying luncheon with them; and all—Dolly included, in spite of her preliminary disgust—had a merry day till the sun began to decline, and they returned to Dawlish Place in ample time to dress for an early dinner.

In similar wise did the next day pass—with a picnicking expedition in the morning and lawn-tennis in the early evening—and the next. On the day thereafter Drew had to pay a flying visit to London: the bank, he declared, could not continue its operations wanting both its managers for a whole week; but he was scarcely missed, and Sir William still exerted himself to manœuvre the party and its amusements and occupations. Ferrers let himself be moved this way and that with the others; but he felt somehow that Sir William's management was at work to keep him apart from Dolly, and he thought he understood the reason.

'This is Thursday,' said she on that day, aside to him, 'and we all go back on Saturday.'

'Yes,' said Ferrers. 'I hope we shall be alone this afternoon: I must have a word with you—please.'

But that hope, too, was frustrated: Drumly insisted on carrying him off to see a new reaping-machine at work some miles off. In the drawing-room, after dinner, there was as little opportunity of private conference between him and Dolly as ever, and she after a while in despair departed to her room. Then, as was usual at that time of

night, the men went to the billiard-room, and Ferrers went among them. It was duller even there than usual, for Debrett had gone to town. So, as on the first night, he soon left the billiard-room, being sad and restless, and with his hands in his pockets, marched off with the intention of going to bed. But in the corridor he remembered his first night's adventure, and he thought, 'Why not go to the Picture Gallery on the off-chance of meeting Dolly?' He set off down the corridor; but he was turned back, as on the first night, by the vision of a candle borne aloft by a woman, and that woman Aunt Dawlish! As on the first night, he retreated before her, and, as then, withdrew into the dark room close at hand, with the thought of going right out, as before, into the garden. When he got behind the curtain, however, he found that the shutters of the window were closed! He was fairly trapped now! He must wait till Aunt Dawlish chose to release him!

But, on peeping through the curtain, he became interested in Aunt Dawlish's behaviour. She had left the door open, and had seated herself at the table with her candle and without a book. She sat with her hands in her lap, and she frequently sighed and shook her head. What grief oppressed her, he wondered, while he almost feared to breathe and longed to cough. The minutes passed in slow silence, and still she sat waiting, with her eyes on the open door. Perhaps a quarter of an hour had passed—though to Ferrers it appeared at least an hour—when a step sounded in the corridor, and Miss Dawlish sat up. The step sounded nearer and nearer, and at length Sir William's figure was seen in the doorway.

'What, in Heaven's name!' he said, 'are you sitting there for, Louisa?'

'I want to talk to you, William,' she answered, unclasping her hands. 'Come in and sit down.'

Sir William came in and shut the door, but he did not sit down.

'This dreadful, risky business you're engaged on, William,' said Aunt Dawlish—'is there no other way?'

'Can you suggest another way?'

'No, William, I can't,' said she.

'Then you'd better let my way have its chance,' and he turned to go. 'Especially,' he added, 'since it is almost come to its end.'

'But, William, just listen. I cannot, cannot see how this man's appearing in Will's place is going to help your purpose. How is it going to end?'

'You are very dull and frightened, Louisa,' said Sir William, sitting down. 'I have never denied there are risks about it; but what are they to the risks on the other side? This is the 26th; and if I cannot pay off the mortgage, or give good guarantee of payment by-and-by, Boughton will foreclose on the 31st.'

'So soon as that?' she exclaimed.

'So soon as that,' said he. 'And Dawlish Place and Dawlish estate will be lost; and I shall be ruined so completely that I shall not even be able to pay you your allowance, Louisa!'

'Oh, dear me! Is it so bad as that?' And Aunt Dawlish wrung her hands.

'I cannot pay off the mortgage, as you know;

and the only chance I see of a good guarantee is that this marriage between Will and Dolly shall be agreed upon at once, and proper settlements drawn up.'

(Ferrers in his retirement felt a swift pang of loss and resentment.)

'I know that, William.'

'And you know, too, Louisa,' continued Sir William, growing fiercer and louder as he proceeded, 'that those two old fools, Dolly's trustees, would never agree to her marriage with Will as they knew him some years ago, or even as he is now.'

"Even as he is now!" Just so, William. And do you mean to keep up this young man's imposture till Will is well enough to take his own place?

(Ferrers winced at the word 'imposture'.)

'No, I don't; though the doctors say Will should be well enough to appear all right within a month. I mean to keep this man only till the marriage is agreed upon between me and these confounded trustees, and till a settlement is drawn up. And that must come off to-morrow, or on Saturday: that's what Drew has gone to town about to-day. You see how the old fools—especially that baboon Drummy—are infatuated about the big, healthy brute, and they'll agree quite promptly. The blind old idiots! As if a Dawlish ever looked, or ever could look, like that!'

'The young man is very handsome and clever, William,' said Miss Dawlish.

'Ah,' snapped Sir William (and Ferrers imagined the grin on his face), 'you're like the rest of the women! A good-looking face and a big strong body—and you fall down and worship the man.'

'Just so, William,' retorted his sister. 'That's the danger.'

'What's the danger?'

'You seem not to have considered what Dolly might think in all this. I'm afraid that Dolly is seriously smitten with the man.'

'Oh, pooh! Stuff and nonsense! Dolly is taken with him because she believes him her cousin. But she has the pride of the Dawlishes about her. Once she knows that he is only a rough common trooper, rubbed up a little with knowing people better than himself, she'll be disgusted with herself for having thought anything of him.'

'I wish she may. But she's a romantic girl, and to know he's a poor man may only make her more interested in him. I wish you understood women better, William.'

'I wish I did,' said Sir William. 'But Dolly—you're mistaken in Dolly. She's a sensible girl; she has her father's business faculty, and she knows what's due to her. Besides, she has our interest at heart, and she's attracted to this man, as I have said, because she thinks him her cousin, and she was fond of her cousin when they were together as boy and girl.'

'And I kept her fond of him, William, by talking always about him. That's why I'm afraid now of this man's influence.'

'That'll be all right, Louisa. I'll tell her the whole thing, when the business has been settled with these trustees. I'll appeal to her proper feelings to save the house and our name. She'll

meet Will again when he is quite himself, and we'll get the marriage over before she has time to think, and without these cursed trustees seeing Will at all, except perhaps on the wedding morning in a dark church.'

'I wish it may turn out as easily as you say,' sighed Miss Dawlish.

'Well, now let's go to bed,' said Sir William.

So Miss Dawlish rose with her candle and went out, and Sir William followed her.

THE OLD IMPERIAL YARD MEASURE.

THE discovery, in the month of July last, in the Journal Office of the House of Commons, of the old Imperial Standard Yard and other measures, has given prominence to the fact that one of the least known, and probably the most curious, of all the duties of the Clerk of the House of Commons is that of safeguarding the weights and measures, which formed the subject of inquiry by several Committees of the House of Commons, and by a Royal Commission during the later half of the last, and the first quarter of the present, century. This duty was first imposed upon the Clerk of the House by an order of the Commons 'that the boxes containing the standards . . . be locked up by the Clerk of this House and kept by him.' This order, according to the Commons' Journal, was made on the 2d of June 1758, and was renewed on the 12th of April 1759, and the 21st of May 1760, and has never been rescinded. In the Act 5 Geo. IV. c. 74, declaring 'the standards in the custody of the Clerk of the House of Commons' to be 'the only original and genuine standards from which all other Imperial weights and measures are to be derived,' no provision was made for removing the standards out of the custody of the Clerk of the House; and they have accordingly remained in the possession of the holders of that office since the date of the first order of the House before mentioned.

In 1834, when the Houses of Parliament were destroyed by fire, some of the standards—notably the standard troy pound—were lost; while those that were recovered from the ruins were deposited in the Journal Office, where they have remained for over half a century unnoticed. Neither the Speaker nor Mr Palgrave, the present Clerk of the House, was aware of their existence; but the question of the periodical inspection of the standards by the Speaker having arisen, attention was drawn to the old standards, which were found amongst some lumber by Messrs Shelvey and Davie, of the Journal Office, during the removal of the contents of that office to the new wing on the site of the old Law Courts; and they have latterly been the subject of much curious examination and speculation. Amongst other gentlemen who have recently examined the old standards, and displayed much interest in their history, may be mentioned Mr Peel, the Speaker; and Mr Edward Ponsonby, his secretary; Mr Chaney, the Superintendent of Weights and Measures; Mr Bull, the Clerk of the Journals; and Mr Palgrave, who has since had them removed from the Journal Office to his library, where they will in future be exhibited amongst

the other curios and relics of the old House of Commons.

But besides these gentlemen, the history of the yard standards, of which there were four discovered in the Journal Office, will prove to many of considerable interest. The oldest standard on record was that of the Saxon kings, which was kept at Winchester, and which King Edgar decreed, 'with the consent of his wites or council,' should be the standard. Another old standard, indeed the oldest now existing, dates from the reign of Henry VII., but this has long been disused; and that which, till the year 1824, was considered as the legal standard was a brass rod of the breadth and thickness of half an inch, placed in the Exchequer in the time of Elizabeth. Mr H. W. Chisholm, the late Warden of the Standards, in his interesting work on Weighing and Measuring, says, in reference to these standards, that 'the existing imperial yard is so nearly identical in length that it exceeds them by a little more than a hundredth part of an inch, a difference frequently found in footrules now commonly used. There can also be but little doubt that our imperial yard is substantially the same length as the old Saxon yard. We have no further direct trace to its origin. But the English yard is so nearly the same length as double the natural cubit of the Egyptians and Hebrews; and the English foot is so nearly identical with the ancient foot, two-thirds of this cubit, that the origin of these two English units of length may not improbably be traced to these two earliest standard units. We know that the double cubit was used in ancient times as a measure of length. An old Egyptian double royal cubit, found in the ruins of Karnac, may be seen in the British Museum. We know also that a measure very nearly equal to two natural cubits was used by the Romans under the name of *ulna*, or ell. The *ulna* is mentioned by Pliny, when describing the measurement of the girth of a tree, as half the length of the extended arms of a man. It may thus be fairly assumed that the measure of the double natural cubit, or three feet, under the name of ell or yard, came into use in old times as a very convenient measuring unit, and found its way into England as the standard unit of length.'

But although the difference in length between the oldest standards and the present imperial yard was so small as to be unworthy of notice in measuring a yard of ribbon or calico, the standard of Elizabeth appears, from the following extract from the Report on the new standard scale of the Royal Astronomical Society, to have been incapable of affording any definite or correct measure for great geodetical operations: 'I have had an opportunity of seeing this curious instrument, of which it is impossible at the present day to speak too much in derision or contempt. A common kitchen poker, filed at the ends in the rudest manner by the most bungling workman, would make as good a standard. It has been broken asunder, and the two pieces been dovetailed together, but so badly, that the joint is nearly as loose as that of a pair of tongs, and yet till within the last ten years, to the disgrace of this country, copies of this measure have been circulated all over Europe and America, with

a parchment document accompanying them, certifying that they are true copies of the English standard.'

No reliance could therefore be placed on such a measure for any scientific purpose whatever; but it was not until the year 1742 that some Fellows of the Royal Society and members of the Academy of Sciences at Paris 'proposed to have accurate standards of the measures and weights of both nations made and carefully examined, in order that means might be provided of comparing the results of scientific experiments in England and France.'

A Committee of inquiry was appointed; and it is probably due to the researches of this Committee that Bird's standard of 1760, now in the library of the Clerk of the House of Commons, was adopted as the imperial standard, and declared to be 'the unit or only standard measure of extension.' In the course of their inquiry other standards were discovered besides the legal standard in the Exchequer, 'which were considered of good if not equal authority.' At Guildhall they found two standards of long measure, which were only two beds or matrices, one of a yard, and the other of an ell, cut out of the sides of a substantial brass bar, like that at the Exchequer. Another, preserved in the Tower of London, was a solid brass rod, about seven-tenths of an inch square, and forty-one inches long; on one side of which was the measure of a yard, divided into inches. Another, belonging to the Clockmakers' Company, delivered to that corporation by indenture from the Exchequer in 1671, was a brass rod of eight sides, nearly half an inch thick, on which the length of the yard was expressed by the distance between two upright pins, or small checks, filed away to the proper quantity.

The Committee selected the standard in the Tower, as being the best defined, and consequently the best adapted to their purpose; and Mr George Graham—a celebrated clockmaker—at their desire, laid off from it, with great care, the length of the yard on two brass rods, which were then sent to the Academy of Sciences at Paris, who in like manner set off thereon the measure of the Paris half-toise. One of these was kept at Paris; the other was returned to the Royal Society. From the copy made by Mr George Graham for the Royal Society, Bird made his standard of 1758; and from this the standard of 1760 was copied, the latter standard being described, in the Report of the House of Commons Committee—upon which Report the Act passed in June 1824 is based—as 'best agreeing with the most extensive comparisons which have been hitherto executed by various observers and circulated throughout Europe, and in particular with the scale employed by Sir George Shuckburgh.'

In 1758, or sixteen years after the Royal Society had initiated the inquiry, a Committee of the House of Commons was appointed to inquire into the original standards of weights and measures in the kingdom. As may be seen from the Journals of the House of Commons, the Committee entered very fully into the subject, and in their Report recommended that 'a rod, which at their order had been made by Mr Bird from that of the Royal Society, and marked

"Standard Yard, 1758," should be declared the legal standard of all measures of length.' This rod—which is one of those now in the custody of the Clerk of the House—consists of a solid brass bar, 1·01 inch square and 39·06 inches long. At about an inch and a half from each end, a gold pin or stud is inserted, in which pins, at the distance of thirty-six inches, are two points intended to designate the length of the yard. As may be seen from a reference to the Journals, it was proposed that this rod should be kept in safe custody in the Exchequer Office; but it was ordered for the time being to remain in the care of the Clerk of the House.

In the following year, another Committee was formed on the subject. It concurred in the recommendations of the former Committee that Bird's standard yard should be the only unit of lineal measure; and at the same time recommended that a copy of it should be made for security against accidents, and deposited in some public office. Accordingly, a second standard was constructed by Bird in 1760 similar to the former, of which, indeed, it was intended to be a copy. The last standard of 1760 was declared by the Act of 1824 to be the legal standard of the kingdom.

But although two Committees of the House of Commons had thus sat and reported upon the subject, no legislative enactment was passed, and the standard measures remained in the custody of the Clerk of the House. In 1814 another Committee was appointed, and made an abortive Report; and five years later, in 1819, a Commission was nominated by the Prince Regent. They reported in favour of the standard which had been made by Bird in 1760; and this Report having been approved by a Committee of the Commons, an Act was passed in June 1824, which for the first time defined the unit of measure, and in the following terms: 'The straight line between the centres of the two points in the gold studs in the brass rod, now in the custody of the Clerk of the House of Commons, whereon the words and figures "Standard Yard, 1760" are engraved, shall be, and the same is hereby declared to be the original and genuine standard of that measure of length or lineal extension called a yard; and that the same straight line or distance between the centres of the said two points in the said gold studs in the said brass rod, the brass being at the temperature of sixty-two degrees of Fahrenheit's thermometer, shall be and is hereby denominated the imperial standard yard, and shall be and is hereby declared to be the unit or only standard measure of extension.'

No mention was made as to the person who should have the custody of the standard yard, and it therefore remained in the care of the Clerk of the House; but provision was made in the Act, in case of the loss, destruction, or defacement of the standard, for the making, under the directions of the Lord of the Treasury, a new standard yard, bearing the proportion to a pendulum vibrating seconds of mean time in the latitude of London, in a vacuum, and at the level of the sea, as 36 inches to 39·1393 inches.

The new standard excited much hostile criticism. It was urged that the standard adopted was not an original measure, but a reproduced

copy of that in the Tower; and when it was compared with a new standard scale made for the Royal Astronomical Society, 'it was found to be utterly impossible to ascertain the centres of the points in the gold studs within distances perfectly appreciable by the methods of observation now practised.' Mr Baily, in his Report above cited, says: 'The mean diameter of each of the holes was nearly one hundredth of an inch, and they by no means presented anything like a circular shape. In fact, not only did different persons differ in their estimate of the centres, but the same persons also differed at different times, according to the degree or direction of the light that impinged on the sides of the holes.' And he adds: 'How the legislature of the present day, when the art of making mathematical instruments has arrived at such a state of perfection, could have sanctioned the adoption of such an imperfect and undefinable measure as this for a standard, must always be a matter of astonishment.'

Mr Chisholm says that 'the comparing apparatus in use at that period consisted of a beam compass with two fine measuring points, which could be adjusted to the dots on the standard measures under comparison. But the result of numerous comparisons of this kind made from time to time, previously to the destruction of the standard in 1834, had been to leave the edges of the holes indented and irregularly worn away, so that the original centre was very difficult to ascertain. Mr Baily, who had made some comparisons with this standard yard in the early part of the year 1834, describes the holes as appearing like the miniature crater of a volcano.'

The new standard had, however, but a brief existence, being destroyed in the fire which consumed the old Houses of Parliament in 1834. Chisholm says: 'The two standard bars of 1758 and 1760 were both found amongst the ruins of the Houses of Parliament; but they were too much injured to indicate the measure of a yard which had been marked upon them; but how they came to be stored in the Journal Office nobody appears to know. By their present appearance the bars seem to have sustained little injury, except that the left-hand gold stud has disappeared from either standard; but whether the injury was caused by the action of the flames or by accident or design is not known. When, however, it is remembered that it was upon the points on the gold studs that their accuracy and precision depended, there can be no doubt as to their value for scientific purposes being hopelessly destroyed.'

After its destruction, a new Commission was appointed in 1843 to reconstruct it; and researches for this purpose, in conformity with the Act, were begun by Mr Francis Baily, and, after his decease in 1844, were continued by the Rev. R. Sheepshanks till his death, the work being completed by Mr G. B. Airy, Astronomer-royal, afterwards Sir G. B. Airy, K.C.B. It was found that the restoration of the old standard could not be effected in the manner provided by the Act with any degree of certainty, as Bird's standard had never been directly compared with the pendulum; and it was also discovered that the relation between them of 36 to 39·1393

assigned in the Act was incorrect, 'on account of the neglect of certain precautions in the determination of the length of the pendulum which subsequent experiments have shown to be indispensable.' The late Warden of the Standards says, in his work above mentioned, that 'in order to select the most perfect specimen for the new standard of length, forty line standard yards were constructed of Baily's metal, and one of these was finally selected as the imperial standard, not only from its representing, with the greatest precision, the assumed length of the lost standard yard, but also from the clearness of its defining lines, and from its general good workmanship. The details of the numerous comparisons of all these new standard measures, including the determination of the rates of expansion of the several bars, may be found in the Astronomer-royal's account, *Philosophical Trans.* 1857, Part 3.' The present standard yard is in the Standards Office; but in case of injury or loss, four copies of it are deposited in other places, one being the House of Commons, where the copy is walled up; but no duty is assigned to the Speaker or the Clerk of the House in connection with it; section 35 of the Weights and Measures Act, 1878, which provides for the care and restoration of the Parliamentary copies of the Imperial Standards, specially exempting this copy from periodical inspection.

ON THE MARSHES OF DEVA.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

'ABRAHAM RICHIE, Farmer.—What a singular title for a canoe!' I reflected as I laid my fowling-piece across the thwarts and leisurely began to fill my briar, scanning meanwhile the letters painted on the stern—'and what a monster of a gun!'

I had seen nothing larger hitherto than an eightbore fowling-piece; and the sight of the six-foot barrel with a muzzle as wide as a half-pint tumbler filled me with astonishment. It was fitted to a stock of like proportions, and of the shape of an ordinary shoulder-gun, and rested in a groove in the bows, reaching almost from end to end of the little craft. Goliath of Gath when upon the war-path would have shouldered just such another weapon, if it had then been invented; but I came to the conclusion that the gun was far too cumbersome to be used to advantage by the average human being.

I found afterwards that for every duck or plover slain by my gun, after hours of patient watching in the dykes of the marsh, Abraham Richie's leviathan would strike down scores with ease. I had the pleasure of trying it in after-days; and on one of these occasions, after the recoil had, as usual, driven the little flat-bottomed vessel several feet backwards, I paddled forward to find no fewer than thirteen widgeon lying dead upon the tide.—But I am anticipating.

The marshes of the Dee estuary are of considerable extent, and off Burton, near Chester, they

cover almost the whole of the three miles of river-bed that divides the Flintshire and Cheshire coasts at this point. They are the night-haunt of the numerous wildfowl that frequent the river; and often during the season had I tramped over from Flint to take up my watch with the wild-fowlers in the hollows which the tides have excavated in the marsh. A fisherman had pointed out a spot where the Deep—a channel by which shipping passes to and from Chester and Connah's Quay—could be safely forded at low water; and equipped with a pair of tall boots, I found that I could reach the marshes on the Cheshire side with but little inconvenience. I had heard many stories of Abraham's wholesale slaughter of wildfowl, while upon my 'flying' expeditions. How Abraham the elder, who now lay in Burton churchyard, had established himself upon the farm now occupied by 'Aba' the younger by fringing the stalls of the Liverpool poulterers with wild-birds; and how the younger strove faithfully to follow in the father's footsteps by engaging in midnight excursions in a little white canoe, whereby the milkcart which rattled out of the farmyard in the early hours of the morning frequently carried an additional burden, and Aba's banking account grew apace.

When I discovered the canoe, I was returning from a bootless expedition, which had used up the greater portion of a Saturday afternoon; but this I did not mind. I was fond of solitude, and the change from the stuffy bank in which I spent my working hours to the prairie-like marshes overrun by the fresh breezes of the Irish Sea, was grateful indeed.

As I concluded my inspection, and was turning to go home, I noticed that the numerous sheep which had been widely scattered over the marsh were closing into large flocks, while a black sheep-dog, which in the distance looked exactly like a flying crow, was darting with great rapidity in the direction of some distant stragglers. At the same moment I became aware of a female figure standing upon the grass-grown embankment, which was pushed out over the marshes in a fruitless and expensive attempt to win some of the broad acres for cultivation. She was watching the motions of the dog, and my route lay directly past the spot where she was standing. I noticed that her appearance was attractive; but as I drew nearer, I felt that such a term would be a very inadequate description of this enchanting nymph of the marshes.

Her sweet girlish face was lighted by wonderful gray eyes, shaded now by a little white hand, as she looked away westward to where the lagards were returning in a huddled despondent little group, while the dog, with tail erect, moved right and left behind his charges, after the manner of a vessel tacking against a head-wind. There was an air of refinement about her not usually found in shepherdesses in real life; and as the rays of the departing god of day streamed up the river and lighted on her graceful figure, they bathed it in an unearthly radiance.

I had many times noticed that the sheep upon the marsh were branded 'A. R.' and on the strength of this fact, I boldly doffed my 'Shanter' and asked 'Miss Richie' if she knew when it would be high-water, and further, whether she

thought I might safely cross to Flint. Our conversation scarcely lasted a moment, however, for directly afterwards a broad-shouldered homespun individual, who was appealed to as father, and who had directed more than one sharp glance at me as he approached, gave me the desired information. When, after more conversation and more searching glances, Abraham invited me to go up to the house and drink a dish of tea with him, I did not refuse.

I found that the other members of the household consisted of Mrs Richie, a very busy lady of matronly aspect; a red-armed servant girl, with lilac-printed gown and wooden pattens, that clacked loudly as she walked; a younger abigail, with red cheeks and beady black eyes; and a middle-aged and melancholy-looking cowman, who glanced surlily up at us as we passed through the yard that led to the side-door of the substantial farmhouse.

The name of the last-mentioned individual was, I afterwards learned, Yethert; and this strange appellation served both as a Christian name and a surname. Why 'Yethert,' or who gave him that name, no one appeared to know. He had strayed into Abraham's service from the harvest-field, nearly seven years previous to my acquaintance with the family, and no one had deemed it necessary to make any very pressing inquiry as to his antecedents. I mentioned his strange taciturnity to Abraham once, and he replied carelessly that his cowman was a 'queer ould sort;' but he was as 'honest as they make them;' adding, with a laugh, 'and he's a real Cheshireman. If you shook him up, you'd hear the beans and buttermilk rattle—and that's a sure sign of a Cheshireman all the world over.'

Tea was served in the well-furnished sitting-room overlooking the river and the fair landscape beyond; and in the hour which followed, I learned much of the ways and wiles of wildfowl; and I found, too, that as an only daughter, Miss Richie had received an education superior to what might have been expected of a young lady in her position. When I left, I carried with me a general invitation to call any time that I was over that way, and a vision that haunted me as I had never been haunted before.

I paid many visits to the marshes after that; but I brought home fewer birds than ever; and my little Welsh landlady, who, on the strength of a long acquaintance, occasionally addressed me in unstudied phraseology, would assume a look of something approaching disgust when she saw me take down the weapon of the chase and begin to fill my belt with cartridges.

'What for do you go out in the night-air, Mr Graham, when you bring nothing back with you but a cold?' she burst out on one occasion. 'But, indeed, you will come back drowned some fine night—mark my words, if you don't. You will, for sure!'

Despite these encouraging predictions, I would sally forth as usual; and later in the evening my breechloader would be resting in the cosy ingle of the house, whose distant light seemed to beckon me like a ray of hope over the wastes that lay between.

So day followed day until a certain eventful Saturday drew near. The following Monday was to witness sheep-washing upon a grand scale on

the marsh; and as I had expressed a desire to witness what was to me a novel sight, Abraham, with characteristic kindness, invited me to spend the Sunday and Monday under his roof. 'You'll have to come round by rail, though, my lad,' he remarked, 'for the spring tides are on; and it wouldn't be safe to cross by the "Cop" [embankment]. Pity the trains run so awkward, for you can't get here till the afternoon. We'll have the dinner an hour later, though; the young fellow who is coming out from Liverpool won't mind.'

I did not relish the idea of 'a young fellow from Liverpool;' but I accepted the invitation.

It so happened that the Saturday evening was an anniversary that always brings me a train of sad reflections, and this was no exception. I laid down my book and wandered out in the dusk through the streets of the little town, and on, and on, to the river. I sat down under the shadow of the crumbling castle wall and looked out over the river banks. The shore was deserted; but ever and anon the distant report of a gun was borne across the silence of the marshes; and in fancy I could see the wildfowls crouching low in the dykes and eagerly watching the patch of gray sky over their heads, as with finger on trigger they waited for a snap-shot at the swift-winged birds who were sweeping up to the marshes for the night. Others, again, were standing erect in the solitude like sentinels, and with their guns at the 'ready' position, were peering steadfastly into the gathering gloom.

While I thus mused, a slim young moon looked calmly down at her reflection in the deep; and miles away, the familiar lights on the Cheshire side began to flicker into existence. I knew them all. There was the solitary light of Abraham's farmstead, gleaming like a diamond in its dusky setting. A little to the left, another diamond point marked the whereabouts of Denhall; and high on the hill above twinkled the village lights of Ness, where little Emy Lyon—Lord Nelson's Lady Hamilton—was born. A little way down the river, again, the lights of the 'forgotten watering-place,' Parkgate, were strung together like a glittering necklace; and far, far beyond, the lights of Liverpool flashed upon the horizon like a mighty conflagration.

Soon the bells of Flint Church began to ring for evening service, and again my thoughts wandered away to certain graves lying, all peaceful enough, beneath the sound of church bells in the north country. Anon, the peals died away; the 'last bell' struck up a shrill brief warning to lagging worshippers; and in the silence that followed, the whistling cries of the wildfowl could again be heard.

The firing had now ceased; the 'flighting' was over for the night, and the wildfowls would now, I knew, be toiling homewards over the broad stretches of sand. I rose at last, stiff with the long sitting, and was turning away from the beach, when I heard other footsteps grating upon the shingle and gradually approaching me. I paused, and idly watched a human figure grow out of the dim light, fifty yards away. The moon was obscured at the moment; and with some difficulty I made out the form of a man with a broad-brimmed hat and somewhat slouching gait. Presently I saw him stop and stoop low, so as to

bring the outline of my body against the sky. In a moment he hailed me.

'Well, Mester Graham, an' is it yew! Why, I've bin lookin' fur ye all over Flint. All over Flint, that I have; an' here you've bin all the time.'

I recognised the voice at once. It was Yethert, and in another moment that once surly individual stood before me. But what a change had come over the man! The battered felt hat; the patched velveteen coat with capacious pockets; the corduroy breeches, encircled, for some inexplicable reason, with a piece of string under each knee; and the heavy navigator boots, still decorated the square-set figure; but for all these familiar embellishments the man was transformed. The Yethert of the Richie farmstead was black-browed, and so sparing of speech that I never knew him utter a word unless in reply to a direct question; but the Yethert who now addressed me was quick-spoken, eager, and all but brisk in his manner. The Yethert I had known heaved in his gait as if he was firmly attached to the tail of an invisible plough; but Yethert as he walked on the Flint beach was a military-looking person in comparison.

He continued: 'I've bin to yer house, and the Missis didna know wheer ye'd gone. Ye hadna gone after the ducks, she said, fur yer gun was hangin' up wheer ye left it.—But, mester!—he broke in with a peculiar laugh, that sounded strangely there on the lonely shore—'ye can go after the ducks without a gun, canna ye? I know all about it; and again he laughed aloud.

I was more and more astonished. To have met with Yethert in Flint at all was surprising; but to have him discourse in this free-and-easy manner, and above all, to find that he could evoke a laugh, was a most unheard-of thing. I could only conclude that his altered manner was due to sundry visits to the local public-houses; and ignoring his last remark, I asked him what had brought him over to Flint.

'Well,' he replied in a confidential manner, and slightly lowering his voice, 'ye see th' Mester and th' Missis has bin talkin' about ye; and they reckon it's a pity that ye shouldna get over till the Sunday afternoon; and so they tould me to mexan up the cows as quick as I could and walk over and fetch ye.'

'But what about the tide?' I interposed. 'The tide will be running in soon, and we may be caught by it if we attempt to cross.' (I may here remark that in common with many other persons who live in the immediate vicinity of the beach, I never know exactly when it is high-water, or when the tide begins to ebb or flow, excepting when I happen to see it.)

From the window of my study where I am writing these lines I can see the advancing tide streaking the yellow sands with bars of silver. I see it thus day by day, and I know its varying moods as I know the peculiarities of an old friend. I have watched the Storm King a thousand times as he has girdled himself in the distant hills and stalked on legs of vapour over the estuary; and yet, if I am asked a few hours afterwards what time the tide will begin to roll in, I am obliged to make the humiliating confession that I do not know.

Yethert laid his hand impressively upon my

shoulder as he made answer: 'Mester, I know every inch a land in the river, and I can get ye to th' Cop afore the tide comes in as easy as winkin'. When ould Yethert does a job,' he added fervently, 'he does it gradely [properly]; and th' Master and Missis wouldna ha' sent me over to ye if it wasna reet. Besides, Mester, do ye think ould Yethert wants to slip his wind? Nay, nay! Come on afore it's too late.'

Yethert's knowledge of the banks and of the spots first covered by the tide was, I knew, perfect; and after a little hesitation, I returned with him to my apartments, obtained possession of a small travelling bag, and returning to the shore, we waded cautiously over the Deep, and stepped on to the firm sandbank beyond.

No sooner had we reached the opposite side, however, than Yethert's eagerness departed, and his habitual gloom of manner returned. He sauntered along in the old heaving churlish fashion, sometimes labouring by my side, sometimes walking a little in advance, and more often lagging in the rear. Finding that I could no longer draw a word from him, I strode steadily on in the semi-darkness, my eyes ever fixed on a tiny light far ahead, and my mind busy, among other matters, with the mysterious 'young fellow' whom I was to see on the morrow, and of whose personality or relationship to the Richie family I was as yet quite ignorant.

We reached the marsh, and I was soon fully engaged in leaping or eluding the network of dykes and the tiny lakelets that continually barred my progress. Yethert leaped the smaller obstacles with much greater agility than might have been expected from his appearance, and waded through the broader pools, as I had often seen him at Burton, without removing his boots, and with the utmost unconcern. He had fallen behind considerably, and apparently was not over-anxious to get upon even terms with me, for whenever I heard the peculiar sucking noise made by his saturated boots, they always sounded a long way in the rear.

This did not surprise me. My greatest surprise had been the extraordinary affability Yethert had displayed towards me in the earlier portion of the evening, and the unusual eagerness of his manner. I several times fancied that the water in the dykes was rising; but my confidence in Yethert's superior knowledge of the banks and tides was such that I apprehended no danger, and the Cop—a sure refuge from the tides—was beginning to show itself like a dark shadow across the marsh. Separating the Cop from the marsh is a broad shallow stream, which, before it begins to be fed by the tide, is seldom more than two feet deep; and when I thought about the matter at all, my only feeling of uneasiness was, that before we reached it, it might have risen to such a height as to cause us to wade to an inconvenient depth.

The moon hung over the Halkin Mountains at our backs, a woe-begone half circle of pale gold; but the stars shone out with great brilliance, and the Cop was beginning to define itself more and more clearly against the horizon. I could even faintly distinguish the rude shed on its summit, in which Abraham's shepherd boy occasionally stood sentry over his woolly charges on the plain below; and I was congratulating

myself on my near approach to the comforts of Abraham's well-stocked larder, when I was brought to a sudden stand-still by the appearance of a number of glittering objects on the marsh some distance in front of me, which wavered and flickered about in the most extraordinary manner. I could not make it out, and I walked on again towards the spot. A few strides explained the mystery. On the marsh in front of me was a vivid reflection of the starry canopy above; and as I stood rooted to the spot, with my heart thumping against my ribs, I could hear the measured rhythmic ripple of the advancing plain of water that had intruded itself between me and safety.

THEATRICAL 'BENEFITS.'

AMONG the many changes that have taken place in theatrical customs and arrangements during the last thirty or forty years, none is more marked than the decline of the old system of allowing the principal performers each season to supplement their salaries by the proceeds of Benefit performances. Actors and actresses of any mark now obtain much higher salaries than in former times, and Benefits are practically restricted to charitable objects. The reform is wholesome and was much needed. The evils of the old system reached a climax in the case of impecunious provincial or travelling companies.

The degrading begging—'canvassing,' Mr Crummles called it—by means of which benefit tickets were disposed of by poor Nicholas Nickleby and his fellow-actors in the famous Crummles' Company will readily recur to the reader's memory. Benefits with them were 'bespeaks,' and were taken at every possible opportunity. The frequency of these calls on the sympathies of theatre-goers led to embarrassments, for when Miss Snevellicci wished to take a benefit, the difficulty was to find a new excuse. 'She had a bespeak,' said Mr Crummles, 'when her mother-in-law died, and a bespeak when her uncle died; and Mrs Crummles and myself have had bespeaks on the anniversary of the Phenomenon's birthday, and our wedding-day, and occasions of that description; so that, in fact, there's some difficulty in getting a good one.' Accordingly, Nicholas, recognising the difficulty of providing a constant succession of defunct relations or interesting family anniversaries, did his best to help the fair Snevellicci. At York, it was of old the custom—suppressed by Tate Wilkinson towards the end of the last century—for the actors to solicit patronage for their benefits with a bill of the performance in their hands, which they readily exchanged for the usual fee of half-a-crown. Wilkinson records that at one of his own benefits at Maidstone his gains amounted to two pieces of candle and eighteenpence in cash.

Actors' benefits owe their origin to King James II., who ordered the first performance of this nature to be given for Mrs Elizabeth Barry. This lady found benefits so profitable, and such an admirable means of augmenting a scanty salary, that the practice soon became general. One of the most famous of these early benefits was that given to the veteran Betterton on April

6, 1709. The house was unusually full of persons of distinction, and the stage itself was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who paid handsomely for the privilege of occupying this point of vantage. Pit tickets were paid for at the rate of a guinea apiece, a sum equivalent to a considerably higher charge nowadays. The play was *Love for Love*, and Betterton was supported by two famous actresses, Mrs Barry and Mrs Bracegirdle; but the movements of the players must have been greatly impeded by the presence of so large a part of the audience on the stage. In April of the following year, Betterton took another and last benefit, in which he made his final appearance on the stage. For fifty years he had been the leading actor in both comedy and tragedy, and on this last night he won enthusiastic applause as Melantius in *The Maid's Tragedy*. The sham was very quickly followed by real tragedy, for the veteran actor died within forty-eight hours of the end of the play.

The inconvenient and absurd custom of allowing spectators on the stage was finally suppressed many years later by Garrick. The change was resisted at first by the actors, for the high charges made for stage seats had always materially helped to swell their gains on benefit nights. Garrick met this by enlarging the house, and so providing more seats for the audience in front of the curtain. The old system led to many absurd spectacles. Quin, when playing Falstaff for a brother actor's benefit, had literally to force his way to the front of the stage through the crowd of spectators assembled thereon; and Juliet, when supposed to be lying in solitary state in the tomb of the Capulets, lay surrounded by scores of onlookers.

The old custom of allotting certain nights' performances for the benefit of the author of a play, which had been in vogue long before actors' benefits were first instituted, was still maintained. When Rowe's *Jane Shore* was produced in February 1714, the third, sixth, and tenth nights were set apart for the author's benefit; and on the first two of these nights we are told that the boxes and pit were laid together and half a guinea was made the price of admission; on the third night the performance was given 'at common prices.' *Jane Shore* was a great success, and Rowe no doubt obtained no inconsiderable pecuniary gain from his three benefit nights.

Miss Rafter—afterwards famous as Kitty Clive—made her first appearance on the stage at a benefit taken in 1730 by Henry Carey, the author of many once famous farces, and still remembered as the poet of *Sally in our Alley*. The evening's proceedings on this occasion were remarkable, and certainly unusual. They embraced, in addition to the performance of a cantata by Carey, a march in procession of musicians, armed, according to a contemporary chronicle, with all the instruments invented since Tubal Cain, from the Haymarket to Temple Bar, where they were joined by 'authors and printers' devils,' and thence, with the addition of painters at Covent Garden, to Drury Lane.

The first benefit for the Drury Lane Theatrical Fund 'for the relief of those who, from infirmities, shall be obliged to retire from the stage,' was given at Drury Lane in 1761, when Garrick

played Kately in Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour*. Fifteen years later, on June 10, 1776, Garrick took his farewell of the stage, playing, for the benefit of the same Fund, the part of Don Felix in *The Wonder*.

The benefit performances of the last century were given not only for actors, authors, and charitable institutions, but for a great variety of miscellaneous objects. In 1715 the last performance of the season at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields was given for the benefit of 'Tim Buck, to release him out of prison.' Four years later at the same theatre the play was announced by one Spiller as 'for the benefit of himself and creditors.' One man took a benefit because, he said, 'my friends having expressed a great dislike to my being on the stage, I have resolved upon taking this benefit to enable me to return to my former employment.' The rascal pocketed the proceeds of the performance, and remained on the stage. More praiseworthy than some of these were the occasional nights given in aid of hospitals, church building, sufferers from fire, and other charitable objects. The monument to Shakespeare in Westminster Abbey was erected in 1741 out of the proceeds of benefit performances given at Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

Many remarkable performances for the benefit of individuals have taken place during the present century. A curious medley was given at Drury Lane on June 12, 1820, for the benefit of Edmund Kean. Kean sang songs, accompanying himself at the piano, and gave imitations of Kemble as Hamlet, of Inledon and Braham, with a song in the manner of each, and of Munden, Lamb's favourite comedian. The versatile actor also danced, and gave an exhibition of fencing. The evening's entertainment was preceded by a prologue that grossly flattered the famous tragedian; it concluded with the lines:

Who can act the Admirable Crichton on the scene?
The answer's plain, the Admirable Kean.

'Autres temps, autres mœurs,' it is difficult to imagine Mr Irving figuring as the hero of such a 'variety entertainment' as on this occasion served for Edmund Kean's benefit.

Noteworthy performances of Ben Jonson's *Every Man in his Humour* were given by Dickens and his famous company of amateurs at Liverpool and Manchester in 1847 for the benefit of Leigh Hunt. The company included John Forster, Douglas Jerrold, Mark Lemon, John Leech, and other celebrities; while Talfourd and Bulwer Lytton supplied addresses eulogistic of Hunt. When Dickens and his company first acted this play in 1845 at Miss Kelly's little theatre in Dean Street, the performance was greatly applauded; but a second representation on the larger stage of the St James's Theatre was not so successful. The audience was very fashionable and distinguished, but withal somewhat cold. Before the play began, Lord Melbourne remarked, not very critically, that it was a dull play; and between the acts his lordship declared in a loud voice from his box: 'I knew this play would be dull; but that it would be so confoundedly dull as this I did not suppose!'

Of late years, benefits have been occasionally given to particular actors or actresses as testi-

monies of the esteem in which they are held by the other members of their profession. The bill of the performance given for the benefit of Charles Mathews at Covent Garden on January 4, 1870, before he started for Australia, contains a remarkable list of names. It includes those of Buckstone, Barry Sullivan, Toole, Brough, Webster, the Bancrofts, H. J. Byron, J. S. Clarke, Mrs Keeley, Mrs Chippendale, Mrs Alfred Mellon, and many other theatrical celebrities.

Some of these latter-day benefits have realised very large sums of money. One given to Lester Wallack at New York in 1888, shortly before his death, produced four thousand five hundred pounds, the whole of which was generously given by the beneficiary to a charitable institution associated with the stage. The famous Compton benefit, given at Drury Lane in March 1877, together with a performance at Manchester, where Compton had long been a favourite actor, realised the imposing total of five thousand pounds. An extraordinary number of well-known performers took part in this Drury Lane benefit. The names of Creswick, H. Wigan, C. Warner, Hare, Kendal, Webster, David James, Farren, Henry Irving, Jefferson, Phelps, Charles Mathews, and of Miss Ellen Terry, Miss Ada Cavendish, Mrs Chippendale, and Mrs Kendal, represent but a few of the dozens of well-known actors and actresses who shared in this tribute to the veteran comedian.

WILD WILL.

A WESTERN STORY.

NOT to have seen and known Custer City would, so recently as six years ago, have been looked upon as a serious defect in a Western man's education. Never to have met Wild Will would at once have stamped one as a 'Tenderfoot.'

Wild Will, first. His real name was J. B. Hickock; but this had long been forgotten, and his famous sobriquet stuck to him more closely than his shirt. His reputation as the greatest scout in the West was spread far and wide; but Western scouts, like the majority of mountain guides, do not amount to much. They are great in the personal reminiscence way, and can drink deeply with impunity, or with any one who invites them; but in other respects they are generally of the class described as frauds. Wild Will, however, was one of the few whose deeds overshadow their words. His supreme courage and physical strength had endeared him to the rough miners and cowboys, who regarded him as a hero, and rendered his name a word of terror to every red-man west of the great Missouri.

Custer City lies in the Deadwood region of the famous Black Hills, and is pleasantly situated in an open park, hemmed in on all sides by gradually rising hills, rock-ribbed, and crested with dark towering pines. At the time of which I write the streets were regularly laid out; and the buildings, chiefly constructed of logs or rough boards taken from the hill-side forests, might be

roughly estimated at about one thousand in number. It looked like a promise of good things to come; but the greater attractions of Deadwood nipped it in the bud, and, from a mining town, Custer sank into a centre for supplies.

Life in the wild Black Hills is more real and earnest than is stagnation in the schools and banks of the old country, as many a former 'varsity man, or sometime dapper clerk, has discovered; while its wholesome sternness somewhat compensates for its not infrequent brevity. Even parsons are apt to develop 'clear grit' in the bracing atmosphere of the Hills. A clerical friend of the writer's cheerfully pursues his duty in Lead City, Dakota, notwithstanding that his immediate predecessor was shot dead in the street by a drunken Indian, and that he himself weekly finds 'drink-checks' and cartridges figuring in the collection plate. This last eccentricity is only the way of the boys, who do not hesitate to play practical jokes upon the man for whom they would die, so gentle is he with the victims of the 'accidents' which are constantly occurring in a mining camp.

The god of Custer was Whisky, and his temples in the shape of saloons were in every street. The principal one of these was kept by High-priest Moriarty, an Irishman, red-headed, red-armed, and red-hot. The crowd had assembled at Moriarty's after mining hours in order to drink and see the fun. There was a scuffle in the large bar-room. A slightly-built young lad, of not more than eighteen or twenty years of age, was seen struggling in the vice-like grasp of a muscular, brutal-looking miner of twice his age. It was plainly only a question of minutes when the burly ruffian would crush his youthful opponent. But before the older man could free himself from his delicate-looking but agile antagonist, the youngster got in a nasty blow, drawing streams of blood from his opponent's face. The throng laughed at this. Stung by the sound of mockery, the irritated recipient, quick as lightning, drew a pistol from his belt and levelled it. The lad's fate seemed certain. At this moment some one stepped swiftly through the half-open door, laid his hand upon the brawny desperado's shoulder, and, without apparent effort, sent him reeling to the farther end of the bar.

'Wild Will!' The words ran in whispered admiration round the room. The miners clustered more closely together; the more timid, or, possibly, more prudent, of Moriarty's customers withdrew. There was certain to be some free shooting after what had occurred, and both parties were reputed handy with their shooting-irons.

The new-comer stood some six feet two inches in height, and was exceedingly powerfully built. His face was open and highly intelligent; his flaxen hair fell in long thick ringlets upon his broad shoulders; his eyes, blue and laughing in expression, looked one straight in the face while he spoke; and his thin, closely-compressed lips were partly covered by a heavy blonde moustache. He seemed such a one as women and children would instinctively cling to in the moment of danger. This hero, who appeared strangely out of place in a Western bar-room,

wore a costume which was a curious combination of the attire of a prairie ranger with that of a fashionable dandy. From underneath the skirts of his elaborately embroidered buckskin coat gleamed the butts of a pair of silver-mounted revolvers, which were his inseparable companions.

The bully speedily recovered himself. Staggering to his feet, he darted back towards his assailant, only to recoil with dismay from the dark muzzle of a revolver, and the calm mischievous eye which gleamed coldly and cruelly behind it. 'Drop that shootin' iron at once, sirree.'

The pistol fell with a crash upon the floor.

'Curse you, Will!' growled the fellow, as his hand moved stealthily towards his belt. 'What do you interfere for? 'Tisn't no business o' yourn.'

'Hands up, Jack—sharp! or I shoot.'

'Will means business.'

'I say, mate, that lad's in luck.'

'Send I may die, but I wouldn't stand in old Colorado Jack's shoes for nary red cent.'

Such were some of the remarks which the miners addressed one to another.

Clearly Wild Will was a prime favourite in Custer City.

The quarrelsome ruffian, who had been called 'Colorado Jack,' felt this, and knew that he stood practically friendless and alone in the crowd. He shifted uneasily, first on one leg, then on the other, and at length managed to bluster out: 'It isn't the first time, you hound, that you've spiled my game; but it's got to be the last. One of us shall be wiped out, and I don't much care which.'

'Be it so,' said Wild Will, with the faintest possible flush suffusing his fair face.—'You hear him, gentlemen. I accept the challenge.'

'Then we'll settle this little business here and now.'

'No, but you don't!' thundered Moriarty, snatching up a Winchester repeating rifle. 'I'll have no bloodshed in my place.—Go outside, and do what you like; but you shan't bring the Sheriff or the Vigilance here; so I tell you plain, Jack.'

'Hold!' The word rang out like a bugle-note. It was Wild Will who had spoken. He continued, firmly and coldly: 'As I am the challenged person, it is my right to select both place of meeting and weapons. There is no need for further interruption of the evening's amusement.—Colonel Coldey, you will act for me.—Moriarty, I stand drinks round.'

'Hurrah! for Wild Will, the bravest scout, and the dashingest Injin fighter in the hills!'

So the company shouted as they clustered around the bar and prepared to drink at their threatened hero's expense.

This openly evinced partisanship was more than Colorado Jack could endure, so he scowlingly withdrew from those who no longer desired his presence. As the meanest of living things would seem to have some parasite, so it was with him. He was followed by a low-browed, bandy-legged, villainous-looking Mexican, who was known in Custer City by the name of 'Chuck-halter.' The fellow had acquired this name from his having once narrowly escaped hanging for

the unpardonable crime of horse-stealing, at the hands of justly incensed Arizona cowboys.

When the two worthies had got well out of sight of Moriarty's, Jack turned round to his follower, and inquired: 'Well, Chuckhalter, what have you got to say?'

'You should have wiped him out,' answered the Mexican. 'I would have given a hundred *onzas* to have seen it done.'

'Ah! I remember, mate, you've felt the weight o' the skunk's hand too. 'Tain't a light un.'

The Mexican twisted his features into an ugly grin; but he answered nothing.

'Well, I'm waitin', Chuckhalter. You see, it couldn't be done; or I'd 'a done it, surely. But how's the job to be finished off now? What do you say—shall it be knife or pistols?'

'If you are wise, neither. You are no match for him whom you call Wild Will. I say watch, and wipe him out with a snap-shot as he goes to his diggings.'

'What! and be lynched? The boys 'ud be certain to spot me.—No; not that game, old boy, anyway.'

'Take your own course, my friend; only, don't expect me to bury your carcase.'

'All right; cease your croaking, can't you!'

Perhaps Colorado Jack saw the angry flush mount to his companion's brow; anyway, he proceeded more quietly: 'You go, Chuckhalter, and see that old dunderhead, Coldey, and arrange this affair for me. Tell him that I select bowies, across a handkerchief to-night, in one of Moriarty's rooms.'

The Mexican looked at his companion with a glance equally composed of surprise and admiration, as he replied: 'It shall be done. And I hope you will come safely out of it; that I do, Jack, with all my heart.'

'I don't care much; but I'll take good care that he shan't.—Go now, and remember that I have entrusted my honour into your hands.'

Honour! How easily may the word be degraded!

Meanwhile, Wild Will and his friend Colonel Coldey had been talking together in a low tone. The colonel was a Virginian, and therefore a gentleman. He had seen service, having been severely wounded, under Beauregard, at the battle of Bull Run. Like an old war-horse, he felt his blood quicken at the prospect of a fight.

Wild Will was speaking. He said: 'I scarcely know what to suggest, colonel. You understand these matters as well as I do; only be good enough to consult me before deciding anything, for I should not like to take a mean advantage of even such a coyote as Colorado Jack.'

'Let your mind be easy, my friend,' answered the old soldier; 'your interests will not suffer in my hands.'

Just then the Mexican, Chuckhalter, sheepishly approached and requested an interview with the colonel on behalf of his principal. This was immediately granted, and Wild Will withdrew.

'Capital!' chuckled the warrior cheerily as he listened to the Mexican's proposals. 'Neat, close, and about fair for both men. Your fellow is plucky, too. Dash my wig! I had hardly expected it of him. To meet Will with the bowie. H'm! Rather he than me.'

'Then we may look upon it as settled that they fight it out here to-night?'

'Not so fast. I had nearly forgotten. I must speak to my man first; but there is no doubt he will agree.'

'He must do so,' responded the Mexican, 'or else Jack will publicly cowhide him into dog's-meat.'

'Tush, tush! Don't rave. Jack would not dare to do any such thing. However, just wait half a minute.'

The colonel unceremoniously adjourned the meeting, in order that he might confer with Wild Will.

The principal listened in silence until his second had concluded; then decisively shaking his head, he said: 'No, old friend; it wouldn't do at all; I must refuse.'

The colonel, with a look of surprise, fell back. Had he, after all, over-rated Wild Will's courage?

'Nay; I mean no offence, least of all to you; but hear me. I ask you now, squarely, are Jack's terms fair?'

'They are bold ones. He certainly is no coward,' the colonel responded.

'It is not that. See!' And the famous scout raised himself to his full height as he said: 'I once fought four Indians at once, when only armed with a bowie knife. I am able to hit a dollar with it at thirty feet. There is not a man in the territory whose eye is as quick and hand as sure as mine is. No; I won't meet the fellow so; it would be simply murder.'

'But the terms are of his own choosing.'

'What does that signify? I am the challenged one. If I meet Colorado Jack in deadly strife, it must be on equal terms.'

'I know it, Will—I know it!' So saying, the veteran clasped the scout in his manly arms.

'These, then, my trusty comrade, are the only terms on which I will consent to meet him;' and Will went on to speak earnestly, in a low but animated tone.

'Good. But think, lad, you will be running an awful risk.'

'It cannot be helped. It is about the only fair way that I can think of.'

The Mexican emissary of Colorado Jack was beginning to grow impatient, when his restlessness was checked by the colonel's return.

Colonel Coldey's first words were: 'I have to inform you, sir, that my principal declines your proposition.'

The Mexican sprang excitedly from his chair. 'But he cannot. He is bound'—

'Excuse the interruption,' interjected the old soldier; 'we are the challenged party, and so have the right of choice. Here is our proposal. Let your principal be on the prairie on the southern side of the city in one hour from now. You and I, sir, must be there somewhat earlier. The weapons will be named on the ground.'

'Sir! I really must refuse'—

'Pardon. I think, Mr — Eh! Ahem! our conference is ended; and as I have a pressing engagement, I must request that you will excuse me.' So saying, Colonel Coldey withdrew, leaving Chuckhalter to digest his chagrin as he best could.

The great prairie to the south of Custer City

was infested with prairie-dogs, a kind of marmot whose deep burrows constitute a constant source of danger to cowboys and horsemen generally. These burrows are favourite places of resort for the deadly rattlesnake ('*Crotalus horridus*'), which—so the miners and trappers believe—dwells in peace with its marmot host.

The sun was setting, a great red ball, in the west; the long shadows of the hills lay athwart the prairie, when the seconds met. The two spoke together for a few seconds; and the Mexican laughed convulsively as if at some singular pleasantry. Then they wandered into the thick sagebrush, and were busily engaged poking aimlessly into the holes of the prairie-dogs, when the two men who were intent upon a deed of blood were seen approaching from opposite directions.

The four men met. The principals bowed in silence. The seconds withdrew a little apart, then returned, and the colonel spoke. He said: 'Gentlemen, we need not waste any time. Unless Jack will apologise and withdraw his challenge, we may as well proceed to business. The light is already failing.'

At this, Colorado Jack could not contain himself, but with a saturnine laugh, exclaimed: 'I apologise! Well, by the jumping Jehoshaphat, but that's cool. I only hope Will here won't down on his marrow-bones, the white-livered cur.'

Even the Mexican had the grace to look ashamed at this outburst, and laid his hand upon the arm of his brutal principal. 'Don't let us talk like children,' interposed the scout, 'when we ought to act as men.'

The colonel only ignored the vulgarity, and said: 'These are the terms of this duel. We, as your seconds and guardians of your honour, have mutually agreed upon weapons.—Colorado Jack,' he continued, turning towards the man whom he addressed, 'it is well known to us that you are not Wild Will's equal either with pistol or knife; so, in order to make the chances square, we have decided that you two shall each place your bared arm up to the shoulder in the hole of a prairie-dog, such hole being selected by us as seconds; the one who escapes being bitten by a snake to be the victor.'

'Strike me blind if I do!' yelled Colorado Jack.

Wild Will smiled, and said simply: 'I agree.'

'Gentlemen,' exclaimed the colonel, 'you will do exactly as we have arranged; or'—he paused significantly—'I shoot the one who refuses.' He went on: 'You will draw for choice of holes.—Now, Jack, you first. Observe! It is black for the right, white for the left.'

Jack sullenly reached out his hand.

'Ah! you have the black. I wish you luck. Half an hour is the time, gentlemen.'

The participants in this singular duel were then placed in position. Colorado Jack, with white face and trembling limbs, threw himself upon the sward and thrust his arm into the awful orifice. Wild Will, having first lighted a cigar, calmly followed his opponent's example. So the two remained for the space of half an hour.

The two seconds meanwhile looked on, quietly smoking, as only Western men can and do.

At length the allotted time expired. The signal

was given, and Wild Will rose calmly to his feet. Colorado Jack did not stir. When they raised him, he was dead. Yet his arm was uninjured.

'How do you suppose it was, pardner?' inquired a miner the next day, of the Mexican, Chuckhalter. 'They say as how old Jack wasn't bitten by any o' the warmints.'

'I can't tell how it was,' replied the other. Then, lowering his voice: 'Madre de Dios, do you think that there really is a God? Surely there must be, for when that old firebrand soldier was not looking, I tried to do our friend a good turn, and made sure that there was no snake in his hole. But it was of no use, you see, mate; he got wiped out all the same.'

'And Wild Will is the hero of the hour.'

'Yes; but let him watch: Jack has left friends behind who will avenge his death.'

Not long after this, Wild Will visited the new mining camp at Deadwood. He was sitting at a table playing cards, when an assassin came up behind, put a revolver to his head and fired, killing him instantly. A dozen hands flew to as many pistols; but the murderer had gained the door; turning for a moment, he displayed the features of the Mexican, Chuckhalter; then he threw himself upon a fleet horse, and galloping off, was lost in the darkness.

The next day the great scout was buried. Beside the dead man lay his rifle and pistols, which were to be buried along with him. The funeral service was brief but impressive, and at the close of the ceremony, the mourners walked in lowly procession past the pit of death, each one taking a last, long, sad look at the spot where their hero lay buried. When the last had gone, the sextons did their work, and filled in the first grave in Deadwood.

D E A D.

Oh weary eyes! that oft did weep,
Closed now: rest well in dreamless sleep.

Oh tired hands! that did their best,
Lie still—be folded into rest.

Oh heart! so torn with love and pain,
Thy troubles ne'er can come again.

Oh busy brain! so full of thought,
Thy work is ended: all is nought.

Oh feet! that trod life's stony road,
There's rest for you 'neath grassy sod.

Oh fragile body! sad and worn,
Rest thee—ah, rest thee from life's storm.

And thou, oh soul! that wing'st thy flight
From earth's dark prison into light—

Great gain, oh soul! be thine for aye—
From earth's dark night to endless day.

ROSETTA.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 413. — VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE ORDER OF THE GARTER.

FROM very early times, decorations of one kind or other have been bestowed by most nations on those who have rendered their country some distinguished service; but to trace the origin of these marks of royal favour is no easy task, unless we assume that such a custom was in vogue so far back as the time of Pharaoh, who, as we are told, 'took off his ring from his hand, and put it upon Joseph's hand, and arrayed him in vestures of fine linen, and put a gold chain about his neck.' This mark of royal approval, it is true, made Joseph no member of a companionship such as the subject of this article indicates. The passage, nevertheless, is interesting, as showing the existence, even at that early period, of a custom not dissimilar to that of the present day.

Perhaps in no other country, in this nineteenth century, are orders of distinction bestowed with greater liberality than in France. In this country, however, such rewards are distributed more sparingly; and it may be truly said that, as a consequence, they are highly appreciated by those fortunate enough to possess them. Of the limited list of the Orders that now exist—and they amount only to ten in number—the most highly prized and the most ancient is 'The most noble Order of the Garter.'

Before proceeding farther, it will be well to endeavour to account for the introduction of these Orders, or Companionships, as they are termed, and to do so we shall have to go back to the end of the eighth century. Then it was that chivalry in all its splendour existed, and Europe was overrun by wandering adventurers, only too eager for any hazardous enterprise likely to bring riches and fame. When any perilous enterprise was undertaken by these adventurers, they would often combine together, under the common designation of Companions or Fraternities of Arms. Eventually, we are told, these armed fraternities became so powerful in their influence as to necessitate the establishment of

fellowships on a more extended scale; and, in imitation of the monastic societies, there was instituted a system of military Orders. The system having fallen into abeyance, it was not until the reign of Edward III. that its revival took place. Being engaged in hostilities with France, history records that Edward expected to derive considerable benefits by gathering around his standard and attaching to his person the élite of the European knighthood; and this, it is supposed, is the origin of an Order that has now been in existence for more than five centuries, and which is looked upon as the proudest decoration of the most illustrious of our nobility.

Much has been written by way of dispute as to the precise date of its institution, as well as to the circumstances which led to its adoption. Some authorities aver that 1346 was the year of its introduction; others place the date three years later. None seem absolutely certain on the point; but most agree in the later date. The circumstances connected with the foundation of the Order are known, perhaps, to every schoolboy; but as the romantic account has been variously told by different writers, it may be of interest to repeat that given by the greatest authority on the Orders of knighthood, Sir H. Nicolas. He relates that, during a festival at court, a lady happened to drop her garter, which was taken up by King Edward III., who, observing a significant smile among the bystanders, exclaimed: 'Honi soit qui mal y pense' (Dishonoured be he who thinks ill of it). Many writers have scouted the idea of such an episode having any truth attached to it; it may be well, therefore, to quote the reasons given by the authority referred to for accepting the incident as one worthy of belief. In commenting upon the story, Sir H. Nicolas states 'that in the spirit of gallantry which belonged no less to the age than to his own disposition, and conformably with the custom of wearing a lady's favour, and perhaps to prevent any further impertinence, the king is said to have placed the garter around his own knee.' He adds, and with reason, 'that

an anecdote so much in accordance with the manners and feelings of the times is very likely to have occurred.' Hot dispute has reigned, too, as to the name of the lady who forms one of the principal characters in the incident: some writers name the Queen, others the Countess of Kent; but the one most generally associated with the story is the Countess of Salisbury.

It is not generally supposed that the circumstance related was the primary cause of the institution of the Order, but that Edward had previously determined to form a knightly band in imitation somewhat of the knights of the Round Table of King Arthur; and that, not having decided upon an ensign by way of distinction, he was glad to embrace the opportunity of adopting one arising from the above incident.

The Order is frequently referred to as the 'Order of St George,' which is to be explained by the fact that, in accordance with the practice of nearly every other country professing the Christian religion, the fraternity at its foundation was placed by Edward III. under the special protection of a saint—namely, St George—who for ages had been considered the guardian and protector of England; hence St George has always formed part of the title of the Order, the chapel at Windsor having been especially appropriated to its service. There each knight has his stall, above which are placed his banner, sword, helmet, and crest.

At its foundation, the habiliments of the Order consisted simply of the garter, surcoat, mantle, and hood; to which have been added the collar and George in the reign of Henry VII.; the star in the reign of Charles I.; and the under habit in that of his son.

Before passing on, a few details in reference to the several habiliments may be interesting. The garter is of dark blue, edged with gold, and bears in gold letters the familiar motto, 'Honi soit qui mal y pense.' The buckle is of gold, and is richly chased. This emblem is worn on the left leg. It is permissible for a knight of the Order to enrich the garter with precious stones, if he so pleases. That worn by Charles I. at his execution was, it is stated, inwoven with as many as four hundred diamonds—a luxury indulged in, though to a less extravagant extent, by several companions of the Order of the present day. The mantle is of purple velvet; while the hood and surcoat are of similar material, but of crimson colour. Formerly, these vestures were covered, or 'powdered,' as it was termed, with garters containing the motto. The collar consists of twenty-six gold pieces, each in the form of a garter, and from the centre piece hangs what is familiarly known as the 'George,' which is a figure in gold of St George on horseback encountering the dragon. Since the year 1519, however, it has been the custom on state occasions to dispense with the wearing of this figure, which is somewhat heavy and large in

size, and to wear in its place what is styled the 'lesser George,' an ornament of smaller size and weight. The star is of silver, of simple design, and consists of eight points.

It is not of course necessary that a knight of the Order should have all the insignia on his person on state occasions, although it is incumbent upon him to have displayed upon his person some part of the decoration. Formerly, it was the law that a knight should never be without his garter; later on, he was permitted, when on horseback, to wear in its stead a blue lace or thread round his leg; but this practice has long since fallen into disuse.

At the time of the foundation of the Order its knights numbered twenty-five, exclusive of the king. No change occurred until 1786, when the Order was enlarged by the inclusion of seven more knights. A second enlargement took place in 1805, and a third in 1831, by which the lineal descendants of George I. and George II. were included. The Order now numbers fifty knights, not including the sovereign, and has in its ranks most of the royal family, emperors, kings, and foreign princes, besides dukes, earls, and marquises. In the earlier days of the Order, gentlemen of every class were held eligible, under certain conditions, to the Garter, whereas now it is restricted to the most noble in the land. Ladies, too, in former days frequently figure as holders of the Order; but since the reign of Henry VII. no lady, unless she be the reigning Queen, has been considered eligible for the decoration. The question of reviving the old and interesting practice of bestowing the decoration upon ladies, when the garter was worn upon the left arm, is one that has often been discussed, but without result.

It is curious to learn that some twenty-five years ago there was discovered a manuscript which is declared to be in the handwriting of Edward VI., being a draft of some improved rules which it was intended by certain reformers to have substituted for the original rules relating to the Order. The original statute was not, however, materially altered until the reign of Henry VIII., and the manuscript in question is now in Her Majesty's library at Windsor.

Up to the time of the reign of George III., it was the custom to hold an annual feast of great splendour in connection with the Order; but nothing of the kind appears to have taken place since that time; even the Chapters of the Order, which used to be held on all occasions when knights were installed, and which involved some ceremony, are now almost always dispensed with by royal warrant.

There are several important offices belonging to the Order of which mention should be made. Thus, there are the Prelate, the Chancellor, and the Registrar of the Garter; besides which, there are Black Rod, and Garter King of Arms, commonly known as 'Garter,' the last of which is

the most important office of all. Certain fees are payable by those installed, which vary according to the rank of the individual. In cases of installation of a foreign king or prince, however, the fees are paid by the State.

Special interest attaches to the subject of this Order at present from the fact that there are three Garters vacant, the vacancies having been brought about by the deaths of the king of Württemberg, the Duke of Bedford, and Earl Granville. At the time when we write there is much speculation in the high places of the world, as also in political circles both at home and abroad, as to what distinguished men shall be chosen by the Queen as the recipients of this great honour.

Sometimes the Garter is worn in a curious order of succession. For instance, the decorations of this Order with which George IV. was invested on his accession to the throne in 1820, had only been worn by two persons since the reign of Charles II. They had been conferred by that monarch upon the Duke of Somerset, who lived till 1748, when the same decorations were conferred upon George III., and after him upon George IV.

Before concluding the subject, reference should be made to the fact that several instances have occurred in which a knight of the Order has been degraded therefrom. Happily, the last instance dates back as far as 1715, when James, second Duke of Ormond, was degraded, after having been convicted of high-treason, that offence and cowardice being the only crimes for which a knight can be degraded from the Order.

The ceremony observed when a knight is found guilty of such an offence is that, at the next Chapter following his conviction, Garter is commanded to attend certain knights who wait upon the convicted one. 'Garter' then, in solemn manner, receives from him the garter, George, ribbon, &c., and proceeds, with the knights following, to the chapel at Windsor, and takes down from his stall the 'achievements,' which, according to the words of the statute, are 'spurned out of the choir into the body of the church, out of the west door over into the ditch.'

The most notable instances, previous to the year 1715, in which this disagreeable but curious ceremony has taken place, are those of Sir Gaillard Duras in 1476, the Duke of Norfolk in 1546, and of Lord Paget in 1552. It is only fair to state, however, that in the case of the two last-named personages they were both subsequently restored to the Order after Mary Tudor came to the throne. In 1569 is recorded the case of the Earl of Northumberland, who was degraded after having been proclaimed traitor. Lord Cobham in 1604 was similarly dealt with, after conviction for high-treason; but as the record states, 'by the king's clemency, his achievements were only spurned out of the church door, and not into the castle ditch.' No other case seems to have occurred until the year 1685, when the Duke of Monmouth was degraded by the king's warrant.

It is not possible, within the limits of a magazine article, to touch upon all the matters that

have relation to this Order; suffice it to say that those inclined to probe the subject more deeply will find it one surrounded with much that is curious and interesting.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

CHAPTER XI.—'GANG AFT A-GLEY.'

FERRERS came from his hiding-place as soon as their footsteps had died away, and, without quite knowing how he did it, felt his way out of the room, along the corridor to the foot of the chief staircase, and so to his bedroom. He scarcely knew himself in his turmoil of feeling. He felt humiliated more than he could have conceived, choked with resentment and rage against Sir William, and withal disposed to allow that he endured no more than he deserved. His treatment at Dawlish Place had fed his pride and ambition—such pride and such ambition as dwell in every healthy mind—and had deceived him into thinking that after all he might be a person of consequence; now the terms in which Sir William spoke of him showed him what he really was: a common, stupid hireling!—a catspaw for the needy and nefarious baronet!

Moreover, the baronet had simply and crudely lied to him, and he had been fool enough to accept his lies as confidence given in honour by one man to another!—fool and blind enough to believe that Dolly, the frank and unsuspecting, was in her uncle's plot to secure the hold of her property from her trustees! But, he thought obstinately—the fighting spirit was rising in him—Sir William Dawlish was not yet rid of him.

What were the assured facts with which he now must deal? First, there *was* a real William Dawlish to whom it was intended that Dolly should be married to save the baronet's family from ruin; second, the marriage could not be compassed openly, because, for certain reasons—reasons of health, apparently—it was feared that Dolly's guardians or trustees would not accept the real William Dawlish as her husband; and third, it was hoped that, in the last event, the marriage would be effected, and the whole mean scheme crowned with victory by an appeal to Dolly's sense of the family honour. Against these things was set the single possibility that Dolly's love for him, though it had been given as to William Dawlish, might have grown to such strength that she could not withdraw it when she knew him to be George Ferrers. To punish and defeat Sir William he was ready to put that possibility to the test.

Yet, on the other hand, his own admiration and love for Dolly were too high and pure and unselfish to permit him to use the advantage which he had acquired by a trick—by a trick, too, not of his own devising. Would he not feel himself a common, mean cur if he went to Dolly, and said in effect: 'You thought me your cousin and a gentleman, a man of your own rank and station, and you gave me the love which you would never have thought of bestowing on a common penniless soldier, however handsome and honest he might be; but I have won that love, and I claim it?'

No, no; he could not say that. He did not believe that Dolly would have loved him if she had only known him as George Ferrers—he had not so great a conceit of himself; and, that being so, he would not take advantage of his own deceit and of her weakness. Besides, who was he to interfere in the private concerns of the Dawlish family? He had engaged for a sum of money to perform a certain part, and he ought to be content if, when the business was done, he received that sum. How he hated himself for not having put an end to the business when first he suspected its quality.

But he put these thoughts away; whistled softly to himself as he finished undressing; blew his candle out; and got into bed. And soon he slept the sleep of the seasoned soldier. He could not have slept long—though how long or how short a time he could not guess—when he suddenly woke with a rude sense of choking. He put up his hand, and caught a lean and nervous thumb and fingers from his throat! Then he opened his eyes, looked up, and saw by the vague light filtered through his window-blind a figure in white stooping over him. He was at first inclined to suppose himself suffering from nightmare; but the next moment he understood that was impossible, for his hand grasped a substantial wrist. He neither struggled nor cried out; and the creature clawed with its free hand at his hair.

'Come, stop that!' said Ferrers.

But the creature continued with frantic energy, tearing at him with the one hand and trying to free the other. Ferrers was a dalesman and a wrestler, and with a rapid and adroit movement he had the creature's arms pinned at its sides, while he held its body as in a vice between his knees.

'Now,' said he, 'tell me who you are and what the deuce you want here!'

But the creature only struggled and panted.

'Tell me,' repeated Ferrers, shaking him, 'or I'll squeeze the life out of you!'

'I'm William Dawlish,' said the creature, 'and I've more right here than you.'

'Oh,' said Ferrers, 'you're William Dawlish! I must have a look at you.' The devil-may-care spirit of the old soldier was roused. 'Now,' said he, 'you see you can't do anything with me. Will you sit quietly in a chair, or must I tie you?'

'I'll sit,' said Mr Dawlish.

'On your word of honour?'

'On my word of honour.'

Ferrers then let him go, jumped from bed, and lit the candle by his bedside. He set a chair for his strange visitor, while himself put some clothing on, and sat on the bed. He looked with great curiosity at the person he was supposed to be—at his other self, who drew his night-shirt about him and sat down in the proffered chair. He was about as tall as himself; he was indeed something like what himself might have been, had he started with a feeble constitution and been grown in a poor soil. He had hair like that of Ferrers, but finer and thinner, with a longer nose, a weaker mouth, and a far less generous moustache. But the most notable difference was in the meagreness of the body—Ferrers recalled the phrase of one of the 'Johannes'—'like a monkey up a stick'—which had the shoulders

of a bottle and the chest of a pigeon. There was something, too, of a wild and bloodshot look in the eye, which made Ferrers suspect he was not quite sane. Having thus considered him a moment or two, Ferrers pitied him.

'Now, Mr Dawlish,' said he, 'do you mind telling me why you have visited me in the middle of the night in this polite and—friendly way?'

Mr Dawlish's only answer for a moment or two was a wild and irrepressible burst of laughter, which sounded half hysterical. He swayed to and fro and laughed; he leaned his face in his hands and laughed; and then he threw himself back in his chair exhausted, with tears of laughter streaming from his eyes. He had no sooner looked at Ferrers' composed and somewhat wondering face, than his laughter burst forth again.

'Ah-h! Ha, ha, ha, ha!'

'Look here!' said Ferrers sharply. 'You'll wake all the house.' He looked him steadily in the eyes, and that seemed to have a controlling and composing effect upon him.

'Oh, I say!' cried Mr Dawlish. 'You are a caution! "Visit me in a polite and friendly way," says you!' And he laughed again. 'You're a strong beggar, though. I wish I was as strong as you. I'm not bad for strength, you know, and figure; but I'm not so good as you. Look; my calf's not half bad. They used to say it was the nicest-shaped leg they knew.'

'Who used to say that?' asked Ferrers.

'Oh, some friends of mine.—I've a good biceps, too,' continued Mr Dawlish, undoing his sleeve and baring his arm.

'Oh yes,' said Ferrers; 'it's pretty fair.'

'I say,' observed Mr Dawlish, as if he had suddenly remembered something of consequence, 'you've just come from town—haven't you?—with the other people.' Ferrers nodded. 'What's doing at the theatre? What girls are at the Gaiety now? Anything much?'

'Oh,' said Ferrers, becoming rather weary of the young man, 'they're all right, I believe.'

'Tootsie's gone, of course. Did you know Tootsie?'

'No, I didn't.—But look here, Mr Dawlish,' said Ferrers, 'you didn't come into my room in the dark and take me by the throat merely to have an agreeable chat?'

'I say,' laughed Mr Dawlish again, 'you are a caution. I like you, you know. I apologise—I do—for being ungentelemanly to you at first; for I know you're a gentleman. He told me different.'

'Who told you different?' asked Ferrers.

'Oh, never mind who told me. But I thought, you know—and he glanced round and lowered his voice, as if he feared there might be another within earshot—that I had hold of one of those old banker chaps that keep my governor so short that he can't give me any money. I haven't had a spree for I don't know the time!'

'That's bad,' said Ferrers. 'And are you kept stuck down here all the while?'

'Oh no. I've been staying with Dr Blobbs. I'm better now; but I've been awfully seedy. They say I've had something wrong with my head, and, you know'—He leaned forward and whispered another sentence in Ferrers' ear.

'You don't say so!' said Ferrers, looking at

him with half-averted eyes. 'Well, I advise you to get back to bed as quick as you can.'

'Hush!' said he. 'I've given my man the slip. He mustn't know, or there'll be a frightful shindy. I'll get back all right.' He rose and held out his hand.

'I'll see you safe to your room,' said Ferrers. 'You know the way, I suppose?'

'Of course I know the way. What do you take me for?'

They left Ferrers' room, and traversed a long passage, which turned this way and that. They then passed through a door into a long ample room lighted from the roof, which Ferrers recognised as the Picture Gallery.

'All my forefathers and foremothers hanging round here,' said Mr Dawlish.

'Yes,' said Ferrers; 'I know.'

'Sometimes,' said Mr Dawlish, 'I come in and look at them, and cock snooks at them. A lot of auctioneer's rubbish! When I come into them, I'll sell 'em off, like what's-his-name in the play.'

'That would be fun,' said Ferrers.

So they passed on, and out through the little door at the other end, and up a narrow staircase.

'Hush!' said Mr Dawlish, and stole into a low room whose door was ajar, and in which a night-light was burning. 'My man's asleep,' whispered he, and pointed to a narrow truckle-bed in the corner. 'He had a drink with a chum.'

He said 'good-night,' and passed into the room beyond, and Ferrers turned at once to the sleeper in the corner and shook his shoulder. In stooping over the man, his eye caught sight of a slipped foot, a man's foot, peeping from under the bed. He knelt and seized the foot, and with a powerful tug drew out the body to which it was attached, while the sleeping man started up and rubbed his eyes. The man drawn from under the bed started to his feet with an oath, and revealed himself as the black-muzzled Irish-American! Ferrers at once suspected that he was the 'chum' with whom Mr Dawlish's keeper had had a drink, and who probably had urged the young man to prowl into the stranger's bedroom.

'What are you doing here?' demanded Ferrers, in a quick low voice (the whole scene passed in tones little above a whisper).

'Sure,' said the man on the bed, 'he's a friend av moine.'

'And between you,' said Ferrers, 'you have let your patient out. He has been wandering about the house and into guests' rooms.'

'The divvle he has!' exclaimed the man, and jumped from bed. 'Where is he?'

But Mr Dawlish himself had appeared by that time, looking in mortal fear of his Irish keeper. 'Come now, Murphy, hold on!' he cried. 'It was your friend that took me out and showed me into this gentleman's room. He told me he was one of the bankers.'

'What have you got to say to that?' asked Ferrers, turning again to the scowling Irish-American.

'Nothing,' said the man; 'and it'll be the worse for you if you say anything.'

'What is that?' said Ferrers, taking him by the ear.

'Come,' said the man, trying to strike down his hand; 'none of your games with me. I know all about you, and there's more will know about you before I've done. So take care.'

That he should hold high debate with himself about making all the truth known, and that at the same time this mean, spying cur should with a word or two be able to betray him, enraged Ferrers.

'Very well, my friend,' said he, pulling the man's ear—while Mr Dawlish stood aloof, rubbed his hands, and exclaimed, 'Here's a spree!'—'you know me. I've punished you for rudeness before, and I'll punish you for impertinence whenever I know of it. If ever I hear you speak of me, or hear that you have spoken of me, to any one, I'll find you out and give you such a thrashing and such a ducking as you never had before. You understand?'

He gave the ear he held an admonitory pinch, which provoked the man to strike out with hands and feet. Upon that, with little ado he took the man by the hands and feet, gathering them in one great grasp as if he had been a bound sheep, shook him, and said, 'Be quiet!' Then, seeing the door of a clothes-closet stand open, he flung him in, turned the key, and put it in his pocket, while the artless Mr Dawlish exclaimed, 'By gum! Ain't you a strong beggar!'

'Don't lave him there, sorr, if you please!' said the attendant Murphy. 'He deserves it all; but it ud ruin me wid Sir William if he knowed he'd been here!'

'All right,' said Ferrers, handing him the key, and thinking that after all none of these things mattered very much now; 'let him out by-and-by, and tell Sir William what you like.'

'I'll tell Sir William nothing, sorr, wid your lave,' said Murphy, while Mr Dawlish ejaculated, 'What a lark!'

So Ferrers returned down the little twisting staircase into the Picture Gallery, in passing through which there broke on his ear from the room he had left 'a horrid idiotic laugh,' and he understood the cause of Dolly's fright on the night she waited for him. It struck him as a coincidence to note as curious that while Dolly had been expecting the pretended William Dawlish, the real should have unwittingly made his voice heard by her. Poor, dear Dolly! What was now to happen to her? Was she to be permitted to move on blindly, deceived or persuaded by her uncle, into marriage with that unwholesome and imbecile cousin? A thousand times 'No!' The very thought of it was revolting and maddening, and Ferrers at once and for all resolved to purge his soul of offence in the matter.

When he got back to his room, he sat a while on the edge of the bed, stared at his candle, and rubbed his cold shirt sleeves. He thought of all that had passed in the very short space of time since he had made Sir William Dawlish's acquaintance. Into what a vortex of deceit had he been caught! And yet, to begin with, yea, throughout, he had meant no harm. Tempted by money, which at the time had meant to him food and lodging, he had thoughtlessly embarked on this adventure, which was now threatening to engulf himself and his prospects, and to make shipwreck of the happiness of the best and dearest

girl in the world—the only woman whom he had ever completely and unreservedly admired and worshipped, who had ever made him feel what the romance of love might mean. For himself, such a fate scarcely mattered; he was a penniless soldier, a man of no account; but as to her!—not a hair of her dear head should be ruffled if he could help it! And yet his punishment was that things could not possibly be set right without ruffling and perhaps paining her. But he would not spare himself; he would urge no extenuating plea in setting the truth before her on the morrow. She might despise him, hate him!—it might indeed be better that she should—but in any case the rude, ugly truth must be laid bare!

Having thus finally determined to make an end, he was in a strangely quiet condition of feeling, which rather surprised him: he could not remember ever having felt anything like it except on the eve of a battle. And in that feeling he undressed, blew out his candle, and got into bed. But in the dark he was wider awake than before, and went over and over the ground he had already traversed, with intervals of sleep and of dream, until the daylight began to show on his window, and the birds awoke to chatter and chirp, and to chaffer and haggle over straws and worms.

(To be continued.)

FIRES ON COTTON SHIPS.

THE manufacture of cotton goods must be placed in the front rank of British industries. Its importance, however, must not be assessed solely on account of the number of persons it finds employment for within the limits of the British Isles. Cotton freights form a very considerable factor in the shipowner's income; and the carriage of raw cotton from countries overseas to the British ports, whence it is disseminated among the various cotton manufacturing districts, finds occupation for many vessels of our mercantile fleet.

The records of maritime disaster show that this sea-carriage of cotton is attended with very serious risks; and these risks, instead of diminishing with the development of naval and marine science, seem rather to be on the increase. That occasional fires should break out on cotton ships is only to be expected from the nature of the cargo; but that they should occur with the frequency that has marked their occurrence during the past few years, affords matter for the gravest consideration. The cotton season proper begins in September, and ends in March; so that the carriage of cotton is not evenly distributed over the whole year, but is practically confined to seven or eight months out of the twelve. Yet, during the season 1887-1888, there were in the transatlantic trade alone twenty-two fires on cotton ships after they had left American for European ports; and eleven at the ports of loading. Season 1889-90 produced twenty-two fires after sailing, and twenty-two at the loading ports. The magnitude of the list is startling; but the majority of the cases escape public notice; and it is not until the occurrence of a maritime disaster akin to that which sealed the fate of the Atlantic liner *Egypt*, that the national attention

is directed to the conditions under which the sea-carriage of cotton is prosecuted. Before proceeding to discuss these, it would be well to remark that the above statistics refer only to the American cotton trade. During the same period the Egyptian and Indian cotton trades were marked by an immunity from disaster most marked when compared with that occurring in the Atlantic trade. What few fires did take place were of the most trivial nature possible; in fact, it is no overstatement of the case to say that fires are practically unknown on board ships laden with Egyptian or Indian cotton.

As to how the fires among American cotton cargoes are produced there is no exact evidence to show; the most careful inquiries have failed to trace any outbreak to a definite specific cause. It may be instructive, perhaps, to briefly review the circumstances under which some of the most important of these fires occurred.

The *Egypt*, a ship of 4670 tons gross, well known in the Atlantic trade, left New York with a crew of ninety-five all told, a cargo of cotton and general produce, and several hundred head of cattle. The breaking out of the fire—the heroic efforts on the part of the officers and crew to extinguish it—the horrors attendant upon the burning of the cattle, and the subsequent mastery of the ship by the flames, and her abandonment in mid Atlantic, are still fresh in the minds of all. In this case the origin of the fire could not be accounted for. The shipment was effected even under more favourable conditions than usual. As far as could be ascertained, the regulations of the port authorities relative to safeguards against fire appear to have been rigorously complied with, and the cotton while lying on the wharf or on lighters was protected by tarpaulins, so that every reasonable precaution seems to have been adopted to ensure safe stowage on board the *Egypt*. The general conditions of the vessel relative to her cotton carriage were identical with those obtaining on one hundred previous voyages. The cotton was protected from contact with the casing of the boiler, no naked lights were used below; so that the only tenable theory as to the outbreak is, that an unnoticed spark must have found its way into some bale during shipment, and the cotton in its vicinity must have smouldered for close upon a week, when the dense smoke made the presence of fire patent to the crew.

That cotton will smoulder without actually bursting into flame, the number of fires which are observed in the holds of cotton-laden ships when the hatches are removed for discharging proves conclusively. In many cases, the removal of the hatches, or the cutting into the deck 'to get at the fire,' only results in feeding the smouldering cotton with the requisite oxygen for a more active and overpowering conflagration. The rapidity with which these fires spread, and the utter impossibility of extinguishing them when they have once established themselves, the case of the *Egypt* shows but too well. She was provided with steam fire-extinguishers, and had five jets, each one and three-quarter inches in diameter, leading into the part of the ship in which was the burning cotton. This would give a total pipe area of about twelve inches; and the pressure of steam available from the boilers was

seventy-five pounds per square inch. In order that the whole of this steam-force might be available, the engines were stopped, and the full pressure of steam diverted to the extinguishers; but it was not sufficient to save the *Egypt*. The flames obtained a complete mastery, and the crew were finally compelled to abandon her.

The past twelve months have been particularly fertile in cotton fires, so that the loss of the *Egypt* is by no means an isolated case. The British steamship *Thanemore*, 3032 tons gross, left Baltimore with a cargo of grain, flour, and cotton, and 430 head of cattle, for London. That port she never reached; and the last human intelligence we have of her is that of the Chesapeake pilot, who in his affidavit says: 'She was in beautiful trim, and that at 5.20 A.M. of the 27th of November (1890), he left her outside Cape Henry.' Her non-arrival at London compelled her owners to consider her overdue, and at length 'missing.' Various surmises were made as to the vessel's fate—severe weather, ice, collision, were all put forward as probable causes of the vessel's loss. But conjecture was at length set at rest by the evidence of the master of the screw steamer *Lero*, who reported that when on a voyage from Sunderland to Philadelphia, 'at 7.20 P.M. on the 1st of December I sighted a vessel on fire, distant about eight miles. . . . The vessel appeared to be a large steamer running before the wind, and had fore and topsail yard on her foremast; and I could not bear up to her on account of the heavy sea running at the time, washing the tarpaulins off my vessel's hatches.' The description and the position leave little doubt as to the burning vessel being the *Thanemore*. The last hours of the crew of the burning cotton ship must have been terrible. If they succeeded in abandoning their vessel, the respite could have been but a temporary one—merely a choice of deaths; while, if the spread of the fire burnt their boats, and thus deprived them of the means of leaving the doomed ship, their end must have been awful in the extreme.

Happily, all fires on shipboard are not attended with such painful circumstances.

The Liverpool steamer *Thessaly*, 1924 tons, left New Orleans for the Continent on the 2d of December last, and was abandoned through fire on the 29th of the same month when off the coast of Holland. Her cargo consisted of 1700 tons of oilcake (crushed and compressed cotton-seed), 1500 bales of cotton, and 200 casks of cotton-seed oil—a typical cotton cargo from New Orleans during the season. The burning of the *Thessaly* presents at first sight a more accountable appearance than the two previous cases; for, on the 28th of December, which was the day on the evening of which the fire broke out, the steam-pipe which worked the winch was frozen, and the captain ordered some hot ashes to be put under it and on the deck near, to thaw it. This cannot, however, be held responsible for the fire, as very shortly afterwards smoke was observed coming from the cotton, which blazed fiercely when the air was admitted to it. The decks became hot, and the vessel had to be abandoned. Her subsequent history furnishes a nineteenth-century ocean romance, unsurpassed by even the wildest flight of fiction. A Danish steam-trawler and two smacks took her in tow,

put five men aboard, and endeavoured to make for the Humber. They towed her until the 4th of January, and then, unsatisfied with their progress, the trawler put into Grimsby to secure the aid of a tug. Then the fleet of Lilliputian salvors took their mighty prize in tow, only to suffer the mortification of her foundering suddenly when a mile and a half off Spurn Point, and carrying two of their men down with her.

In this case, the cotton had been properly stowed and properly protected against fire on board. The conclusion is inevitable from this and the foregoing cases that the fire had attacked the cotton before the vessel started on its voyage.

Before passing on, however, to consider the possible causes and prevention of fires on cotton ships, we will allude to one more instance—that of the *City of Richmond*, an interesting case, because the fire was not extinguished when the vessel reached Liverpool. As in the cases quoted above, the *City of Richmond* was a large vessel, close upon 3000 tons. Her escape was a narrow one, as she carried 298 passengers in addition to a crew of 146 hands; and the danger of the cotton fire was increased by the character of the other concomitants that composed her 'general' cargo. In addition to 2082 bales of cotton, she carried a large quantity of lard, bacon, hams, sugar, tallow, grease, lubricating oil, lard oil, cheese, and fresh meats—a heterogeneous compound that would ensure an ample supply of fuel did fire once establish itself on board the vessel. The fire in this instance seems to have started somewhere before the fore-end of the boiler casing, to have spread fore and aft on each side, and to have raged along at the upper part of the cotton mostly. The deck on which the cotton was carried was practically uninjured; but the iron decks above and the shell plating were much buckled by the fire. In fact, had it not been for the iron decks above the cotton, the steam fire-extinguishers, which, although they could not subdue, yet kept the fire under, and the care that was taken to exclude air from the fire, a repetition of the *Thanemore* disaster would in all probability have occurred. When the space in which the cotton was carried was opened in dock, the fire rapidly developed and necessitated the filling of the space with water before it could be extinguished.

Such is a brief outline of the information obtainable as to the more notable fire outbreaks on cotton ships. Fires of much less severity are quite an every-day feature of the American cotton trade. It is no uncommon thing for bales to be discharged at English ports which bear unmistakable evidence of having been on fire, and disputes as to the receipt of these injured bales are consequently of frequent occurrence. For a long time it was held that there was some inherent difference in the nature of American cotton when compared with that of the East, that predisposed it to ignition—that, in short, spontaneous combustion was liable to occur in cotton bales. A most careful examination by chemical experts, however, has disposed of this theory, and established the fact that American and Indian cottons both need a flame or spark to ignite them; and also, so far as combustible properties are concerned, there is no difference whatever

between them. Of course, the *greasy* nature of the Atlantic cotton-carrier's general cargo introduces the danger of combustion when the cotton is placed in contact with oil; but in the cases we have discussed, every care was taken to separate these two commodities. The carriage of cattle fodder and the necessity of bringing it up from below lends another risk to the Atlantic trade that is absent from the Indian. But the danger from this source is fully realised and just as carefully guarded against; no naked lights are carried below, and the fact that where information is obtainable as to the *locus* of a fire on a cotton and cattle carrying ship, the outbreak is *never* amongst the fodder, shows conclusively that even this element of danger is amply guarded against by the adoption of common precautions.

At the Indian, Egyptian, and American loading ports the harbour conditions are practically the same. Where steam-power is used, sparks will fly, and wharfage fires must occasionally occur. Sparks may even effect a lodgment in a bale of cotton and escape the notice of those engaged in loading. The ultimate effect of that spark is, however, determined not by the native constitution of the cotton, but by the method in which the cotton is packed. It is to the different methods of packing that the Indian cotton trade owes its immunity from fires. The incidental risks accruing from sparks, matches, contact with oil, and want of proper precaution in handling and in transit, are common to the American, Brazilian, Egyptian, and Indian cotton trades; but in the case of the first-named they are enormously increased by the defective packing. A Committee of underwriters convened to consider the question of cotton fires, expressed their views in the following terms: 'The Committee are of opinion that the insufficiency of the packing is the chief cause of the liability of the cotton to catch fire. The packing of American cotton is vastly inferior to that of Indian, Egyptian, or Brazilian, which is entirely covered and properly bound; so that it is exceptional to find any of the latter exposed after landing. American cotton, from the flimsy nature of the packing, only partially covering the bales, and insufficiency of the bands, comes away in considerable quantities; and the decks and holds of vessels loading and discharging are frequently covered with waste and fluff. It is evident that this condition of things renders ignition by sparks or other causes exceedingly likely to occur.' Such is the opinion of recognised experts.

In the Indian trade the material employed for packing is of a much closer texture than that which wraps American bales; the number of bands is much greater, too; and above all, the cotton itself is much more tightly compressed. A bale of American cotton must have its specific gravity increased fully one hundred per cent. before the conditions of packing will approximate to those employed in other trades. There is yet another feature characteristic of the United States cotton traffic that still further increases the risks attendant upon the sea-carriage of cotton. The method of sampling that appears most in vogue consists in making a hole in the bale of cotton *after* it is compressed. The result is that the loose ragged bunch of cotton-down protrudes from

the hole, and this fluff needs but the smallest spark possible to ignite it. If the bale were tightly pressed, the danger from this source would be materially minimised; for, though a spark ignites this loose cotton-down or fluff, the flame passes from one bunch of it to another with lightning rapidity, and does not interfere with the mass of the bale *if it is tightly packed*. When this is not the case, however, the merest spark will burrow into a bale, and the ignited cotton will smoulder in a vessel's hold for weeks, until some inlet of air takes place and fans it into open flame. In India and Egypt, the cotton is sampled before compression takes place.

An interesting experiment was made at Liverpool, which shows the non-inflammatory nature of cotton packed in the Indian manner. A bale of cotton was put on a hot furnace and left there for half an hour. When it was taken off, the outside covering was destroyed; but the bale itself for all practical purposes was a bale of cotton still. An inch was consumed by the great heat of the furnace; but the interior of the bale was perfectly sound, solid, and good. A well-known cotton authority has stated as his opinion that 'whereas with an American bale the smallest spark in the world would cause its destruction; if you give me an Indian bale, you may cook my dinner on it, and no harm will happen to it.' If such be the case, what must have been the danger run by a liner that brought over in a bale of cotton which formed part of her cargo a whole box of matches! How an outbreak of fire was prevented, it is difficult to surmise, for the igniting point of phosphorus is only one hundred and twenty degrees!

The resultant of knowledge, gained by such bitter experience as the history of cotton fires implies, should be the adoption of precautionary measures which aim to secure absolute prevention. Even in the face, however, of such severe teachings, fires on cotton ships are just as liable to break out as ever. Vested interests and the conservatism that resents the adoption of commercial improvements when urged by outside influences, are strong factors in the United States; and the united forces of 'cotton magnates,' underwriters, and shipowners on this side of the Atlantic, are needed to break through them. That this will be done in the future there can be no doubt; but such sweeping improvements as are necessary must be a matter of slow process indeed. Insurance companies are willing to insure cotton cargoes for much lower rates when the bales are packed in the Indian manner; and some have even expressed their willingness to adopt a system of differential rates, charging a lower premium upon those bales packed according to their ideas than upon those sent over packed in the loose and slovenly American manner. It is not often that public companies are prepared to make such a sacrifice to inculcate a principle, for the risk would hardly be diminished in any degree where a cotton cargo was of a mixed description—that is, composed of well and ill packed bales. However, such is the present state of affairs; and it is to be hoped that American cotton growers and dealers may speedily be induced to emulate the praiseworthy methods employed by their *confrères* in India and Egypt.

Until such is done, it is incumbent upon all

carriers of American cotton to adopt every possible safeguard to minimise the risks incidental to the nature of their cargoes. Powerful pumps aided by steam fire-extinguishers will do much towards keeping under a fire; but in the case of cotton ships nothing is so efficacious as complete exclusion of the air; and this is often lost sight of in the mistaken zeal of some masters to find the exact whereabouts of the fire by opening the deck. The *City of Richmond* case showed the serious danger in case of fire to be apprehended from carrying cotton under the passenger spaces. The careless bestowal of cotton waste—that is, cotton saturated with oil and grease, and therefore liable to spontaneous combustion—cannot be too strongly deprecated; and the rigid enforcement of the port regulations relative to smoking, lights, &c., at the places of loading, should be insisted upon. These remedial measures will go far to lessen the risks of cotton fires; but it is not until our American cousins can see their way to adopt the improved methods advocated above, that the over-sea carriage of American cotton will be attended with that exemption from fire-disaster which is such a pleasing feature of the cotton trade of India and Egypt.

ON THE MARSHES OF DEVA.

CHAPTER II.

FOR a moment I was paralysed by the discovery. A rapidly widening band of water fully a quarter of a mile broad, already separated me from the Cop; and I could not swim a stroke. I turned to look for Yethert; but, to my amazement, he was nowhere to be seen; and I suddenly recollected that for some little time I had not heard his footfall behind me. I called aloud; but there was no answer; and I ran back for a moment at full speed, wondering what could have become of him, and calling him aloud. The thought struck me that he had perhaps discovered the danger before I had; and had fled back towards Flint without giving me warning; but the idea was scouted at once, for Yethert knew better than I did that a broad river was now running between the marsh and the Flintshire coast, and that escape in that direction was quite out of the question. I ran for a few hundred yards, and then the futility of such an action struck me, and I stood irresolute. I could now hear the tide moving through the dykes, and I knew they must shortly begin to overflow and inundate the marsh in all directions.

The ground began to be agitated by the mysterious minute splutters and gurgles with which in these marshy solitudes it invariably greets its approaching union with the tide. Some distant sea-gulls rose in the air with wild shrieks and swooped down again and again on the bosom of the body of water that was advancing from the Cop; and several curlews flitted by overhead with shrill whistles. The ever-increasing murmur of the river on the Flintshire side began to sound nearer and nearer, and I felt that I was being closer and closer hemmed in by the merciless waves. The full horror of my lonely death seemed to be suddenly and violently borne in

upon me; and while scarcely conscious of what I was doing, I shouted aloud in my agony for help. A large gull which had been quietly feeding in a pool hard by rose up almost at my feet, and with mocking cries fled with widespread pinions to meet the oncoming tide; but everything else proceeded with a merciless monotony that seemed to double the agony of my situation. The lapping of the water as it circulated through the dykes and the murmuring plash of that ever-enlarging mirror which lay between me and the Cop went on unceasingly, and I could hear the dull intermittent roar of the Chester train as it rushed from station to station on its way to Holyhead. As I turned my gaze in that direction, I could see the numerous furnaces glowing, like the fiery horrors of Dante, out of the dusky cloud-line of coast.

There could be no escape for me without external aid, and again and again I shouted in the faint hope that my distant cries might be heard above the screaming and chattering of the wildfowl, who, in increasing numbers, were gathering about the portion of the marsh where I was penned. Unless I should chance to be heard by some belated member of the Richie or the Denhall households, or by some chance passer-by on the high-road between Burton and Ness, I must inevitably perish.

Forty years before, Abraham's father had been in a somewhat similar plight. He had been surprised by the tide when out at midnight with his gun; and, failing to climb one of the beacons placed to warn mariners of the vicinity of dangerous sandbanks, he thrust the muzzle of his long gun firmly in the sands, and resting the butt against the beacon, stood upon it and clung to the post, shouting meanwhile for help. The tide rose until it reached his armpits; but it rose no higher, and when morning broke he was rescued in an exhausted state by a Connah's Quay boat. This was on higher ground than that where I was now imprisoned, and I knew that in a short time not less than fifteen feet of water would be rolling over the spot. The story recurred to my mind, and other and more ghastly recollections came thronging after it.

I had spent a holiday at Parkgate a few years before, and one night, after the darkness had closed in and the waves were beating on the ancient quay, screams were heard far out in the river. A stranger walking over from Holywell to Parkgate had suddenly found the waves rolling in his path, and rushing frantically backwards and forwards, saw that death had in very truth suddenly overtaken him. I remembered vividly the flitting lights in the upper chambers of the houses on the Parade as the alarm spread, and the flashing lanterns on the quay as the coastguardmen and fishermen put off in the direction of the piercing cries which came without intermission for fully a quarter of an hour, and were suddenly steeped in a grim silence that was unspeakably suggestive. I remembered how some of the older fishermen, who were well acquainted with the currents of the estuary, fished for the body next day with their nets, and recovered it. I could even recall the words on the funeral card that was sent to those who had to do with the matter; and more than once during this fearful night they flashed upon my

mind as if spoken aloud: 'The waves of the sea are mighty and rage horribly; but yet the Lord who dwelleth on high is mightier.'

The tide flows over the marshes in a more deliberate fashion than where the poor stranger was overwhelmed; but it is none the less sure; and in my despair I even wished it was more rapid in its action. It seemed that death was approaching in a fawning dissembling manner, and that its approach would have been less terrible if it had come in the more warlike guise of leaping, storm-lashed waves.

I retired again and again before the advance of the tide, until at last I could distinctly hear the wash of the main body of water that was approaching from the Welsh side. I even fancied I could make out the white tips of the waves as they broke on the marsh and took in pool after pool of water. Numbers of gulls moved over my head within easy range, or alighted in the brimning dykes with a contempt of my presence that seemed to augur ill. It was as if they already knew that I was doomed, and of no further account in the world for good or ill, and that they had nothing to fear from me.

Suddenly, out of the gloom of the marsh behind me there uprose a new sound; and as I strained my ears to listen, I distinctly heard the sound of paddles that struck the water in regular and quick succession. I rushed towards the sound with a glad cry, springing wildly over every obstacle; and was within a short distance of the tide, which now spread around me in an irregular circle, when a white canoe shot out from under the bank of one of the dykes and rushed quivering and dancing out on the river. The occupant paddled with might and main; but when I reached the water's edge, breathless with the exertion and excitement combined, he paused, and the canoe rose and fell on the waves with clock-work regularity. I could dimly make out a figure sitting in the stern and holding the paddles clear of the water. Judging it to be Abraham, who had crossed the marsh in some mysterious manner to my rescue, I eagerly called his name aloud. I had grown hoarse with shouting; but my cry was at once responded to with a surly: 'How go, mester! How go! Lookin' fur ould Yethert?'

I had a vague idea all along that Yethert had taken care of himself in some way, and I now jumped to the conclusion that he had by some means found the canoe and came to save me. In my frantic delight at my approaching deliverance, I felt that I could embrace this strange silent man—all-fitting velveteens and stubbly beard included. He and I would be fast friends, and he should long have cause to bless the night when he took me off that lonely marsh. Thoughts such as these flashed through my brain as I called out to him: 'Come on, Yethert, my good fellow; I have nearly had enough of this. I thought it was all over with me.'

There was a prompt answer from the canoe. 'Well, I'm as good as they make um, Mester Graham; but yer not comin' off theer to-neet!' The paddles dipped in the water as he spoke.

Something in the man's tones thrilled me with the conviction that he was in earnest, and the perspiration broke out on my forehead as I exclaimed: 'But, Yethert, man, you promised to

bring me safely across the river; and you can't leave me here. It would be murder!'

The canoe had drifted a little nearer to me, and he pulled off a yard or two farther away as he made answer: 'Mester, ye may call it what ye loike; but I'm goin'. Do ye think I'd fotch ye all the way fra Flint and lie up to the neck in muck here all this time for nout? Nay, me mon; I'll fotch ye to-morrow! Ye canna swim, they tell me; and I reckon ye'll come quiet enough to-morrow.'

I had stopped at the water's edge; and while this conversation had been taking place, the tide had already risen over my knees; but I waded nearer with a mad idea of making a frantic rush for the canoe, though I knew that it was floating in deep water, and that in all likelihood several submerged dykes lay between us. He noticed the movement, and pulled still farther away from me, adding: 'I fetched a dead un from off here afore, and got five shillin' fur him. Little enough, too, luggin' and draggin' in the mud.'

My heart sank within me as he drawled out the last words; but the offer of my purse and all my belongings for a passage to the Cop only evoked the answer: 'Nay, me mon; I can tak what I want to-morrow. It isna the money I'm after; but I can tell thee this—I'm goin' to stop thee from Aba Richie's wench. She winna tak me, I know; but she shallna have thee. Comin' sneakin' across here neet after neet like a powcher!'

There was no mistaking the intense hatred with which he uttered these last words, and, moreover, he emphasised them by pulling steadily and swiftly away. I waded back out of the tide and on to the narrowing strip of marsh that was left to me, and gave myself up for lost. I had no longer any hope, and I ceased to call for help.

The space now left to me was not more than fifty yards in diameter, and the waves were rapidly annexing it on every side. A number of widgeon were floating buoyantly on the waves near the bank; several gulls were wheeling in the air overhead, and one or two were standing motionless upon the ground within a few yards of me. In a shallow gutter at my feet, two little streamlets came together every other moment with a little shock, and flirited the spray several feet in the air. Little trickling advance guards overran the ground in all directions; but as my death looked me full in the face, I grew strangely calm. Strange fancies took hold upon me as I stood there with the shadow of Death overcasting me.

In my sitting-room at Flint hung a fine engraving of the 'Reaper and the Flowers,' in which the moonbeams lighted up a river scene very similar to that in which I now stood, while the radiant Reaper was to be seen cleaving the air with outstretched wings, and bearing home the newly gathered flower, whose trustful little face rested on his shoulder. Incongruous as the idea may seem, I thought of the picture as I waited there for my death, and I thought, too, of a sweet girlish figure that would be worshipping in the old parish church in the morning, while I lay dead and bedraggled in the marshes. I could see her distinctly as she stood there meekly among the congregation, her little gloved hand

grasping the ivory-backed 'Service' in which I had written some foolish lines to 'Helga Richie'—for it had come to that.

In the few moments that were left to me I knelt down on the streaming bank and prayed earnestly for the life of the world to come.

A terrific report close to my ear stunned me for a moment and sent some of the birds screaming away. I suppose I must have cried out, too, at the same moment, for the next I remember was a powerful but terror-stricken voice calling out: 'O Lord! O Lord! who's that?'

It was Abraham Richie, frightened for the first and only time in his life; and his errand was explained by the circumstance of a number of dead birds being swept about my feet by the waves. My knees shook under me at the prospect of being snatched from the jaws of Death, and I could scarcely utter his name aloud.

He brought the canoe close in to me with the bow chafing and grating on the bank, and peered closely at me.

'Why, lad, lad!' he exclaimed when he was assured that it was indeed me, 'how in the world did you get there?—But never mind now; get in here quick. Steady now; a little thing'll upset it, tha knows.—Kneel thee down close up behind me, and put tha two hands on my shoulders. Steady now, and I'll soon get thee on dry land. Keep tha heart up now!' He could feel my hands trembling on his shoulder—'Keep tha heart up, and we'll be all roight directly.'

We reached the farmstead; and the household was quickly bustling about on my behalf. There was of course no truth in Yethert's assertion that he had been sent for me; and as I unfolded the story of his perfidy, exclamations of horror were of very frequent occurrence indeed. Abraham alone sat with compressed brow and said nothing; but his eyes wandered so restlessly to the rack where his guns were suspended, that his better-half, on noting it, silently went over and sat on the oak settle beside him in such a manner that he could not well get out; and so held him captive until the first fierce desire for immediate vengeance had somewhat subsided.

It was decided to let Yethert 'stand over till morning,' when he was to have been handed over to the local constable; but he was too many for us. He had heard the unusual commotion from his room over the stables; and an hour and a half after my arrival, a slouching individual, whose appearance corresponded exactly with the description afterwards circulated by the county police, passed over Queen's Ferry, and landing on the Hawarden highway, was seen no more. There could be no doubt that he was crazed by a hopeless attachment for his master's daughter, and that he had been silently nursing his hatred against me for some time. The attempt to compass my death was, after all, a very clumsy one, for he had taken no pains to hide his complicity in the matter, and would most assuredly have been charged with murder had it been successful.

I went to service the same morning. The Richies tried hard to persuade me to remain in bed; but as the Burton bells shook out their chimes over the tree-tops, we left the farmstead, and turning up past the old cottage where the

good Bishop Wilson was born, entered the family pew.

'Long was the good man's sermon, but it seemed not so to me.' Standing there among the village folk, we sang together from the little ivory-backed book, 'We praise Thee, O God. We acknowledge Thee to be the Lord;' and we lingered long on the way home through the wood where lie the lonely Quaker graves.

I found the 'young fellow' to be a Liverpool artist nearly as old as Abraham himself; and a very jolly wielder of the brush he was. It was for him that Abraham had made the early Sunday morning excursion, for, as 'Aba' explained in an apologetic kind of a way, 'Tha sees this young fellow's seen too much of the ways of farmyard ducks to have anything to do with them; so I just thought I'd get him one or two. Tha can hardly call it Sunday, tha knows, at that time in the morning.'

My adventure was not allowed to interfere with the sheep-washing arrangement, as it would somewhat have spoiled the plans of the artist, whose picture, entitled 'Washing Sheep on Burton Marsh,' has for some time been in the permanent collection of the Liverpool Art Gallery.

As for 'we two,' we are no longer divided by the Marsh.

A COLLECTION OF FANS.

WHO loves to ponder over tasteful and elegant trifles of bygone days of fashion, and to weave fanciful love romances whilst gazing on the dainty relics of the past, will delight in paying a visit to the Collection of Fans of Sir Matthew Digby Wyatt and Lady Wyatt at the South Kensington Museum. This collection includes specimens from most of the great fan-making nations of the world, and it is interesting to notice how the national character exhibits itself even in the design for so simple a thing as a fan.

The Oriental fans are rich in carving—carving that the European can only marvel at, and dare not try to imitate. The Spanish and Italian fans are both brilliant in colour; while the French are elegantly designed and painted, and often they have jewelled studs to fasten the sticks and guards together. Among the Oriental fans there are some Chinese fans of the finest sandal-wood, faultlessly carved. Others, of ivory, are pierced with figures of animals and birds, or minutely carved with a delicate lace pattern in fine open-work. One of them has the old story represented on the willow-pattern plate, exquisitely carved in ivory. There is the house and the island, the bridge and the three angry figures, the boat and the lovers, and the willow-tree with the two turtle-doves. Who knows, perhaps some almond-eyed Celestial maiden has trifled with this ivory plaything while her lover was kneeling at her feet and whispering a tale as soft as the tale of the two lovers in the story on her fan who eloped 'when the willow begins to shed its leaves.' Some of the fans have only the guards and sticks ivory; whilst on the body,

which is of fine silk, painted in most brilliant colours, are quaint groups of Chinese in wonderful costumes; and in the scrolled corners of the fan, under the blossoming almond and orange and peach trees, are beautiful specimens of fantastic and grotesque vases. Another fine specimen of Chinese art is a fan the body of which is made of the feathers of the argus pheasant, the sticks being of carved tortoiseshell. An old Japanese fan is painted on strips of wood with a delicate landscape, with herons and reeds in the foreground. A Japanese fan of the nineteenth century has the now well-known design of a lady-bird and beetle on the ivory guard.

Some of the German fans are very brilliant in colour, and have quite ambitious pictures painted on the small arc that stretches from guard to guard. There is one specimen of the seventeenth century that was purchased for twenty pounds, and represents Bacchus and Ariadne and bacchanalian groups. The subject is treated in a very masterly manner, and the whole fan is a work of art. Another German fan of about the end of the eighteenth century is made of chicken skin, and the subject painted on it is Venus and her doves, with the boy Cupid as her outrider, descending to a sleeping warrior who is guarded by Minerva with her shield and spear. One German fan of about 1760 represents the sale of Joseph by his brethren, and is somewhat pretentious, for a fan. In the foreground is a dark-looking circular hole, supposed to be a well, with a long end of rope dangling out of it and trailing along the ground. In the background wait a great number of camels and the attendants of a long caravan. Joseph is represented as a small boy in a blue blouse with a red sash around his waist, and wiping his streaming eyes with a large white handkerchief. Judah is holding up one finger to the band of Ishmaelites, who also are each holding up one finger; and thus, according to the artist, the bargain is concluded in dumb-show.

Some very pretty canal scenes form the subject of some of the Dutch fans. One specimen is very striking; the body of the fan is ivory, plain, and bound with green silk. The subject is a quaint Flemish scene by the side of a blue canal, with trawlers and old-world vessels. Another Dutch fan is made of horn stained saffron colour and ornamentally pierced. On many of these fans are miniature sea-views with sandbanks and sailors and fisher-boats, long belts of dark clouds and gray angry billows, such as Van de Velde loved to paint the Zuyder Zee; or quiet inland scenes with quaint old Flemish churches and gable-roofed houses by the side of placid canals, where the rising moon throws a mysterious blue glimmer over the trees and the reeds and the windmills and the sleeping hamlets—scenes that Van der Neer might have painted. Maybe rich burgo-masters' wives have dangled these toys at their wrists, and opened and shut them while they heard the news of the fate of John de Witt, or of De Ruyter's exploits in the Thames, or the tale of Van Tromp and the broom that he lashed to his masthead.

Very dainty are many of the French fans, and

great skill has been employed to give grace and delicacy to these toys, that beauty uses and makes beautiful; and the airy national fancy has ingeniously produced a harmonious *ensemble* in these magnificent trifles of art. Many of them represent pastorals and revels and masquerades and joyous scenes such as Watteau depicted with delicate colouring when he was 'Painter of Gallant Feasts to the King.' Gaily-attired shepherds are either playing on the lute or kneeling at the feet of their mistresses, who, with dainty ribboned crook and pink frock and blue bodice, are seated on green hillocks archly trifling with their adorners. These are the fans that fluttered to and fro in the old *salons*, and behind them played the eyes of the rulers of France. We can now only imagine the love-tales whispered behind these dainty screens of Cupids and Venuses, and the little court intrigues that were woven while the fan still fluttered to and fro.

Among the more modern French fans is a specimen made by Alexandre, and bought for sixty pounds. The guards and sticks are of carved ivory, by Brisevin; the body is fine silk, and is exquisitely painted with groups of figures in the costume of the period of Henri III. The mount of this fan is of delicate lace. Another by the same maker has the guards and sticks carved by Brisevin, with enamelled mountings by Lepec, the body of the fan being of pale sage-coloured silk. This was bought for eighty pounds. Many of the English fans are very delicate, and much talent has been spent in perfecting these gems of art. A prettily pierced ivory fan of the end of the eighteenth century is decorated with medallions containing a classical group of figures watching doves; the treatment is exquisite, and the colouring is in the style of Angelica Kauffmann, and may have been done by her.

Altogether the collection of Sir Matthew Digby Wyatt and Lady Wyatt is a rich one. Many of the Oriental fans date back to the time when the English were first planting their foot in India, and when the empire of the Great Mogul was tottering to its ruin. Perhaps they were once in the harem of Surajah Dowlah, or held in the jewelled hands of the Begums, or they may have been present at the receptions of Mrs Hastings in the Government House, Calcutta. Among the European fans there may be some that dangled from the wrist of those who saw Marie-Antoinette at Versailles, 'glittering like the morning-star, full of life and splendour and joy.' Who knows whether the fragile hands that held these painted trifles were not soon put up in supplication to the same cruel men who dragged away the unfortunate Queen of France? Or some there are, perhaps, that saw the gay ballroom at Brussels on that eventful night, the eve of Waterloo, when

Belgium's capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;

and above these very fans 'soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,' and fluttered the fan not more quickly than the little heart beat behind it. But who can tell us now of the brilliant scenes that have opened to these fans, and of the whispers and sighs that have been concealed in their folds? Alas! the actors and actresses in the play that was performed ever so many years ago

have played their little parts; they have smiled and sighed and bowed, and the curtain has come down upon them for ever! And who is there can tell us the life-history of one of their fans?

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

AN excellent paper 'On the Spontaneous Ignition of Coal' was read by Professor Lewes before the British Association at their recent meeting at Cardiff. In this paper the Professor points out that the common idea that spontaneous ignition is caused by the presence of iron pyrites in the coal cannot be true, because in many manufactures pyrites are largely used, and although stored in heaps and undergoing continuous oxidation, he has been unable to trace a single case of heating. Spontaneous combustion may be more truly traced to the absorptive power of newly-won coal for oxygen, an action which is accompanied by a great rise of temperature, and is naturally hastened if the coal be so stored on shipboard that a portion of it is near the funnel or boilers. Accidents from this cause are most numerous in ships which have to cross tropical seas, from the greatly increased temperature to which the coal is subjected. Ventilation in many ships is worse than useless, for it provides the coal with just sufficient oxygen to feed it when burning. Moisture is also an important factor in determining the ignition of stored coal. Professor Lewes says that if newly-won coal were stored for a month in moderate-sized heaps, so as to allow it to take up its oxygen and cool down after the heating caused in the process, spontaneous ignition would be almost unknown.

The incandescent electric light which is now becoming so common in our public buildings has a formidable rival in the improved Welsbach incandescent gas-light. This new method of burning gas was introduced from Germany about ten years ago; but, owing to certain defects, it did not meet with popular approval. All difficulties have now been surmounted, and the system is being introduced by the Incandescent Gas-light Company of Westminster. The lamp comprises a special form of Bunsen burner—which can be readily attached to any existing gas fitting—in the blue flame from which is supported a mantle of zirconia, one of the most refractory oxides known to chemistry. This mantle, which looks like a delicate finger-stall made of woven material, is brought under the intense heat of the flame into an incandescent state, and gives out a powerful and perfectly steady light of the same quality as that afforded by its electric rival. The gas consumed is considerably less than that used by the common bating burner, while the light is increased three or four fold. The lamp is also available with cheap gas made from benzoline and other hydro-carbons in the portable machines which are now in use in isolated districts where public gas-works are unknown.

Perhaps the most impudent form of adulteration is represented by the manufacture of artificial coffee-beans. Many a householder has prided himself upon being untouched by coffee adulteration by adopting the home-grinding system; but

his forethought does him little good if the beans supplied to him are mixed with those which owe their origin to burnt corn, molasses, &c., fashioned into form by means of a moulding-machine. We are glad to see that an imperial decree has been issued in Germany forbidding the manufacture and sale of such machines. It is said that a vast quantity of these artificial beans is sold in the United States, and that they are used for mixing with genuine coffee. There is a strong suspicion that the same evil practice is followed in Britain, for, as every one knows, it is extremely difficult to purchase a well-flavoured sample of coffee, even though the precaution be taken to roast and grind it at home.

All are familiar with the beautiful lacquer with which Japanese trays, boxes, and cabinets are treated, and which is so different in appearance and touch to the varnish common in Europe. The exact process by which it is prepared is said to be kept secret by the expert Japanese workers; but it is known that the raw material comes from a tree known to botanists as the 'Rhus vernix.' Professor Rein some years ago planted a number of these trees in the Botanical Garden at Frankfort, and there are now growing there from this stock several healthy trees, some of which are thirty feet high. Some sap has been taken from these trees and sent to Japan for trial by native artists, and it remains to be seen whether the foreign growth will yield a serviceable lacquer.

Samples of a new composition known as Liégine are exhibited at the Museum in the Royal Botanic Garden at Kew. This substance consists of powdered cork mixed with fine plaster in the proportion of ten per cent. The cork confers upon the plaster a solidity, durability, and above all a lightness which it does not possess when used alone, and the new composition can therefore be used for mouldings on thin partitions and ceilings without any danger of overweight. Liégine is also made into bricks; it can be used as a non-conducting coating for steam-pipes; and finds ready employment in various other ways. This new material is a very good illustration of the utilisation of a waste product; for it is obvious that the very smallest cuttings of cork can be used up in its manufacture. It may be added that the cork is reduced to powder by the action of horizontal grindstones.

The Refuse Disposal Company have established works at Chelsea (London), and have recently issued a circular in which they describe their manner of dealing with the product of metropolitan dust-bins. The company has already treated about six thousand tons of household refuse, separating the different items of the so-called dust from one another, and disposing of them to the best advantage. Thus, anything that can be reduced to fibrous pulp is manufactured into paper on the premises. The bones, bottles, fragments of china and glass, &c., are distributed among the various manufactures where such things can be utilised; the coke, coal, and cinders are also turned to profitable account; while the smaller ashes are made into block fuel. The vegetable and animal refuse is incorporated with fine dust and used for manure, or as an absorbent for dealing with offensive matter of any kind. All this work is carried on without prejudice to

the neighbourhood, for any odours or fine dust floating in the atmosphere are conveyed by exhaust fans to the furnaces of the establishment.

A new use for the Sand-blast has been found by the public authorities of New York in the cleansing of the exterior of a building there. The sand is conveyed through a pipe two and a half inches in diameter, terminating in a two-inch nozzle, and is projected on to the face of the stonework under an air-pressure of two pounds on the square inch. Under these conditions, one square foot of marble is abraded to the depth of thirty-second of an inch in one minute, leaving a fresh surface as pure and white as could be wished.

The use of terra-cotta as a building material is becoming common, some very fine erections being now to be seen in London and other cities, executed in this effective artificial stone. The basis of terra-cotta is clay, and the *Building News* recently gave some interesting particulars concerning many of the terra-cotta clays now employed. The finished material has such a smooth surface and close texture that it is eminently adapted for the dirty atmosphere of our towns. All these clays should be exposed to the air or weathered for some time before being used, for shrinkage is often very great and at the same time uncertain. The tint of the stone varies with the locality from which the clay is obtained. The buff colour of the new Natural History Museum at South Kensington is typical of the Tamworth clay; while the red façade of the Constitutional Club in the new highway which leads from Charing Cross to the Thames is identified with the Ruabon Clay.

A curious instance of the sagacity of a wild-duck is described by Mr Prentis, of Rainham, Kent, in a recent issue of the *Zoologist*. A field of lucerne situated near a marsh was being cut by a mowing-machine, which, after the manner of such implements, began work at the edge, and gradually reduced the area of the crop as it moved in ever-diminishing circles towards the centre of the field. When only about two acres were left uncut, a wild-bird was seen to rise from the field and to drop from her beak an egg, which upon examination proved to be about three parts incubated. A second and third time she returned to her nest in the lucerne, on both occasions carrying away an egg towards the marsh-land. The next day, when the mowing of the field was completed, the nest from which the bird had so thoughtfully removed the eggs was found.

A Chicago paper describes the successful trial of a new Automatic Magazine Rifle. The gas produced by the combustion of the first cartridge is stored in a chamber, where it acts upon a piston and spiral spring which actuate the mechanism of the rifle. By this means sufficient energy is found to extract the empty cartridge case, replace it by a loaded one, and to cock the gun. The operator has therefore merely to take aim and pull the trigger; and so rapidly does the automatic mechanism work, that the full complement of the magazine, which holds nine cartridges, can be discharged in two seconds. Such a rifle, we should think, will hardly conduce to accurate firing. Already, as is well known, there is a tendency in the heat of an engagement to fire away cartridges with so little attention to direction that only about one bullet in a hundred reaches its billet.

The Board of Trade Journal gives a very interesting account of the rapid development of asbestos-mining in Canada. Up to within quite recent years, the greater part of fine asbestos fibre suitable for spinning came from Italy and Corsica; but the trade has suffered a complete revolution since the discovery of vast quantities of the valuable mineral in the province of Quebec. In 1871 the Canadian mines yielded fifty tons of asbestos; last year, the output was eight thousand tons. The finer grades command almost as good a price as the best Italian; and although the quantity mined is so great, the material, owing to the various new applications which are constantly found for it, has not become any cheaper. The profits from the Canadian mines are simply fabulous, one mine alone yielding to its lucky owners an annual profit of one hundred thousand dollars. The work does not necessitate much excavation, for the asbestos is found in the surface-rock in the form of veins, and is obtained by blasting. The output is carefully regulated by the demand, and this is one potent reason why asbestos continues to keep up its price.

A new form of photographic lens has been designed by Mr Dallmeyer, the well-known London optician, which is likely to come into extensive use for a variety of purposes. Its novel feature is its wonderful power of giving large images of distant objects. For instance, with an ordinary photographic lens, the image of a horse or cow distant, say, two hundred feet from the camera would cover little more than a quarter of an inch, the actual size being of course governed by the focal length of the lens. But with the new objective, the image taken from precisely the same point would cover two or three inches. Such a lens will be of immense value in warfare in giving serviceable pictures of forts, outworks, &c., without the risk which would be incurred by a near approach to the enemy. It will also be valued by naturalists for the purpose of taking pictures of animals whose natural timidity forbids intimate relations. The lens is of simple construction, and it is quick enough in action to take a bird on the wing.

One of the latest triumphs in chemical science is represented by the production of artificial quinine. The new substance is absolutely identical with the natural product of the cinchona tree, and the discovery, which is due to MM. Grimaux and Arnaud of Paris, is likely to bring down the price of the valuable drug considerably. It is believed, too, that this manufacture may lead to the discovery of new bodies analogous to quinine which may have great therapeutical value.

Dr L. W. Fox, in the course of a recent lecture before the Franklin Institute of Philadelphia, stated that he had good reason to believe that savage races possess colour-perception to a far greater degree than do civilised nations. This assertion was based upon examinations which he had made of two hundred and fifty Indian children. Among one hundred of these (boys), he could not detect a single case of colour-blindness; but he felt certain that if these children had been whites and drawn from various parts of the United States, at least five of the hundred would have been colour-blind. As the result of an examination of Indian children made some

years previously, he had found two cases of colour-blindness among two hundred and fifty boys; while among the girls he could not detect a single case. This last result was as he expected; because even among white nations the percentage of cases of colour-blindness in females is as low as two per thousand.

An Italian paper publishes a method which, it is said, renders cement unattackable by frost, and which consists in adding to the material whilst it is in a plastic condition a solution of soda crystals in water. The cement experimented upon was composed thus: Portland cement and lime, of each one litre, three litres of river-sand mixed with a solution of one kilo. of soda and three litres water. The mortar thus made was first exposed for fourteen hours to a maximum cold of thirty-one degrees below zero, and was afterwards introduced for three hours into a furnace. Notwithstanding these crucial tests, the cement remained unaltered.

Mr Lawrence Allen, in a paper which he contributes to the American *Engineering Magazine*, contends that with all the attention which has been devoted to ventilation, there are many schools in which the quantity of fresh air is not sufficient to expel the foul air. For the maintenance of air in good sanitary condition each occupant of a room should receive sixty cubic feet of fresh air per minute, and very few schools come up to this requirement. There are many schools in the United States, says Mr Allen, in which the amount of fresh air admitted is about one-fifteenth of that really required. The children perhaps do not seem to suffer under this starvation system, just as those who inhabit unhealthy districts do not at once show signs of failing energies; but although the effects are not immediate and striking, the deadly influence is at work.

The science of warfare seems to consist of a constant struggle between methods of offence and defence. First comes the invention of a big gun which nothing will withstand, until a new form of armour-plate is devised, and the next gun must be made bigger and more powerful. When the Whitehead torpedo was first introduced, it was believed that ironclads had at last found their match. But a clever inventor proposed the use of a crinoline of steel network in which a ship could be enshrouded whilst at anchor, so that any torpedo aimed at the vessel could be caught in the meshes of the net and kept at a respectful distance. It is now reported, however, that Captain Vernon has contrived a scissors-like cutting implement which is fixed to the nose of the torpedo, and which will readily cut through the strongest wirework opposed to its path. So torpedo nets will now be obsolete, and some other means must be found to protect war-vessels.

The rain-making experiments which have lately been conducted in Texas have just that tinge of the supernatural about them which is sure to excite the interest and credulity of the average newspaper reader. In these experiments, charges of dynamite and other explosives have been discharged at great altitudes by means of mortars and kites, and we are told that these violent explosions have in nearly every case been followed by a copious downpour of rain. These experiments were suggested by the circumstance

that great battles have often been followed by rainfall, and there seems little doubt that if the atmosphere is in a favourable condition, a series of heavy concussions may induce rain. But it is a moot point whether rain, under such conditions, would not fall naturally without any artificial help. On the other hand, if the energy required for a fall of rain does not already exist in the moist air, no human power can put it there. If violent concussions of the air always induced rain, we could never rely upon a fine day for a great naval or military review; but it is well known that many such displays have been favoured by sunshine.

The project of making Paris an inland seaport has once more been brought prominently forward, possibly in view of the successful progress of our own Manchester Ship Canal; and a Committee appointed to report upon the scheme has finished its labours. The proposed water-way would be one hundred and fourteen miles long and twenty-one feet in depth, and the estimated cost of the works is six and a quarter millions sterling. From a plebiscite taken of the opinion of the people on the matter, it would seem that they are almost unanimously in favour of it. It remains to be seen whether, after their sad experience of the Panama scheme, they will be inclined to invest capital in an enterprise in which a canal figures.

THE STREET MUSICIAN ABROAD.

OF all capitals, London should stand highest in the estimation of the gentry who prefer to play rather than work for a living. Although supposed to move on and move off 'by special desire,' the London street musician is practically free to tickle uneducated ears and torture educated ones, when, where, and how he deems most conducive to the extraction of coin from the pockets of delighted or disgusted hearers.

Things are ordered very differently abroad. Street minstrels receive scant favour in Vienna. First of all, they must be licensed, and licenses are only obtainable by such persons as are able to show that no other method of earning money is open to them, and that the doors of the poorhouse are closed against them. Even when licensed, they cannot perform in the open thoroughfares of the city, but must content themselves with the harvest to be reaped in public-houses and courtyards, after mid-day on week-days, and between four o'clock and sunset on Sundays and holidays. In Berlin, licenses used to be issued at the discretion of the police authorities; but the recipients of the privilege were worse off than their Viennese brethren, being entitled to ply their vocation in courtyards only. So loud and long, however, were the complaints of unappreciative citizens, that in 1884 the fraternity were condemned to gradual extinction, it being ordained that no new licenses were to be granted.

In Rome and in Italian towns generally, street musicians and singers must register themselves as such every year, under a penalty of a hundred lire—about three pounds ten shillings—it being by law provided that 'registration may be denied to persons under eighteen years of age when they

are suitable for other professions,' to dangerous characters, and persons under police supervision. Registration is not necessary for members of bands ordinarily performing in public buildings when inclined to give their services out of doors at festivals, inaugurations, anniversaries, or other solemnities, providing they give due notice to the police authorities, who may, if they think fit, forbid them exercising their privilege.

Guitar-players are the only musical itinerants tolerated in the streets of Madrid; licenses to perform on the national instrument and ask for alms for so doing being granted or refused at the option of the mayor, who, as a rule, limits his favours to the blind, to enable them to earn sufficient to satisfy their modest wants. The organ or piano, as Spaniards call it, used to share the run of the streets with the guitar, the grinder paying twenty shillings a year for permission to turn the handle between the hours of seven and twelve, and four and seven; but even this allowance of organ music was voted an intolerable nuisance, and the instrument is no longer heard in Madrid. The organ-owners have petitioned the municipality to restore the old order of things; but Sir Clare Ford is of opinion that it is highly improbable that the mayor will accede to their request.

By an ordinance dated February 28, 1863, no itinerant mountebank, organ-grinder, musician, or singer can practise his calling in Paris without a license from the prefect of police, to obtain which he must satisfy that functionary that he is French-born, of good character, has dwelt twelve months within the prefect's jurisdiction, and is neither blind, one-armed, one-legged, crippled, deformed, nor infirm. He must supply a list of those accompanying him on his rounds, with full particulars about them, none of whom must be under the age of sixteen, or any more afflicted than himself. Every performer so licensed must wear a badge bearing his name and his number, and can only perform at the places specified on his license, between eight in the morning and nine at night in summer, and from eight to six in winter. Singers are forbidden to sing or sell any song that has not received the imprimatur of the Minister of the Interior. In 1881, street music received its quietus by the promulgation of a decree annulling the provision under which musicians were authorised to station themselves at particular points, and restricting such performances in the public thoroughfares to national fêtes-days. Paris is now, therefore, hardly a happier hunting-ground for the peripatetic entertainer than the Czar's capital, wherein no itinerant musician is allowed to sojourn. Whether his existence is tolerated outside St Petersburg we are not informed; if it be, native discourses of sweet sounds have nothing to fear from the competition of intrusive aliens, since itinerant players hailing from any foreign land are not suffered to cross the frontiers of the empire.

The United States is an awkward country for the roaming minstrel to travel. In one place he may revel in unlimited liberty; in the next, find himself mulcted heavily; in a third, liable to thirty days' imprisonment as a common fiddler and piper. A penalty ranging from five to twenty-five dollars awaits the vagrant, mendicant, or street musician playing any musical

instrument 'unsolicited' in the thoroughfares of Milwaukee; the carrying of any such instrument for the purpose of using it for gain is a misdemeanour in St Louis; in Philadelphia, street music has long since been prohibited as a public nuisance; while the cries of the privileged news-boys is the only 'noise to attract attention' to be heard in the streets of Chicago.

The strains of the barrel organ seem to be especially obnoxious to the people of Savannah and Brunswick, Georgia, Providence, Rhode Island, and the Empire City. In the first-named place the organ-grinder is called upon to pay five dollars a week, just as much as is exacted from a full band; in Brunswick, he alone of all instrumentalists must disburse a dollar a day; and he alone of all itinerant musicians is prohibited performing in Providence. As we read Consul-general Booker's Report, the organ-grinder is the sole object of the regulations regarding street music prevailing in New York, where the mayor has the power of licensing three hundred organs, to be used between nine A.M. and seven P.M. on week-days only—but not within five hundred feet of any hospital, public institution, or school-house in school-time; nor within half that distance of any dwelling-house whose occupant objects to its being brought nearer. For this license the organ owner pays one dollar per annum; and the player must not ask directly or indirectly for any money, under pain of paying ten dollars or 'going up' for as many days.

The license system is in many places extended to performers on other instruments. In Boston, a street musician's annual license costs him only fifty cents; in Jersey City, he pays five dollars; and in Newark, where he must bear a badge, double that amount. In Norfolk, Virginia, a dollar a day is exacted; while the strong feeling existing against the fraternity in Charleston has impelled the Committee of Ways and Means to impose a charge of fifteen dollars a day, a tax that has answered its end most effectually.

CONSTANCY.

ONCE more, love, we rest where the emerald sea
Breaks into music along the wild shore.

Is our rapture the same, love?—It filled you and me,
When we greeted the breeze and the billow before.
'Twas then—the white sails, and two hearts that leap,
Watching green hills from the crests of the deep.

Older a little, love, watching them flock—
Now ripples that kiss the old yellow sand there;
See how they laugh, where the weed-hanging rock
Pants for the wave in the quivering air!
Yes! How the tide swells—has the gleam of the gold
Crowning yon furze, made the sea overbold?

We do not forget those moments that gave
Joy to our hearts on the shore we love best:
Here, 'twixt the blue of God's sky and the wave,
Paradise bloomed to the mountainous crest—
Here, such a night! all the stars in the sky,
Two lovers whispered—'twas you, love, and I.

W. GOW GREGOR.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 414.—VOL. VIII.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

A SLEEPLESS NIGHT IN THE TROPICS.

A SLEEPLESS night is disagreeable anywhere, but especially so in the Tropics. Thus I thought as I lay twisting and turning on a fiery hot mattress, which seemed warm enough to form an alternative torment with the rack and other inquisitorial tortures. I was in the fourteenth parallel of north latitude, and the day before, the broiling sun had passed straight overhead and left every object frizzling under his perpendicular gaze. As I tossed about on my moist pillow, I reflected on these things, and could not help anathematising the cross-grained luck which had sent me to the fourteenth parallel of north latitude. This is rather a vague way of locating a place, however, and may include any region between Central America and the Philippines; but for the information of geographically inclined readers, I will add that my bed was traversed by the ninety-eighth degree east longitude. If any one should take the trouble to look up in the map of the world where these two lines cross each other, it will be found that this inquisitorial bed of mine is situated in an out-of-the-way corner of South-eastern Asia, in Siam, otherwise called the Land of the White Elephant.

It was the month of April, when in temperate climes the 'young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love;' but here our fancy is turned to ices, cold baths, and other cooling means, for April is the hottest month in the year. This night, I would have given a kingdom, if I had possessed it, for a piece of ice. I had read somewhere that an unfailing means to procure sleep is to bind two pieces of ice tightly over the eyes; but of course one does not think of going to bed with two pieces of ice in anticipation of a sleepless night. I tried, however, a good many other dodges, such as going through the Greek alphabet—which in my school-boy days would have been crowned with immediate success—counting slowly up to a thousand, keeping my mental eye fixed on some stationary object—but all in vain.

Fickle Dame Sleep was not to be courted, and with a muttered anathema I turned to speculate on the causes of my sleeplessness.

Was it the heat? No; I thought not, for I used to sleep peacefully through hotter nights than that—nights which drenched my *pyjamas* with perspiration, and left me in the morning wet as if stranded a shipwrecked sailor on the surf-beaten shore. Was it those prawns with which my Chinese cook had flavoured the burning curry I had taken at dinner? Or was it that post-prandial cup of fragrant Mocha which I had sipped with such enjoyment, while building gay airy castles in the curling smoke of my Havanas? Was it not that game of billiards, under the blazing lamps, in a temperature close upon one hundred degrees Fahrenheit, followed by two buckets—glasses, I cannot call our tropical drinking-measures—of heavy lemon squash? I sadly came to the conclusion that the last bucket of lemon squash had been too much for me.

We are strange creatures, we European residents in Siam. Not content with heat during the day sufficient to roast the proverbial ox, we must make night unendurable in the close stuffy atmosphere of the Club billiard-room, and then attempt to 'damp' ourselves down with innumerable iced drinks, ruinous alike to pocket and digestion. It seems incongruous to think of a commonplace lemon squash causing insomnia in the heart of Indo-China. One would prefer it to be 'a fierce encounter with a white elephant,' 'a desperate tiger-hunt,' 'a hairbreadth escape from a deadly cobra,' or some other strange adventure which would look well from a literary point of view. It mattered little to me, however, whether it was 'a hairbreadth escape' or only a lemon-squash, for sleep I could not.

Not a breath of air moved the close atmosphere; and my surrounding canopy of mosquito-netting seemed to render it all the more suffocating. We don't trouble with many bed-clothes in the Tropics. Blankets there were none, and my sleeping apparel consisted of a 'sarong' or piece of cotton cloth about the loins. I now

gave up all attempts to sleep, and allowed one vague fancy after another to course through my brain, unhindered by Greek alphabets or numerical calculations. My Dutch wife I rudely tossed aside—start not, gentle reader, a Dutch wife is not a creature of flesh and blood, but only an inanimate bolster for resting the knees upon—and spent the next quarter of an hour in vain endeavours to slaughter a buzzing mosquito which had passed the barrier of my net. Trying to kill a mosquito is very disappointing work. I would hear him swooping down with a fiendish booming. I prepared to launch a terrible stroke at him, and when he landed on the tip of my ear or the point of my nose, I would nearly knock my head off with the violence of my open-handed blow. I felt sure that his blood—or mine rather—was trickling slowly down my face; but in another minute I would again hear his infernal buzzing; and thus the exasperating little tragedy would be repeated *ad infinitum*.

Tired of these blood-thirsty manœuvres, in which I always came off second best, I got up, and had recourse to my bathroom. 'If I can't sleep,' I soliloquised, 'I'll at least be cool and free from mosquitoes.' My bath-room is simply a part of the veranda laid with zinc, and contains a large tub of water as furniture. I lit the lamp, and calmly sat down in the tub, with the water up to my neck and a lighted cheroot in my mouth. The water was quite warm, and must have been at least about eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit. I thoroughly enjoyed this midnight bath, and hoped that the temperature of my seething brain would be somewhat reduced thereby. My cheroot finished, and feeling just a trifle chilly, I hastily rubbed myself down and got back to bed.

To my great exultation, I succeeded in killing my mortal enemy the mosquito by a first lucky stroke; but no sooner was I settling into a delightful doze, than piercing screams disturbed the peaceful midnight air. 'My old friends the cats,' I groaned.

Siamese cats are justly famous for their beauty, grace, and amiability, and for these reasons some people are anxious to have the race preserved in all its pristine strength. They are also notorious for the most horrible caterwauling; and I am strongly of the opinion that for this reason alone they ought to be mercilessly exterminated. Caterwauling may be heard in other parts of the world, but it is not cultivated till it becomes an exquisite art of nightly torture as it is in Siam. Here the passions are excited to a degree unknown in colder climates, and expression is given to them with an undescrivable intensity and fervour. There is a shady grove of bananas just underneath my bedroom window, and there all the feline Romeos and Juliets of the neighbourhood—and they are not a few—are accustomed to come and pour into each other's ears their undying tale of love. They were having a

special performance this night, to judge from the unearthly groans, squeaks, and yells. I waited some time, in the vain hope that they would move on and give their charming serenade elsewhere; but I was reluctantly forced to get up. Three pairs of boots and slippers did I hurl in quick succession, crashing through the giant leaves of the bananas, and then silence was restored. I soon discovered that my troubles were only beginning.

If cats are a nuisance in Siam, the dogs are worse than any Egyptian plague. Imagine a huge Oriental city swarming with hosts of homeless dogs continually on the move, snarling and barking and making night hideous. The tenets of the Buddhist religion forbid the pious Siamese from killing these brutes, and they multiply and replenish the earth to an alarming extent. The theories of Malthus here find among the dogs a striking verification. Were the means of subsistence to increase as rapidly as the dogs, they would soon be as innumerable as the sands on the sea-shore; but it is a blessing that most of them die of sheer starvation. Those that do survive this terrible struggle for food are fierce and gaunt to a degree, while they have a bark as hoarse and horrible as we can imagine the bark of Cerberus to have been.

As I lay still slowly repeating the Greek alphabet, one of these wretches lifted his voice, and immediately the chorus was taken up by wandering brutes like himself, and by those that act as faithful watchdogs. The waves of sound went widening out as do the ripples on a pond when a stone is dropped into its still depths, till I thought the whole city must rise up in wrath and slaughter every dog. At last the panic died away from utter weariness, and nothing could be heard but one persistent yelping cur stationed not fifty yards from my own door. He held on with a constancy worthy of a nobler cause, and was answered by a faint distant 'bow-wow' at least two miles away on the other side of the river. This melodious duet was kept up till I was nearly lulled to sleep by its unvarying monotony; but such luck was not to be mine, apparently.

There was yet a third plague in store for me—the plague of crowing cocks; and only those who have resided in Bangkok and are troubled with insomnia can form any idea of it. When I was a hard student in the London suburbs, I made a special agreement with my landlady that she was not to keep cocks and hens, and that if any of her neighbours should do so within a radius of half a mile, I would immediately quit my rooms. Unfortunately, no such arrangements can be made here. It would bankrupt a Cæsar to buy up all the cocks within a radius of one hundred yards. A love of cock-fighting is one of the strongest Siamese passions. Everybody keeps a fighting-cock, pets, pampers, and caresses it as fondly as does an old maiden lady at home her

favourite spaniel. My cook has one. My 'boy' and my coolie each has one, and there are terrible battles behind the house occasionally.

The clock was just striking one when my boy's cock crowed. His two rivals immediately responded, and again another wave of sound went rippling over the city. Defiance rose in every shrill 'cock-a-doodle-doo.' Defiance was hurled from one side of the river to the other. Defiance shrieked itself hoarse for miles around.

I got up in despair, and looked out over the veranda. The moon was rising pale and radiant, and threw a silvery glimmer on the ghost-like palms and the spires of the fantastic pagodas which rose in the distance. The faintest suspicion of a breeze was now rustling through the gigantic arms of the spreading bamboo that overshadowed the house. I sat on the veranda in my airy costume, and had some satisfaction in gazing dreamily upon the mild beauty of the night. The delightful scent of the 'Queen of the Night,' a white flower which sheds its perfume only in the darkness, filled the atmosphere with its luxurious odour. The neighbouring green-painted château seemed in this flood of romantic moonlight more the creation of some genii of the *Arabian Nights* than the abode of simple John Johnston the rice-merchant. I was new to the Tropics, and still revelled in the entrancing beauty of a moonlight night. There was no cessation of noise, however. The cicadas chirped as loud as birds, huge beetles droned their lazy onward path, and the whole air throbbed and boomed with invisible creatures.

The loud sound of something overhead shouting 'Tookay! tookay!' aroused me from my reverie, and as I looked up I saw the crocodile-like form of the tookay, as is its onomatopoeic name—a reptile of the lizard tribe, about a foot long, and of a dark colour. This tookay was not unknown to me. He had often startled me before with his peculiar cry, and I had made many endeavours to catch him with a noose at the end of a bamboo stick, as he scampered along the walls. I was in hopes that he might call out thirteen times, for this is reckoned particularly lucky for the listener; but at the close of eight calls he finished up with a funny grunt—a chuckle of the greatest satisfaction, I should think, of having disturbed as many people as he could.

Another eerie sound fell upon my ear, the cry of some benighted cake-seller in her canoe upon the river. Poor old woman! her tale of little sugar-cakes was yet unsold, and this being the evening of a native festival, she was still making the echoes ring with her quavering falsetto voice. Not so pleasant was the sound of the drunken revelry of a party of European sailors as they rattled past in a 'gharry' or native cab on their way to their floating home, a long way down the river.

Finding sleep impossible, I lit my lamp again and whiled away some time by penning the above narration of a few of the inflictions which a sleepless night in the Tropics incurs.

I feel dreadfully sleepy now. I hope the reader does not. However, I am off to bed for

the third time; and Siamese cats, dogs, and cocks may do their worst, for I am sure that ten o'clock in the morning will still find me wrapped in profound slumber.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

By J. MACLAREN COBBAN,

Author of *The Cure of Souls, Tinted Vapours,*
Master of His Fate, &c.

CHAPTER XII.—THEY TWO.

FERRERS was out of bed very early; for he had slept little and had little mind for sleep. He drew up his blind, opened his window, and looked out over the lovely sunlit landscape. Its beauty went to his heart, but only to darken by contrast his secret wretchedness. But his way was clear, and he would take it without turning to the right hand or to the left. Meantime, he resolved to dress and go out.

It struck five by the clock in the stable tower as he left the house and walked away through the grounds. He did not linger in the garden, but struck across the park, where the cattle raised their heads from their early grazing to stare at him. He discovered soon that he was not the only early riser. As he climbed over a hillock in his course he noticed some little way off two men disappear into a clump of holly-trees and brushwood, at the end of the larch plantation. Something in the set and gait of one of the figures made him think of his midnight visitor. He did not particularly wish to meet and converse with him again; but he was curious to see what he was out for. The clump into which Dawlish and his companion—probably his 'man'—had vanished was continued in the plantation across Ferrers' line of route, and to its nearest point Ferrers made at a sharp pace.

When he reached it he saw a little way off a hollow glade—somewhat like a spoon at the end of its handle—and in the glade the two men with their coats off and with their shirt sleeves rolled up. With interest quickened into alarm he slipped nearer, and saw that the men were preparing to box with gloves, and was satisfied. He lingered, however, to witness a round or two, and to hear the one (young Dawlish) say, 'That's enough for a morning breather,' and the other reply, 'No, no, sorr; that isn't enough. Up wid your mauleys;' and then he withdrew, and returned towards the house.

He was within the enclosure of the garden proper when he saw another early riser still, who made him hesitate, and feel as if he would like to hide or run away. It was Dolly in a morning robe of white, and with a red parasol to shade her from the sun. The burden of the confession he had to make was as lead in his heart and on his feet; but he was drawn on in spite of himself, for he knew she had seen him, and when her bright look was bent on him, to her he must always turn. He did not know what he meant to do or to say; he only felt that he must present himself to her, lay himself and his deceits bare to her, and let her judge him.

He was approaching her, and she was waiting for him with a smile, when down one of the

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gravel walks trotted Aunt Dawlish in a great straw hat. 'Dolly dear,' she called, 'you must be getting your feet wet on the dewy grass.'

'I'm not, aunt,' said Dolly. 'What a fidget you are! But, to please you, I'll stand on the gravel.'

'You'd better come in, my dear,' said Aunt Dawlish, now close to her; 'it's much too early for you to be out. You'll quite spoil your complexion with these absurd country ideas. Besides,' she continued, taking her arm and whispering in her ear—

Whatever it was that Aunt Dawlish said in her ear, it made her blush divinely.

'Adieu, cousin,' said she, 'for the present;' and she departed into the house.

He hung about the garden till he was weary; he saw Drew come out—this day with Drumly—after an early breakfast, and depart again in a wagonette to take the train to town; he kept out of the way, for he did not wish to talk with the bankers then, and by-and-by he heard the breakfast-bell ring, and went in. He was unavoidably somewhat cold and distant in his 'Good-morning' to Sir William; nor was he very good company at table. Now and again he found Dolly's eyes wistfully fixed on him, and his heart was wrung with grief and dismay at what was about to happen. Yet he was resolved to take the first opportunity to bring things to an issue.

It did not seem as if there would be much difficulty in arranging a private interview between himself and Dolly; for there was no excursion, Debrett being gone for the day, and Drew and Drumly on a visit to town—on the business of the projected marriage doubtless. Yet it was long before he could encounter her alone, Aunt Dawlish kept such dragon-guard over her. At length in desperation he resolved to do as she had once done herself when she desired an interview.

'I want,' he wrote on a slip of paper, 'to talk with you alone very particularly. The Picture Gallery won't do. Meet me in an hour in the hollow in the larch plantation.' He rolled the paper up into a tiny cylinder, and watching his opportunity as he sauntered by, he dropped it into Dolly's lap as she sat reading on a shady bench in the company of Aunt Dawlish and Mrs. Drew. That done, he moved away, and by a roundabout route made for the plantation. At the end of about half an hour he was in the hollow glade where he had seen young Dawlish and his 'man' sparring in the early morning. He had quite half an hour to wait, and, to consume the time and allay his restlessness and the foolish flutters that invaded even his great chest, he set himself to cut and shape a holly-stick.

At last he heard the rustle of a footstep, and his heart leaped within him, less—alas!—with joy, than with grief and pain. She came—his own, his sweet!—to whom he could never tell how sweet and dear she was. He went with slow steps to meet her, trying the strength of his stick as he went, trying it so that he snapped it. But it did not break clean; it was green and tough, and the lacerated fibres still held together.

'I wonder,' he thought, 'if that is how this parting is going to be!'

When they met, she looked open-eyed and dis-

turbed. 'What is the matter?' she asked. 'I see there is something. There seems to be something the matter with every one to-day. I saw a strange man cross the end of the garden this morning. I told Aunt Dawlish, and said what he was like, and she looked fit to drop with fright, and begged me not to speak about it. The curious thing is that I feel as if I ought to know him.'

'What was he like?' asked Ferrers, with a sure expectation of the answer.

'He was as tall as you, but narrow all about here'—indicating her own chest—'and pinched, as if he had grown up in a tight place; and he looked at me, and smiled, and bowed like an idiot, till a man that was with him took him by the arm, and led him away. I wish I could think who he is.'

'Miss Dawlish,' said Ferrers, nerving himself to open the great exposure, 'that is the very thing I asked you here to tell you about. That man you saw is your cousin, *William Dawlish*: I am not.'

She gazed at him a moment with wide-open, startled eyes. Then she shrank back a step, and put up her hands to her face, as if she would hide herself. Her feeling was clear. She was ashamed through all her nature that she had been frank, and even bold—as the world counts boldness—with a man who proved to be an utter stranger!

'Oh!' she cried. 'What dreadful thing is this?'

'I am afraid,' said Ferrers, 'I have done you great wrong; but you may be sure I never meant it.'

'Who are you, then?' she asked.

'My name,' said he, 'is George Ferrers.'

'But what are you?'

'I am nothing,' said he, with proud resolve to strip himself bare of quality. 'I have been a soldier.'

'And you are an artist, I suppose,' said she, with who knows what quick, instinctive desire to see him retain some quality or function with which she had believed him invested.

'I am something of an artist,' said he.

'And is that why there are the initials "G. F." on your pictures?'

'Yes; that's why.'

'But why—oh, why—have you come about me and told lies, and pretended you were my cousin? You had some reason for doing it, I suppose? Why have you behaved to me as you have, and made me behave to you?'

'I have not told lies,' Ferrers had a mind to say; but he perceived that would be but paltering with words, since he could not deny he had been acting lies to her.

'I was introduced to your uncle, Sir William,' said he, 'and he asked me to take the name of William Dawlish.'

'My uncle knows of this, then?' she asked.

'Yes,' said he. 'I would have told you before—the day after we came here—but he said you knew.'

'He said I knew? And you believed him?'

'I was fool enough to take his word as a gentleman, and I didn't know what to think.'

'And my aunt?—does she know, too?'

'Yes; she does, too.'

'Oh! Dreadful! And what has it been done for? Surely, not for a joke?'

'I began it,' said Ferrers, 'as a joke; but I have found that it is very serious; and that is why—partly why—I have determined to tell you the truth as I have discovered it. Your uncle wants you to marry his son, your cousin, and he was afraid your trustees would not agree to the marriage, if they knew and saw his son.'

'Why?'

'Because he is not man enough to marry,' said Ferrers desperately; 'because he is weak in body and in mind—because he is an imbecile.'

'And my uncle asked you,' said she with scorn, 'to appear as the necessary person, because you are not an imbecile? He put you forward in the part, and you played it. You came and smiled and danced with me, and talked confidential lies to me in the most cousinly way! I must congratulate you on the finish you gave to your part. Perhaps you had played it often before?'

'Never!—never!' said Ferrers, with the air of a patient, strong man protesting against the wantonness of blows showered on him.

'And how were you to be rewarded, may I ask, for the playing of your part?—your part of stalking-horse to my uncle's son?'

'I was to receive a sum of money,' answered Ferrers.

'Money?' she exclaimed. 'You engaged to smile and dance with me, and to talk to me, and walk with me, and sketch with me for money? Oh, how miserable, how mean, how shameful!'

'Hear me,' pleaded Ferrers. 'You don't understand. When I met Sir William, and he proposed this to me, I was very poor—I had scarcely any money at all—scarcely any. You might not believe me if I told you how little. I was glad to get the chance of occupation and money, and I promised to do what was asked of me, without knowing or guessing what I would be asked to do. If I had imagined I was going to bring trouble or grief to you, I would have died rather!'

'And why do you think you have brought trouble and grief, as you say, to me? I have no doubt that to-morrow or the next day I shall look back on it as a very curious and original joke.'

He said no word, though his heart was bursting; but he could not refrain from turning on her, eyes as simply appealing as those of a dumb animal.

'Oh, man, man!' she cried, 'have you not a word to say for yourself?—not a word?' She put her hands to her face, and sank on the ground in a fit of weeping, while Ferrers, longing to go to her aid and yet not daring, stood with clenched hands and heaving chest.

'No; I've not a word!' he murmured blindly to himself. 'Not a word shall I say!—not a word! It serves me right! It serves me right!'

'And why,' she asked, after a pause, 'have you kept this so long?—or, rather, having kept it so long, why have you not kept it longer?'

'Because,' said he, 'as I have told you, Sir William deceived me, and because I have just discovered the truth. I knew last night for the first time that there really is a cousin whom you are intended to marry; and last night I saw him—saw that he is a creature no woman, least of all you, ought to marry.'

'And why not? It is surely not for you to say whom I am, or am not, to marry!'

'No,' said Ferrers; 'it is not for me to say; but I hope you will not marry him. It would be better for you to be dead than married to him!'

'You are a very presuming person to say that to me! A complete stranger to express such an opinion of my own cousin!—one of my own family! I remember my cousin very well; and I liked him. He may not be so big and strong a creature as you are, but I'm glad, yes, glad he is not. And if my uncle wishes it, and he wishes it, I shall marry him, whatever any one may say.'

'Call me what names you like; I deserve the unkindest and cruellest things you can say to me; but do not let yourself be deceived and hurried into a marriage with that man! And you may be deceived and hurried before you are aware.'

'I am quite able to take care of myself; I am mistress of my own actions; and I beg you will not give me any more of your advice.'

'If you will not save yourself by my advice, then I must save you in spite of yourself. I do not wish to interfere any more in your family matters, and make a fuss; but if you persist in going through with this mad business, I must!'

'Go away! I will not hear you any more. I will not talk to you any more. Go away! And I hope I shall never see your face again. Go away!'

He stood a moment with hands outspread, with bursting heart, and swaying form. Then, 'Yes,' he murmured—'yes; I'll go away—I'll go away!' So he turned and walked out of the hollow, while she watched him, with her hands tight clasped upon her panting bosom. But he did not look back; did not show a hint of hesitation to obey her command to go away and let his face be seen no more. He walked on, steadily on, down the narrow vista of larches, and disappeared.

He felt beaten sore by the hands that he loved, all the sorer that those hands seemed pitiless. All his world was tumbled about his ears—life and love, hopes and fears, desires and ambitions—and he stumbled blindly on out of the cool shade of the wood into the blazing sunlight of the park. Why had she been so hard with him—so terribly hard? Yet he loved her!—loved her all the more distractingly for the pain she had given him! And how she had smitten and scourged him with her words! She had shown a strength of feeling, an intensity of passion of which he had not thought her possessed. It was all over now—all over between them! (she had begged that she might not see his face again!) but still he admired her all the more for that last meeting. There was, however, a wild sense of rage and revolt gathering in his heart, which found no vent, and which was the more dangerous and reckless because of the shielding tenderness with which he must still regard Dolly.

Crossing the park, he spied Sir William, and at once his feeling of rebellion and rage rose to find its issue. He turned out of his course and strode towards him. Sir William waited for him.

'Well?' he cried genially from a little way

off. But when he saw Ferrers' pale, set face, he was on his guard. 'Halloa!' he said. 'Is something gone wrong?'

'Everything's gone wrong!' said Ferrers. 'But I shall not waste words on you. You have used me for your own mean purposes, and I hate you. You have lied to me, as one man should not lie to another without suffering for it in his carcase. I do not want to hear another word from your mouth; I have heard too many. I overheard all your talk last night with your sister; I had a pleasant visit from your son in the night; and now I just come from telling your niece all I know.'

'The devil!' exclaimed Sir William.

'Yes,' said Ferrers; 'I wish I could be as strong and merciless as the devil with you!'

'Ha!' sneered Sir William. 'Now, I suppose, that your business is done in your own way, you want your money.'

'I want none of your dirty money,' said Ferrers, laying a firm grip on the baronet's shoulder—a grip which he wriggled to be rid of, but which held him effectually, 'nor any more of your insolence. You'd better go and attend to your niece up there; and mark this: if with your deceit or persuasion, or anyhow, you get her married to that idiot son of yours, I'll wring your wicked, lying old neck. You understand?' And he gripped the shoulder painfully; but Sir William did not wince, nor put off his careless manner.

'That would be murder,' said he, with one of his old grins.

'It may be,' said Ferrers, 'for all I care; and it will be, if you neglect what I have said.' So saying, he let Sir William go, and strode on towards the house.

CONCERNING ETCHING.

THOUGH, doubtless, there are many people who understand what is meant by 'Etching' and what the process is, we have met a considerable number who by their remarks have proved conclusively to us either that they have no ideas at all about it, or that the few ideas they have are very vague and uncertain. It is for this reason that we intend to explain as shortly and as clearly as possible what is really meant by 'etching' and how it is done.

We remember on one occasion calling upon a lady, when, owing to some remark of ours about a picture which was hanging opposite to us, our conversation turned upon this subject, and our hostess told us that she admired this branch of art immensely. After having shown us the small collection which she had made, in which we discovered some little bits very cleverly and prettily executed, she told us that her son had a taste for drawing, and that lately he had turned his attention to etching with some fair success. As we take a great interest in this pursuit, we expressed a wish that we might be allowed to see some of his results. After a few minutes' absence our hostess returned with her son's handiwork. Yes; they were very neat effective

little bits, done with a delicate freedom of style; and on the whole they were fair specimens of—pen-and-ink sketches, but not etchings at all.

On many other occasions we have been similarly misled, and often disappointed for the same reason; and have more than once been asked to explain what 'real etching' is.

In the first place, the very sound of the word 'etch,' which is derived from the German *ätzen*, suggests to us our word 'eat;' and in this lies the true art of etching. An etched line is a line eaten into a plate by the action of some acid which will decompose the plate. A pen-and-ink line is not an eaten line, and therefore not an etched one, and for this reason a pen-and-ink drawing is not an etching. The proof or print which we see of this work is really an 'impression' only, the etching, properly speaking, being on the plate itself; but since without the work on the plate, such impressions as these could not be produced, and without these impressions the beauty and accuracy of the execution could not be gauged, and the whole art would be useless, it is customary to call these impressions 'etchings.'

The following sketch of the process is quite a rough one, for we should not have space to enter minutely into details, nor, indeed, by so doing should we be fulfilling our original intention, which was merely to explain the art of etching sufficiently to prevent further misunderstandings.

The plate upon which the etching is worked has one side—that upon which the work is to be done—perfectly smooth and even, and without the minutest flaw. It is usually made of copper, but sometimes of zinc. Iron and steel, too, have been used; but the results are not good. The preparation of the plate is the work of the copper-smith, and requires great delicacy and care; but some etchers do even this part of the process for themselves.

Having got his plate ready for use, the etcher then proceeds to cover it on the working side with a waxy substance which is called 'ground.' The instrument with which he transfers his design on to the plate when the ground is laid is a needle of steel driven into a wooden handle. But in working the design on to the plate the etcher does not make any mark on the plate itself, for he simply traces it in the 'ground,' the point of the needle forming a line by scraping away the ground as it moves along. This ground must therefore fulfil the following conditions: It must resist the action of the acid into which the plate is to be subsequently immersed. It must adhere firmly to the plate. It must be of such a nature as to come away on the touch of the needle-point in a clear line without breaking up on either side.

This ground is formed by mixing up waxes, gums, and resins in different combinations. There are several ways of laying it on the plate. It can be done either by melting it and dabbing it over the plate by means of a pad made of horse-hair tied up in silk; or by dissolving it in oil of lavender and rolling it on with a small roller; or else by dissolving it in chloroform and pouring it on to the plate, letting it run all over quickly, and draining off what is superfluous at one corner. The ground when laid forms a very

thin even coating over the whole working surface of the plate.

The ground being laid, there is yet another process before the plate is ready to take the design. The plate is heated so as to melt the ground, and it is then blackened by holding it face downwards over a gas jet; the smoke of the flame mixes with the melted ground, so that, when cool again, it presents a black shining surface. The object of this is to aid the etcher when he works his sketch on to the plate, for, as he draws each line in the ground with the needle-point, it shows up a beautiful copper line against the black of the ground.

There is one very important point to bear in mind when working a design on to the plate—that is, the sketch in the proof will come out reversed to that which is drawn on the plate. Therefore, if it is desired to be a true and not merely a pretty picture, the sketch must be drawn on the plate the reverse to what appears in nature. This may be done by using a looking-glass, or by making the sketch on a piece of paper with a soft pencil, and then damping it and turning it pencil-side down on to the ground, and pass it through a press. Of course, in the latter case the drawing appears on the plate in gray lines on the black; these lines have to be gone over with the needle in order to lay bare the copper.

When the design is completed on the plate, it is ready for the bath. The bath consists of a solution of nitric acid or some other similar mordant. The only parts of the plate upon which this can act are the lines drawn by the etcher's needle, where the ground has been removed; all the rest of the plate is protected on the face by the ground, and on the back and edges by a black varnish which is laid on for this purpose. So long as the plate remains in the acid, these lines are eaten deeper and deeper into the plate. The deeper the line is eaten into the plate the darker it will appear in the impression; therefore those lines which are required to show faintly must not be sunk deep into the plate—that is, must not be eaten long by the acid. Thus, when the plate has remained a little while in the bath, it is taken out, and the places which are wanted to print faintly are 'stopped-out.' By 'stopping-out' is meant that these places are covered over with some varnish, to prevent the acid from acting upon them any more. When this has been done the plate is returned to the bath again, and this process is repeated until the darkest lines of all have been sufficiently eaten in.

Now the plate is washed in water, and the ground and varnish removed with turpentine, when it is ready for the printer. The printer having received the plate and selected his ink—a thick and greasy substance—proceeds to warm the plate and then fill in the ink by means of a dabber. When he has satisfactorily done this, the ink is wiped off the edges and the plate is laid in the press; the paper is slightly damped and laid on the plate; the blankets are pulled over it, and it goes through the press. Impressions from an etched plate are of two kinds—proofs and prints. The proofs are the earliest impressions and of a certain number. These are signed by the artist, whereas prints are not signed.

There are perhaps few pursuits which raise more interest and excitement than etching does. During the process of execution, the artist conjures up in his mind the picture as he expects to find it in the impression; he is as it were working in the dark. In the case of beginners, there is a grave doubt as to whether the result will be at all presentable, for the difference between what he expects and what he finds to be the result is often astounding. As for the experienced hand, though he knows almost exactly what his proof will be like, he cannot tell whether the general effect will be just what he expects and intends.

DEAREST IS DEAREST.

By T. PRESTON BATTERSBY.

IN THREE CHAPTERS.—CHAP. I.

A SHORT November afternoon was drawing near to its close. Winter had not yet fully set in in Ireland, and the air was still mild; but a thick damp mist hung over the river Inny and the low-lying meadows around, and rolled in dense masses up the old coach-road and through the village of Ballinalack. Every leafless twig in the hedges condensed it, and was loaded with drops of water, which dripped steadily on the wet grass as they became large enough to fall by their own weight, for there was not wind enough to disturb them. The thatched roofs with their mossy coverings were great sponges of moisture; and the ducks splashed about gaily in the puddles, rejoiced that they could find plenty of water for their ablutions without taking the trouble to waddle down to the river. In fact, it was a day on which an Englishman would have vituperated the weather heartily and retired to read a novel in front of a cheerful fire.

But to the damp-inured natives of Ballinalack it was no more than a 'fine soft day—thank the Lord!' A few of them even took the trouble to put on their gray frieze overcoats. The village street was full of them; the men leaning their backs against any convenient wall, and smoking their clay pipes in passive enjoyment of that *dolce far niente* which they can appreciate as much as any Italian of the sunny South; the women gossiping, running into and out of each other's houses, scolding and smacking the dirty children who were playing in the puddles, and altogether having a busy time of it. The public-houses—of which there seemed to be at least one for every private house in the village—were doing a good business, as they generally did. As for the fact that there was not a respectable dwelling in the place, or a clean spot to rest the eye upon, or a window without a broken pane in it, no one remarked that, or, had they remarked it, would have cared in the least that it should be so. They were perfectly satisfied with the order of things, and no reformer had come that way to make them discontented.

There was, however, on this particular afternoon, a lack of material for conversation, of which they were dimly conscious. No one had sold a horse lately, or lost a cow in a 'gripe,' or been sent to jail; nor had even the river amused them that summer by flooding their hayfields, and so postponing the season of haymaking to

some indefinite time before Christmas. The Inn Drainage had changed all that. It was a perfect godsend when the wheels of a car were heard accompanied by the footsteps of a fast-trotting horse, and it became evident that some one was about to pass through the village.

The car came at last—a smart, well-painted vehicle, with one footboard turned up to serve as a shelter for the seat on that side. A fine thoroughbred mare was in the shafts, and it was driven by a young man of thirty or thereabouts, who wore a brown cap with ear-flaps, and an immense ulster with a heavy cape. Several of the loungers touched their hats to him as he drove rapidly past, and he acknowledged the salutation by a slight movement of his hand, but without looking up, or attempting to moderate the speed at which he drove, though ducks flew, and hens screeched, and mothers snatched their children out of the way. In a minute or two he had passed the village and was well on his way towards Bunbrosna. Then broke forth a volley of ejaculations and gossip.

‘Musha, then, Master Charles is in a hurry this fine day,’ said one stalwart man as he wiped the mud off his coat with a wisp of hay. ‘Sorra much he cares for the likes of us. Look at me new coat, that I bought in Edgeworthstown last January; sure, he’s destroyed it entirely!’

‘What harm if he did?’ remarked a woman. ‘You can well afford to buy another, Tim Higgins! And why wouldn’t he be in a hurry when Biddy Moran says the old man is mortal bad and his reverence wanted at once?’

‘Whew!’ said another man, with a long whistle. ‘That’s the way of it, is it? And so the fiend will have his will of the old miser at last. It’s a long time now that he’s been waiting for him! We’ll have a new landlord now, boys, and God send us a good one, for sure they’re not too plenty.’

‘They do say that he has left all his money to Master Charles,’ said the woman who had before spoken. ‘Biddy Moran will know all about it. Sure, she was at service in the big house when he came there first. I’m going to ask her about him now; and you had better come too, Tim Higgins, if you want to know.’

This speech caused a general movement in the direction of Biddy Moran’s. That lady rejoiced in the proud possession of a Government appointment, for she was postmistress of Ballinalack, and resided in the best house of the village. It had a slated roof, and was of much superior construction to its neighbours. Probably in the old days, when the Dublin and Sligo coach ran, it may have been an inn of some pretensions; but now it was divided into three tenements, and, by virtue of rotten woodwork, loose slates, and cracked windows stuffed with rags, was striving hard to assimilate itself with the recognised system of architecture of the cabins around it. It had not quite succeeded as yet, but no doubt would do so in time. In the centre one of the three tenements lived Biddy Moran; and a proud woman was she that day when her room was crowded with an attentive audience, and she was requested to relate all that she knew of Master Charles and his ways, and whether the rumour that he was to be their future landlord were likely to be a true one. In the pride of posses-

sion of information, she first of all exercised various petty acts of tyranny, made the men put their pipes out, and insisted upon the ejection of an old woman whom she regarded as a personal enemy, and who, having been compelled by the universal sentiment of the meeting, aided by a little use of physical force, to vacate the premises, seated herself on the doorstep outside and made the air vocal with complaints and threats. Being pacified by the ready obedience of her audience, Biddy at last condescended to take a chair, except of a half-noggin of whisky tendered her by an admirer, and begin her story, which she told readily enough, having the true Irish gift of fluency. Most of those present had heard it before, but never in such detail.

‘It will be ten years next Hallintide,’ she began, ‘since I first took service with old Dardas. I was only a slip of a girl then, and places were hard to get; and my father was behind with his rent and dreaded to be evicted by the old miser; so one day he went up to the big house to see if Dardas would give him time. The old man was as hard as nails, and must have his money down.

“Faix, then,” says my father, “you may evict me at once, for I haven’t got it to give you; and maybe you won’t get another tenant in a hurry to pay you ten pounds a year for a mud cabin that I propped up the wall of myself last summer with a stump of an ash-tree; and a couple of acres of marshy land that’s good for growing rushes and nothing else!”

‘Maybe the old fellow thought so too, for he considered in his mind a bit. “You’ve a daughter?” says he.

“I have so,” says my father.

“What age is she?” says he.

“Rising eighteen,” says my father.

“Well,” says old Dardas, “I’m in want of a servant just now; so, if you like to send her up here I’ll take her on trial and give her six pounds a year; and the first year’s wages can go to pay your arrears. After that I can deduct it from your rent.”

“Musha, then it’s yourself that’s the hard man,” says my father; “but make it ten pounds and it’s a bargain.”

“I said six,” says old Dardas, “and what I say I mean. Bring me your daughter or the money to-morrow, or you know what to expect!”

‘So the long and the short of it was that I had to go; and sure, anyhow, wasn’t it better than to have the old people (God rest their souls!) turned out on the road, with nothing to look for but the poorhouse?’

‘True for you, Biddy!’ said a sympathetic auditor, who had been through the same experience herself.

‘Murther! but that was the hard place I had of it!’ continued Biddy Moran, warmed, like a true orator, by the fellow-feeling of her audience. ‘Only that potatoes was cheap and plenty, I’d have been starved entirely; and as it was, I was famished with the cold; for the old man wouldn’t buy firing. He trusted to one tenant or another bringing him a load of turf when they wanted a favour of him; but sure there weren’t many were fools enough to do that, for mostly he kept the turf and sent them about their business. He was for ever prowling round to see I didn’t steal anything, though, dear knows, it’s little there was to

steal. When my father died and my mother went into the poorhouse, I made up my mind I'd go; but just then Master Charles came, and things got a little better.

'He was old Dardas' nephew; and I mind well the day he came, riding like a gentleman on a car from Multy Station. He had a face then that would do you good to look at; but it has altered since. He knocked at the door as if the place belonged to him, and when the old man came out, he shook hands with him as if he expected a hearty welcome. "Here I am, uncle!" says he. "You see I didn't delay long when I got your letter."

"So I perceive, sir!" says old Dardas, with a sneer on his face. "I did not expect you would!"

'And after that they went into the parlour, and left me and the car-driver to carry in the luggage. More by token the driver told me to ask the Master for a glass of whisky, and I had to tell him there was none in the house. "Faix, then," says he, as he gathered up his reins to drive off, "I wish the young gentleman joy of the place he is come to! I never yet knew good to come out of a house where they couldn't give a poor man a glass of whisky!"'

There were various murmurs of assent from the audience, who were evidently all of the car-driver's opinion. Biddy laughed, and continued her story.

'I was tidying up the kitchen that evening when Master Charles came in. He sat down in front of the fire and began to fill his pipe. "I am going to have a smoke down here, Mary," says he, "as the Master seems not to like the smell of tobacco up-stairs."

"Biddy, my name is, sir," says I, "begging your pardon for saying so."

"Of course—of course," says he, and I saw he blushed a little. "How stupid I am!" Then he got up and took a walk round the kitchen, looking at everything. "Why, Biddy," he says after a while, "you don't seem to have many cooking utensils. How do you get on at all?"

"Faix, there's plenty of them to cook all I ever have to put in them," says I. "If pots and pans were the only things wanting in this house, we'd be the better off!"

'Well, to that he said nothing, but just sat down again in his chair and smoked his pipe and looked into the fire, thinking, like. And when he had finished his tobacco, he only said "Good-night, Biddy!" and went off to his room. I thought, maybe he was offended at my free speaking; but I was determined to have my say, and not to let the old chap humbug him at the very beginning.

'Old Dardas seemed to take greatly to his nephew, and what's more, he let him have his own way in the house, and things soon began to mend. We had better food and more of it; and Master Charles glazed all the broken windows himself and mended the palings and gates; and by-and-by there came a load of furniture down, and the place began to look more home-like. I thought the old chap must be near death to be spending his money that way. But he was as hard as ever with his tenants; and except to Master Charles, I never heard him give a good word to any one.

'One morning I was bringing in the breakfast, and I thought I heard quarrelling in the parlour. They stopped when I came in; but old Dardas had a wicked look in his face that I knew well; and the young Master was reading a letter. So, when I went out, I just made a good noise going down-stairs, and then took off my brogues and stole up again in my stockinged feet to strive to hear what they were saying. It was the old man that was speaking when I got to the door.

"Now, sir," he was saying, "there's no two words about it. I'm not going to have a nephew of mine marrying a girl that hasn't enough money to buy her clothes, let alone to feed herself. If you want to have her, you'll leave this; and if you want to stay, you'll just sit down and write a letter giving her up; and what's more, you'll let me read it before it goes. You shan't have it to say that I didn't deal fairly with you. You are the only relation I have of the name; and if you obey me, I mean to leave you my money when I die. Ten thousand pounds it is, and all in good Midland Railway shares; and the farm to the back of it. If that's not worth more than any girl that ever was born, be she whom she may, just say so and be off with you, for you shall be no heir of mine."

"But, uncle," says Master Charles; and then, as ill-luck would have it, a troublesome cough that I have at times began with me, and I had to hurry down-stairs again for fear I'd be caught; so I heard no more of it. But after that day I noticed a change in Master Charles. He had a kind word for me still; but his face was turned hard like, and he didn't whistle about the house the way he used to do. The old man treated him well enough, and bought him a thoroughbred to ride to the hounds, and he had the best of clothes; but sure what's them things to a man when his heart is sore?

'True for you, Biddy!' from the audience.

'Now,' continued Miss Moran impressively, 'mind, I'll not have a word said agen him! He has a kind heart of his own, or at least he had when I knew him; and when the old miser turned me out of his house for giving a haporth of meal to a beggar that came to the back door, it was Master Charles that saved me from the workhouse, and got me put into the Post-office. He's not been to see me since, and I've heard that he's turned hard on the people, like his uncle; but mark my words—he'll make you a better landlord than ever old Dardas did.'

'Sure, he couldn't make us a worse, so that's but poor comfort, Biddy,' said a man.

'Good or bad, he'll be good enough for you, Pat,' said Miss Moran scornfully. 'The best man that ever you were, an ass and a cart could draw you!' Under cover of which brilliant piece of repartee the lady withdrew into the privacy of her shop, and her audience slowly dispersed to talk over their future prospects.

Meanwhile, the hero of so many thoughts had reached the Glebe House, and sent in his name to the clergyman, who at once admitted him to his study. It was a warm, well-furnished room, and formed a strong contrast to the outward appearance of the Rectory, which was an ugly square building, standing on low-lying land not far from the Inny, a veritable 'House on the Marsh,' always surrounded with mist and fog

during the winter months, and sometimes the whole year round when the summer was a wet one. A terrible place for children with their delicate lungs and throats, as more than one poor clergyman had learned to his cost. But its present occupant was unmarried and had a constitution of iron, and so was able to make a jest of his unenviable residence.

He came forward to meet his visitor—a fine tall man with iron-gray hair, and massive forehead and chin—not the ordinary type of a clergyman by any means, unfortunately!

Charles Dardas briefly explained his errand—his uncle was dying, and had expressed a wish to see the clergyman. There was no time to be lost; and if the Rector could conveniently drive back with him on his car, he would esteem it a great favour.

The Rector stepped forward to the hearth and put one or two sods of turf on the fire; then stood up and looked the young man in the face very gravely. 'Certainly I will go with you, Mr Dardas,' he said. 'I wish I could say "go gladly," but that would scarcely be true. I am weary of people sending for me on their deathbeds, that by some magical process I may make their peace with the Almighty, whom they have never thought of in their lives. Am I not right in supposing that your uncle never attended church—or you either, indeed, sir, since you came amongst us?'

'My uncle has never attended church since I knew him,' answered the young man coolly, and with a shade of surprise at the question in his manner. 'As for me, sir, I cannot recognise that you have any right to inquire as to my private affairs—you must forgive me for saying so.'

'I fear you are ignorant of the duties and responsibilities of a clergyman,' said the Rector quietly as he put on his overcoat. 'However, the most urgent duty at present appears to be to see your uncle; so, with your permission, we will start at once. It will be dark before we get there.'

'I have lamps on the car,' said the young man as he followed him.

Twenty minutes later they had reached the gate which closed the short, straight avenue leading up to the house of Mr Dardas. It was now quite dark; but rain had ceased, and the car lamps gave light enough to enable them to see their way, though the path was neglected, and had not, clearly, been gravelled for years. At the door of the house they were met by the successor of Biddy Moran, an unkempt Irish lass, with tangled hair and short petticoats, who was weeping profusely, as all her nation can on very slight provocation.

'Oh Master Charles,' she cried, as she saw the pair approach, 'why were you so long coming? Sure the Master is dead this ten minutes!'

The young man started slightly, but gave no other sign of emotion. Then he turned to the clergyman. 'Would you mind coming up to see him, sir?' he said, 'or would you prefer not to do so?'

'I will go!' said the Rector, and was about to mount the stairs, when he saw the servant clutch her young master by the coat and whisper something to him eagerly.

The young man laughed. 'She says, sir, that

she has laid the body out with candles; but if it displeases you, she will run on in front and put them out.'

'Leave them burning, by all means,' said the Rector. 'They cannot harm the dead, and it was a kindly thought on her part.'

Then they mounted the stairs, and Charles Dardas opened the door of his uncle's room. It was an ill-furnished ugly apartment, with no pictures or ornaments; nothing but the practically useful, and barely enough of that. At present it was, however, a blaze of light, owing to the tapers which the Irishwoman had lit at the head and foot of the bed. There was no one in the room, for the doctor had left an hour before, not expecting so speedy an end to his patient. The two men approached the bed and looked down on the face of its occupant. It had been an unlovely face always, and the hard, cruel, expression seemed to have been only intensified by death. The chin and upper lip were covered with a stubby growth of gray hair—the result of a fortnight's want of shaving, and the open eyes glared upwards in a ghastly and intolerable manner. As they watched him, it seemed to them as though there were still some remnant of life dormant in those glassy orbs. The young man bent over and took the wrist of the limp arm in his hand, with a view to feeling if any pulse were there. The touch, light though it was, seemed to act like the shock of a galvanic battery. The apparent corpse rose in the bed and sat upright. With a wild shriek, the servant fled from the room, down-stairs, and out of the house. But the men had firmer nerves, and though greatly startled, stood where they were, and interrogated one another with their eyes.

THE UTILITY OF SMALL CURRENCY.

THE gradual cheapening of different articles has led of late years to a greater demand for the class of small bronze coins which have superseded copper money since 1860. Not much use is at present indeed made of the farthing, but the half-penny and penny coins are more in request than formerly for newspapers and stamps. The itinerant street-vendors, the shoeblacks, the automatic fixed distributing machines, the flower-girls, the penny omnibuses, and a hundred other similar demands, call upon us continually for coppers; and the public were lately glad to add to their supplies by French pennies, until these were called in and cancelled. Whether there is enough of bronze money in circulation at present is somewhat doubtful; and if it can be substituted for a coin of any better metal is a question for future consideration. The Belgian and American ten and five cent bits are certainly more cleanly and convenient than our ordinary copper coins.

In the eleven years ending with 1889, the bronze money coined at Birmingham (for the London Mint only coins silver and gold) has amounted to £513,423, or, on an average, about £46,000 in value yearly. This would give us about eleven million pennies per annum; but of course a portion of

this consists of halfpennies, and much of those in circulation are lost. In 1888 four million bronze cents were coined for Canada; 100,000 for Honduras; 500,000 for Mauritius; and 50,000 for Newfoundland; and 192,000 nickel farthings for Jamaica. Small coins are a greater necessity even in other countries than with us, and many substitutes have been, and are still, adopted in localities where the price of commodities is infinitesimally small.

The mite—a very small coin, the half of a farthing, known as 'beggars' money'—is still used as alms in Asia Minor, but is not current in the markets, being scarcely of estimable value.

Tokens, certain tradesmen's coins, were current a few centuries ago, but are now prohibited. A token was also a coin ordinarily of less value than its current price, or not of public Mint coinage. These were all called in on the revision of the coinage many years ago. The old Roman *quadrans* or farthing was the fourth part of an *as*, a coin gradually reduced in weight to half an ounce, and worth about $\frac{1}{4}$ d. or 1d.

In India they have very minute circulating mediums; thus, there is the 'pice,' a small copper coin, the fourth part of an 'anna,' the anna being nominally worth $1\frac{1}{4}$ d.

Passing farther east, we find a small metal currency is in great demand in China. The 'cash' is the common coin of the Chinese, eighty being only worth about 2d. They are made of a very base alloy of copper, are round, about the size of an English farthing, and have a square hole in the middle, by which a hundred or more are usually strung together. On one side are Chinese characters denoting the reign under which they were cast; and on the other side are either Chinese or Manchu characters designating the place of coinage.

In France and Germany, minute coins, centimes and pfennigs, ten to a penny, still circulate. The Americans have their cents.

Shell-money, in use in various parts of the world, is a curious medium of currency deserving special notice. One entire small shell, the money cowry ('*Cyprea moneta*'), is very popular, and largely employed. In Africa, the 'simbe' or cowry is the minor currency of the country. It is brought from the eastern coast by caravans. From five hundred to a thousand cowries will buy a cow in some parts. The 'tookow,' five strings, or two hundred, are worth about 8d. The 'ackee' or 'aki,' consisting of sixteen hundred cowry shells, is the monetary standard of the Gold Coast. The imports of cowries into Lagos have sometimes reached seventy to ninety thousand hundredweight, but have been declining of late years, having lost their value. In the Eastern Archipelago, about twelve hundred cowries are worth a dollar. A church in the East Indies, which cost four thousand pounds in the erection, was paid for wholly in these small shells, and it must have taken about thirty million to pay the workmen.

The ordinary gradation of value on the west coast of Africa is—forty cowries equal one string; two and a half strings, or one hundred cowries, are worth one penny; fifty strings, or two thousand, equal one head; ten heads, a bag; three heads, or six thousand, are worth about a dollar. In other places they are valued at about one and

threepence the thousand. Sometimes sixty thousand or a hundred thousand (or from three pounds fifteen shillings to seven pounds ten shillings) would be given for a young wife; whilst a more common or ordinary wife may be had for twenty thousand cowries, or twenty-five shillings.

In Soudan, much as the people trade, they have no other currency than the cowry, of which two thousand, weighing from five to seven pounds, are worth only a dollar. One of the tribes of the Khasia Hills, India, has a simple and cheap mode of divorce—the husband merely gives the woman five cowries, and she throws the shells away. They are then free to be married again.

Cowries have served the purpose of a petty currency for many centuries, and are still used for local dealings in India, the Eastern Archipelago, and parts of Africa. In the Eastern bazaars they are made use of for fractional payments, and their value rises and falls according to the demand and the quantities in the market, six to seven thousand being worth two shillings. The Hindu currency in them is about as follows: four cowries equal one ganda; twenty gandas equal one pan; sixteen pans equal one kahan. The present rate is twenty-four gandas, or ninety-six cowries, to a pice. Four pice make one anna, and sixteen annas go to the rupee; and hence $96 \times 64 = 6144$ cowries to the rupee, or two shillings.

The extension of the foreign trade has, however, caused cowries to be greatly superseded by a more portable metallic currency. Cowries are largely imported into Bombay, chiefly from the Laccadive and Maldive Islands, and Zanzibar. The imports to India average from nineteen to fifty thousand hundredweight annually. Good bright white cowries will fetch about seven pounds per hundredweight; dead shells and 'blue-backs,' as they are termed, are not worth half this price. These shells are found in myriads at the Maldive Islands, situated about four hundred miles from Ceylon. Twice a month, at neap-tides, men and women wade into the sea and gather them up from under the rocks to which they attach themselves, one person sometimes gathering as many as twelve thousand in a day. They are then buried until all signs of putrefaction have disappeared, when they are generally packed for market in triangular coconut-leaf bags, called 'pottas,' which weigh about twenty-five pounds each.

Unlike most of the mollusca, which enlarge their shells or dwellings as they grow larger, the animals of the cowry family at certain seasons cast their shells and obtain new ones; hence a number of what are termed dead cowry shells are obtained, which have a dull aspect, quite dissimilar to the bright enamelled shell which is tenanted by the living animal.

The value of cowries there has fluctuated very considerably of late years, and ranged from four hundred thousand to twelve hundred thousand to a 'dinar' of gold, or nine shillings. One hundred of these shells is called 'syah'; seven hundred, 'fal'; twelve thousand, 'cotta'; one hundred thousand, 'boston.'

Under the name of 'wampum,' certain white and black shells, strung on a ball, were used as money by some of the North American Indians. The shells used were a periwinkle, and the

round or hard clam ('*Venus mercenaria*'), a bivalve. The blue or violet portion of the latter shell furnished the material for the dark wampum, which was held in much higher estimation than that made of the white part of the shell, or of the spires of certain univalves. These formed the specie currency of the natives: six of the blue and three of the white were equivalent to an English penny.

Another shell passing as money was the tooth or tusk shell ('*Dentalium pretiosum*'), which occurs all along the northern Pacific coast of America. It is a long milk-white tubular shell, of extreme hardness, resembling in miniature the shank of a common clay pipe. It varies in length from one to four inches, and is about half an inch broad and hollow, slightly curved, and tapering a little towards the ends. From Northern California all the way to the Arctic regions, the coast tribes collected this shell, polished it, and arranged it on strings as money—a circulating medium of trade—similar to the 'wampum' of the eastern coast. There were certain rules as to fineness, arrangement, size, and measurement, which decided the value of the shells before and after stringing. The Hudson Bay Company and other traders adopted it as their current coin in buying and selling provisions and peltries. Their currency value in the fur regions was: forty shells, extending one fathom, one beaver skin; thirty-nine shells, one fathom, two beaver skins; thirty-eight shells, one fathom, three beaver skins.

Another form of aboriginal American money was made from the valves of the ponderous clam of Southern California. This money was called 'lawok,' and took the shape of perforated discs, which could be strung as beads.

BUNCOED.

It is the opera in New York. The ballet is in full swing. In one of the stage boxes are Mr Brandon, a well-to-do Yorkshire Squire; his only daughter, Constance; and Mr Morton, a local financier. 'Things of beauty,' in clouds of gauze, float silently hither and thither in a blaze of light across the stage. The local 'dude' in the stalls, as he listens to the lively strains of the viol and the flute, and levels his glasses on the lovely forms of the *première* and the *super*, feels that nothing more is wanted to produce in him a state of perfect sensuous bliss. Yet the Squire sleeps soundly all the while; Miss Constance is decidedly drowsy and a little bored; the financier alone is wide awake, though his eyes are not on the stage. Presently, the first act closes. Mr Brandon still sleeps on; Mr Morton disappears. Miss Brandon thereupon heaves a gentle sigh of relief. Suddenly, she starts, leans forward, and fixes her glasses upon a man who for some time past has been steadfastly regarding the box. When she removes them, her eyes sparkle and her face glows. She is not bored nor drowsy now. Finally, the curtain falls. Mr Morton goes for the carriage. Mr Brandon wakes up, and leaves also, followed by Miss Constance. At the door, she suddenly halts, quickly turns, advances to the front of the box, takes a bunch of carnations from her breast, throws it far into the

middle of the orchestra, and then rejoins her father—all in a moment. It falls at the feet of the first fiddle, who bows low, and instantly picks it up.

Put back, now, the dial on the clock two years; change the scene from New York to Yorkshire; look out from the study window of Staunton Castle over a fair demesne, glowing in the glory of an August sun. Turn again, then, and give ear to the last words of Sir Clement Staunton and his only nephew, Captain Clement Staunton of the —th Lancers. Yet first take stock of the two men. The elder, his once powerful limbs enveloped in a long robe, is lying back in a deep chair, idly quiescent. Beneath a black skullcap gleam deep-set gray eyes, restless and suspicious, telling of the existence of a volcano behind them still far from extinct. The other, standing in riding costume, with a hunting-crop in his hand, is a fair replica of the old man as to physique, a certain bold, defiant look being also common to both. But the suggestion of an evil heart, impressed on the countenance of the Baronet, is not to be seen on the bright sunny face of the debonair Captain.

Sir Clement. I hear, Clement, that you are again deeply in debt. Is that true?

Captain Staunton. Quite true, sir. I do owe a few hundreds.

Sir C. And pray, Captain Staunton, how do you propose to liquidate these debts, and when?

Captain S. With your kind assistance, sir, at your earliest convenience.

Sir C. This is the third time within three years that you have become involved. Your extravagance is shameful.

Captain S. On the contrary, I consider myself deserving of great credit for the moderation of my expenditure.

Sir C. Are you aware, sir, that you are a black-guard for incurring debts you cannot yourself discharge?

Captain S. Before I reply to such an impudent question, favour me, sir, if you please, with your attention for a few moments. At my father's death I became, as you know, heir-presumptive to the Baronetcy, though not to the estates. I was then eleven. You were my guardian. Two courses were open to you. You might have given me a middle-class education in a commercial atmosphere, where there would have been perhaps opportunities afforded me of making money; in which case I should not, of course, have regarded myself as heir to your estates. Or you might, on the other hand, have brought me up at a fashionable school along with those born with silver spoons in their mouths, under which conditions I should have been justified in considering myself your heir. You were pleased to choose the latter course; and accordingly I did consider myself as heir-presumptive to the family estates, which are said, by the way, to be worth some fifteen thousand a year. Now comes the point. Did you, sir, under these circumstances allow me a sufficient income to keep up the credit of the family? I say emphatically that you did not—that, on the contrary, you gave me—the prospective representative of the family, chosen as such by you—the wages, in the shape of an allowance, of your butler; and when I failed, as of course I did, to sustain

creditably my status in society on that dole, you now ask me if I am aware that I am a black-guard. In return for one question, let me put to you another. What shall I say of a man who deliberately and of set purpose places his chosen heir in such a position that he cannot avoid coming to grief, and then, when he does so, instead of throwing him a life-buoy, applies to him opprobrious epithets?

Sir C. I shall not condescend to reply to your insolence further than to recommend you to consider at your leisure this, my ultimatum. If you think proper to throw up your commission and leave the country, your debts will be paid once more, and an allowance of fifty pounds per annum made you. Should you determine otherwise, you will receive no further assistance from me, now or ever.—Good-morning.

Back again to New York.

'Well, my dear,' said the Squire to his daughter the day after the opera, 'you know Mr Morton is expecting his answer to-day; what am I to say to him?'

'Father, dear, you must tell him No—that it cannot be.'

'But are you wise? He is a good fellow.'

'Yes, I know, father. But I prefer to remain Constance Brandon than to be the wife of Mr Morton. Don't be angry with me. Read this letter, and you will understand why it is now impossible.'

The Squire took the letter. Thus it ran:

DEAR CONSTANCE—I noticed your name this morning in some paper among the lists of those staying at the *Clarendon*, and was therefore not very much surprised to see you last night. When we parted two years ago, I expected never to have seen your dear face again. Perhaps it would be wiser, under the circumstances, still to keep away from you. If you think so, you will not be at home to me at two o'clock to-morrow, when I shall call at the *Clarendon*. Yours ever—JOHN CLEMENTS, First Fiddle, *alias* CLEMENT STAUNTON.

'Well, and what do you propose to do, my dear?' said the Squire.—'Clement Staunton a first fiddle! Dear me.'

'Do, father? How can you ask?—Dear Clement!'

At two o'clock on the following day Miss Constance sat in the salon of the *Clarendon*, waiting confidently the arrival of the Captain. At three o'clock she still waited hopefully—at four o'clock anxiously; and at six o'clock she gave him up for the day. 'Of course he will write or come to-morrow,' she said to herself encouragingly. But he came not the next day, or the next to that. Nor did any letter of explanation arrive. By the end of the third day the patience of the lady became exhausted, and the Squire was ordered at once to make inquiries at the opera. He did so; but received only the unsatisfactory intelligence that the first fiddle had been absent from the orchestra for two days, and, moreover, that he had not been at his home during that period. It was the opinion of the authorities that he had been kidnapped, or otherwise made away with. The proper course for him now was to proceed to

the police, report the disappearance, and ask for advice and assistance.

On announcing his business to the inspector, that functionary quietly observed: 'I guess your friend has got among the Buncoes.'

'Excuse me, sir. Got among the Buncoes? Pray, what are the Buncoes?'

'As a Britisher,' he replied, 'you may well be ignorant of the name given here to a number of scoundrels who infest this city—a gang whose business it is to entrap or decoy into their toils those whom they consider worth being robbed or held to ransom; their prey usually being foreigners.—Yes, sir,' he continued, 'we call them Buncoes here, though they are classified in Sicily and Asia Minor as brigands.'

'Do I understand you to mean,' said the Squire, 'that people actually disappear altogether in New York?'

'When they fall into the hands of the Buncoes, they sometimes do; at others, they are merely robbed or held to ransom for a time and then released again. There are cases when, through fear of the police, they are at once set free.'

'This is indeed serious,' said the Squire.—'But what is to be done? This gentleman is a relation of my family. It will be terrible if your suspicions are correct, and he is in the hands of these miscreants.'

'There is nothing to be done, sir, but to leave the case in our hands. It will be necessary in the first instance to offer a handsome reward. Should Mr Clements have got—as is most likely the case—among these rascals, they will soon find means of letting us know the fact and their terms. Favour me now, sir, if you please, with your address. Should any news come to us, you will be duly advised. Good-morning.'

'Constance, my dear, I am the bearer of bad news. Clement Staunton has mysteriously disappeared. They know nothing of his whereabouts either at the opera or his home. On the way home I saw the inspector of police, told him all the particulars of the case, and asked his advice. He recommended me to offer a reward, and leave the case in his hands. I have done so.'

Constance Brandon and Clement Staunton were very old friends. As children they had been neighbours. Later on, they came to be something more. Then came the day of wrath, when, in an evil hour, his prospects were blighted; and he went to join the grand army of those who, through crime, misfortune, or folly, have gone under. In writing to bid her farewell, he told her the story of his folly, and that he was on his way to America with a changed name. So was she left lamenting, but free.

'Father,' said Miss Brandon as soon as she had grasped the situation, 'we can do nothing, as the inspector says, but wait for the result of the offered reward. The suspense, though, will be terrible.'

And they did wait, hour after hour, and day after day, for more than a fortnight. But no tidings came of the lost one. Nevertheless, the police had not been idle. They felt satisfied that Clements had got among the Buncoes, but could hear nothing whatever of him. Though, however, their investigations failed to obtain any intelligence of the particular man they wanted, yet, strange to say, they led to the discovery of

the captivity among them of another Englishman whom their spies reported to be a nobleman of large possessions. The inspector, in reporting to the Squire his ill success with regard to Clements, incidentally mentioned in his letter this curious discovery. Perhaps, he added, the Squire might know something of this individual. Would he oblige by calling at the station?

'I'll look round to-morrow,' said the Squire. 'The man may have no friends here, and we may be able to assist him.'

'Yes, do, father. It is even possible we may know him. Poor fellow!'

The next day at breakfast the Squire, who was reading a paper, suddenly exclaimed: 'Listen, Constance. "At Staunton Castle, on the 30th ult., aged eighty, Sir Clement Staunton, Bart."—This is news indeed; and observe, it is dated more than a fortnight ago. I suppose the lawyers have continued advertising the death after the usual time, in order to apprise Clement, of whose whereabouts they are probably ignorant, of his succession.'

'Go down at once, dear, and see the inspector,' broke in Miss Constance. 'He must be found. Double the reward, if necessary—treble it!'

'We have still no news of the missing man,' said the inspector, when the Squire appeared—'none whatever. But perhaps you can tell me about another of your countrymen, whom we believe they've got hidden away somewhere—a Baronet, Sir Clement Staunton.'

'Of course I can. Why, he is this same man. Less than three weeks ago he succeeded to the Baronetcy of his uncle. He was then living here under the assumed name of John Clements. But how did they know that he was now Sir Clement Staunton? That beats me. Does it not surprise you?'

'I do not wonder, sir, at your being surprised,' replied the inspector; 'but I am not, for I happen to have made a special study of these Buncoes, and can tell you all about their ways and means. In the first place, they make it their chief business to find out, through servants and others, who strangers from abroad living at hotels and elsewhere really are. In the second place, should their investigations result in the creation of a suspicion that a certain person might be worth running-in, he is persistently "shadowed." In the third place—— But what you want to know is how it came about that they identified this John Clements with Sir Clement Staunton. I guess, sir, they arrived at that conclusion pretty much in this way. I take it for granted that John Clements has all the ways and manners of an Englishman of good position. At the same time, I understand he is employed at the opera as first fiddle. Now, it is not usual for Englishmen of his class to gain their living as musicians in a New York orchestra. Therefore, those about him place him as a man who has seen better days in England—a refugee, social or otherwise, who, under a false name, is lying low for a time out of the way. Again, it is nearly certain that by some accident or other it was ascertained by those whose minds were exercised about him that your missing friend was not only not John Clements, but that he was Clement Staunton, late —th Lancers. You will naturally ask of what value to them

would be, if entrapped, the body of a broken-down British Captain? I reply, none whatever, so long as the Captain was only Clement Staunton; but when he suddenly becomes, as they suspect, Sir Clement Staunton of Staunton Castle, Baronet, his value in their market shoots upward like a sky-rocket. You tell me that it was only yesterday you knew of the death of Sir Clement, though it happened more than a fortnight ago. But what was there to prevent the Buncoes learning the fact as soon as it was announced? Now, knowing them as I do, there seems to me to be no doubt that they had had their eye on John Clements as a possible victim from the very first; and that, when they discovered him to be Captain Staunton, they forthwith shadowed him: that they then noticed the death of Sir Clement when first announced, and immediately perceived, on the strength of the identity of names, the extreme probability of the Captain being the relation—perhaps the heir, or one of the heirs, of the deceased Baronet. If they did not run him in on this chance, they would not be the Buncoes I know. No, sir, you bet!'

'Very well, then,' said the Squire. 'The only question now remaining is the amount of the ransom. The present reward does not seem to be sufficient; it must therefore be doubled, or trebled.'

'I will see to that at once,' said the inspector.

The offer of an increased reward had happily the desired effect. At two o'clock on the afternoon of the third day, Clement, to the great delight of the Squire and his daughter, appeared at the *Clarendon*. After endless congratulations and requests to relate his experiences, he thus began:

On my way here one day, just as I entered Broadway, a man sidled up to me and attempted to draw me into conversation. He was not a bad-looking fellow; but as he was an utter stranger, I cold-shouldered him. Nevertheless, he continued talking; and at last, as I did not reply, said: 'I see you're offended, sir, at my presumption in addressing you.'

'Not at all,' I replied.

'Well, to prove that's so,' he went on, 'come round to my place and have a cocktail. If you're fond of books, I can show you some curious ones. I have a lovely illustrated edition of Longfellow, our national poet, you know. Perhaps you would do me the honour of accepting it?'

Not being at the moment in want of either a cocktail or a book, I declined his offers, and he presently departed. Continuing my stroll, I was soon again accosted by another man. 'Ah, Captain,' he said, 'how are you? You don't remember me?'

'Indeed, I do not,' I replied.

'Surely you haven't forgotten that day at Sandown when I laid you six to four in fivers on the field, and lost it? I was a bookey then.'

Now, I happened to be myself betting a good deal at one time there; it was therefore possible I might have had some dealing of the sort with this man. Still, I did not recollect him at all, and said so. Nevertheless, to be civil, I inquired what he was about.

'I am in the *curio* line now over here,' he

answered, 'got a ripping store down town full of pretty things. Will you come and see them, sir?'

'Not now,' I answered.

'Come, then, to my house and see some lovely bits which I haven't the heart to part with. There is a Stradivarius worth ten times its weight in gold. I won't keep you five minutes.'

I don't think any other fly in the world but a Stradivarius would have risen me, but I did rise to this one. A quarter of an hour later, we were standing opposite a door in a quiet street. He opened the door with a latchkey; we passed in, and mounted to the first floor. Opposite the staircase was the opening to a large room.

'In here, sir,' said my friend as he passed the threshold. I followed unsuspectingly. A man was standing looking out of the window. As I reached the centre of the room, he turned. In him I recognised at once the fellow who had offered me the cocktail. I turned round quickly. My guide was standing quietly with his back to the door, the key thereof in one hand, a revolver in the other.

'What is the meaning of this?' I asked him angrily.

'It means, Sir Clement, that you are Buncoed. You were hard to get, though.—Wasn't he, Charlie?' turning to the other blackguard; 'but Buncoed you are and no mistake.'

'Buncoed! What's that?'

'That means that you are the guest of the Buncoes for the present.'

'Who are the Buncoes?'

'Never you mind now who they are. But you need not be alarmed: so long as you're quiet, you will be well treated, only no bounce. Let me now offer you some refreshment?—No. Well, perhaps you may fancy something later.'

Furious, but powerless, I exclaimed: 'You called me just now Sir Clement. That is not my name. It is John Clements.'

'It is quite true,' he replied, 'that your name the other day was John Clements—to be accurate—your assumed name; but it is now Sir Clement Staunton, Baronet. If you doubt me, look at the deaths in the *Times* there.'

I took up the paper; and, sure enough, there appeared the announcement of my uncle's death.

'Now, look at the top of the second column, and I think you will find an advertisement there to this effect: "It is requested that the nephew and heir of Sir Clement Staunton, of Staunton Castle, Yorkshire, who is believed to be living in New York under an assumed name, will communicate at once with Messrs Jones & Co. of London."—Probably you did not see either the announcement or the advertisement' (which was there, as he said); 'but we noticed both; and putting them together, could come to no other conclusion than that John Clements, *alias* Clement Staunton, is identical with Sir Clement Staunton.—Come, Sir Clement; there is no use whatever your denying this. The easiest way for you to get out of your difficulties is to accept the situation and play fair with us, cards on the table. Remember that you are a rich man now, and that we run tremendous risks. What, then, will you give to be free? How much will you plank down? Shall we say five thousand?—pounds, not dollars.'

I laughed aloud at the absurd idea of my finding such an amount. 'I am quite willing to admit,' I answered, 'that I have succeeded to my uncle's title, but have every reason to believe that I shall not benefit by his will; for, although I am his next of kin, I am certainly, as you will find, disinherited.'

'Well, sir, the truth of the matter on that point can easily be ascertained by reference to our friends in England. Meanwhile, we shall have to detain you till we receive their answers to our inquiries. You will find here everything necessary, as far as is possible under the circumstances, to your comfort. But, remember, the key of the door is always in one of my hands, and this article here'—he lifted the revolver—'in the other.'

At the same time a door opened, and another fellow appeared. With a polite bow, he said: 'Would you like to see your bedroom, sir?'

I will spare you any description of the weary days of my imprisonment, and only tell of what passed this morning. It would seem, then, from the conversation of my jailer, that soon after I was missed, some good Samaritan offered a reward for me; but that they had determined to await the report of their correspondents in England on the will before considering the question of its acceptance. This report came yesterday, and was to the effect that I was actually disinherited in favour of some distant relative. There being now no doubt of the fact, and considering the amount of the reward, which appears to have been doubled within the last three days, they determined last night to release me as soon as the money was secured. It came to hand this morning, and here I am. Voilà tout!

Let six months now pass away; change the scene once more from New York to Yorkshire. Look out again from the study window of Staunton Castle and watch the wandering sunshine stealing silently from the stream to the hill, from the forest to the flowers on the lawn. Turn again, and note the occupants of the room. You have seen them both before—one as Constance Brandon, boldly casting a bunch of carnations far into an orchestra, the other as John Clements, fiddling to a ballet; or, as Clements Staunton, uttering words of high disdain to a venerable relative. But how came they there? you naturally ask; for, in fact, the disinherited looks as if the place belonged to him, and Constance seems equally at home. 'Yes; how came they there? That is what I want to know, too,' repeats a hollow sepulchral voice. In an instant I recognise the imperious tones of the late Baronet, and perceive the dim outline of his imposing figure. 'Look at that blackguard!' it began, as with uplifted finger he pointed to the living Baronet. 'I cast him out, it was but yesterday, for ever from Staunton Castle; and lo, here he is back again, seated in my own chair!—What, sir,' he asked, 'is the meaning of his presence here?'

I expected Sir Clement to have risen at the question, delivered as it was in a loud imperious tone. But he never moved. Probably, he failed to catch the sound of the voice. It is not perhaps given to every one to hear the words of the spirits of the departed.

'His presence here, sir,' I reply, 'would seem to be accounted for by the fact that he owns the castle—or, to be accurate, the lady over there with the pug in her lap, Constance Staunton, *née* Constance Brandon, inherited it from you, and he owns her.'

The Ghost—'And that is Constance Brandon, my next of kin after that scoundrel there—my heiress, sole possessor of all my wealth! It is well for her I suspected not that it would have come to this.—Confound her!—But tell me, sir, how it came to pass that in marrying this man she made the only marriage that could have defeated my plans?'

'It happened,' I reply, 'in this wise. Miss Brandon and her father were travelling in the States. In New York she met a certain prominent citizen, Mr Morton, who loved her; and she might have been "the happiest in the land;" but it appears that "she fancied a cove who played the fiddle in the midst of a German"'

Here I suddenly stop, for the ghost, who had been listening attentively with his hand to his ear, suddenly vanished—and I rubbed my eyes.

Had I been dreaming? Perhaps. And yet this story is not altogether a romance.

THE CANADIAN CENSUS.

THE Canadian Census has just been completed, and the returns sent in are proving a source of keen disappointment all over the Dominion. The population of the various provinces, as compared with that of a decade ago, is as follows: Nova Scotia has a population of 450,523, as against 440,572 in 1881. New Brunswick, 321,294, as against 321,233. Prince Edward Island, 109,088, as against 108,891. Quebec, 1,488,586, as against 1,359,027. Ontario, 2,112,989, as against 1,923,228. Manitoba, 154,442, as against 65,954. British Columbia, 92,767, as against 49,559. North-west Provinces Unorganised Territory, 61,487, as against 56,446. Allowing, therefore, for natural growth and the vast tide of emigration which has flown into the Dominion for some years past, the increase in population does not exceed 500,000. In the Maritime Provinces the gain is slightly more than one per cent.; in Quebec it is 9·53 per cent.; in Ontario, 9·63; in Manitoba, 148; in the North-west, 141; in British Columbia, 87·50; and in Unorganised Territory, four per cent.

The growth of population appears to be least in the provinces of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. The cause is not remote. These provinces are almost wholly agricultural, Prince Edward Island entirely so; but there are no large holdings. Hence, when the farmers' sons and daughters grow up, and have received a fair education, they flock to the United States of America, where they all receive immediate and remunerative employment, the females as domestic servants, dressmakers, factory hands, and store-waiters; the males as labourers, mechanics, and clerks. It is commonly reputed that the city of Boston alone includes in her vast population at least 40,000 Canadians and their children. This leakage is serious, but at present constant.

In the great provinces of Quebec and Ontario,

the increase, though pretty considerable, is at least 25 per cent. less than it should be, since in Quebec at least 80 per cent. of the population are French Canadians, the most prolific race in the world; and Ontario is in many respects the most attractive of all the Canadian provinces.

But in Central as in Eastern Canada the increase of population is checked by the same cause, nor is it likely to cease for a long time to come. When these portions of the Dominion shall have developed the numerous important industries which Nature has designed for the support of their peoples, young Canadians will have no object in seeking employment in the Republic across the line, but will remain within their own borders, where now they may earn an honourable and sufficient living.

It was to be expected that the returns would show a large increase to have taken place in the North-west Provinces, since thitherward the tide of emigration from Great Britain and, latterly, Iceland, has always set since the Canadian emigration scheme was first promoted; but here also the gain has been much less than was expected. For years past the statement that Canada contained 5,000,000 people has gone uncontradicted; we now find her population to be many thousands less, or about the same as that of London.

ROMANCE.

WHERE brooding rain-clouds, grim and hoar,
Drag and drip for evermore
On a sailless sea, and a sullen shore;

On the nether rim of a northern clime,
Where year to year it is winter-time,
And all things taste of the salt sea-rime;

In a brine-bleached tower, with beetling walls,
Where the raven breeds, and the seamew calls,
But never a shaft of sunshine falls,

There lived a maid, from her natal hour,
To whom the wilful Fates for dower
Had given a heart like a cactus-flower—

Warm, and vivid, and flame-like keen.
Such was her soul; but her face, I ween,
Was the ice-cold face of a polar queen.

And I—I came from a land of fire,
Where the pitiless sun-rays parch and tire,
And the shower and the shade are a man's desire.

I had drifted far on the sailless sea,
I had come long leagues. For it was to be,
And her woman's love leapt out to me.

Time and distance, longing and hate,
Wooing and winning, and all things, wait
For the rounded sweep of the scythe of Fate.

And the bars, and the bonds, of sea or land,
That the stride of a destined step withstand,
Are as bars of pith, and as ropes of sand.

S. REID.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 415.—VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

ENTERTAINMENT-GIVING.

THAT men and women have strong social instincts is so self-evident a fact as scarcely to call for mention. We seek to replenish the fires of our own life at the vital stores of others. In the beginning, it is as intensely selfish a desire as an infant's craving for nourishment; but ultimately the selfishness of it may be transmuted into the most loving service, for, as we ourselves grow more conscious of our own needs, we seek to supply the needs of others.

Women are natural entertainers; and it will be readily granted that in pleasing others they find much of the pleasantness of life. That many signally fail in this must be due to the fact that they have never thoughtfully and earnestly endeavoured to cultivate the gift. It has often truly been said that a sermon, or a reading, or indeed any bit of work, must have a person behind it; then, and then only, will it tingle with that life which will be felt by the hearer or onlooker. So it must be in entertaining. There must be a woman behind it, charged with the electricity of sympathy and kindliness. She must be endowed with that capacity for total self-forgetfulness and that power of entering into the thoughts and interests of her guests which impart a rare charm to a hostess. Dora Greenwell's invalid sofa was a source of light and inspiration to many just through this divine faculty of bringing forth all that was best in the people who visited her. And it was this same quality that made George Eliot a most delightful person to meet.

Given a hostess with quick bright sympathies, many evils which make our social circles a reproach are done away with. She who has a true ideal of entertainment will not stoop to play at precedence with her neighbour entertainer, and will be content, if she has made the world a little happier, even if her table appointments and the brilliance of her gathering are not quite equal to those of her friends. Some may hold that entertainments should be purely recreative, and that the tension should be relaxed where only a

pleasant evening is aimed at. But we find that what elevates also truly recreates; and the two can exist perfectly together—nay, never exist well apart.

Nowhere does the capacity of a hostess better appear than in the choice of her guests. It involves nice judgment of the characters, pursuits, and aims of her friends, and decides the fate of the evening. Granted a well-chosen company, her cares are then of the lightest description, for it is one of the purest of pleasures this harmonious mingling of minds. She has the satisfaction of feeling that she has been instrumental in enlarging the sum of social happiness; and that her home is fulfilling one of the many beneficent purposes for which homes exist. But where the company is a large one, and the diversity of mind is necessarily great, a tax is laid on her entertaining genius of a more serious kind. It is advisable to have a definite object in this case, a carefully arranged programme. This is the secret of the usual success of dancing-parties; and quite brilliant evenings may be attained in the way of private theatricals, tableaux, charades, readings, recitations, and so forth. Every circle will have its own favourite amusement. A group of people interested in literature and art become utterly oblivious of the flight of time when some hostess has done them the lasting service of bringing them together. And this is no less true of those who derive their enjoyment from music. But pleasant as such specialistic evenings are, it is conceivably a most necessary thing that wider sympathies be engendered by a mingling of tastes. Goethe says that a man learns to think too much of himself when he shuns society; and so it is with exclusive companies. Be the company what it may, however, in this respect, the hostess will find that the measure of success will be in exact proportion to the thought she has expended. As she sows, so shall she reap, even to the exact quality of her seed-thought. It is no affair of chance, as some entertainers seem to think.

In the matter of introductions there is room

for much nicety of judgment. 'If I introduce two people to each other who have much in common, and so give mutual pleasure, I feel I have done a great and lasting good,' said one lady; and the truth of her remark will be readily admitted. People who have nothing in common will be sure to misunderstand one another; and the profit will be more readily expressed by minus than by plus. 'I should have died a miserable man,' says Vogler, 'had I been forced to leave the world before I found these two'—referring to his meeting with Weber and Meyerbeer; and surely we can go no farther than that in talking of the use of fortunate introductions.

Too much thought is expended on the physical, too little on the mental entertainment, is the dictum on all hands. Money is expended lavishly on food and drink, and too often the mental nourishment is scanty or non-existent. Some hostesses believe their duty lies only in the commissariat department; and certainly there are too many who are well pleased if the viands are choice, and who care for little else. They are like the lady Mrs Hawthorne met on a voyage to Cuba, who discovered there was a litter of pigs on board. She pursued the captain with requests for 'von leetle peeg' for dinner until he was wearied into acquiescence. The evening 'von leetle peeg' adorned the table found its admirer arrayed magnificently in silk and lace for the momentous occasion. She seated herself beside the captain, who began to carve the dainty morsel. But alas! just at that moment the vessel gave a lurch, and over slid piggy, gravy and all, into the too-fond lady's lap. Tradition says that she ate it all, but never asked for another!

To live low and think high is as apt a motto for social entertainments as it is for the conduct of daily life. Dickens has caricatured this for us, as he caricatures most things, in Mrs Bayham Badger's entertainments. 'Every Tuesday evening there was lemonade and a mixed biscuit for all who chose to partake of those refreshments. And there was science to an unlimited extent.'

Yet to provide a feast which shall fulfil all the desired requirements is no light task. A good hostess, whether consciously or unconsciously, seeks to charm all the senses of her guests. The fragrance and colouring of her flowers, the brightness and sparkle of her crystal and silver, contribute no less to their entertainment than the viands on her table. But, as botanists tell us that weeds always grow in the wake of cultivation, so there are sundry weeds grow in the wake of entertainments. There is the modern disease of indigestion. How many can trace the beginnings of their misery to the partaking of unsuitable food at the houses of their friends! No hostess should allow on her table anything that is likely to do harm to her guests, even though it may give pleasure at the time. It is quite possible to provide dainties which are a delightful refreshment, yet which are fraught with no painful consequences. In breaking a law of nature, there may be a momentary sweetness; but the compound is

peculiarly scanty, and the after-flavour is bitter indeed. It forms a good test of an entertainment, this study of after-effects. Does it leave a good taste in the mouth, literally and otherwise? Is it the kind of entertainment we should look forward with pleasure to enjoying again?

To busy men and women, it is lamentable the waste of time involved in fulfilling what are looked upon as social obligations. Life is too short to read any but the best books, we often hear; and if so, it is too short to be spent in any but the best company and in the best possible way. It often happens that the best company does not lie in what is strictly one's own social circle, nor are the most entertaining of entertainments necessarily those of the class to which one may belong. This must, of course, be regulated by individual taste and individual need, for what may be a refreshment to one may be a weariness to another; but most will allow that, as a rule, we are victims to what Ruskin calls the 'frightful conventionality of social habitude.' It certainly must be a matter of grave concern to all who believe themselves to be their brothers' keepers, this present inefficiency in our social life to keep and hold its younger members from seeking their amusements in more questionable paths. Is it not possible to have warm, bright, social evenings, the atmosphere of which will not stifle, and which will be strong in vitalising and attractive power? It is surely not a hopeless ideal this of a society which shall help and stimulate, while it provides recreation for those who need it. Social circles which so fulfil the end of their being do exist, and from their entertainments each may go away saying: 'I always feel better after such an evening. Life seems nobler, more full of purpose, more worthy of one's highest efforts.' Such an ideal evening is described by George Meredith in *Diana of the Crossways*. The occasion is a dinner at Diana's house. 'They rose from table at ten, with the satisfaction of knowing that they had not argued, had not wrangled, had never stagnated, and were digestingly refreshed; as it should be among grown members of the civilised world, who mean to practise philosophy, making the hour of the feast a balanced recreation and a regeneration of body and mind.'

Great service has been done in the worlds of art, music, and letters through the stimulus found in the salons of Paris and the courts of Germany. Society cannot make geniuses; but it can do much to foster their talents and stimulate their energies. Much of the finest work of Haydn and Schubert, we can safely say, would never have been accomplished but for the fostering care of the Esterhazys; and Wilkie, Haydon, and many a young artist owed a deep debt of gratitude to the encouragement and kindness of Sir George Beaumont. Haydon, the artist, sketches for us a day at his country-seat in Leicestershire: 'Sir George painted, and Lady Beaumont drew, and Wilkie and I made our respective studies for our own purposes. At lunch we assembled and chatted over what we had been doing, and at dinner we all brought down our respective sketches, and cut up each other in great good-humour.' What could be more delightful than this realisation of Schumann's words: 'In every age there is a secret band of kindred spirits. Ye

who are of this fellowship, see that ye weld the circle firmly, so that the truth of art may shine ever more and more clearly, shedding joy and blessing far and near.'

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

CHAPTER XIII.—WHAT CAME OF THE SIGNING OF THE SETTLEMENTS.

'He's mad, of course,' thought Sir William, as he stood and looked after Ferrers. 'But men don't do these things. He can't think of staying in the house an hour after this. I've seen the last of him, then; and now I've only got to manage Dolly. Perhaps it is as well that he is gone.' So he struck across the park towards the plantation to find Dolly. He had just entered the shade of the trees when he saw her walking towards him. He hurried to meet her.

'My dear Dolly,' said he, 'what has this man been upsetting you with?'

'Upsetting me, uncle?' said Dolly, looking certainly composed, if not apathetic. 'I'm not upset. But you say, "this man." You admit, then, that he is not my cousin?'

'Your cousin? No; except in so far as all the descendants of Adam and Eve are cousins. That was but a practical joke for a certain purpose, which I want now to explain to you, my dear. —Come,' said he, 'and let us walk up and down in this cool place, and I'll tell you all about it.' He tried to take her hand to put in his arm; but she withdrew it, and stood looking at him.

'Why,' she asked, 'did you wish to play your practical joke on me?'

'On you, my child?' exclaimed Sir William in some astonishment. 'I've not played it on you; I've played it—or have meant to play it—on your trustees, on Drew and Drumly.'

'How can you say that,' she demanded, 'when you set him to behave to me as if he were my cousin, and got me to treat him as if he were? It was unkind and shameful of you, uncle—shameful!'

Sir William bit his nail, and considered his niece with a worried and critical look. 'Was it, my dear?' said he. 'I am very sorry—very, indeed. But you must know that, if that has been the result, it has been entirely owing to a miscalculation: you must know I never could mean any indignity or—or shame to you, my child. Sheer miscalculation, believe me. And I'm not surprised that I should miscalculate, when I had so much to think of. The matter is indeed more serious and even desperate than I have led you to suppose.' He turned aside, as if to wipe a tear from his eye, and out of the corner noted with gladness that the girl's generous heart was moved to something of compunction, if not of pity.

'What is serious and desperate?' she asked.

'You are a good girl, and a clever girl, Dolly,' said he. 'Let us walk gently along here, and I'll tell you in a few words the whole business. I have always meant to set it before you; but the necessity for doing it has come rather sooner than I expected. You know your father, my

brother, was always proud of the family name, and of this old family place.—You are not listening, Dolly.'

'Yes, uncle,' said Dolly, bringing back her eyes from a distant gaze, 'I am.'

'Well,' continued Sir William, 'one of his reasons for going into the banking business was, at first, to make money to help to set the house up again; for we have long been poor. But after a while we quarrelled, he and I; perhaps it was my fault; I daresay it was. I was in debt here, and he wouldn't help me with his money.'

'Wouldn't help you with money?' exclaimed Dolly. 'That seems very unlike my father: he always gave me more than I wanted.'

'Ah, that was different, my dear. He gave me none; and the consequence was that I had to mortgage the estate for a certain sum (mortgage, my dear, means that the right to possess the estate has been given over in pledge or security for the sum of money I borrowed; so that if at a certain time the money is not paid back, the person that lent the money comes and takes the house and estate), and that has gone on till the estate is mortgaged "up to the hilt," as people say, and if I cannot pay it off by the 31st, house and estate and all are lost.'

'And other people will own this place—this wood, and the park, and the farms—and come to live in the dear old house? Oh, how dreadful! And father knew that that might happen?'

'Er—no,' said Sir William; 'I never told him of the mortgages.'

'But you'll pay the people, won't you, and not let the place go?'

'I can't, my dear—I can't! And that's why I am telling you all this. Your father would not help me with money; but he was still proud of the family name, and wished to keep it up. Now, I had only a son, and he had only a daughter—your own self; and his plan was that you and my boy should marry: you would bring the money, and he the estate; and so the family would be set up again.'

'Yes, uncle, I know all that,' said Dolly.

'And you were brought up to look forward to that.—Are you listening, my child?'

'Yes, uncle. But I don't see what that has to do with your curious joke of introducing to me as my cousin a man who is not my cousin.'

'I'm coming to that, my dear. Your father had one reservation—an important one—about your marriage. He believed that marriage between cousins is unfortunate unless they are quite healthy people; because of their relationship, you understand, my child. Now, he got it into his head that my boy, your cousin Will, was not so heartily strong as he would like him to be, though he thought he might be all right as he got older. So before he died, he instructed your guardians, Drew and Drumly, not to sanction the marriage unless they were satisfied of the good health of your cousin. For a long while, as you know, your cousin has been away to grow strong; but he is not yet all that he ought to be.'

'I know,' Dolly astonished her uncle by declaring. 'I saw him this morning.'

'You saw him this morning?'

'I did not know at the time that it was he; but I know now. I only saw him at a distance.'

'Well—as you probably saw, my dear,' said Sir William—'he is very nearly as well as anybody need be, though I should not like to show him to your guardians for a month or more. Now you understand why, in my desperation, I let the man Ferrers introduce himself to them as William Dawlish.'

'No,' said Dolly; 'I don't understand.'

'Look here, my dear,' said Sir William. 'I'm in this desperate and deplorable fix: the estate, the house, and everything must go, on the 31st, if the mortgage be not paid; my only chance of paying it off is by your marriage with your cousin being—not celebrated, but sanctioned; and that sanction your cousin is not ready to win from your guardians. I find, then, a man who is like enough to your cousin to pass for him among people who have not seen him for years, and who is strong and healthy enough to win the sanction by merely showing himself.'

'Still, I don't understand,' persisted Dolly. 'How does the sanction give you money to pay the mortgage?'

'Surely you know, my dear,' said Sir William, 'that as soon as your guardians sign the sanction of your marriage, you have command of all your father's money to do what you like with; while you are recommended to apply a certain part of it to buy back the parts of the Dawlish estate that long ago were lost.'

'I shall have command of all my father's money?' exclaimed Dolly.

'You, my dear, and you alone. And,' continued Sir William, 'I know that you are as fond of the Dawlish estate, and as proud of the Dawlish name, as your father was, or as I am.'

'Is the Dawlish name,' asked Dolly simply, 'something to be very proud of?'

'Surely, my child. And you would not let it, or the Dawlish estate, be lost, would you?'

'I should not like to see other people—strangers—living here.'

'Well, then, my child: it all depends on you. Your guardians are bringing down the papers this afternoon, and will sign the sanction, and hand over to you the control of the money.'

'That means, uncle,' said Dolly, stopping and looking in Sir William's face, 'that you have arranged that my marriage with my cousin shall be settled this afternoon; and that then, as soon as I have in that way got the right to my father's money, I shall pay off your mortgage. You have arranged all that without asking me?'

Sir William looked uncomfortable and somewhat foolish; decidedly the girl had more business faculty than he had imagined.

'I did not wish to trouble you about it. Besides, my plan would not have worked smoothly with you before your guardians if you had known it, and then I thought that as soon as you knew it, and the desperate necessity for it, you would be sure to fall in with my arrangements.'

'That was rather rash of you, uncle,' said she, 'to suppose that I should have agreed with you that there was a desperate necessity for my being played with and put to shame by a strange man.'

Then Sir William was seriously alarmed, and he endeavoured somewhat awkwardly to appease her. "'Put to shame," my dear! Surely not,' said he. 'At any rate there can be no more of it, for the man has had his reward, and is gone.'

'Had his reward?' exclaimed Dolly, flaming with resentment. 'Do you mean the money you promised him?'

'Er—yes,' said Sir William.

'And did he really take it?' demanded Dolly with flashing eyes.

'He did. Why not?' said the baronet. 'He is only a common low fellow, and'—

'He is not a low fellow!' exclaimed Dolly, turning on her uncle. 'And if he were, it does not say much for my cousin, since you set the one to represent the other.'

To that Sir William had nothing to say. Dolly walked on, and he kept beside her, perplexed beyond measure. Did she, or did she not, care at all for the 'low fellow?' In either case, it would be better he should avoid the subject. For him, the great matter was to win her to his purpose, and he saw no way of doing that but by appealing again to her generosity, and (perhaps) to her regard for the family honour.

'Well, Dolly, my child,' said he, 'you see I am at your mercy—I, the house, the estate and all. What are you going to do with us?'

'Why,' said she, 'do you not let the sanction alone at present, and tell Mr Drew or Mr Drumly the truth about your mortgage, and ask them for the money?'

'Ask them for the money?' Sir William laughed. 'Do you imagine, my child, that I have not thought of all these things? They would not lend me, much less give me, a penny. There is, believe me, no way but the way I have taken; and if you do not join me in it, now at the last, then I am ruined, and the Dawlish name and the Dawlish estate are both lost!'

'If I had the money, you know I would give it you at once. But I cannot—I will not—to-day promise to marry any one! I will not be hurried into marriage, or into a promise of marriage. I have not even been asked yet!'

'That is not Will's fault, poor boy,' said Will's father. 'He is pining to see you and to talk to you. And then there is no attempt or desire to hurry you, my child; the marriage need not come off for a long while; indeed, if you find, when you really know each other, that you bitterly object to it, it need not come off at all. The immediate necessity is this sanction, which is just as much as saying in a formal way that you *may* marry. God knows, it is not for myself I humble myself and appeal to you. It will be no benefit to me to get the mortgage paid off; I am a pretty old man, and I cannot last very much longer.'

'Don't say that, please,' said Dolly, impulsively laying her hand on his arm, while Sir William wiped an imperceptible tear from his eye.

'All I want is to leave the Dawlish name and the Dawlish place to those who come after me—to you, my dear, and your cousin, I hope.'

'What do you want me to do, then?' she asked, clasping her hands in resignation.

'Only this, my dear—only this,' said Sir William; 'say nothing about your discovery that that man is not your cousin, and appear

when I call for you to see the sanction signed, and to put your own name to a paper of settlement which will give you the control of your father's money.'

'Very well,' said she in cold resignation.

'My dear,' exclaimed Sir William, grasping her hand in thankfulness, and offering to kiss her, 'you are an angel!'

'No, I'm not,' said Dolly. 'And I'd rather—please—not be kissed now. I'd like to walk up and down here a little in the shade, if you don't mind leaving me alone.'

'Certainly, my girl,' said her uncle; 'but don't be late for lunch.'

So they parted; and when Sir William had disappeared, Dolly went back to the little hollow and sat down. She was miserable exceedingly, and her heart burned with shame and resentment. For a brief while after Ferrers had left her she felt that she had been wantonly hard and cruel to him; but now that Sir William told her that he had taken money—money!—for the unworthy, the shameful part he had played, she could not endure the thought of him. How utterly mean and despicable it was in him to do that, especially after all he had said to her. Probably he was now on his way back to London, with his pocket full of gold, laughing to himself at the absurd girl he had had a scene with. With flaming cheeks and flashing eyes, she smote her hands together, stamped her foot on the ground, and left the hollow and the plantation, and returned to the house.

In the meanwhile, Ferrers was not gone. After his violent ebullition of temper with Sir William, he came to himself a little, and considered that on the whole it was foolish to utter such threats as he had hurled at the baronet; it would be wiser and more to the purpose to devise some way of circumventing his designs. The immediate necessity for him was to prevent, if possible, any pact of marriage between Dolly and the lunatic and cretinous William Dawlish. Drew and Drumly had gone to town on some such business, he believed, and some time that day, he suspected, there would be something like a formal signing of contracts. He did not see how anything could be done in proper form without the presence of one William Dawlish or another, yet he thought it well to wait and watch. He resolved, therefore, that he would not go away until he knew that Sir William's trick was abortive, or until he had seen Drumly and set before him the whole matter.

When he reached the house, he went straight to his room and stayed there. From his window he saw Sir William return from the plantation, and by-and-by Dolly, and he argued that it looked well for his own purpose that they came separate, and not as those who were agreed. He did not, of course, go down to lunch; he lay on his bed to pass the time, thinking of all that had come and gone since he had entered on this adventure. He had no sense of hunger, but his brain was on fire, and he was consumed with thirst. He drank all the water in his carafe, and was beginning to drink from his ewer, when a tap came to his door. He said, 'Come in;' when there entered the man Murphy, whom he had seen the night before in charge of Mr Daw-

lish. He bore in his hand a tall tumbler containing a foaming drink.

'Ye'll excuse me, sorr,' said the man; 'but I knowed ye was here, and ye won't mind me, for I know all about it, and this is a sorra black house to be in. Ye've ate no victuals, that I know, and the thirst must be upon ye, and this is just the thing for ye. Divvle a thing is there in it but a dhrop av the craytur, and limmon juice and sody-water. It's just what they're for callin' a limmon squash, if ye'll excuse me.'

'Thank you,' said Ferrers; 'I'm very much obliged.'

He drank it greedily, without stopping to consider the good faith of the Irishman.

'I musn't stop wid ye,' said the man, taking the empty tumbler; 'the barranite might find me out, bad luck to 'im! Ye'll excuse me, sorr.' And so saying he departed.

Ferrers was refreshed and stimulated by the drink, inasmuch that he walked up and down his room to allay his restless desire to be out and acting; but presently he became unconquerably drowsy; so he lay down upon his bed and fell asleep.

How long he slept he could not tell; but when he came thickly and vaguely to himself, and looked about him, he saw by the long shadows that the afternoon must be far advanced towards evening. He sprang from bed, and accused himself of dereliction of duty. Probably, Drew and Drumly had arrived from town, and perhaps the fatal moment for Dolly had already passed! He strode to the door. It was locked on the outside! Then he guessed that it was intended he should be kept there, and that probably for that end the drink had been sent to him. He was infuriated. He rushed to the window—it was but one floor removed from the ground, but the height was considerable—he clambered out without hesitation, and, clinging first to the window-frame and then to the window-sill and a contiguous limb of ivy, which was torn from its embrace of the wall by his weight, he swung himself down. He alighted on a flower-bed and fell to a sitting posture, and before he could recover himself two pairs of stout arms were upon him. But he was too old a soldier to be completely caught by an enemy at unawares. Quick as thought, he guessed the situation: the papers were being signed somewhere at hand, and Sir William had tried to ensure his absence, first, by the prepared drink; second, by locking him into his room; and third, by telling off two men to lay hold of and secure him should he have the hardihood to escape by the window. That explanation flashed in order upon him as soon as he felt himself laid hold of. He kept himself together till the men, thinking they had him, bore carelessly off their grip, when, shooting out one foot and getting the other well planted, he swung out his arms with tremendous force, flung his assailants off, and sprang erect. Then he turned to see who they were, and recognised them as the man Murphy and the Irish-American. If they were on the watch for him there, he thought, the great crisis must be passing in some room accessible from the garden, and what room could that be but the library, in which he had already had two adventures? He rushed to its French window which, he observed, stood open. He was on its

threshold when he saw, in one glimpse, Drew and Drumly seated at the table with papers, Sir William leaning over opposite, and Dolly stooping in act to write.

'Stop!' he shouted, when his assailants again flung themselves upon him. He was in a fury of rage. He gripped them by the throat, one with either hand, as a man of common height and strength might grip two Dutch dolls, banged their heads twice together, and flung them away. Then he strode into the room, and encountered a strange look of mingled shyness and wonder from Dolly. That look inexplicably thrilled him with a reckless pride in his strength, so that for the moment he felt a strong desire to return into the garden and pound the two men together till they were limp and worthless. But he did not.

'What—what—what is the meaning of this?' said Mr Drew, in a soothing tone. 'You've been upset, eh? with the hot sun to-day. Sir William told us you were lying down to get rid of the feeling.'

'Sir William,' said Ferrers, 'is a liar. I never had a touch of sun in my life. But I am a liar, too; I have been acting a lie!'

'Bless me!' exclaimed Drew, pale with wonder, while Drumly sat silent, and grimly sorrowful; and Sir William with a look and gesture aside endeavoured to signify that no notice should be taken of these wild words.

'I am quite aware of the meaning of what I say,' continued Ferrers, 'and I beg you'—looking at Drew and Drumly—'to listen to me. You are sitting here, I believe, to arrange or to settle a marriage between Miss Dawlish and William Dawlish: that is no business of mine except in so far as I have come before you as William Dawlish. My name is not Dawlish, and I am no relation of the Dawlishes.'

'You did not, then,' said Drumly, 'sign this paper a few minutes ago?'

He showed Ferrers a signature—'William Dawlish'—at the end of a sheet of writing.

'No,' answered Ferrers; 'I did not write that.'

'What is your name, then?' asked Drew.

'George Ferrers.'

'Humph! "G. F.,"' said Drew.—'Go on, sir.'

'I have little more to say,' continued Ferrers. 'At Sir William Dawlish's request, I introduced myself to you as William Dawlish; and all the rest has followed from that. And, though the marriage is no concern of mine, you must allow me to say this that you will regret it, and Miss Dawlish will regret it, if you let anything be arranged until you have seen and spoken to the real William Dawlish, whom I saw and spoke to last night for the first time.'

'Where did you see him and speak to him?' demanded Drew.

'In this house,' answered Ferrers.

'In this house!' exclaimed Drew, and glared at Sir William, who stood a monument of rage and despair.

'I am sorry,' said Ferrers, 'I ever had to do with the shameful business. I will make no excuses for myself,' he continued, with a glance at Dolly, who sat with heaving bosom and averted eyes; and if you wish to punish me, I am ready to submit.'

Drew looked at Drumly, and Drumly looked at Drew and shook his head.

'No, sir,' said Drew; 'there is no need for a scandal. The best thing you can do is to go away and let us hear of you no more.'

'Very well,' said Ferrers; 'I shall go at once. I only ask permission to go first to the room I have been occupying to put on my own clothes; I do not wish to keep anything that has been bought with Sir William Dawlish's money, or that might remind me of this.'

Drew and Drumly looked at Sir William, who gave no sign; so Drew nodded to Ferrers in token of assent. Ferrers was crossing the room to go out by the door when Dolly spoke.

'I should like,' said she, looking at her guardians, 'to ask Mr Ferrers one question—Did he to-day receive money from my uncle?'

'Money!' exclaimed Ferrers. 'I would not accept a shilling from Sir William Dawlish!'

Upon that reply, the guardians looked at their ward.

'That is all,' said she.

So Ferrers went out, his heart bursting with this fresh indignity, which he thought Miss Dawlish had put upon him, and at the end of a few minutes—during which those in the library kept their positions in silence—he appeared crossing the gravel sweep, in an old tweed suit and with a small paper parcel under his arm. They watched him walk away down the drive towards the gate, till he was hidden by the trees.

BRASS AND BRONZE.

BRASS and Bronze are two alloys of copper. The first is composed of copper and zinc; the latter, of copper and tin. Both historically and scientifically these two compound metals are of greater interest than almost any others. Copper was one of the first metals discovered, extracted, and utilised in the earliest periods of our history; and antiquaries are accustomed to speak of a 'bronze age' to express that interval of time during which this metal formed many of the implements used for industrial purposes and in warfare.

Bronze, spoken of in the Bible as brass, is of very ancient origin. We have little or no notion how the ancients got copper; but in all probability large quantities were formerly found in the metallic state, just as we find it now in the neighbourhood of Lake Superior in America, and Baikal Lake in Siberia. This would only have required melting to yield a tolerably pure metal. If, however, they smelted copper from its various ores, it is difficult to realise how they could overcome such a complicated process; and we can only admit that in this respect, as in so many others, the ancient people of Europe were very much cleverer than we moderns are apt to believe.

The word copper is generally admitted to be derived from *Cyprus*, as it was from that island that the ancient Romans first procured their supplies. In those remote days Cyprus and Rhodes were the great copper districts; and even in our own day new discoveries of copper ore,

especially the beautiful blue and green ores—from which the metal is so much more easily obtained than from the copper pyrites and other sulphuretted ores of Cornwall—are being made nearly every year in the islands of the Mediterranean. Many of the numerous islands which are dotted over the Grecian Archipelago, on some of which we have telegraph stations, seem capable of supplying considerable amounts of copper ore, if the roads in these mountainous districts were such as to ensure a comparatively easy transport. Unfortunately, in most cases this is not so; and where mines have to be made, roads have also to be constructed, which of course makes the undertaking very expensive.

The ancient Syrians and Phœnicians are well known to have been active traders in copper, and they manufactured this metal into bronze by melting it with tin. Learned antiquaries assure us that the Phœnicians actually came to England and to Ireland in search of tin for this purpose; and a few years ago, some curious bronze articles were found in several of the old mine-workings in Cornwall, which are believed to have been left there by that ancient people at a time when no bronze was either made or used in England.

The word 'alloy' is employed in chemistry to signify the combination of one metal with one or more others. For instance, brass is an alloy of copper and zinc; bronze is an alloy of copper and tin; German silver is an alloy of copper, zinc, and nickel; pewter is an alloy of lead and tin, &c. These alloys have given a great deal of difficulty to scientific chemists, and even now it is not certain whether they are definite chemical compounds or mere mixtures. In some cases, indeed, they appear to be fixed compounds—that is, always presenting the same composition, or containing the same weight of each of the metals; and some can be obtained in the form of crystals which invariably present the same composition. But when we come to consider the alloys of copper and zinc, as well as those of copper and tin, we find that there exist a considerable number of them containing variable amounts of each metal, and differing very widely in their properties. For instance, an alloy of forty parts of zinc with sixty parts of copper represents a kind of brass which will very well serve certain purposes in the arts, such as the sheathing of ships; but it will not answer for other purposes which require a brass containing, say, twenty-eight parts of zinc and seventy-two parts of copper.

We know some two dozen of these alloys of copper and zinc, differing in colour from gray and white to pale yellow, golden yellow, and reddish yellow, and possessing very different properties as regards resistance to strain, filing, turning, polishing, melting and casting, rolling, hammering, wire-drawing, &c. There is a kind of German brass containing nearly equal portions of each metal; it is yellow like other kinds; but it cannot be drawn into wire, and it cracks under the rollers. Seventy-five parts of copper and twenty-five parts of zinc give a pale yellow brass very fit

for rolling; sixty-six parts of copper and thirty-four of zinc give an alloy which is very good also for rolling, hammering, and wire-drawing. It is a very ordinary kind of brass, largely used throughout Europe and America.

Great art is requisite in making these alloys. It is true that they are readily formed by melting the two metals together in a crucible or in properly constructed furnaces; but it is necessary to ensure perfect fusion and to prevent loss of zinc, which is a volatile, inflammable metal, and easily catches fire. Indeed, it is not at all uncommon to find that two alloys of exactly the same component parts differ very materially in properties, in consequence of a difference in the mode of preparation or in the care bestowed upon it.

A metal resembling brass, but said to have been superior in quality, was known in England as 'maslin' as early as the time of Chaucer; and in the reign of Henry VIII. an act of parliament was passed prohibiting the export of brass out of England. Whether the earlier monumental brasses still to be found in our churches were made originally in England is not absolutely certain, the probability according to some antiquaries being that they were of French or Belgian workmanship. Queen Elizabeth invited Daniel Houghstetter and Christopher Schultz with a number of German workmen to come over and instruct our men; and a regular brass-foundry was at last opened in the year 1565. Another started about a century later at Esher, in Surrey, where it ultimately failed. But the celebrated Prince Rupert erected other foundries, and from his time brass-founding progressed rapidly. Brass cannon were cast at the Temple Water-mill works at Hackney, and foundries were established in Bristol and Birmingham. The latter city, which is now the principal seat of the industry, made more than ten thousand tons of brass in the year 1835, when the rolling-mills and foundries of Phipson, Pemberton, Muntz, and others were beginning to become famous. The yield in Birmingham now is above fifty thousand tons per annum.

The composition of English brass is about seventy parts of copper and thirty of zinc. 'Prince Rupert's metal' contains seventy-five to eighty per cent. of copper, and on account of its golden colour is employed to some extent in Jewellery. The kind of brass called 'tombac' contains still more copper, nearly eighty-five parts in a hundred. It is the alloy used for the manufacture of what is called 'Dutch metal,' an imitation of gold-leaf: it can be rolled into sheets, and these can be beaten out till they have only the fifty-third thousandth of an inch in thickness.

It is a curious fact, which has hitherto puzzled the most clever philosophers, that common brass which is subjected for some time to constant tension occasionally undergoes a remarkable change: it loses its tenacity, and in a short time becomes almost as brittle as glass.

When the metal nickel is substituted for part of the copper in making brass, we get a compound metal, or alloy, known as German silver. The Chinese were acquainted with it ages ago; they called it *pakfong*, or white-metal. It is susceptible of being rolled into very thin plates, and of taking a high degree of polish. There are about

a dozen different kinds, in each of which the proportions of the three metals differ more or less, and these differences cause very wide variations of quality. The kind most commonly used contains about fifty-nine parts of copper, fifteen of nickel, and twenty-six of zinc.

Bronze is another compound metal in which copper is alloyed, not with zinc or nickel, but with tin. Curiously enough, it was known to the ancients under the name of brass, and they made many of their tools and implements of war with it before iron came into general use. It melts much more readily than copper, and is used in making coin, medals, cannon, bells, and statues, as well as in various ornamental work. Bell-metal contains about seventy-eight parts of copper and twenty-two parts of tin; gun-metal is formed of ninety parts of copper and ten parts of tin. The bronze of which statues, lamp-stands, &c., are made often contains some lead and zinc as well as tin.

It was the celebrated artist, Lysippus of Sicyon, who discovered the art of moulding bronze into statues, although rough castings of bronze had been made long before his time. But it was this discovery which fostered the rage for statues in the time of Alexander the Great. It is said that the Roman consul Mutidnus found no fewer than three thousand bronze statues at Athens, and about the same number at Rhodes, Olympia, and Delphi. In later years they were spoken of by Pliny as 'the mob of Alexander.' But it appears that Lysippus did not make more than six hundred bronze statues in all.

We read in Homer's *Iliad* that during the Trojan war the combatants had no other armour than that made of bronze. On turning to Latin authors, it is very evident that the Romans did not know accurately the difference between copper, brass, and bronze. They often confuse the three names. They seem to have considered brass a more valuable kind of copper, and used the word *æs* indifferently to denote either. They called copper *æs Cyprium*, and afterwards only *Cyprium*, which in time became modified to *Cuprum*. In the middle ages it was not generally known how to distinguish gold from brass, and the latter was a useful substance in the hands of the wily alchemist.

A very hard white bronze, composed of two parts of copper and one of tin, is used for making the mirrors of reflecting telescopes. It takes an exceedingly bright polish, and the late Mr Nasmyth said it can be improved by the addition of a small quantity of arsenic.

About the time that Joseph and William Phipson, of Birmingham, discovered that zinc could be rolled when heated to a certain temperature, and made considerable improvements in the art of rolling brass, the celebrated French chemist D'Arcet found out how the Turks and Chinese made their cymbals and gongs. These are also a kind of bronze or bell-metal composed of copper and tin; but after the metal has been cast into moulds, it is heated and plunged, whilst hot, into cold water. It can then be hammered by virtue of the 'temper' it has thus acquired, and so made into those highly sonorous instruments. If you look at a gong, you will see that it has been hammered, which it could not have been without having been previously subjected to this peculiar

treatment. Before that discovery was made, gongs and cymbals were imported at much cost from Turkey, and were looked upon in Europe generally as great metallurgical curiosities.

DEAREST IS DEAREST.

CHAPTER II.

It was a very ghastly sight when the old man rose in his bed and looked round him. His face had not a particle of colour in it, and his eyes retained the fixed look which they had borne a minute before. Yet it was evident that he saw, for he cast a glance round him upon the tapers and emitted a ghostly sort of chuckle from his dry lips. 'J. G. D., you're dead!' he croaked, in a voice that had little human about it. 'That's how it is, J. G. D.; you never were bested—never; and so it was only fair to give you a chance to come back and let your nephew have your last words.—Sit down, Charles; sit down, and write; and, mind you, all I am saying now is as true as the gospel, for I'm dead!'

In spite of his common-sense, the clergyman half believed him, his voice and actions were so painfully like those of a galvanised corpse. But Charles Dardas coolly seated himself at a table by the bedside, and put paper and ink before him, as if the act of writing a dead man's words from dictation were too common to call for comment.

'That's right, Charles,' said the old man approvingly. 'Now, put down what I tell you. Pat Farrell is not to have the rent of the moneen reduced, for he's well able to pay it; and so is Tim Higgins to pay his. As for Tom Cox, he is worth nothing, and he may go. Those Midland shares you must hold on to, for they will go up before long.—Have you all that down?'

'Stop! stop!' cried the Rector, who had recovered his senses a little. 'Consider, Mr Dardas; you may only have a few minutes more to live, and will you spend them on these earthly affairs? I entreat you to let me offer up a prayer for you, that the Almighty may have mercy on you even at the eleventh hour.' And the good man fell on his knees by the side of the bed.

'Up with you, out of that!' screeched the old man. 'Don't I tell you I'm dead! And is it for a Protestant parson like you to be praying for the dead?—Go on, Charles! He's a fool, but you are not; and you'll know the value of a message like this from a dead man!'

The young man had raised his eyes curiously, at the Rector's appeal. When he heard his uncle's answer, he smiled rather bitterly, but did not utter a word. He now resumed his writing in a mechanical fashion. The clergyman prayed on half audibly, trying to relieve his soul from the oppression that weighed it down in the presence of these two automata.

'Write!' commanded the old man again. 'Those brand canal shares are going down; best sell them at once. The Widow Murphy cannot manage the farm alone; you must evict her and put a "warm" man into it. I am leaving you a fine property; see that you have added to it when you die, or my curse will follow you. Don't you ever be bested by any man. J. G. D. never was bested! J. G. D. never—was'—His voice

had been getting fainter and fainter, and he now sank back on the pillow, and his jaw fell.

The young man rose and again carefully felt his pulse. Then he turned to the Rector, who still remained on his knees, praying. 'It is over now, sir,' he said quietly. 'He is really dead at last!'

The clergyman rose to his feet, staggered to a chair, and buried his face in his hands. 'How awful!—how awful!' he said. 'Oh Mr Dardas, will you not take warning from this? Here is a soul gone into the presence of its Maker without one thought of repentance—not one—occupied to the very last with the world and its devices.—Lord! Thou wilt not require this soul at my hands?'

'You are a good man!' said Charles Dardas, looking at him curiously. 'I wish I had known you before.'

'It is never too late!' cried the Rector, taking his hand earnestly—'never!'

'I fear it is in my case,' said the young man carelessly. 'However, we shall see. Can I offer you a glass of wine? It will refresh you after the painful scene you have gone through.'

'Not in this house—not in this house,' answered the Rector. 'I will walk home—you need not trouble to drive me; the walk will do me good.' And without waiting for the guidance of his host, he hastily redescended the stairs and hurried through the open door into the night.

Once outside, he heaved a sigh of relief. The sky had cleared at last, and a pale crescent moon was shining. The calm moonlight was the same relief to the eyes after the yellow glare of the tapers that the peace of the night was to the troubled mind of the Rector. He stood for a few minutes with his hat off taking in the calm of the scene, and then turned his steps homeward.

Outside Ballinalack he was met by a crowd of men, women, and children, armed with lanterns and sticks. Mr Dardas' servant had brought so wild an account to the village of how the devil had got into her master's corpse, that the whole population—distrusting the powers of a Protestant minister to exorcise the demon—had turned out to assist in the pious office. They had captured the 'jockeyman' of the village, who had a great reputation for circumventing witches and disenchanting churns; and being in sufficient numbers to keep up each other's courage, they were making good progress towards the haunted house. It was rather a disappointment to most of them when the Rector explained to them the facts of the case. Some of the old women went on with the servant to assist in laying out the corpse; but the majority of the crowd retraced their steps to Ballinalack, and had a fresh drink all round in the public-houses whilst they discussed the news.

Meanwhile, in the old house, Charles Dardas sat alone with the body of his uncle. When the Rector left him, he had drawn a chair to the bedside and gazed long and intently on the dead face on the pillow. There was little love or regret in his glance, rather a look of resentment and hatred, which imparted a sinister expression to his countenance, very unusual to it. After a while, he sighed wearily, and went to the window, against the cool glass of which he leaned his hot forehead. The party of old women

coming up the dark avenue took the pale face illumined by the bright background for a real and veritable ghost, and this time it must be confessed that they were not far wrong. However, after the first moment of fright, the maid-servant recognised her young Master, so they took courage and went in.

Two days later the funeral was held, and the lawyer from Mullingar read Mr Dardas' will, which had been entrusted to his keeping. It left all the property of the deceased, real and personal, to his nephew, on the one condition that the latter should, within two years from the date of the testator's death, marry a woman with a dowry of at least five thousand pounds sterling. If this condition were not fulfilled, the property was to be sold, and the proceeds handed over to the trustees of the Adelaide Hospital in Dublin.

'You will not have much trouble in carrying out the condition,' said the lawyer, smiling, as he folded up the parchment. 'With a face like yours, and a fortune worth at least twenty thousand pounds, you will not have much difficulty in finding an heiress. I must congratulate you on your good fortune. I hope you will still continue to give me the benefit of your legal business?'

'Certainly,' said the young man abstractedly. The provisions of the will had evidently come upon him unexpectedly, and he was turning them over in his mind. 'It is a curious will,' he said, after a pause. 'I wonder why my uncle inserted that condition?'

'Well,' replied the lawyer, 'at this time of day you will forgive me for saying that Mr Dardas was a "close" man, and did not like to part with anything without an equivalent. I suppose he valued *you* at five thousand pounds, and did not choose that you should throw yourself away for less. A very good example of his "nearness" in money matters is, that he made out this will himself without consulting me—in order to save my fee, no doubt. As a natural result, he has composed a document which lends itself to evasion with the greatest ease. For, let us suppose that you want to marry a penniless girl—and here he looked hard at Charles Dardas from under his eyebrows—'all you would have to do would be to settle five thousand pounds upon her by deed of gift, and then she becomes an heiress within the terms of the bequest. If I had been consulted about the will, I would have inserted clauses which would effectually have stopped up that loophole. But as I had neither part nor lot in the matter, I am quite ready to give you any assistance in my power to evade the condition, should you find it at any future time a restraint upon your liberty.—Good-bye, sir; I rely on your promise to employ me; and, with a smile, the lawyer departed, congratulating himself on having done a good day's work, and laid the foundation of much profitable business. For his car-driver was a friend of Biddy Moran's, and had given the man of law a hint of how matters had stood between the dead man and his heir, which hint the lawyer was quite capable of expanding and acting upon.

When he was left alone, Charles Dardas went to his own room, and seating himself at his desk, began a letter, which was evidently not an easy one to write. Sheet after sheet was begun, only

to be torn up and consigned to the waste-paper basket. At last he saw that he had come to the last sheet of note-paper in his secretaire, and that if he spoiled this, he would be unable to continue his letter without a fresh supply from Ballinalack. So, setting to work desperately, he wrote on, not daring to read what he had penned, lest he should be driven to destroy it.

'MY DEAREST MARY!' he wrote, 'I wonder what you will say when you receive this letter, and realise that it is in my handwriting. I do not think you will throw it aside unopened; you are not cruel enough for that! I am free at last, Mary! If you only knew what that means to me. I have fulfilled my share of the bargain—I have finished my slavery, and now I have gained my reward. My uncle has left me the whole of his property, valued at about twenty thousand pounds, on the one condition that I marry within the next two years a woman with a fortune of five thousand pounds. I was terrified when I heard the condition; but my lawyer advises me that it is easily to be evaded by a deed of gift making over the required sum to the girl I love. So that now nothing stands in the way of our marriage. I myself will give you your dowry of five thousand pounds, and it will be yours for ever, to spend how you wish, and to leave to whom you like.

'You have too much good sense, I am sure, to reproach me with my conduct of late years, although you did not answer my last letter. You know that my uncle insisted on my breaking off our engagement and ceasing our correspondence, as a condition of his making me his heir. And you know how impossible it would have been for two people like ourselves to marry without money. Surely, then, I took the wisest course, and you understand that I did. We can marry now, with a good competence, and live happily for the rest of our lives. You will find plenty to do here, for the people are semi-savages, though affectionate enough in disposition; and the house and farm need much to be done to them.

'Perhaps you may still be angry with me, Mary; but you *know* you love me as I love you. I rely on your love, and I am sure I shall not find it wanting. Just send me a line to fix the day, and I will have a deed of gift drawn up and present it to you with my own hands in Dublin. I shall be so lonely here, till you come!—Ever your loving

CHARLES!

He closed the letter without reading it, and put it in his pocket, intending to walk out to the village and post it. But he had not foreseen the curiosity of Biddy Moran, who caught him by the arm when he appeared at the door of her post-office, and insisted on his coming indoors to tell her all about the poor Master's last moments. Charles Dardas was, at bottom, kind-hearted, and had a liking for Biddy, so did not care to hurt her by a refusal. She was profuse in tears and blessings and good wishes for him.

'There was some,' she said meditatively, 'who thought to call in Tim Healy, the jockeyman, to cure the ould Master. And sure if any one could have cured him, it would have been Tim.—Does your honour know little Pat Geoghegan, the baker's son? Last Christmas he got a terrible

falling of the roof of the mouth, and he could take neither bite nor sup; so they called in Tim. "Musha, then!" says he when he sees him, "that's aisy cured!" And with that he gets on a chair and takes Pat by the hair of the head, and lifts him up off the ground, and he kicking and striving to squeal, for all the world like a pig when they are ringing it. With that, flhop goes something, and the roof of his mouth came up again, drew up off his tongue, like. And he was well at wanst. Oh, Tim is a great doctor entirely! I wouldn't wonder, now, if he had cured the ould man. But maybe if he had, yourself wouldn't have been too well pleased, for he led you a hard life of it, Master Charles!'

Charles Dardas had laughed heartily at the Irish version of a practical cure for quinsy, but at Biddy's last words his face darkened, and he addressed her impressively.

'See here, Biddy! Let me hear no more of that. My uncle was kind enough to me, whatever he was to other people, and I'll not hear a word said against him, now he is dead. You may just let the Ballinalack people know that. I am ready to do the right thing by them if they act fairly by me. But if I hear of any stories being told about my uncle, or me, or my affairs, I will let them know that I can be as hard a landlord as ever they had. Do you understand me?'

'Av coorse, I do, sir,' said Biddy humbly. 'And shure, when all is said and done, the ould Master was as good as the rest of us. God rest his soul! I never asked better than to live with him till himself turned me away.'

Charles smiled, and went out, posting his letter as he did so. Miss Moran always made a point of reading the addresses of the correspondence that passed through her hands, before handing it over to the mail-cart. When she saw a letter addressed in Charles Dardas' handwriting to 'Miss Mary Davidson, Rathgar Road, Rathmines, Dublin,' she formed her own conclusions, but judged it safer not to communicate them to any but two or three of her especial cronies, who, with her, waited eagerly for an answer.

It came by the return mail, and was forwarded with some other letters to the Dardas mansion by a special messenger—the very Pat Geoghegan of the 'fallen palate,' who had strict injunctions to watch the young Master while he read it and see how he took it. But this well-meant attempt at espionage was frustrated by Charles Dardas, who put the letter in his pocket when he received it, and carried it to his room for private perusal. Pat, however, was equal to the occasion, and having been promised a penny if he succeeded in his commission, composed a telling narrative of how 'the Master was struck all of a heap like, and turned as white as a sheet,' &c. The inventive power displayed by him was quite worth a penny, and he duly earned it.

Charles Dardas sat and looked at the envelope a long time before he opened it. To tell the truth, he was far from being so confident of the answer of his sweetheart as he had pretended. He had serious doubts, deep down in his own heart, of the course he had pursued, and though he had succeeded in making his own conscience pretty comfortable, he dreaded that of a woman, whose insight into the principles of right and wrong may easily be argued into silence, but

is not so easily convinced as that of a man. At last he broke the seal and began the letter.

'DEAR CHARLES,' it ran. 'You say that you know I love you! Well, I own it; it is true. I do love you, and I always shall. In *that* nothing you have done or can do will ever make any difference. In this letter I am going to try to put things clearly between us, for at any cost truth is best, is it not?

'Knowing that I love you, you ask me to condone your sacrifice of me, for the sake of money, and your breaking of our engagement. I think, Charles, my love is so strong that I can do that too! But then, you ask me to share in the wealth that you have acquired by your sacrifice—and, more than that, to assist you in evading the conditions on which you acquired that wealth. You ask me to receive a bribe of money—to sell myself and my self-respect for a home, a vocation, and a few thousand pounds. That, Charles, I cannot do.

'Let us put love aside, and reason the matter out on the practical grounds which you think superior. You deliberately gave me up, years ago, rather than lose your chance of inheriting your uncle's fortune—though for that fortune you might have had to wait ten, nay, twenty years. I did not reproach you then, and I will not now; but oh! Charles, how can you expect me to trust myself to you now, when I have learned by experience that you love money more? I *could* not do it. I should always have in my mind the feeling that money was more to you than I was. It would be a profanation of the sacred tie of marriage.

'And then, again, you know my views of right and wrong. If a man's will means anything, it means an expression of the wishes of the dead, which, to my mind at least, are as binding when written down in a document without a signature, as when embodied in the most legal form. You ask me to help you to evade the dead man's wishes—nay, to run flatly contrary to them—for you must see that that condition was expressly intended to bar your marriage with me! And yet you would take his money! Charles, I cannot believe that you would do this yourself, if only you think it over.

'And yet, I own again that I love you; and what is more, I believe that you love me, in spite of these past years. You are young, strong, well educated, a man to make your name in the world. If I understand you, the income of the property is yours unconditionally, for the next two years. Use it to start yourself in a profession; you are sure to get on. Let those two years be the time of our real betrothal; and at their end, when all that money, which has a curse upon it, is gone from you, we will marry and live as best we can. I shall not be afraid to trust myself to you then! No! I shall be able to look up to you as my husband, to admire you as a noble man who has preferred love and righteous dealing to money. Oh Charles, if you knew how I hope and pray that you may be guided to do this!—if you knew what a woman's love is, and how it longs to see its object standing high above his fellow-men—a hero who can be worshipped as well as loved!

'Think before you write again, and, if you

have not forgotten how to pray, pray earnestly on the matter before you decide, for you are deciding the happiness of two lives, and perhaps—I speak it with all reverence—the future of your own soul! After all that I have said, you will understand me when I sign myself as in bygone days—Ever your loving
MARY!'

Charles Dardas' face had grown darker and darker as he read. When he had concluded, he deliberately tore the letter into four pieces and put them on the blazing turf in the fireplace. The paper curled, shrivelled, and then flamed up, and flew in the fierce blast up the chimney. He watched the last fragment disappear, and then turned and left the room.

GIBRALTAR FOR TWENTY CENTURIES.

MAJESTIC Gibraltar, the sleepless sentinel of the Mediterranean, rears its beetling front sheer from the depths of the ocean. To the ancients it was an object of awe and veneration; to the moderns for twelve hundred years it has been a bone of contention and a coveted possession. It has experienced fifteen memorable sieges, and its history in great measure centres round those successive conflicts—a stirring record of capture and recapture, siege and countersiege. But our minds have been so occupied with the history of its later sieges, that we are apt to regard Gibraltar as an eighteenth-century product. This would be a grievous error; for, long before the days of good King Alfred, Gibraltar had a history at once eventful and romantic.

Gibraltar has been known since the days of the Phœnician navigators. In the primitive geography of the early Greeks and Romans it was Calpe, and formed one of the renowned Pillars of Hercules, that for centuries were believed to be the western boundary of the habitable globe. The twin pillar was Abyla, a lofty eminence on the African side near Ceuta.

The rock is situated at the extremity of a low sandy peninsula, and is formed of Jurassic limestone on a Silurian base. It is three miles in length, of an average breadth of three-quarters of a mile, and is about seven miles in circumference. It attains its greatest height in O'Hara's Tower, fourteen hundred and eight feet above the sea. The signal station is twelve hundred and fifty-five feet in height. Outlined against the evening sun the rock as a whole presents the figure of a lion couchant, with its head turned towards Spain. Nor in form alone is it the symbol of the king of beasts. Its teeth are those murderous batteries that bristle on every part of that giant 'head,' and its roar is the thunder from their thousand iron throats.

We have no certain information that Gibraltar was recognised and employed as a place of strength before the eighth century of our era. But in 711 A.D. the Saracen leader Tarik-ibn-Zeyad, a general of the Calif Al Walid, crossed from Africa for the invasion of the kingdom of the Visigoths. He was at once impressed with its strength and strategic importance. Accordingly, he fortified it both to form a base of operations and to afford a ready means of access from the African coast. From the leader, Tarik, the place was named Gebel-el-Tarik (Tarik's Hill),

a corruption of which gives us Gibraltar. Thus the 'lion' passed into the hands of the Moors; and for eight hundred years the banner of the Prophet floated over it in spite of the valour and enthusiasm of the Christian warriors.

The first siege was in 1309. In that year it was taken by Alonzo Perez de Guzman for Frederick IV. of Spain. He, like Romulus of old, endeavoured to attract inhabitants to the place by making it an asylum for thieves and murderers, and by granting exemption from import or export duties.

In 1315 Gibraltar was besieged for the second time. Ismail ben Ferez brought up his forces and strove to make himself master of it. But he was unsuccessful. However, no long respite was allowed the garrison. The third siege began in 1333. Vasco Paez de Meira, the governor, had suffered the fortifications to decay, and the numbers of the garrison to be seriously diminished. Thus, when it was attacked in force by the army of Mahomet IV., king of Fez, it was compelled to capitulate. Scarcely was the capitulation an accomplished fact, when the fourth siege was set afoot. Alfonso, king of Castile, strove to recover his lost possession. His attack was indeed valiant and determined, but at the same time useless and unsuccessful. He was at length fain to raise the siege, and content himself with a tribute for the rock from Abdul Melek of Granada.

Alfonso was indeed baffled, but not disheartened. In 1344 he attacked Algeciras with success, and was encouraged once more to try his fortune on Gibraltar. Thus came the fifth siege of the rock. In 1349 he invested it in strength; but in 1350 he was carried off by the plague, and so the siege came to an untimely end.

There was now respite from siege for a period of sixty years; but in 1410 there was another struggle for the coveted possession. Again it was lost and won. Yussuf III., king of Morocco, succeeded in wresting it from the king of Morocco. This was the sixth siege.

Once more the Spaniards determined to oust the infidel, and again laid siege to the rock, and the seventh siege was begun. The commander of the attacking forces was the Spanish Count of Niebla, Enrico de Guzman. The attempt was an utter failure, and proved disastrous both to the general and to his forces.

Soon, however, a brighter day dawned for Spanish chivalry and pride. In 1462 the fortress was invested by a hostile force for the eighth time. The Christian warriors again drew the leaguer of battle round the devoted rock. Their leader was Alonzo de Arcos; and in August, Gibraltar was finally wrested from the Moors, and the Crescent was replaced by the Cross. Thus, after a lapse of eight long centuries, the fortress passed once more under the Christian sway, and under it has remained since that day.

At last the Spaniards had won that proud possession, for which they had striven for hundreds of years; but they were not to be permitted to enjoy it in peace. And, strange to say, the enemy on this occasion came from within, from themselves. The Duke of Medina Sidonia, a powerful grandee, had assisted at the capture of the rock. When it was at length won, he was seized with the desire to possess it for himself. Ferdinand IV., his king, naturally was

opposed to this, and for some time was able to maintain the claims of the Crown. The Duke, however, was not to be baffled, and appealed to arms. After a struggle, he succeeded in making himself master of the place. Thus Gibraltar was besieged for the ninth time.

The king was now fain to make a compromise. Accordingly, in 1469, he declared the son and heirs of the Duke governors of the rock for ever. In 1479, Ferdinand and Isabella made the second Duke Marquis of Gibraltar; but in 1492, Don Juan, the third Duke, was allowed to retain possession of the fortress with great reluctance. A stronger step was taken in 1501, when Garcilaso de la Vega was ordered to take possession of Gibraltar in the name of the king. It was then incorporated with the rest of the Spanish dominions. Naturally enough, Don Juan was not disposed thus tamely to yield up a possession of such honour and power. He assembled a force, and added a tenth to the long series of sieges already recorded. Needless to say the attempt was a failure.

Peace now reigned over the silent 'lion' for thirty-four years. It was the calm before the storm. An enemy terrible indeed was soon to encircle the rock with his fanatic hordes, flushed with conquest and success. The pirates of Algiers had sworn to plant the Crescent once more upon the rocky summit. The struggle was fierce and bloody; but the torn and shattered followers of the Prophet were forced to quit the field. Thus closed the eleventh siege.

Spain was now in the height of her power and prosperity. Her sons were vigorous and high spirited. Great efforts were therefore made to refortify and strengthen Gibraltar in every way. Their exertions were conspicuously successful, and the fortress was considered throughout Europe as impregnable. This belief was, however, dispelled in 1704, when Sir George Rooke, with a combined English and Dutch fleet, and assisted by a body of troops under Prince George of Hesse-Darmstadt, planted the British flag upon its battlements. After a vigorous bombardment, they landed in force and carried the fortress by assault. Through unaccountable oversight, the Spaniards had allowed the garrison to be reduced to the perilous number of one hundred and fifty men. Such, then, was the twelfth siege.

No sooner was their proud possession lost to them, than the Spaniards realised their insensate folly, and determined to recover it at all hazards. Accordingly, before the captors should have time to strengthen the fortifications, they invested it by land and sea. Gibraltar was captured by the British on the 24th of July, and on the 13th of October the siege was begun. The Spanish fleet was, however, dispersed by Sir John Leake. On land, their forces experienced no better fortune. The Marquis of Villadarias fared so badly that he was superseded by Marshal Tesse. Even he could not command success; and in 1705 he was compelled to raise the siege.

During the subsequent twenty years there was cessation from hostilities. Instead of attack and defence, negotiations during all those years were conducted for the peaceful surrender of the fortress. At last, in 1726, the Spaniards had recourse to arms, and the fourteenth siege was soon in progress. The defence was conducted

under General Clayton and Lord Portmore. It was splendidly effectual. On the 23d of June an armistice was agreed on; and although the war dragged on for two years longer, the siege was practically at an end. The Spaniards thus baffled in negotiation and in arms, were forced to endure what they could cure neither by might nor counsel.

Gibraltar now enjoyed peace for half a century. Seldom, indeed, had the great fortress been so long free from strife and conflict. Then the clouds began to gather, and the storm burst with a fury that shook the very Pillars of Hercules themselves. The fifteenth siege of Gibraltar, known as the Great Siege, was rapidly closing in upon the devoted garrison. Britain was in the thick of a desperate struggle with her revolted American colonies. In 1778, France had acknowledged America as an independent power. This naturally led to a declaration of war against her. Spain took the opportunity to join the hostile coalition, and at once made a most determined effort to recover Gibraltar. Their plan of operations was a blockade. They therefore invested it by land and sea in the strictest manner, and by cutting off all supplies, strove to reduce the place by famine. They had very nearly succeeded, when Admiral Darby contrived to bring the long-looked-for supplies and reinforcements. The Spaniards were mortified to have success thus dashed from their grasp. The blockade was made stricter than ever, and none might come forth from the rock nor enter into it. Once more success seemed near. The garrison were in dreadful straits—a fact quite well known to the besiegers. To the utter confusion of the Spaniards, however, almost at the last moment the topsails of a mighty armada rose above the horizon. It was the British fleet. Strong men wept for joy as a hundred sail of their native land swept proudly into the bay, laden with everything that the hearts of famine-stricken men could desire. They were convoyed by a gallant show of Britain's men-of-war—the dreaded 'wooden walls,' for those were the days of Nelson and Trafalgar. The Spaniards were now totally exasperated, and turned the blockade into a siege. The blockade had commenced in June 1779, and now, in 1781, before the unloading could be finished, a terrific bombardment was opened upon the place.

In July 1782 the Spaniards were reinforced by the French. Preparations were now made for a grand assault. A powerful fleet was assembled round the battered rock. Their chief hope, however, was ten floating batteries designed by D'Arcon, a French engineer. Ten Spanish battle-ships were sacrificed for these. Their tall sides were cut down, leaving but one deck, on which were planted the heaviest known ordnance. With such skill were they constructed as to be deemed invincible.

Meantime, the garrison within were not passing their days in slumber. They saw only too well how dreadful would be the conflict, and strained every nerve to combat their opponents. 'Old Elliott,' the grim old Scot, was the life and soul of the fortress. His means of offence was in all seven thousand men and eighty guns. Furnaces also were prepared for a constant supply of red-hot shot.

On the 13th of September the final struggle began. The Britons within were ready; and even before the great batteries had quite come into position, the red-hot iron shower poured fast upon them from above. Soon it was answered from every part of the hostile line. The scene was indescribable. Travellers have told us the horrors of a tropical thunder-storm; but no tropical thunder-storm ever shot such lightnings and thunderings. Four hundred of the heaviest guns were blazing and crashing at the same moment. The shock was tremendous. The very earth seemed to rock and tremble under the incessant discharge. All through the day the conflict raged. Night settled down, 'and still Elliott's guns thundered defiance from the rock.' By one o'clock, two of the floating batteries were a prey to the flames. By morning, nine out of the ten 'invincible' batteries were destroyed, together with a great part of the fleet. Every resource of power and skill had been employed in vain; and although the blockade lasted on till February 2, 1783, the contest was recognised as over. Elliott and his eighty guns had indeed given a good account of themselves; and the old war-worn veteran was rewarded with a peerage, and became Lord Heathfield.

We are so much accustomed to think of Gibraltar as a fortress that we are apt to overlook the fact that it is besides a considerable town and a flourishing seaport. It has been a free port since 1705. Its total population numbers some twenty-five thousand, including from five to six thousand soldiers. The governor exercises all the functions of the legislative and executive, and is always an officer of experience and ability. For the purely local business of the town there is a Board of Sanitary Commissioners. The whole community is, however, regulated by military usage. This arises greatly from the circumstance that the gates are opened and shut precisely at gun-fire morning and evening.

Gibraltar is the strongest British garrison abroad, and costs from three to four hundred thousand pounds yearly. No wayfarer may sojourn in Gibraltar without a pass from the Town Major. If he desires to prolong his stay, he must find a consul or householder to be responsible for his conduct. Permits are granted for only short periods—ten, fifteen, or twenty days. They can, however, be renewed.

THUMB NOTES.

WERE it left to the ladies to decide the relative importance of the five fingers, the pride of place would certainly be accorded to the fourth finger, as the bearer of the outward sign of wifehood. Granting that honourable privilege to be sufficient to entitle the fourth finger to rank above its fellows, it is a question if it rightly enjoys the privilege. It has been contended that the master-finger was originally the recipient of the badge of matrimony, chiefly, if not entirely, on the evidence of Tom D'Urfey and Samuel Butler—the first-named writing of a courtship so fast and furious that

Ere three days about were come,
The ring was put upon the thumb;

and Butler decrying the abolishing of

That tool of matrimony, a ring,
With which the unsanctified bridegroom
Is married only to a thumb.

But then he goes on :

The bride to nothing but her will,
Which nulls the *after-marriage* still ;

which may be read to mean that the thumb-ringing ceremony was merely the preliminary one of formal betrothal. In the other case, it does not follow that if the ring was put upon the thumb, it stayed there ; since the old marriage ritual prescribed that the ring should be put upon the thumb at the words, 'With all my worldly goods I thee endow ;' placed in turn upon the second, third, and fourth finger, on which it finally remained.

Southey tells us that in the time of the first two Georges, ladies transferred the wedding-ring to the thumb after the ceremony, and that it is represented so worn in portraits of the period. He might have gone farther back. The heroine of Southern's *A Maid's Last Prayer* declares of a lover : 'Marry him I must, and wear my wedding-ring on my thumb, too, I am resolved ;' from which it may reasonably be inferred that to do so was rather the whim of the few than the habit of the many. Portraits of Elizabethan dames wearing their wedding-rings upon their thumbs are said to be extant. Possibly the rings were not wedding-rings, ringing the thumb being an old feminine fashion. It was upon that member of the hand Chaucer's Canace carried her wonder-working hoop ; and a mummy-case in the British Museum bears a representation of an Egyptian lady, the thumbs of whose crossed hands are each encircled by a ring. In the days of Queen Anne, according to the *Spectator*, the feminine thumb-ring was the badge of widowhood ; and women tired of single-blessedness were wont to don it, and, as 'jolly widows,' achieve conquests denied to them as spinsters.

Men's thumb-rings are no rarities to collectors. Some of the Roman specimens must have been cumbersome wear, one in the Montfaucon collection, bearing the bust of Trajan's consort, Plotina, measuring over three inches across. Mediæval churchmen of high degree did not allow 'the largest, first, and shortest of the fingers' to go unadorned. A massive gold ring was found upon the thumb of the supposed skeleton of Hilary, Bishop of Chichester, who died in 1169 ; and the recumbent effigy of Bishop Oldham, in Exeter Cathedral, is remarkable for the pressed-together thumbs being enclosed by a single ring. When the shrine of St Thomas à Becket was robbed of its treasures, the famous archbishop's thumb-ring, given to him by the king of France, graced with a ruby the size of a hen's egg, found its way to the thumb of bluff King Hal ; and as the humour of the king is always voted just the thing, we may be sure the royal hand was not the only one so decked at court. Mayors and aldermen imitated their betters. 'When I was about thy years, Hal,' says the Fat Knight, 'I was not an eagle's talon in the waist ; I could have crept into an alderman's thumb-ring ;' and that the wearing of thumb-rings was pretty general in the seventeenth century is proved by Brome's remark that a good man in the city carried nothing rich about him but the gout and

a thumb-ring ; and for an example nearer our own day, it may be noted that Dr Thomas Chalmers wore a thumb-ring once belonging to his great-great-great-grandfather.

Would-be hypnotisers should avoid trying conclusions with persons possessing longer-jointed thumbs than their own, for, if there is any truth in palmistry, the strength of one's will depends upon the formation of the thumb ; the will-power of its owner being great or little according to the length or want of length of its upper joint. How the thumbs of Roman holiday-makers were formed mattered nothing to the defeated gladiator, whose fate hung upon their being bent forwards or backwards ; a method of decreeing life or death to which, perhaps, we owe a man at another's mercy being said to be under his thumb. The Irish hero, Fingal, had the felicity to be under his own thumb, that member serving him as a danger-signal, aching in a peculiar way whenever trouble impended, when he had only to put it in his mouth to become immediately instructed how to overcome the difficulty of the hour. So, by the pricking of her thumbs telling her 'something wicked this way comes,' did the weird sister know of Macbeth's approach before her ears caught his footfall.

When a new member was initiated into the Westphalian Vehmgerichte, and swore to keep the secrets of the society from wife and child, father and mother, sister and brother, from fire and sword, from the things warmed by the sun or nourished by the rain, he did so with the thumb and two fingers of his right hand upon the cross hilt of a sword. An oath so taken was held irrevocable, and not to be annulled by even the Pope himself. In olden times, it was the pressure of the thumb upon the wax of a document's seal that made the deed a valid and binding instrument, and in verbal contracts the thumb ratified the bargain. Goths and Iberians completed an agreement by licking and joining their thumbs, as Scotsmen once did, and Moors still do ; and rustic lovers once betrothed themselves by licking their respective master-fingers and then pressing them together, as they vowed to remain faithful to each other for ever and a day. Even now an Ulster man signifies his assent to a proposition with, 'We may lick thooms upo' that !' if he does not suit the action to the word like the lieutenant, who, in 1642, on being challenged to mortal combat by his own sergeant, accepted the duel by licking his thumb, saying, 'There is my parole for it.'

If Henry IV.'s popinjay envoy had not excited Hotspur's wrath by the way he manipulated his pouncet-box with his finger and thumb on Homildon field, the king might have got his prisoners for the asking, and valiant Sir John lacked the chance of boasting he had slain Harry Percy after fighting a long hour by Shrewsbury clock. Had the mincing courtier intended to raise the ire of the 'Mars in swathing clothes,' he would have pocketed his pouncet-box and bit his thumb at him ; as Capulet's servitor Sampson bites his at Montague's men—'a disgrace to them if they bear it ;' when, as they do not incline to let the insult pass unresented, swords are crossed ; blows, swashing and otherwise, exchanged ; until the enraged citizens joining in, there is as pretty a street fight as could be desired. Shoulderings,

jeerings, and biting of thumbs were the favourite provocatives to quarrel with the 'roughs' of St Paul's Walk in Shakespeare's time, and many a braggart brawler bit the dust for biting his thumb at a better man.

Ingoldsby's vulgar little boy much shocked his benefactor when he 'put his thumb unto his nose and spread his fingers out'—a derisive bit of pantomime in vogue among the ancient Assyrians. More elaborate was Panurge's method of 'taking a sight' at Thaumaste. Lifting his right hand in the air, he put the thumb to his nose, holding his four fingers, straight out and closed, in a parallel line; then lifting his other hand, and stretching forth its fingers and elevating the thumb, he held it in a line with his right hand, a cubit and a half in front, and abased towards the ground both the one and the other hand. The glib-tongued street-boys seem now to have given the go-by to this time-honoured declaration of contemptuous defiance in dumb-show, preferring to give vocal expression to their sentiments.

To say a man works by rule of thumb is to reproach him with inexactness; but when Exchequer tallies were in use, a notch the width of a thumb represented exactly ten pounds. When drapers employed the clothyard wand, the possession of a narrow thumb was an advantage to an aspirant to the counter, as in measuring goods the buyer gained a thumb's width in every yard; but the adoption of a measure imbedded in the counter deprived slim-fingered ones of their advantage, and the draper's customers of their 'thumbs.' It is by the thumb the miller tests the character and qualities of the grain he grinds; spreading the sample over the fingers by a peculiar movement of the thumb, he gauges its value by the thumb itself. Continual action in this way makes the thumb assume a shape resembling the wide flattened head of the bull-head or Tommy Logge, a fish prevalent in mill-streams, which in consequence is popularly known as the Miller's Thumb.

Cornelius Ketel painted his pictures with his thumb, and it is still the picture-cleaner's safest tool. When sewing was rendered easier by the invention of the thimble, or thumbell as it was originally called, that useful article was worn upon the thumb, not the finger; and the Japanese dentist, disdaining any but Nature's appliances, finds his thumb and finger all sufficing in the extraction of the most stubborn of aching teeth. Recounting the performances of a company of 'barn-stormers,' the *Connoisseur* says: 'I was much diverted at Sir Harry Wildair, whose chief action was a continual pressing together of the thumb and forefinger, which, had he lifted them to the nose, I should have thought he designed as an imitation of taking snuff; but I could easily account for this singular gesture, when I discovered that Sir Harry was no less a person than the dexterous Mr Clippet, the candle-snuffer'—without whom, Goldsmith tells us, a play would lose half its embellishments. According to an epilogue writer of the seventeenth century, it was then easy to distinguish the country from the town gallant in a theatre; the latter being known by putting his periwig in order with a comb, while his provincial brother was content to attain the same object with four fingers and a thumb.

A Chilian merchant used to defy forgery by placing one thumb on the paper he wished to sign, and tracing its outline; then he placed the other thumb across, outlined that, and his signature was complete. An impression of the thumb in ink would better serve the purpose, for we have Mr Francis Galton's assurance that the patterns made by the cuticle of the fingers do not vary so much between various periods of life, nor alter sufficiently by reason of other conditions, as to lose their individuality. The Chinese have long been aware that the impressions of no two thumbs, even of the same individual, are alike; and impressions of every criminal's thumbs are taken by the police and numbered for reference. He may disguise himself as he will, make up as he can; but a comparison of the impressions of his thumbs with that in the police archives settles the identity of an old offender beyond doubt. Had such a means of comparison been available in the famous contest for the Tichborne estates, certain believers in the Claimant would have had no excuse for plaguing the then Home Secretary by petitioning him, in the event of that worthy dying before the expiration of his sentence, to order his malformed thumb to be amputated and placed in the British Museum, 'to enable posterity to judge of an important matter connected with the Tichborne case.'

Children have come into the world sparsely provided as regards the members of the hand; some with but a thumb and index-finger, others with no thumb at all, or with hands like that of Mr Caesar, who represented Herefordshire during the last century, which was as nearly like a lobster's claw as a specimen of humanity could be expected to carry; a species of malformation he shared, according to the records of the Berlin Academy of Sciences, with a whole family of negroes dwelling near Paramaribo in 1759.

'SWEEP.'

ALCOFRIBAS, when he tells of the people who inhabited the two sides of his master Pantagruel's teeth, and who were entire strangers to each other, says: 'Then I began to think that it is very true which is commonly said, that one half of the world knoweth not how the other half liveth.' In the four centuries since Rabelais wrote, the number of ways in which the world lives has multiplied greatly. What do people generally know of 'sweep' as an article of commerce? Even if it is lengthened into sweepings, they will not be much the wiser. 'Sweep' is rubbish—the derivation of which is probably from rubbage—but it is certainly very precious rubbish. It is a technical term for refuse arising from work done in gold and silver—platinum is only a small matter—whether that refuse is got together by the broom or obtained in more indirect ways.

Forty or fifty industries at the least are dependent on those who deal in gold and silver. Goldsmiths, silversmiths, jewellers, wedding-ring makers, diamond mounters, opticians, dentists, photographers, bookbinders, glass silverers, platers and gilders, surgical-instrument makers, watchcase makers, secret-springers and polishers (for watches), boot-makers (for eyelets), bur-

nishers, pencil-makers, penmakers, brushmakers, purse-makers, cabinet-makers, wire-drawers, lace-men, button-makers, stick-mounters, pipe-mounters, and so on, almost *ad infinitum*. The precious metals are not as water that, spilt on the ground, cannot be gathered again; they are indestructible and unconvertible, and can, and actually do, find their way back—like Silas Wegg's amputated leg,—to the source from which they flowed. Walking about Clerkenwell, the stranger will occasionally come upon a man carrying what looks something like a magnified cheese-taster on his shoulder; it is meant for sampling sweep, and the man is in the employ of a sweep-smelter. Sweep-smelting is a special business, and is in very few hands. It must not be confounded with ordinary refining; native metals of course have to be smelted, but all about gold and silver ores, and the way in which they are purified, can be learned from books.

Jewellers, and those who work directly in gold and silver, save as much as they can of their valuable refuse by literal sweeping. Some nail strips of metal over the cracks in the flooring; others have more complicated arrangements, such as gratings which serve to diminish the amount of precious dust that might be carried away on the soles of the workmen's shoes. There is board-sweep, and lemel (the waste that comes of filing), and turnings (from the lathe), and punicings (from the polishing done with pumice-stone); gold-beaters have skewings, which are remnants of gold-leaf. Hand-wash of course is worth preserving, and, in fact, everything with which the gold or silver worker comes in contact. All instruments used in refining when they are worn out have themselves to pass through the fire; crucibles and ladles are sure to have gold and silver attachments. The chimneys of furnaces have their sweepings and scrapings preserved and tested. The floor of a jeweller's workroom in the course of years, and with whatever precautions against waste, makes very good sweep. Sometimes the roof of a house acquires an artificial value. Means have been used, too, to compel the smoke of furnaces, by forcing it through water and lattice-work, to drop on its way the dust of gold which otherwise it would carry into the atmosphere. Workmen's caps, aprons, boots, blouses; the rags used by book-edge polishers, are worth burning down. In the old days, when ore was ground in mills worked by horses, the overflowings of the mill so affected the accumulations without, that they were found to be too precious to be used as manure, and became sweep under the genteel name of residue. Gilt-wood, cornices, old artificial teeth, in fact almost everything that has ever had gold in it, has some sort of worth.

It is to be expected that a trade dealing in such precious materials as gold and silver will be assailed by fraud. One of the oldest, easiest, and most profitable ways of creating sweep was by what was called sweating guineas. A file and a little leather bag were all the materials needed. A plump young guinea could spare a few grains to the sweater, and go on its way rejoicing. If it had not been for the gallows, which loomed darkly in the sweater's path, some substitute for a gold currency would have had to be found. Workers in gold are not always careful in leaving the fragments behind. An employer who felt

sure he was being robbed, after much watching and investigation, noticed a workman who had acquired the impolite habit of scratching his head. It turned out that his head would have made excellent sweep. The master had some inclination towards getting at the gold by the usual refining process, but mercifully fell back on the brush and comb.

Sampling sweep wants carefully looking after. A few grains of gold-dust mixed with the sample would make a considerable difference in the price offered for the bulk. But honest dealers have grown to be at least as artful as thieves, though men differ in the skill with which they sample sweep, just as they differ in their cleverness as to other things. To know just what to offer for sweep, especially if it be of an unusual kind, is given only to one who is an old hand at the business, and has, besides, a touch of genius. 'How do you mix your colours?' the great painter was asked, and he replied: 'With brains, sir.' In every profession brains tell. To an outsider, nothing would appear more worthless than a quantity of sweep, the offer for which might reach to three figures in the pound. If it were his, he would be asking himself what was the least he must give to have it carted away.

BY THE CHRISTMAS FIRE.

A PENNY for your thoughts, sweet wife!

Across the sparkling winter rime,
With tongues that clash in merry strife,
The bells ring out their Christmas chime.
In silence by the hearth you stand,
Amidst the Yule-fire's ruddy glow,
While Memory turns with tender hand
The page we folded long ago.

You watch the footpath o'er the hill—
Our path which led to rose-strewn ways:
Dear heart, do lovers walk there still?
And whisper secrets nowadays?
Do lads and maidens thither roam,
Unmindful of the drifted snow,
To carry Christmas holly home,
Or search in pairs for mistletoe?

They said our bough seemed hard to find
Upon a certain bygone day,
Because we loitered far behind
The laughing groups that came our way.
But when the wintry sunset died,
And Night hung up the Christmas moon,
We two went homeward, side by side,
With hearts that beat one old, old tune.

Now, sons and daughters bend bright heads,
My dear, above your easy-chair,
And stoop to kiss the silver threads
Upon the darkness of your hair.
You say Life's winter has begun—
Ah, well! Its keenest winds may blow:
I keep, thank God, the love I won
That happy Christmas years ago.

E. MATHESON.

Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF

POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 416. — VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

CHRISTMAS IN CANTON.

CANTON at Christmas is full of the glitter and gladness of the sun ; it is like a modern Christmas card. Our trees are green, our gardens, balconies, and tables are full of roses, heliotropes, and chrysanthemums. As the days are filled with the sun, so are the nights with the moon. At sunset on Christmas eve, heaven and earth are touched with reds, greens, and yellows which would delight the minds of those who think in paint. The curious wooden junks, with their pointed brown sails and streaming scarlet pennants, move out mysteriously, manned by their yellow crews in blue cotton jackets and scanty pigtails. The birds begin to settle softly into the sighing trees on the shore, twittering lightly, a hundred at a time. The river, boats, and houses look like a sketch on the pearly inside of an old shell ; the natives, moving about in their æsthetic robes and in their tranquil way, seem well in keeping with their background. On the foreign settlement, which is a little island called Shamin, tennis is in full swing on the public lawn ; a few of the inhabitants are strolling on the bund ; others are illuminating the little church with flowers. Here are some fine avenues of trees ; and walking under them, as one looks up they seem to have caught the feet of swiftly-coming night in their dark masses ; while the half-weird light from the west is streaming on their trunks. The night spreads from the trees to the river, and fills the earth with its presence.

Now we catch sight of the Christmas moon among the trees, where, here and there, a leafless tree writes winter on the sky in the old crooked characters. On the river they beat out the watch, making a rhythmic flow of wooden music ; and in a neighbouring yard there is the gobble of a Christmas turkey. Our path under the trees has become a stream of shadows. It is Christmas eve, and we are far from home. Memories flow over our souls as the shadows over our heads : light and dark, dark and light, dancing

and passing, and yet, touching us too deeply for tears.

The moon looks upon a city which is a museum only to us until we get some heart interest in it, through knowing the joys and sorrows of some few people among the million encamped here in these low gray-brick houses, so closely packed together. In the chaos of plain tiled roofs we can distinguish the tip-tilted roofs of temples, mandarins' houses, tea-houses. These roofs are higher than others, and ornamented often with carved and gaudily-painted woodwork. Some roofs are made of glazed tiles, which shine in the moonlight, and all have skylights of oyster-shells. Here and there are spreading a few sacred trees, which are believed to be the local habitation of airy nothings. High above the low-built houses tower great square erections, looking gloomy as ancient keeps : these are the pawn-shops, the chests of old clothes.

All over the city one notices high bamboo structures with tiny huts on top, and which are the watchmen's towers. The watchman who spends the night up there is supposed to be on the lookout for fires, and to give the alarm at once with his gong. On every roof are steps, and on every step a jar full of water, to be used in case of fire. On most roofs there are wooden frames used for drying anything from a herring to a pair of trousers. Down between the houses are innumerable alleys, from which a hoarse murmur arises, and whence the lights of hurrying lanterns are beginning to gleam : these are the streets. There is a city also on the water ; thousands of boat-homes rise and fall on its muddy moonful tide. They look like fleets of old roofed-over cradles, whose interiors are gay with yellow light, red and green paint, little mirrors, brass water-pipes, trays, teapots, and all the household gear of a nautical home. When their cheery lights fall on a shadow, they show like golden stairways into its depths. There are swan-like guard-boats, with their clumsy cannon, and groups of triangular flags—their gaudy paint subdued by the moon. There are house-boats

anchored out in the stream, whose brilliance seems to overflow into the quiet night; and through their venetians one catches a glimpse of the glittering mirrors and lamps within; the crimson stuffs, and the polished black furniture inlaid with mother-of-pearl. On the decks and roofs lounge Chinese gentlemen, dressed in silk and embroidery, smoking their silver pipes, and doubtless felicitating themselves that they were born in the Middle Kingdom. Hundreds of water-peddlars, perched in the stern of their punts, move in and out everywhere crying their wares, which are piled up in front of them round a lamp—fruit, crockery, sugar-cane, &c. Here and there, gunboats are stationed, which were built for the Chinese in England or Germany. These often fly a flag in honour of the sailors' goddess from their main-royal masts; and their modern ship-shape surroundings have left the tars as grossly heathen as in their war-junks. Away in the distance are the white Cloud Hills in their 'own deep quiet.' On these hills tea is grown, and the dead of the city buried.

The foreign population in Canton, though larger than one would suppose, is after all only a slight incrustation. On one bank of the river there are four mission compounds with their chapels and schools; in one compound is a large hospital. There is also a magnificent Roman Catholic cathedral, which rises, a fine conception in masonry, above the inferior conceptions of the natives. There are two or three steamers lying up by the foreign settlement, which itself looks like a little bit of Europe moored by the Asiatic city. Though only about one mile round, it contains the residences of people of many nationalities—European, American, Indian, Japanese—and their various flags flaunt above its foliage. It was once a sandbank, conceded thus to the English and French. Now it is a park-like place, with lawns, gardens, and avenues; and to an eye which has been wandering over the native city, its houses, with their balconies and porticoes, look like white caskets. But what strikes one most on entering it from the turbulent native streets is its deep peace. Here a foreigner—a lady especially—may live for years and never hear the sound of a wheel, a postman's knock, or a street organ.

But how much better are these conditions than those under which the British merchants lived who traded here for the tea which was to fill the antique pots of our great-great-grandmothers. They were confined to a block of native houses on the river-bank, and never allowed to go a step beyond these narrow limits, so that they suffered badly from want of exercise. One of them tried to keep his blood from stagnation by riding a little native horse up and down the narrow yard behind the block. He emerged to this exciting feat every afternoon at about four; and he found after a time that a restaurant keeper whose premises overlooked the yard was letting seats at so much a head to spectators, who came from all parts of the city to see the performance.

But China is no longer the great tea-shop for Europe and America; the Western barbarian with his sharp nose has scented the teas of other hills; and the conceited shopman of the long pigtail and blue robe has lost his best

customer, though he is still patronised by that inveterate young tea-drinker, Australia.

Listen! It is midnight, and yet there are cocks crowing everywhere. Involuntarily, one murmurs:

Some say that ever 'gainst that season comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of dawning singeth all night long.

The bird of dawning, however, singeth every night in China. How few here in this great Asiatic camp will celebrate that birth to-morrow!

There are wandering lights gleaming from the upper windows of the houses on the Settlement. The mothers are stealing around with basketfuls of toys and sweets, waited on by broadly-smiling 'amahs,' as they fill the stockings of their pale darlings, asleep under the mosquito nets. In the early dawn we notice how the foreign steamers have burst into tufts of green foliage during the night; and we observe coolies going from house to house with bundles of white-enveloped Christmas cards, which the house-boy will pile on the morning tea-tray and take in to the sleepy recipient. It is so pleasant, too, to get them in this far-off land, we even read the words.

The morning lengthens until the white-robed Chinamen ring out the church-going bells over junks and temples. A born missionary, whose love for humanity is only excelled by his Christian ardour, is putting on the plain surplice in the vestry; the organist, a Christian merchant, is arranging the music; painted light falls on faces and flowers in a silence through which to 'capable ears' the herald angels sing. From many a native home in the crowded city faithful families are turning out to wend their way through unsympathetic streets to their chapels. These chapels have wooden partitions running down the middle, on one side of which the men assemble, and on the other the women. The women and girls have on bright blue garments, with glittering and many-coloured butterflies embroidered on their shoes, and heavily-scented flowers stuck in their black glossy hair, with its gold and silver hair-pins and jade-stone ornaments. The minister in his pigtail, long blue cotton jacket, big spectacles, and small round cap, takes up the hymn-book, which looks like a bundle of yellow tea-papers, and opening it the wrong way round—as we should say—gives out the hymn. Familiar sounds arise which are sung from the heart, albeit *viâ* the nose. Then the lesson is read, and the good tidings rung out in the eight or nine tones of the Cantonese, and read from columns of Chinese characters, but just as clearly good tidings as ever they were in the Queen's English. During the service, native visitors begin to arrive, who are inclined to walk about and talk as they would do in their own temples.

After the service, active preparations for the feast are made. A lot of little tables are arranged in one room for the men, and in another for the women. On each table is placed a heavy lacquer tray, which contains a dozen or so of little round plates, like rows of buttons on a card, and each plate is piled with a different variety of small cake. These trays come just as they are all ready from the confectioner. To give a 'tea' here is a

very simple matter, and a cheap one. How many people? Fifty. Well, order five 'ten-people trays;' each tray will cost about a shilling, and its contents are wonderfully indigestible for the money. Oranges and tea for the fifty can be had for two or three shillings more.

Meanwhile, picnic parties have gone out on land and water. A favourite place is the White Cloud Hill. The party starts in a long line of sedan chairs with green calico covers. Tiffin is laid on the mind of some trustworthy head 'boy,' and on the backs of sturdy coolies. The Chinese 'house-boy' is a capital caterer for a picnic because he has no idea of picnic style: he lays the tiffin table in the hill temple as nearly as possible just as he would lay it in the dining-room at home. The party in chairs wends its way through the narrow tumultuous streets and through the gloomy city gate out into the open country. One may imagine that now every one would breathe freely and enjoy the scenery. But no! First of all an overpowering odour poisons the enjoyment; it is caused by the manure which the thrifty Chinaman lavishes upon his fields. Then the chairs wind through a crude South-African-like village; a little later they pass by a leper village, some of the inhabitants of which sit by the wayside begging; and then by the 'City of the Dead,' a place where there are hundreds of coffins awaiting a lucky day for burial.

When the ascent of the hill is begun, the sight of graves everywhere tends to depress the spirits. On the lower levels, ragged villages and reeking paddy-fields; on the higher, graves and temples. Such is Chinese country. Yet one gets used to graves, and as the bearers mount the steps made in the hill, one's spirits mount too. Just in front, in the bosom of the rounded heights, is a group of trees; and half-hidden among them like a carved jewel is the temple we are making for. The steps begin to get steeper, and one feels that everything now depends on the legs of the hindmost coolie. At length we arrive on the broad green shelf on which the temple is built. On one side of it is a gorge, through which flows an untutored mountain youth, as Wordsworth would call it, now crooning in some quiet spot, and then chafing against rocks which Nature, wild and mischievous everywhere, has thrown in its way. We are to tiffin in this temple; and should one have fears of hurting the religious feelings of its devotees, such fears may be dismissed at once. The man in charge is smiling blandly, and indeed tiffin has already been laid in the guest-room by the 'boys.' Reverence, the deep-eyed child of Love and Fear, does not dwell with Superstition in heart or temple.

After tiffin, the party throws its wraps into the sedan chairs and sets out to walk to a temple nearly at the top of the hill. They gather sprigs of tea in blossom, and look down on gray Canton, crouching on the banks of its broad stream. The temple at the top is known as the 'Monkey Temple.' Here there is a large image of a monkey clad in the full robes of a Buddhist priest; he is worshipped by all the devotees who visit the temple. The story is that he was converted under the preaching of a disciple of Buddha, and without waiting to take the steps usual in the evolution of Buddhists from monkeys, he became straightway an esoteric saint. The

terraces of the temple are crowded with lovely flowers.

It is time to turn homewards. People get into their chairs, and the long line of green-covered sedans winds down the mountain path on its way back to the Settlement.

'The pale purple evening' is upon us as we walk up and down flower-edged balconies weaving a sparkling and sombre tissue of Christmas thoughts. It is just cold enough to be excuse for a fire; firelight and sunset light are falling on a group in the drawing-room and on the pushed-away tea-table with its cloth cross-stitched by Chinese girls in the Italian convent. Cooks begin to be busy in their cook-houses, and boys in the dining-rooms; while their mistresses, unless unusually fussy, go out to stroll among the poetic lights on balcony or bund. Chinese men have a special instinct for housekeeping, and, like all notable housekeepers, they excel themselves upon occasions.

The silver moon is rising among beds of white cloud-camellias blowing softly in the clear sky, and while the unconcerned million around us are thinking their commonplace thoughts we begin to dress for the Christmas dinner. Papa puts on his best evening coat; mamma laces her bodice blue; and little Dorothy is having her brightest sash tied, for even she is to dine to-night. The houses on the Settlement begin to overflow with light. The hostess is in her drawing-room in graceful gown, awaiting her guests. What an interesting room it is: fantastically carved black wood, lovely old embroidery, curious and delicate china. So pretty, too: such gracefully designed chairs in bamboo, such artistic things from Japan, the land of bric-à-brac; and here in 'far Cathay' behold English comfort: deep chairs, heavy curtains, soft rugs, and a moon-lamp covered with a Japanese shade throwing tinted light on the polished floor. There is not a book in the room but albums of photos or autographs, and yet one feels that there is entertainment in its curio-filled recesses for days. There is no rumble of wheels; but the guests are arriving. Chair after chair is borne to the door by coolies in uniform; their burden is set down gently; a slender figure floats into the hall, murmuring her Christmas greetings to her host as he offers her his arm. The men arrive in companies often, present themselves to their hostess and retire—there are so many men out here! The head-boy in a long blue silk jacket, freshly shaven head, and black satin shoes with turned-up toes, and high wooden soles, throws back the folding-doors. The few favoured men for whom there is a lady offer their arms, the young and insignificant follow *en masse*. The table looks as if a picnic party of flowers had wandered up and dispersed itself among the crystal and silver. Some recline upon the cloth; others lean from the shining battlements of the centre-piece; others have seated themselves in low crystal bowers, or hidden away in the snowy folds of the napkins.

In the mission-houses, too, there are Christmas dinners, and—whisper it!—plenty of good things, if in plainer style. All the members of one mission like to gather together; and some come to the gathering from lonely country stations where they have seen no white person for months; all that, however, is forgotten under the genial smile

of Old Christmas. But out here, as elsewhere, there are hearts in which there is no joy to-night: the lonely, the unpopular. There are few of these, however. Canton is a place full of good hearts—good even to the unpopular. This old mart of tea—the intellectual and social cup—is full of sympathetic courtesy. And so in the homes of consul, merchant, missionary, and clerk, merry parties surround the flowery tables, wear their cracker crowns, and half forget that they are in the far East (or possibly thankfully remember it). A few hours later, the wreathed circle with hands crossed and clasped sings *Auld Langsyne*. Thoughts go away to friends who were with us last year—for China is a place of change—and as they are going farther still to our nearest and dearest, they are suddenly recalled by the hearty climax of the hand-shaking; then the circle breaks, and with it the charm—every one feels that Christmas is over.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

CHAPTER XIV.

'SIR WILLIAM,' said Drumly, 'would you be so good as leave us with our ward for a little?'

'Certainly,' said Sir William, 'and after that I should like to explain this matter to you.' And having so said, he went out.

When he had gone, Drumly sat up, and from under his heavy brows considered with a grave, kindly thoughtfulness the apathetic attitude and look of Miss Dawlish. Then he turned to his partner. 'Drew,' said he, 'that's a very fine young fellow: I hope no harm is going to come to him.'

Dolly glanced quickly up, with sharp anxiety and dread on her face. 'Oh,' said she, 'I hope not!'

Drumly said nothing for a moment: but his partner was amazed to see that eye of Drumly which was next him half close and open again: he would have said Drumly had winked, had he ever known him wink before, or had his solemn face permitted him to believe that he had winked then.

'Well, my dear,' said Drumly, leaning his elbows on the table and playing with one of the quills before him, 'would you mind telling us whether you had any conversation to-day with Mr Ferrers about these matters? You needn't be afraid of us, my dear, or shy with us: we are your father's friends, who are anxious to see you happy—old fellows who know the world (Drew here is an old married man, as you know, and I'm an incorrigible old bachelor), and who may be able to give you advice. Did he tell you at all how this had come about?'

'Yes; he did,' answered Dolly.

'Would you mind telling us the facts of the case as he put them?'

So Dolly related 'the facts of the case' as barely as she could, laying unconscious stress upon the, to her, shameful fact that he had undertaken the adventure for money.

'Will you forgive me, my dear,' said Drumly, 'if I ask whether you spoke to him warmly about that?'

'I did,' confessed Dolly, and blushed violently. 'Indeed, I think now I said many harder things than he deserved.'

At that moment there came an interruption. The pony-chaise swept up, and Lord Debrett jumped out: he had just returned from town. Seeing the library window open and people sitting within, he entered. He stood and looked round upon the three, and on the papers on the table.

'Not intruding, I hope,' said he. 'But I fancied I passed at the end of the avenue Mr—er'——he hesitated.

'Mr Ferrers?' suggested Drumly.

'Ferrers?' said Debrett. 'Well, yes; Ferrers. There's been an *éclaircissement*, then, I suppose?'

'Yes,' said Drew, 'and Mr Ferrers is gone.'

'Gone!' exclaimed Debrett. 'Then, by Jove! I go too!—Don't take that away,' he shouted to the man in charge of the chaise. 'I'll wait it.—Excuse me,' said he, turning alternately to Drew and Drumly, 'but you shouldn't have turned him out in such a hurry. You should have heard the whole story. He's a capital fellow—the best fellow in the world; and this lark was not his doing. It was Sir William's idea, and I led Ferrers into it, and I persuaded him the other day to keep it up, when he began to think it looked fishy.'

'And how fishy it is,' said Drumly, 'I don't think a gentleman like you, my lord, can have guessed. If you will give Mr Drew a moment, I'm sure he will be glad to give you the real facts of the lark.'

Drumly made a sign to Drew that he wished to be alone with Dolly, and Drew rose and went out by the open window to explain the case to Lord Debrett.

'Dolly, my dear,' said Drumly as soon as they were alone, 'I want to tell you something about myself, if you will let me.'—Dolly merely signified her assent and attention by fixing her eyes on him.—'When I first came to London,' said he, 'many years ago, I was very poor, so poor at one time that I did not know where to get food—not even a crust of bread.'

'How dreadful!' exclaimed Dolly, all sympathy.

'One night,' continued Drumly, 'I went out of the little lodging I had. I was faint with hunger. I had had no food at all that day, and scarcely any the day before. I was passing a restaurant where many people were going in to dinner. As I was near the door, almost mad with the desire for food, a cab dashed up and a gentleman jumped out. In pulling out his money to pay the cabman he dropped a shilling which rolled over the pavement close to me; I put my foot on it. The gentleman quarrelled with the cabman about his fare, and made a to-do about the money he had dropped, so that a good many people gathered. Hidden by them I picked up the shilling, and went and spent part of it on a supper of bread and cheese. Now, that seems to you perhaps a mean, dishonest thing to have done?'

Dolly said nothing, but her eyes were fixed on him.

'But, my dear,' continued Drumly, 'you have never missed a meal, unless you may have been unwell, and you have never wanted for a shilling.'

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You have no idea how hunger may make you desperate, how it may make you hate those who are well fed, and how it may tempt you to do things you would otherwise shrink with shame from. Mr Ferrers told you he was poor, did he not? when Sir William made him the tempting offer.'

'He said he was poor—poorer than I would believe,' answered Dolly.

'Yes,' said Drumly; 'I thought so. He was probably starving, though he was too proud to tell you so; did not perhaps know where he was to get his next meal.'

'Dreadful—dreadful!' exclaimed Dolly, wringing her hands. 'And I said cruel things to him!—cruel, cruel, cruel! Perhaps he's going back to London to starve now! I'm sure he has no money!' She rose to her feet, but in a moment sat down again, and burst into tears, saying: 'What shall I do? What shall I do?'

'Here is the pony-chaise outside. Suppose,' suggested Drumly, 'we drive after him—you and I—and ask him to forgive us for being so hard with him. It may cheer him up, and perhaps he will not be too proud to take money from me.'

'Oh yes,' she cried. 'Let us go at once.'

Drumly limped to the window and said to Lord Debrett that, if he would not object, he wished to have the pony-chaise for a while.

'If you have really a regard for Mr Ferrers,' he added, 'you will wait here till I come back. You can help me to make things look better.'

To his partner he gave the short but sufficient explanation that he was going to take Dolly for a short drive to soothe her nerves.

'Now,' said Drumly, when he had returned into the room, 'I'll get your things—I know where they hang; don't you trouble.' Then, while he limped out into the hall to get her cloak and hat, and his own coat and wide-awake, he said to himself: 'She is a high-spirited girl, and I must go gently and gradually with her.'

Presently they were driving smartly away towards the gate, Drew looking after them, and wondering what had come to his old taciturn partner. At the gate they drew up, and Drumly asked the lodge-keeper which way the 'gentleman' had gone who had passed out about half an hour before. He was shown the way, and then he drove on.

'He must have set out on the tramp to London,' said Drumly. 'We can't possibly miss him along this road, unless he should have reached the common before we overtake him.'

'Oh, drive on, then, please, as fast as you can!' said Dolly.

Then, as they sped lightly over the smooth road, Drumly began to let such things as these fall on her ear—sayings by which she could be neither alarmed nor offended, because they were uttered in a kind of soliloquy: 'It is possible to be too proud as well as to be too humble; and there is a humility that looks like pride as well as a pride that apes humility. The best thing in the few affairs of real moment in life is to be rid of affectations, if possible, and to let nature speak; for, certainly, more coldness, more unhappiness, and more heart-burning are caused by mere misunderstandings, than by anything else in the world. Rank and wealth are not to be despised

in the curious compromise of a world in which we live; but, if you want to know full, enduring happiness, you must set your heart on the simple eternal things of life—love and sympathy, health and honour.'

Thus they drove on, and thus these sayings and simple sentiments fell gently on Dolly's soul, gently as the dew, concerning which, when once it has settled, it is difficult to say whether it has fallen or risen.

Meanwhile, Ferrers was striding on towards the great maelstrom of the despairing and the disappointed—the huge London whose canopy of smoke he could discern miles away as he mounted the Downs. His heart was filled with wrath and bitterness, but, at least, his conscience was now clear. He had made what amends he could for the evil he had wrought. He saw nothing hopeful before him, but he knew he must keep a firm nether lip, and work at something for a living—what, he knew not yet. But he had health and strength: the springy turf of the common on which he had entered was as grateful to the foot as ever, and the evening breeze which blew over the fir-trees and the bracken was fresh to the cheek and sweet to the smell.

He was somewhat discomposed in these thoughts by the sound of wheels behind him. As the sound came nearer it jarred him more. So he turned farther aside from the road, leaving the even turf and plunging in among the bracken. Would it not be pleasant, he thought, to make his bed there for the night, and go on refreshed in the early dawn?—when his ear told him that the vehicle had stopped. He turned and saw that a man and a woman had got out. He was astounded to hear his name called: 'Ferrers!'

Then he saw the man move towards him, and the man limped! Could it be Drumly? What did he want with him? To arrest him? He walked to meet the man.

'What do you want with me?' he asked gruffly when they met. 'Are you going to carry me back, to take me to prison? Well, I don't care!'

'You're a foolish young man,' said Drumly. 'I want to be your friend. And here's a young lady come to have a word with you.'

'What? Miss Dawlish?'

He went to her, hardening his heart as much as possible with thought of all the angry and cruel things she had said to him. He stood in her presence with his hands crossed before him, like a soldier standing at ease. He did not speak.

'I have come after you,' she said, frankly looking in his eyes, 'to speak to you. I have been very wicked to you. I said ugly, cruel things to you, and thought mean thoughts of you. I am bitterly—bitterly sorry! Please, forgive me!'

She let her head droop, and offered her hand. Ferrers seized it in a passion of gratitude, and sank on his knees kissing it, while great, painful sobs heaved his chest, and scalding hot tears were wrung from his eyes. The burning tears fell on Dolly's hand.

'Oh, my love! my poor love!' she cried wildly, now weeping herself. She bent over him, and stroked his head with fluttering hand, scarce knowing what she did, and still cried, scarce knowing what she said, 'My dear! my dear!'

Ferrers rose, still holding her hand. They looked into each other's eyes, and said no word more; but Ferrers took her other hand also, and drew her to him, and with a sigh she leaned her head upon his breast. Then she appeared to come to herself. She drew back covered with burning blushes, which she tried to hide with her hands.

'Come, my dear,' said Drumly, gently taking her arm, 'there is nothing to be ashamed of: you have let nature speak. I think we had better take Mr Ferrers back with us as far as that little inn we passed and leave him there for the night.'

So all three got into the chaise, and in a happy suffusion of silence drove back to the little inn, which stood about a stone's-throw from the margin of the common.

'Now,' said Drumly, when they had been shown into a little sitting-room, 'I guessed it before, and I don't need to be told now, that you two people are fond of each other. For myself, I approve, and I'll stand your friend throughout; but I'm not everybody; there's my partner and fellow-trustee, Drew, to be considered. I'll tackle him for you, and I hope I'll make it all right. But just tell me, Ferrers, will you? one or two facts about yourself. I know a good deal already, but I want to know more—facts about your life and parentage that will suit Drew. Let me see. You've been a soldier, haven't you?'

'Twelve years in the Blues,' said Ferrers; 'and when I left I was sergeant.'

'And I'm sure,' said Dolly with a simple touch of pride, 'a sergeant can be as strong and brave as a general.'

'And what were your people, may I ask?' said Drumly. 'Farming, I think?'

'Yes,' said Ferrers, with a touch of pride on his own part. 'My people have been yeomen in Cumberland for ages.'

'Humph!' said Drumly. 'That ought to be good enough for Drew. And Lord Debrett is an old friend of yours, isn't he?'

'He is.'

'That's a touch,' said Drumly, 'that'll tell with Drew; he has a weakness for that kind of thing.—Well, now, Dolly, my dear, we must go, and we'll come here and see Mr Ferrers to-morrow morning, when I hope to have news for him.'

He considerably went out first, to let the lovers say their adieus alone. They took each the hands of the other, and looked again into each other's eyes, as if anew to wonder at the unfamiliar depth of love and understanding they revealed.

'Was I very—very angry with you?' she asked, hanging her head.

'You were,' said he, 'and I was very miserable; but that is past.'

'I think,' said she, 'I was angrier because you were so humble. Why were you so humble?'

'How could I,' said he, 'be anything but humble before you?'

'Come, Dolly, my dear,' sounded the voice of Drumly; and with a clinging grasp of the hand—no more—the lovers parted.

When they were gone, the little inn could not contain George Ferrers. From hell he had been raised to heaven—from the lowest depth of darkness and despair to the giddiest height of light,

and life, and hope. He went out and walked on the common. As it grew dark, he returned and ate an enormous supper of bread and cheese and ale—it was the first food he had tasted since morning—and that done, he went out again into the open air. He wandered back the way he had come, climbed the park wall, and approached the house, nearer and nearer, till he was against the fence that separated the park from the garden proper. Long he stayed there, waiting—waiting for a light to appear in the window that he knew as hers. There was a light in the library; who, he wondered, was sitting there? Aunt Dawlish with her book and her candle? Or Drew and Drumly discussing his prospects? At length the long-looked for light appeared, and he saw the shadow of a woman's figure on the blind, the blind was raised, the window was opened, and some one leaned out.

'My light! my life! my love!' he murmured, and turned away to get back betimes to his inn.

OUR HERMITAGES.

AMONG the early archives of the city of London is a lease of a Hermitage bearing the date of the eighth year of the reign of Edward II. It describes the hermitage as near the King's Garden, on London Wall; and sets forth that it was granted by the mayor and two aldermen to Sir Gilbert de Hardynham for the whole of his life, on condition that he rendered to the commonalty half a mark four times a year, and maintained the rooms in the hermitage against wind and rain, and otherwise in proper repair; and records that the same Gilbert granted that it should be lawful for the chamberlain to eject him if he failed to comply with these conditions.

There is another document extant, also belonging to the citizens of London, in which reference is made to another hermitage in the same city. This is a presentation to a chantry in the hermitage of Crippllegate, in the first year of the reign of Henry IV., by virtue of which John de Rither was admitted to the chantry founded in memory of Sir Aymer de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, by his wife, in the hermitage near to 'Cripulgate.'

It is curious to find how completely all traces of these hermitages have been effaced. There is not a court, or lane, or inn that bears their names or makes the least reference to them. They have disappeared, and, literally, their places know them no more. But the records we have mentioned are full of medieval pictures for us. The statement that the King's Garden was on London Wall, for instance, brings to mind vividly the old times when the metropolis consisted only of the centre we now call 'the City'; when there were archers practising at the quiet butts now represented by opulent streets and constant traffic; when linen was laid out on the grass to dry in fields now closely packed and hemmed in with houses that are as closely packed with residents; when there were thickets and bushes between Temple Bar and Westminster; when there was a moat, or fosse, round the Tower, and there were edicts forbidding any one to bathe in it; when there were people called 'peters' standing in Chepe selling fish; and pent-houses, haute-pieces, and countless signs projecting on to the

narrow streets; when the gates of the city were closed at curfew, and all the boats on the river moored at night on the city side; and when six 'competent men' turned out nightly in each ward to guard the silent city.

The mention of the hermitage in Cripplegate brings to mind the knights that were so much to Froissart and his times. Sir Aymer de Valence was slain in a tournament on the day of his marriage in the year 1323; and at the date of the presentation, 1399, his widow was mentioned as the most venerable lady Mary de St Pol, Countess of Pembroke. The presentation belonged to the abbot of the monastery of the Blessed Mary of Gerondone, in the diocese of Lincoln, who, in the document in question, sends greeting with honour to the venerable man the mayor of the city of London. The mayor in that year was Thomas Knolles. We may picture the little group with John de Rither in the centre, travel-stained and sunburnt, for he has journeyed from Lincolnshire, perhaps on a palfrey, attended by a man with a sumpter mule, or two, carrying his limited belongings; the mayor, well fed and well to do, with easy complaisance attending to the business before him on the one hand; and a knot of aldermen familiar with the place and the people on the other; set round with a cluster of idlers. The aldermen have been hearing complaints, perhaps, of the noisomeness of the chandlers' selds in Chepe, and ordering notices to be served upon the chandlers to remove their merchandise elsewhere; or of the malpractices of certain tanners who had been selling hides in secret instead of at the seld; or of the tailors who persisted in scouring their furs in Chepe; and they turned to the credentials of John de Rither as a welcome relief to the routine of more ordinary details. It is as though we were permitted to glance back once more, momentarily, through a long-closed gate, upon the city of Richard Whittington, Robert Walworth, Wat Tyler, of Geoffrey Chaucer, and of the Plantagenets.

Though these have disappeared, we have several hermitages in various parts of the kingdom still, more or less intact. One of the most interesting is hewn out of a sandstone cliff that rises to an altitude of about twenty feet on the southern bank of the Coquet, about half a mile from Warkworth Castle. A survey of the possessions of the Percies, made in the reign of Elizabeth, states the hermitage was then 'ruinated' and greatly in decay. The surveyor wrote: 'There hath been in the said parke one house hewn and wrought in a cragg or rock of stone, called the Hermitage, having in the same a hall, kytchen, chamber, and chappell, with a little orchard and garden adjoining the same; in which house hath been kept in times past an hermitry or priest to do and celebrate divine service.' It is still to some extent ruined, on account of the absence of a roof to the hall and kitchen; but the chapel with the chamber beyond it, hewn bay by bay out of the rock, cannot have been otherwise than it is to-day when the constructor of it ceased from his labours and looked upon his task newly completed. This chapel consists of three bays of vaulting which spring from semi-octagonal columns. It is about twenty feet long and seven feet high. It is approached from the pleasant pathway along the river-side by a flight of stone steps overhung with

trees. It is entered by a porch only wide enough to admit one person at a time, which porch has a seat on either side only sufficient for one person. On the inner side of the entrance door may be yet traced a Latin inscription to the effect that the hermit's tears had been his meat day and night. This inscription will be soon quite illegible owing to the disintegration of the coarse grit of the sandstone. Facing the entrance on the opposite side of the chapel is another doorway, giving access to a slip of a chamber beyond it, which runs like an aisle along its full length. The wall of rock dividing the chamber from the chapel is pierced with a large aperture known as a hagio-scope, and an ornamentally cusped and traceried window. In this inner chamber is a recess in the rock that may have been used for a bed, berth fashion; and from it the altar in the chapel can be seen through the hagio-scope just mentioned. The altar has two steps in front of it, and like every other detail, such as ambry, piscina, and a device showing the implements of crucifixion, is hewn out of the rock, as is also a tomb with a recumbent effigy upon it (the Lady Isabel of Dr Percy's poem) that is close by the side of it. There is a small quatrefoil between the entrance door and the recess for the tomb; and additional light is obtained by two narrow lancets, also pierced through the same wall. As has been said, the chapel is perfect; damp and shady, but pathetically intrinsic and enchaining. The hall and kitchen mentioned in the sixteenth-century survey are on a lower site adjoining it, scarcely rising, indeed, much above the level of the footway by the river, and are wrought of tooled masonry. These are now roofless; but there are interesting details to be noticed, among which is a noble fireplace.

There are traditions of immense hauls of fish out of the convenient river, which we may assume found their way into this kitchen. On the top of the rock, above the chapel, are traces of the hermit's garden, the contents of which, doubtless, also tested the culinary capabilities of the kitchen. A flight of narrow worn-away steps winds up the face of the rock, and gives a slight foothold, by which nimble people may climb up to it. When the last hermit gathered his herbs and fruits in it for the last time, is not known. There is, however, a document extant, about half a century earlier than the survey quoted, which mentions its occupation at that time by Sir George Lancastre, to whom the Earl of Northumberland, in return for prayers and daily recommendations, made a yearly grant of twenty marks, with permission to occupy the hermitage with its garden, orchard, and garth, and gave pasture for a bull, twelve cows, and their calves, leave for two horses to range his park, privilege to take a draught of fish every Sunday, and a gift of twenty loads of firewood. Goldsmith's 'gentle hermit of the vale' might have been pardoned should he have envied Sir George Lancastre.

There is another chapel hewn out of a rock at Knaresborough. It is also divided into three bays; but differs from the Warkworth example at the east end, where it terminates in an apse. Another hermitage, at Cratcliff, in Derbyshire, is hewn out of the rock in a similar manner. The chapel of this one is about thirteen feet long, eleven feet wide, and nine feet high; and the

altar and other details are formed out of the solid rock in the same way. At Nottingham there is a set of excavations in rocks bordering the river Lynn, supposed to be the remains of cells occupied by a fraternity of hermits, with a chapel with Norman workmanship on the caps of the pillars in it. There is also a hermitage hewn out of a rock on the banks of the Eden, near Kirkoswald, which is now known as Lacy's Caves; and there is another on the Eamont, near Penrith, now called the Giant's Cave. And there is record of a hermitage at Norham, the site of which is as completely forgotten as that on London Wall.

Among hermits, Godrick of Finchale stands out in bold relief as living up to the theory of eremitical life with much vigour and rigour for sixty-three years. The chamber in which he lived for this long period was excavated out of the ground and covered with turf, and his chapel was annexed to it. He cultivated a small piece of ground, like the rest, and would accept no presents, but lived exclusively on the herbs and roots it furnished, eked out with barley-flour. At night he took for a pillow the stone that served for a table by day; and he practised the further austerity of wearing an iron jerkin. Tradition hands down a declaration that he wore out three of these uncomfortable articles of attire. Fiacre has also left an odour of sanctity that has come down to us. His retreat was in a wood, and his chapel was close by. Here he was visited by so many people, who hoped he could heal them of diseases, and otherwise advise them for their benefit, that he had to make his dwelling larger, and grow all manner of herbs good for pottage in a great garden, that he might feed the poor who came to him.

Word has come down to us, however, of instances in which hermits enjoyed no such goodwill. There is a case on record of one Sir Edwin—hermits were all addressed with the prefix Sir—who had to make a ditch, with a turning bridge over it, by way of fortification round his hermitage; and as the neighbouring shepherds still threatened to burn down his dwelling, he thought it necessary to dig a second ditch outside the first one, to secure himself from them. Among the State papers explored by Mr Froude for his *History*, he notices a memorandum setting forth that while the harbours, piers, and fortifications were being perfected at Dover, an old hermit tottered to and fro every night between his cell and a chapel on the cliff, where, after lighting tapers on the altar, he knelt in prayer. This light from the chapel was seen for some distance at sea, and the anchorite was warned by the workmen that his tapers made a signal for the king's enemies, and that they must burn no more. He continued to perform the same ceremony, notwithstanding their remonstrances; whereupon three of them waylaid him, threw him down, and beat him cruelly.

Sometimes hermitages were at the ends of bridges, as on the bridge over the Tyne at Newcastle; also in the gate-houses of towns, as well as in more secluded places like churchyards. There are frequent instances, too, of anchorages in old churches, and parishes over porches have been occupied by hermits. Perhaps, the very last hermitage of which there is any evidence was a modified one erected rather than excavated

by Francis Brown, in the village of Intakes, in Derbyshire, at the beginning of the last century. He built a chapel for the use of the residents in the neighbourhood, in which divine service was performed once a month, and left it to the parish of Mugginton for ever, after the death of his widow, and his daughter and her husband. On a house adjoining the chapel he placed this statement: 'Francis Brown in his old age, Did build him here a hermitage.' He died in 1731.

And now this curious phase of life has ceased to exist with us; and hermits and hermitages are 'as a tale that is told.' Mrs Piozzi records that the hermit in the hermitage on Mount Vesuvius recognised her, and assured her he had dressed her hair when he was a hairdresser in London. This was in 1784. Evidently the old order had changed before then.

DEAREST IS DEAREST.

CHAPTER III.—CONCLUSION.

It was a hot day in July—a year and nine months after the events recorded in the foregoing chapter. Ballinalack had not changed for the better. If anything, there were more broken windows, more ragged children, more public-houses. The last, it is true, were not so full as we have already seen them, but then most of the able-bodied men and women in the village were haymaking in the water-meadows. The ring of the scythe-blade as the ragstone was drawn along it sounded on every side, and the faint delicate scent of the fresh-cut hay perfumed the air. If the village of Ballinalack could have been wholly wiped away from the face of the earth, the day and the prospect would have been perfection. As it was, there was something depressing about the contrast.

Charles Dardas was riding through the street on his thoroughbred mare. He looked many years older than when we last saw him, and his forehead was furrowed by lines that had not been there then. It was scarcely to be wondered at, for of late he had had much anxiety, and many wakeful nights. Only three months remained of the two years allowed him by his uncle's will for finding a well-dowered bride, and he was obliged to confess to himself that he would find it difficult to fulfil the condition.

As for Mary Davidson, he had forgotten her, or rather persuaded himself that he had. At first, he had attempted, by writing long and specious letters, to shake her determination; but to them he got no answer. Then he made a journey to Dublin, and called at the house where she was acting in the capacity of a nursery governess. The servant told him she was not at home. Having made two more calls with a like result, he reluctantly came to the conclusion that she did not choose to see him, and accordingly went home, to busy himself with the care of his fortune and estate.

In the temper in which he then was, he was not at all likely to prove an over-indulgent land-

lord, and so the people soon found. He quickly became more unpopular in the neighbourhood than even his uncle had been; for the old man, though hard as the nether millstone, yet took a keen interest in his neighbours' affairs, which often flattered their pride. And his nephew took none at all. In fact, with few exceptions, he did not actually know his own tenants by sight. He insisted on their rents being paid on the day they were due, and that being done, he was satisfied. Ballinalack was not likely to alter for the better under him. As he had set his heart upon money, money came to him. He prospered greatly. His stocks and shares rose in the market; there were good farming seasons; and his bargains in horse-flesh turned out prizes. The one thing needed now was a wife, with a dowry sufficient to secure him in the possession of the property for ever.

Lawyer D—— had done his best for him, and had even gone so far as to give him, in strict confidence, a list containing the names of all the marriageable young ladies of whose fortunes he had personal knowledge. It was not a long list, and the young man determined to pay a series of visits at the houses indicated and choose for himself. He found it easy enough to procure invitations, for the people of Westmeath knew all about the will, and had little difficulty in surmising the object of the handsome Squire's 'duty calls.' As for the young ladies, they, as in honour bound, affected perfect ignorance even to their own parents, wondered 'why that stupid Mr Dardas calls so often,' and in their own hearts were wild with jealousy of the other competitors for the prize. Charles Dardas was not a fool; and after a year of visiting, he knew pretty certainly that there were six girls of reasonable age, each possessed of a fortune over five thousand pounds, and any of whom would be only too happy to marry him! And still he did not propose.

The fact was that, like most human beings, he expected too much. As he could not have his own Mary Davidson and his uncle's money, he wished to have a wife as like her as possible. As Mary Davidsons are scarce in this world, it was not at all likely that he would find one. He had not the slightest affection for any of his half-dozen heiresses—the only question was which would be the most bearable with whom to pass the rest of his existence!

At last, one morning, after a restless night, he decided desperately in favour of her whom he considered the least objectionable. She was the daughter of a gentleman-farmer living not far from Mullingar—Ellen Cooney by name. Little was known of her father, beyond the fact that he had made his money somewhere in business, and had bought very cheaply the estate on which he now resided. But Lawyer D—— was well acquainted with the money matters of the family, and guaranteed the five thousand pounds at least. Ellen was a plump, good-natured girl, not given to extravagant habits, and above all, not 'fast.' It would be hard if a man could not get on with her as the mistress of his house.

Nevertheless, the young man was far from happy as he rode out that July day to make his formal proposal. Do what he would to crush

the nobler instincts of his soul, it was very hard to conceal from himself that he was acting a most unworthy part. Not caring to meet any one whom he knew, he put spurs to his steed, and galloped through the village of Ballinalack at a pace which caused the few people who were about to gaze after him, and wonder at the recklessness with which he risked the limbs of his valuable mare on the hard road. When once fairly beyond the houses, he allowed the spirited animal to drop into a gentle trot.

As he reached the turning to the vicarage, he saw the Rector driving towards him in his car. There was a lady with him, whom Charles Dardas thought, from the casual glance he took, resembled Mary Davidson. Of course that was impossible; but he was far from willing to meet the Rector, who had paid him more than one call since his uncle's death, and had put before him some most inconvenient home-truths. The young man again spurred his mare and galloped on past the turning. In his haste, he did not notice that a stone had dropped from the arch of a culvert over a little stream which passed under the road. There was no excuse for his carelessness, for the stone had been out for a month or more, threatening all passers-by by the dangerous hole left in the roadway. The farmer who had contracted for the keeping in repair of that piece of the highway, had, as usual, cared far more for saving his hay than for the lives and limbs of Her Majesty's subjects, and had postponed the repairs till the first wet day. It was an unfortunate postponement for Charles Dardas, for his steed in her wild gallop put her off fore-foot in the yawning chasm. Crash! down she came, breaking her leg in the fall, and her unfortunate rider was pitched over her head and on to his own. Where he fell, he lay, motionless and senseless, on the hard road.

The Rector, and the lady with him, saw the catastrophe. He uttered a sharp cry, and whipped up his horse. She said nothing; but her face grew very white, and she clasped her hands together till the nails dug into the white flesh. In a few moments they had reached the scene of the catastrophe, and both sprang down and went to the side of the man. He still breathed, slowly and regularly; but there were no other signs of life. The lady seated herself on the road and took his head in her lap.

'Drive to Ballinalack, quick!' she said to the Rector, 'and get a door, a mattress, anything to carry him home on. I will take care of him till you come back.'

He obeyed without a word, and she remained alone with the inanimate form in her arms. She looked up and down the road. There was no one in sight, and the Rector's car was far on its way to the village. Then she broke down utterly into a fit of passionate weeping. She kissed the pale face again and again, on forehead, cheeks, and eyes. She called to him by name, and adjured him to look up; but the set face, like a stone mask, remained cold and irresponsible to her caresses. Then she joined her hands and prayed.

It was not very long, though it seemed hours to her, before the Rector's car returned at a brisk trot with four men and an improvised stretcher. They carried the body of Charles Dardas to his

comfortless house and laid it on his bed. The doctor, hastily sent for, made an examination, and declared that there was a severe fracture of the skull, and that, in his opinion, there was no hope whatever of the patient's recovery.

'He may linger on like this for days, or weeks,' said he to the Rector, 'if he is carefully attended to and fed regularly—that is, supposing that you find he can eat! But Nature can't cure a fracture of the skull—nothing can except trepanning in such a case as this, and that would be almost certain death, the bone is so cracked. I would leave him to die in peace!'

'He shall *not* die!' said the lady. 'Help me, Mr Clarke! You do not believe that God will let him die like this without a chance of repentance. I am quite, quite sure He will not! I will stay and nurse him; and if the doctor consents, I will have the best surgeons in Dublin to see him.'

'I shall be only too glad, miss!' answered the doctor. 'But I should advise you to leave him alone for a while, and see if he, by any miracle, recovers consciousness without an operation. Trepanning, I am convinced, would only mean certain death. It cannot be put off too long unless there are signs of inflammation setting in, or unless he is visibly sinking.'

'Do you think that you ought to stay here as his nurse, after all that has passed, Miss Davidson?' asked the Rector, drawing her aside.

'Why not? He is not sensible; he will not know me!' she answered, with a sob in her voice. 'I will leave the moment he recovers consciousness; I promise you that.'

'I can say no more!' said the Rector feelingly.

After that came a long, long time of weary and monotonous watching. The injured man took food without much difficulty; but his condition remained absolutely unchanged. But for the regular, slow breathing, he might have been taken for a corpse. As it was, he was more like a helpless automaton, wound up to perform one unvarying function, and capable of nought beside. Mary Davidson watched by his side night and day. The doctor came now and then, saw no change, and went away. And so the months drew on, and the oats began to turn yellow in the fields, and the nine days' wonder that had caused so much interest and gossip in the neighbourhood was half forgotten.

'I have had a letter from Lawyer D——, Miss Davidson,' said the doctor, coming in one morning. 'I understand from him that unless my patient there is married by the 14th November, he loses a fine property. Do you not think it is time that we tried to get a surgeon who would undertake the trepanning operation? There is just one chance in twenty that it may cure him, and I have long given up hopes of any miracle of nature.'

'If it do not cure him, it will kill him?' said Mary, musingly.

'Yes.'

It flashed upon her how entirely impossible it would be for her to decide on such a question. Had she had her will, she would have been content to nurse him—unconscious as he was—for years, rather than run the risk.

'You must decide, doctor,' she said.

'Then I will write to Dr K—— to-day. He is the best surgeon in Dublin.'

'I will stay by him till the last minute, anyhow,' thought poor Mary rebelliously. She dared not think of what the probable end of her watching was to be!

Two days after, Dr K—— arrived. He was a short, fat, fussy little man, with strong hands and a clever head. He held a long consultation with the village practitioner, and then declared that he would risk the operation, as there was absolutely no chance for the patient otherwise.

'I must have two capable men to assist me, who won't faint at the sight of blood,' he said, in his sharp way. 'You'll do for one, doctor; but who else can we get?'

The doctor's eyes fell upon the Rector, who had come to take Mary away.

'I will assist gladly,' said he simply. 'But I came here to drive Miss Davidson to the station. Is there any one who can do so if I stay here?'

'Who is Miss Davidson?' asked Dr K—— sharply. 'Not the lady who, I am told, has been nursing the patient.'

'Yes,' the Rector answered. 'There are important reasons why she cannot possibly continue her functions here.'

'Important fiddlesticks!' said Dr K——. 'What is more important than a man's life? Some girlish nonsense and prudery, I suppose! I tell you, sir, if I have not a good nurse on the spot, I won't operate at all. She seems to have a turn that way, and she shall stay. You may just unharness your trap.'

The Rector was in a difficulty. Miss Davidson had originally called on him to learn what news he could tell her of Charles Dardas. He had promised her not to betray her visit to the young man, and now he was on the horns of a dilemma.

'I must ask her!' he said nervously.

'I'll ask her!' said the surgeon, and threw open the door of the sick-room. 'Miss Davidson!' he said, 'I am master here at present, being in charge of the case. I must have a good nurse, and they don't grow such commodities in Ballinalack. You must just make up your mind to stay.'

Mary looked at the Rector. His eyes were cast down, and carefully avoided meeting hers. A slight flush rose on her cheek, and then subsided again, leaving it very pale. 'Very well, sir, I will stay!' she said.

An hour later, all was over—successfully. Mary had sat on the stairs while the men were busy in the sick-room—a mass of quivering nerves, her ears straining to catch the slightest sound. She heard nothing but murmured words, and occasionally the voice of the surgeon speaking sharply. And then at last there was a pause and a great stillness; and after that, came down the stairs to her, as to the prophet Elijah, the sound of a still, small voice. 'Mary!' it said.

Then she rushed up the steps and into the room. Charles Dardas was lying on his bed as she had left him—pale and wan—but his eyes were open, and in them again the glorious light of reason. 'Thank God! Oh, thank God!' she cried, and fainted, falling on the floor.

'This is your nurse!' said the surgeon with great disgust, looking at the doctor.

The Rector stayed with Charles till the evening. Perfect quiet had been enjoined, and he absolutely refused to reply to any questions the sick man put to him. At last Mr Dardas gave it up as hopeless, and ceased to worry his brain about time or place. The window was open, and the warm south-west wind stole in and touched his hot forehead like a kiss of peace. By-and-by he dropped into a peaceful and dreamless slumber. When he woke it was dark, and there was a night light burning on the table. By his side sat Mary Davidson, her busy fingers employed in knitting, while her eyes followed the pages of a book on her knees. He watched her for a moment unobserved, and then she looked up, and her eyes met his.

'Mary!' he said.

'Do you want anything?' she asked, standing up, and turning her face from the light to hide the tell-tale blush that mounted in it.

'I want *you*!' he answered. 'Oh Mary! can you ever forgive me? What a fool I have been! Don't go away and leave me, or I shall die!'

'I will not go till morning; I promise you that!' she said. 'But you must not talk now; the doctor forbade it. Lie still, and try if you can sleep again.'

'I think I can, if I hold your hand!' he said, with a faint smile. 'Then I shall know that you are here, and have not left me.'

She gave him her soft warm hand, and sat quiet, her face still turned away. He watched her for a while, and then his weary eyes closed again, and he slept.

Great was the surprise of the neighbours when the banns were published of Charles Dardas and Mary Davidson. No one knew who the bride elect was; and the Rector, whose kind heart was brimming over with joy, kept his own counsel. To the great disappointment of the people, the time of the wedding was kept a secret, and the ceremony was only witnessed by a few lucky individuals who happened to be in the vicinity of Inny Church when the cars drove up. But the news spread like wildfire; and when the bride and bridegroom left the building, there was quite a concourse of villagers assembled, and whole showers of blessings were heaped on Mary as she passed through them. With the true Irish instinct, they recognised the fact that a change had occurred, and that it promised better things for them all.

Charles Dardas paused at the church door and whispered to his wife. 'Mary,' he said, 'I have not done my duty to these poor people; I have been hard on them, and now I have lost the opportunity of ever repairing the wrong. Do you not think I had better tell them I am sorry, and that if I were their landlord again I would act differently? It is but poor reparation; but I feel I must do it.'

'I don't think you need, Charles!' said Mary smiling, 'because—because—is not this the 12th of November?'

'Yes; but'—

'Oh Charles! you never heard that my aunt left me seven thousand pounds when she died, three years ago. Of course, I could not tell you.

I waited to see if you wanted me or your uncle's money; and now you will have both! You are not angry with me?'

'Angry!' He took off his hat, and looked solemnly upwards. 'May God register my vow, that since He has given me another chance to repair my wrongdoing in the past, I will from henceforth look upon money only as a trust from Him to be used for His service. He has been far more merciful to me than I have deserved.'

'That is true, Mr Dardas,' said the Rector. 'But which of us cannot say the same?'

WHERE SPONGES COME FROM.

SPONGES are found in all parts of the world. Three hundred different species are known to naturalists, some of which are found even on our own coasts. The number of these which have a commercial value is, however, limited. The sponges of Syria and the Archipelago are the best, and are used for the toilet and for delicate operations in art and industry. The species found in the Bahama Islands are of very inferior quality; but their moderate price has led to their extensive use. The Tunis sponge, which is extremely durable, is also very useful, as it is adapted for very rough purposes. These practically comprise the useful sponges, though available species are also found on the coasts of Africa.

The Tunis sponge is black in its natural state, and covered with a viscous fluid, which constitutes its polypus, and it also contains a considerable quantity of sand and mud. The depth of the water from the bottom of which it has originated and developed has much influence on its quality; and that which is found upon a rocky or sandy bottom is much better than that which is deposited on slime. The sponge fisheries are principally near Kerkenah, and on the rocks of the small island of Kamontes and in the Gulf of Kabes. The sponges found in the last locality are poor, owing to their roots penetrating deep into the mud with which the gulf is lined. The most active and profitable fishing season is in the months of December, January, and February. The storms of November and early December free the sponges from lichen and seaweed, and thus render them easily discernible by the eye. The fishing is pursued throughout the whole year; but in the summer, which lasts from March to November, it is less productive than in the other portion of the year, owing to the thick marine vegetation which then conceals the sponges from view. In the summer, fishing is necessarily confined to rocky bottoms, and is carried on by means of diving apparatus. The winter is therefore, as already stated, the most favourable time, though it has also drawbacks. It is more stormy than summer; and as calm weather and a transparent sea are indispensable, more than half the time is usually lost through bad weather. The fishermen are mainly Greeks and Sicilians, the former being considered the more expert.

There are several methods of obtaining sponges. They are gathered by hand under the protection of a diving-bell, harpooned by means of a trident,

or dredged by a machine similar to the drag-net used for catching oysters. As the diving-bell can only be used on a solid bottom, the harpoon is the method most commonly employed. The Arabs work in small boats, manned by crews of five or six men, one of whom is armed with a trident. While the others propel the boat, the harpooner leans over the bows and carefully examines the bottom of the sea. If he can discover any sponges, the boat is manœuvred so as to bring it into the most suitable position, and the trident is thrown to a depth rarely exceeding nine to eleven yards. The method of the Sicilians is very similar to that of the Arabs, the difference being that their boats carry only two men, the harpooner and the rower. The dexterity which these two employ is very remarkable, particularly when compared with the performances of the Arabs. They also work in deeper water than the latter, and thus secure a yield more plentiful and of better quality. The Greek fishers chiefly use the drag-net, though a very large number work with the harpoon. Calymnos, an island on the coast of Asia Minor, contains about twelve thousand inhabitants, and nearly all the able-bodied men amongst this population are engaged in sponge-fishing. For active service in their boats they form crews, known under the name of *tchourmo*. Each of these crews consists, according to the old system, of a chief-boatman, three to six fishers, and two or three assistants, called *copadés*. The more modern plan, however, is for the crew to consist of a head-boatman, a master-mechanician, and a staff of twelve men to manage the machine employed. Each crew works on its own account, but several often unite to form a group under the direction of one chief, called *malsaabi*. This person is a capitalist, who advances money for all the expenses of his crews, such as food, clothing, &c. He keeps a detailed account of all the money he advances, and at the time the crews leave in April or May, renders a general statement to the captain of each boat. The captain then gives him an acknowledgment in writing for the sums advanced, and in his turn receives from his crew acknowledgments for each man's share of the debt. The total amount does not generally exceed two hundred and thirty pounds for the ordinary boats, and seven hundred and fifty pounds for those provided with mechanical appliances. The legal authorities decide all disputes arising out of these transactions. The Greek fishing expeditions start in May, and return at the latest at the end of September, and are employed in the Greek Archipelago as well as in Tunisian waters. They have better boats than their rivals, and are, as we have already said, more successful than either the Arab or Sicilian fishermen. Three voyages are made during the season, the sponges being brought back to Calymnos and sold there. The advances made by the *malsaabi* are deducted from the proceeds.

Sponges are generally obtained from a depth varying from fifteen to twenty feet. Below this depth none are found of any commercial value. Sponge-divers must be adult men, of great physical strength, and capable of remaining under water for two minutes. There are two methods in vogue for divers. The first is that in which the diver is drawn to the bottom of

the sea by a weight attached to his body. He there searches for sponges with his hands, distinguishing the good from the bad by touch. Those which he selects are put into a kind of bag, hung round his neck; and when he is ready to re-ascend, he pulls the cord which is fastened to the weight already mentioned. This is a signal to the *copadés* in the boat above, who immediately draw the diver to the surface. Under the second or new system, *scaphandriers*, or divers clothed in diving costume, are employed. This costume consists of india-rubber clothing and a metal helmet, and is very similar to that used by divers in this country. Weights are attached to the feet to keep the diver in a vertical position, and he is supplied with air from a pump carried in the boat. By means of this apparatus a man can remain under water for two or three hours and gather an abundant quantity of sponges. This system has, however, been prohibited in Turkey.

The inhabitants of the islands of Hydra and Cranidi use tridents, and sometimes nets. The system of fishing with nets consists in scraping the bottom of the sea by nets kept by weights in a vertical position, while the boats to which these nets are securely fastened advance with all possible speed.

For trading purposes, the sponges are sorted into three qualities—fine sponges, coarse sponges, and an inferior kind called *tsimouches*. The quantity annually brought into Calymnos is about one hundred and twenty-seven tons of the first, seven hundred and seventy-five tons of the second, and three hundred and forty tons of the third description. The price of the best quality varies from 9s. 6d. to 31s. 6d. per pound; that of the coarse kind from 5s. 6d. to 8s. per pound; that of the inferior sort from 5s. 6d. to 7s. 6d. per pound. In sorting, a fourth kind, inferior to all the others, is put aside, which is called *scarto*. The best quality is principally obtained on the coast of the little island of Stambalia and on one or two points of the African shore; the second in the waters of Rhodes, Crete, and Syria; and the third on the coasts of Turkey and Greece. These sponges are sold in nearly all civilised countries, but especially in Europe, England being the principal consumer. The dealers of Calymnos, Symi, and Rhodes are travelling hawkers, and visit all the chief cities of Europe to dispose of their wares, which they carry on their backs, either in a sack or threaded on string. Calymnos annually exports sponges to the value of one hundred and twenty-five thousand pounds.

A few concluding lines may be given to the attempts made to prepare artificial sponges. M. Oscar Schmidt, a Professor at the university of Grätz, in Styria, has been the most successful hitherto in this direction, and the Austro-Hungarian Government has authorised him to develop their manufacture on the coast of Dalmatia. The Professor's method is a simple one. Choosing a good healthy sponge in the spring, he divides it into a number of pieces, which he plants in a favourable part of the shore. They are fixed to and maintained by props, and develop in three years, according to M. Schmidt, into sponges of good size. His experience leads him to believe that four thousand sponges can

be thus obtained for a cost of nine pounds, all expenses included. As the cheapening of sponges is conducive to cleanliness, we wish the new undertaking every success.

THE CUTTING-OUT OF THE 'CHEVRETTE.'

THE French corvette 'La Chevrette' was anchored in the Bay of Camaret on the 20th of July 1801. Outside the bay, a squadron of English frigates held the united fleets of France and Spain under observation. Although isolated from the allied fleets, the 'Chevrette' was protected by the natural difficulties of swift currents and a rockbound coast; and lying under the guns of several batteries, was considered beyond the reach of the audacious British tars. That night, the boats of the 'Doris' and 'Beaulieu' attempted to enter the bay and cut out the corvette. The darkness of the night foiled the attempt. The boats were dispersed, but lingering in the bay until daybreak, were detected by the enemy. Thus warned, the commander of the 'Chevrette' prepared to give the British sailors a hot reception should they repeat their attempt, although the seizure of the vessel was regarded as impossible. The vessel was taken a mile and a half higher up the bay, and moored under the protection of the batteries. A gunboat, carrying a couple of thirty-two pounders, was moored at the entrance of the bay; redoubts were hastily cast up for the further protection of the corvette, and the gunners in the batteries were on the *qui vive*. On board the 'Chevrette' the boarding-nettings were put out, the foot-ropes of the yards were strapped up, arms and ammunition were disposed upon the decks, and the cannon were loaded with grape-shot. The crew was augmented to nearly four hundred men by reinforcements of troops from the shore.

From the 'Beaulieu,' these defensive measures were observed with great interest, the tars occupying themselves in grinding their cutlasses for the cutting away of the boarding-nettings of the French corvette. Afternoon stole on before the 'Chevrette' had completed her precautions, and she then hauled up a large French ensign above an English one.

The long-expected night at length closed in, and at half-past nine the boats of the 'Beaulieu,' 'Doris,' 'Uranie,' and 'Robust' assembled under the command of Lieutenant Losack, and began to pull slowly towards the 'Chevrette,' lying some six miles off. The movement had scarcely taken place when a strange boat put out from the shore, and Lieutenant Losack, imagining it to be a French lookout boat, started in pursuit, accompanied by several other boats. Time elapsed; a breeze sprang up against the boats, and Lieutenant Maxwell, the senior officer in the absence of Lieutenant Losack, rightly judged that the boats must proceed if anything was to be done that night. He commanded the six boats of the 'Beaulieu,' manned by over eighty volunteers, whom he had enjoined to keep together, for he had determined to attack with them alone, should the other boats

separate in the darkness. He accordingly led with his six boats, and entered the bay at about half-past twelve. A perfect calm had succeeded the late breeze. The French were on the alert, and their signals to and from the shore were clearly perceived. The moon dipped beyond the horizon, and the short July night was far advanced, yet Lieutenant Losack and his boats had not turned up. Some discussion took place, and the officers were undecided whether to push on and attack, or abandon the enterprise for that night.

Lieutenant Maxwell solved all doubts by ordering a general advance. At this moment a gentle breeze sprang up from the south, and, blowing out of the bay, raised the hopes of all. As the boats sped over the waters, impelled by muffled oars, Lieutenant Maxwell instructed the topmen of the 'Beaulieu' as to their proceedings on gaining the decks of the 'Chevrette.' Some were to cut the cables, others to make for the rigging and cut loose and shake out the canvas; the quartermaster was ordered to take the helm; and, to provide for the possibility of the tiller ropes being cut, sailors were appointed for the rudder-chains.

On sighting the 'Chevrette,' they were immediately challenged, and saluted by a continuous fire of musketry and grape-shot from the ship and forts. Steadily the boats held on, those of the 'Beaulieu' leading, seconded by the 'Urania's' boats under Lieutenant Neville. The 'Chevrette's' starboard bow and quarter were attacked by the 'Beaulieu's' boats; while her larboard bow was assailed by the 'Urania's' boats, seconded by one from the 'Doris' and another from the 'Robust.' In the conflict that ensued the French held the boarders at bay, and carried the hand-to-hand conflict into the boats, fighting desperately 'with firearms, sabres, tomahawks, and pikes.' In the *melée* the assailants had to cast away their muskets and close in with boarding-pike and cutlass. Three minutes after the boats closed, the assailants had gained a footing on the already ensanguined decks of the corvette; and while contending with heroic resolution, and suffering severely from the numbers and fury of their enemies, 'down came the three topsails and courses, the ship at the same time casting, the cable being cut outside.' The selected topmen had cut their way up the rigging and to the wheel, and although in several instances suffering from wounds, they stretched along the yards, cut the lashings with their cutlasses, and shook down the canvas. Half the assailants were *hors de combat*, and the conditions of the struggle were in every respect favourable to the French; yet no sooner did they perceive that the 'Chevrette' was under way and moving from the batteries, than they were seized with a fatal apprehension of defeat and captivity. Casting away their weapons, many of them leaped overboard; while others took refuge below, leaving their ensanguined decks in the possession of the hardy Britons. These brave fellows were placed in a very trying position, the batteries plying them with a storm of shells and thirty-two-pound shot, while the French sailors maintained a continuous fire from the holds, and repeatedly exploded large trains of gunpowder, with the intention of blowing up the quarter-deck.

Lieutenant Maxwell divided his men into two parties, one armed with the muskets and ammunition of their enemies, to hold the Frenchmen at bay; and the other to throw overboard the dead, clear the decks, and devote every energy to the sailing of the ship. Unfortunately, they could not use their boats to tow their prize, for some were sunk; others, burdened with dead and wounded men, were adrift, and the sound boats that retained their crews were collecting the drifting boats and towing them out of range of the batteries. Two hours of peril passed; then the ship cleared the batteries in triumph, with every stitch of canvas set, even to the topgallants. The French now lost heart, and being threatened with 'no quarter' if they continued their useless resistance, they submitted to their hard lot and threw down their arms.

The prize was not yet secured; for a force from the allied fleet might interpose between the captors and their squadron; indeed, there was grave apprehension that this was imminent, for a number of boats were perceived approaching from the direction of Brest. Lieutenant Maxwell at once drew up his sailors along the ship's sides to meet the expected assailants, with musket, pike, and cutlass. As they drew near, they were recognised as Lieutenant Losack's boats; and to that officer Lieutenant Maxwell duly surrendered the command of the 'Chevette,' which was carried to the British squadron without further adventures.

During this memorable engagement the British had eighteen men killed, one missing, and fifty-seven wounded. The French lost eighty-five men, their captain, one military and two naval lieutenants, and three midshipmen. In addition, they had sixty-two men wounded.

The boatswain of the 'Beaulieu,' Mr Brown, distinguished himself by his gallantry, and contributed largely to the success of the enterprise. Henry Wallis, quartermaster of the 'Beaulieu,' was severely wounded in fighting his way to the helm of the 'Chevette,' but resolutely maintained his post, and steered the vessel out of the fire of the batteries. Quartermaster Richard Smith was struck and rendered insensible while steering one of the boats; but on regaining consciousness, took a prominent part in the struggle. A topman was wounded in the body and arm, and bled freely, but persisted in going aloft, although advised by an officer to retire until the tourniquet was applied. He remained aloft until the sails were set, but immediately on reaching the deck fainted from loss of blood. In gallantry and endurance this brave man was perhaps equalled by John Ware, who lost his left arm by sabre-stroke while attempting to board. He fell into one of the boats, but bandaged the stump of his arm and returned to the conflict, keeping the deck through all the fierce fighting that followed.

By such men, in such actions, were our naval laurels won. Sailors and marines appear to have been raised above all fear, despite the almost hopeless character of the struggle; and their physical endurance appears to have been equal to their courage. The cutting-out of the 'Chevette' is considered one of the most daring exploits of our sailors; yet it is all but lost from our records, and may be vainly searched

for in works that deal largely with our naval and military history.

Lieutenant Maxwell presents us with a notable example of a naval officer of the old French wars. His courage and conduct are proved by this one chapter in his life's history. Evidently, his confidence in his sailors was equalled by their reliance upon his ability to lead them to a successful consummation of the exploit.

MODERN INNOVATIONS.

WHILST recognising the advantages resulting from modern discoveries and inventions, we cannot refrain from lamenting the decadence of ancient customs endeared to us by early associations. Although history in many instances repeats itself, we can scarcely hope to see the simple habits of the good old times revived; in fact, they would hardly suit the tastes and requirements of the present generation. Yet who does not love to recall the memories of that bygone age, to listen in imagination to the soft crooning of the spinning-wheel accompanying the lilt of the comely cottage lass, hand and foot in busy motion? But the noisome factory has supplanted this home industry; the stormy din of machinery with its hideous discord, the groaning of cranks, and whirling of flying wheels, are the sounds that now greet us. We have no intention of underrating the results of scientific inventions and the development of industrial undertakings, though we may with loving tenacity cling to the old historic past—that past now dim through the mist of years, haunting us like the refrain of some half-forgotten melody. Formerly, the world was in its childhood; now it is grown up, if we may use such a term. It has cut its wisdom teeth; but has wisdom been the result—such wisdom as would atone for loss of the winning simplicity, the generous impulse, the good-fellowship that distinguished our ancestors? They were wise in their generation. Can so much be said for their descendants? Many children of to-day are children no longer, only travesties of their elders, sacrificing the grace and sweetness, the trustful love of innocent childhood for the grim distinction of posing as stunted men and women.

Would any youngsters of the present day dream of piling a golden barricade of May flowers to keep the fairies at bay, and prevent their egress upon May eve? How they would ridicule the grotesque idea. Better for them that credence in the existence of the elfin band still continued—that a veritable fairy queen should revel amongst the woodlands, holding her court beneath the greenwood tree—that the Titania of Shakespeare should frolic amid her sister elves, her moonlit rambles extending beyond the narrow limits of a theatrical stage! The mystical rowan-tree, or mountain-ash, formerly dedicated to the pygmy race, and the haunted thorn, once regarded with feelings of veneration, have now been shorn of their honours.

In remote country districts may still be found ancient dames who, possessing treasures of legendary lore, faithfully recount their experiences of the doings of the wee folk, causing the hearts of the listeners to thrill with a delicious excitement, pleasurable enough in the daytime, but remembered with dread at the mirk midnight hour. How delightful it is to meet with one of these venerable chroniclers who has earned her degree in the school of the imagination. Woe betide the listener who doubts the veracity of the narrator; dubious of the existence of such gentry as fairies, banshees, and goblins, if they incautiously inquire if they really were to be met with in remote ages, the indignant crone would boldly assert that she had seen them, and had, moreover, listened to the mournful wailing of the banshee.

The simple, harmless amusements and recreations formerly held in high esteem would now be tabooed as puerile and childish. Excitement is the order of the day—excitement so powerless to ensure contentment and happiness. Even amongst the humbler classes tastes have become so perverted that avocations formerly undertaken with zeal and avidity have lost all interest; household occupations are carried on under protest. It would be difficult to convince the buxom dairymaid that by a faithful discharge of her legitimate duties she maintains a higher dignity than by strumming on a dilapidated piano, bought at some cheap sale, or skimming over the pages of a penny novelette. Unlike Perdita, she disdains the manufacture of ‘curds and cream.’ Yet, is not pastoral life the very essence of truest poetry, and the sweet song of the milking maiden melody of as high an order as ever rang through concert-room or music-hall?

Amongst some of the peasantry who have not been demoralised by new-fangled notions there exists a passionate love of Nature, a wholesome relish for her bountiful gifts, a keen enjoyment derived from the contemplation of the humblest flower that blossoms by the wayside. It would be indeed a stolid mind that could dwell in the midst of country sights and sounds and remain insensible to their benign influence. What vision more lovely than the breeze-swept swaths of flax ‘when lint is in the bell,’ or the green fields starred with buttercups? Could any distilled essence compete with the fragrant odour of the almond-scented meadow-sweet? or the ear-splitting cadences of the trained artist compare with the witching strains of the skylark?

Clinging to obsolete methods and appliances, we are unfashionable enough to prefer the measured thud of the flail on the barn floor to the creaking of the thrashing-machine; there is something picturesque in the attitude of the fine stalwart men who with vigorous strokes separate the chaff from the wheat. The reaping-machine is a sorry substitute for the sturdy band of men and women who, with sickle in hand, reaped the golden corn and bound it in sheaves. And what shall be said of the novel invention yclept the daisy-clipper? Why should this simple wilding be guillotined to please the fastidious tastes of the present day? the ‘modest, crimson-tipped flower’ of poor Robert Burns be consigned to oblivion, obliterated from parterre and lawn, lest its white starry blossom should mar the

beauty of the emerald sward! Could the Scottish bard revisit earth he would in truth mourn ‘the daisy’s fate.’

The social gatherings that formerly enlivened the sons and daughters of toil exist no longer. The genial ‘quiltings’ where lads and lasses met in the long winter evenings are heard of no more. We question if any of our readers understand the meaning of the word. For their enlightenment we may inform them that the patchwork counterpane once in vogue was stretched upon a frame in the farm-kitchen, where a group of young girls stitched cover and lining together in fanciful patterns, whilst their respective swains were in attendance to thread the needles and pay sundry services required. After the completion of the task, and the gaudy coverlet with its cotton mosaic-work duly extolled, the party adjourned to the barn, where a merry dance was improvised. Alas! the feet that tripped so nimbly through the mazes of the jig and reel are now motionless for ever; the blind fiddler who stamped in time to the jocund sound has vanished from the scene, and the bagpiper’s shrill music is seldom heard. The Spanish waltz and polka are substituted for the homely country-dance, rustic youths and maidens awkwardly burlesquing the airs and graces of their betters.

To return to the subject of recent inventions. Doubtless the incubator is considered a great desideratum for the production of poultry; but somehow the motherless chickens present a very forlorn appearance with no sheltering wing to which they can resort in danger. We miss the cluck of the parent hen; the piping cry of the callow brood hastening to partake of the food that her care has rendered suitable. If ignorance is bliss, perhaps the newly-hatched flock, having never known a mother’s care, do not feel the want of it; nevertheless, to our mind they present the aspect of waifs and orphans.

What new marvels may be awaiting us in the future it would be impossible to conjecture; but it is to be regretted that in the vaunted march of progress so many interesting landmarks of the past should be obliterated, that the healthful feeling of real enjoyment should give place to forced mirth and unwholesome excitement, false as the artificial bloom upon the cheek of faded beauty.

THE MULE-SKINNERS.

WHAT on earth do they use the hides for? How many can a man skin in a day? Such were the questions propounded to us by an Eastern man in America one day, in answer to a remark of ours about mule-skinner. Let us undeceive the reader if, after reading the title to this sketch, he is labouring under the same impression. The men we refer to are not employed in taking the hides from this much-abused long-eared animal: indeed, were they so employed, there would be work for but few, because in the South and West of America, where this animal is generally used, it is a standing joke that a mule never dies, but when he has entirely outlived his usefulness, simply disappears.

Laying all jokes aside, however, the mule is one

of the longest-lived animals we have, and a sick mule is such a rarity, that the saying, 'Tough as a Government mule,' is a by-phrase among Western men. Instead of skinning dead mules with knives, the men to which this term is applied were employed to drive live mules, in wagon-trains loaded with freight across the plains and mountains before the different systems of railroads had invaded our wild West. The mule-skinner proper is not entitled to rank as such until he can handle six or eight of these animals in one team with one line, called a 'jerk-line.' His team is arranged in pairs ahead of each other, and the line is fastened to the bits of the near-side mule of the lead pair, and passes through the bits of each near-side mule to the pair in the lead of the wheelers. The teamster rides the near-side mule of this pair, and with one end of the jerk-line in his hand, guides his entire team by a series of jerks the significance of each of which is thoroughly understood by the leaders.

It is a sight to be remembered to see a train of these wagons, which often numbers twenty or thirty teams, behind each of which will be two or three large freight-wagons coupled together. The capacity of each of these is from eight to twelve thousand pounds. Everything necessary or useful in a town or mining camp used to be hauled in this manner across the prairies, swollen streams, muddy gullies, sand-hills, and mountain roads for distances of several hundreds of miles; the load of each wagon being protected from the elements by heavy duck wagon sheets or covers stretched tightly over a framework of wooden bows, which makes the wagon look much larger than many of the houses by the roadside. Nor were mules the only animals used for this work, for the patient ox was then in great requisition by the freighters, who would use eight or ten yoke of oxen in one team driven by one teamster, designated as a 'bull-whacker.'

The men who were employed in this work lived under canvas almost the entire year through, and a more hardy, healthy lot it was hard to find. Usually they were from a different grade in society than the old-time cowboys, among whom one would often meet educated young men, who followed the life of the cowboy because of the excitement, danger, and adventure continually met with either on the trail, round-up, or even range-camp. Compared with this, the life of the mule-skinner was tame and uneventful—in fact, too monotonous to suit the lover of danger and adventure. Each day followed the previous one, the hours being filled by the performance of the same duties. It was: rise about daybreak, except in the winter months, when the foreman or wagon boss called his teamsters before day had even thought of dawning. While the drivers are eating breakfast, the night-herder, who has had to watch the mules or oxen during the entire night while they grazed on the prairies, brings the herd to the wagons, where, if mules, they are fed on oats or Indian corn in boxes fastened to the sides and ends. Breakfast finished, each driver harnesses or yokes his team; and at the word of command from the wagon boss the train starts out on the road, one team following another in single file. An average of fifteen miles a day loaded is considered a good drive over prairie roads, and twenty with empty wagons.

Such is the life of the mule-skinner day after day, week after week, rain or shine. At both ends of his trip he usually stays over one night, and sometimes longer in the towns to and from which he drives his team; this time was usually spent in carousing, gambling, and kindred sports.

AFTER-THOUGHTS.

AND thou art dead! Thou, too, hast passed away
Into the night that borders on our day;
The noisy world that shall be still at last,
Has left thee silent in the silent past.

How can I grieve? So little thou and I
Saw of each other in the time gone by,
I scarcely miss thee; yet I wish, somehow,
That I had loved thee then, and missed thee now.

I know I never loved thee as I ought;
I fear I wronged thee many times in thought;
If I enough had loved thee to confess
Those thoughts to thee, I might have wronged thee less.

Two oceans roll between us now, the sea
Known and unknown; the last sun set for thee
There in New England; Time, for thee, was done,
And a world ended, and a world begun.

Here—here at home was sure, slow death; but there,
Over the seas, life smiled with promise fair,
And, fleeing from the Shadow that men fear,
Thou didst but meet there what thou fled'st from here.

There, at the last, no heart that loved thee filled
With anguish, no familiar accents thrilled
With thought of home thy spirit's dark eclipse;
No kiss of loving lips was on thy lips.

Strange voices spoke to thee, and eyes as strange
Watched thy wan features change—till the last change
Fixed them in one long look of quiet blest;
And strange hands bore thee to thy lonely rest.

Out through the night, across the pathless deep
My spirit passes to thy place of sleep,
And sad with thought of things that may not be,
Yearns for a voice that might awaken thee.

O vain desire!—I never loved thee, yet
To-night my heart is shadowed with regret;
O vain regret! now earth is closed above thee,
My grief is only that I did not love thee!

A. ST. J. ADCOCK.

* * TO CONTRIBUTORS.

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Printed and Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Limited,
47 Paternoster Row, LONDON; and EDINBURGH.

CHAMBERS'S JOURNAL

OF
POPULAR

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART

Fifth Series

ESTABLISHED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, 1832

No. 417.—VOL. VIII. SATURDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1891.

PRICE 1½d.

THE EARLY HISTORY OF CLUBS.

IN his great Dictionary, Dr Johnson defines the word Club as 'an assembly of good fellows meeting under certain conditions,' and proceeds to illustrate his meaning by a sentence from Dryden: 'What right has any man to meet in factious clubs to vilify the government?' Though such a definition was no doubt sufficient in the day in which it was written, it is to-day utterly inadequate to include the vast series of organisations known as Clubs. Of the people in whose daily life a club plays an important part, it may be safely asserted that not one in a hundred has any idea of the origin and early history of the institutions with which he is so familiar. Clubs seem so essentially modern, so much a part of our everyday lives, that we are apt to forget that they have any history at all. We are proverbially ignorant of common things, and though industrious people have written volumes on such matters, they do not seem to have been very successful in putting an end to the prevailing gloom. The history of clubs is a subject of considerable interest, taking us back to the classic days of Greece and Rome, and thence to the days of Queen Elizabeth, reminding us that, after all, there is nothing new under the sun.

It is to Greece that we must look for the first page of the story. Of course, the old Athenian clubs were not in all respects similar to those of modern London; but there was nevertheless between them a strong affinity, for Aristotle tells us that men of the same trade and members of a particular tribe were wont to club together for business purposes. He goes on to say that others combined for the sake of social intercourse, and adds that 'these meet together for the sake of one another's company and to offer sacrifices; when they meet, they both pay certain honours to the gods, and at the same time take pleasures and relaxation among themselves.'

In Rome, the earliest clubs were the trade guilds founded by Numa, similar to the guilds of craftsmen which play so important a part in the

art history of the middle ages. At one time, there were eighty of these guilds in Rome alone, and they were not confined to the metropolis, for the boatmen of the Seine at Paris and the boatmen of the lower Rhone formed clubs of their own. Very closely allied to the masonic lodges of our day were the secret societies formed throughout the Roman Empire for the practice of religious rites unknown to the State. An idea of the extent of club-life in Rome may be obtained from the fact that even the slaves attached to the great houses of the city formed clubs of their own. In the house of Augustus there would seem to have been several clubs of this kind, for his *chef de cuisine* left a sum of money for the benefit of the club of cooks, of which he was a member.

The history of the purely social clubs of the Roman Empire is incomplete. They were formed chiefly by Romans employed in the more distant parts of the empire, in order to lessen the feeling of isolation which their exile involved. Notwithstanding that military clubs were prohibited by the State, they were tolerated amongst the officers of regiments employed in foreign service, as a compensation for the social disadvantages entailed in a long residence abroad. The rules of a club of officers of a regiment on service in Africa have been discovered on the site of a Roman encampment. They are engraved on two stone pillars, which stood in a conspicuous position near the residence of the commander. The contribution to such a club was about twenty-five pounds, two-thirds of which were returned to his representatives on the death of the member, or to himself on his retirement from the service. The expenses of the funeral of a deceased member were paid by his club, or he might claim a portion of his contribution to enable him to travel in foreign countries. If he made use of this privilege, the liability of the club to bury him was at an end.

Another form of the social club was the ladies' club. Although we are accustomed to look upon ladies' clubs as institutions especially characteristic of our own times, they are in fact far older than English civilisation itself. The ladies' clubs of

Rome were very numerous, and met for religious as well as for social purposes. The most distinguished of them was known popularly as the 'Senate of Matrons.' Its title was derived from an imperial edict. Attached to it was a debating society in which momentous questions of etiquette and dress were discussed with becoming gravity. Sometimes the fair women so far condescended as to interfere in municipal questions, and when a man who was so fortunate as to gain their goodwill died, the ladies erected a statue of their hero.

Political clubs were common to both Greece and Rome. Mr Grote has shown that the Athenian aristocrats on the one hand, and democrats on the other, advanced their principles by means of political clubs in much the same way as is done throughout Great Britain to-day. A select company of the young men of Greece, inspired by the teachings of the voluptuous epicurean Aristippus, formed themselves into a club, to which they gave the gloomy and significant title of 'Those about to die together.' A weird description of the banqueting-hall of these eccentric individuals remains: 'Over some flasks of the red Chian wine, within the walls of a noble hall, in a dim city we sat, at night, a company of seven. And to our chamber there was no entrance save by a lofty door of brass; and the door was fashioned by the artisan Corinnos, and, being of rare workmanship, was fastened from within. Black draperies likewise, in the gloomy room, shut out from our view the moon, the lurid stars, and the peopleless streets; but the boding and the memory of evil, they would not be so excluded.' Although there were clubs in these classic lands, generally speaking, there were no club-houses. Buildings of this kind were indeed not so necessary in Greece and Italy, where men could meet in the shade of a temple or at the baths, as in England, where the climate is unfavourable to open-air lounging.

To pass from Greece and Italy before Christ to England in the reign of Henry IV. is a long step. Clubs seem to have become extinct in the interval which divides these distant periods, for the secret societies of the middle ages were hardly clubs, even using the word in its broadest sense. They were rather associations formed to hand down from age to age some secret, and the social idea was altogether absent from them. The first definite information we have of using an English club is given to us by Thomas Ocleve, the poet, who was born about 1370. This early club was called 'La Court de bone Compagnie,' and it is probable that it included among its members Chaucer and Ocleve himself. Ocleve sent to one Henry Somer a metrical notice of a kind of club dinner at which he was to occupy the chair:

For the dyner arraye
Ageyn Thirsday next and nat is delaye.

There is besides in existence a remonstrance from Somer at the social excesses of which some of the members would seem to have been guilty.

Although clubs were revived thus early, the word club did not then exist. It is from an Anglo-Saxon verb *clofan*, meaning to divide expenses; but the first time the word is used by an English writer is in 1659, when Aubrey the antiquary writes: 'We now use the word Clubbe for

a sodality held in a tavern.' The same author mentions a ballot-box: 'Here we had (very formally) a balloting box, and balloted how things should be carried.' During the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., a large number of clubs arose, some of which have become famous, owing to the great men who were members of them. First among these was the brilliant society which met at the Mermaid Tavern, of which Shakespeare and Ben Jonson were members. Its doings are described in a letter from Beaumont to Ben Jonson:

What things we have seen
Done at the 'Mermaid!' Heard words that have been
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
As if every one from whom they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life.

The meetings at the Mermaid have always been an attractive subject for poets. Browning has written of them; and there are the lines of Keats:

Souls of poets dead and gone,
What elysium have ye known—
Happy field or mossy cavern—
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?

An earlier club than the Mermaid was the 'Apollo Club,' almost the first of its kind. It met at the tavern with the sign of the 'Devil,' in Fleet Street, and was presided over by Ben Jonson himself, who, in his *Marmion*, makes Careless say he has 'come from Apollo.'

From the heaven
Of my delight, where the boon Delphic god
Drinks sack, and keeps his bacchanalia,
And has his altars and his incense smoking,
And speaks in sparkling prophecies.

During the Commonwealth arose the famous 'Rota Club,' which was formed for the propagation of republican opinions. It numbered amongst its members the most illustrious literary men of the time. There were Milton, Harrington (the author of *Oceana*), Andrew Marvell, Cyriac Skinner, and Nevill. Cecil Hay, in his work on Modern Club-life, mentions the Rota as represented now by 'those compromises between public-houses and debating societies known by the name of Discussion Halls or Forums, of which a certain establishment yeclapt "Cogers' Hall," in Shoe Lane, Fleet Street, may be mentioned as a specimen.' Alas, the Cogers' Hall is no more! The 'Sealed Knot' was the opposition club to the Rota. All its members were Royalists, and organised in favour of the exiled Charles a general insurrection which never took place.

From this time the decay of the old tavern clubs set in. Gradually clubs began to conceive the idea of having buildings of their own, and the old inns were deserted. A Club-house was founded in Pall-Mall in the reign of George III., and became the forerunner of that great series of club palaces which lends to not a few of the streets of London whatever magnificence they can boast. Some of the clubs still existing link the new era of club-life with the old. The Cocoa-tree Club—of which Defoe wrote, 'A Whig will no more go to the Cocoa-tree than a Tory will be seen at the Coffee-house of St James's'—has its house in St James's Street; and White's Club, founded nearly two centuries ago, is still popular.

One can well imagine how great would be the astonishment of the original members of one of these old institutions if they could see the changes which have been wrought in the places in which they must have passed many happy hours, and for which they could hardly fail to feel some affection.

A SOLDIER AND A GENTLEMAN.*

CHAPTER XV.—THE END.

MEANWHILE, Ferrers' destiny hung in the balance in the library of Dawlish Place, and there is small doubt but that the scale in which were his qualities and pretensions would have kicked the beam had it not been for Lord Debrett. Mr Drumly stood his friend, as he had promised, but his friendship would have availed little against the steadfast opposition of Mr Drew. Drew was the senior partner and trustee, and he made the most of his position. Moreover, he was a hard-headed man of business and of the world, who, notwithstanding his manner of genial good-fellowship, had no great softness of heart; and, being a married man of many years' standing, he had a suspicion of sentimental love affairs. In winning this difficult and obstinate person to a favourable view of his comrade, Lord Debrett showed a shrewdness and a worldly wisdom which excited Mr Drumly's admiration.

'No,' said Drew; 'I can't see how we can conscientiously entertain the idea at all. Indeed, frankly, I may say it appears to me an impudent and preposterous pretension. You are aware, of course, Lord Debrett, that Miss Dawlish is her father's sole heir, and that—that, in short, she ought to look very high indeed for a husband.'

'No doubt, Mr Drew,' said Debrett. 'But if Miss Dawlish—as Mr Drumly assures you—wishes to look no higher than my friend?'

'Oh, she's an inexperienced girl, and she'll grow out of that.'

'She has her father's temper, remember,' said Drumly, 'and he was high-spirited and self-willed, as you know, Drew. Besides, you mustn't forget that though he desired a certain marriage for her, he insisted to us that there must be nothing like coercion.'

'Coercion? Who wants coercion, Drumly? I only want the girl to wait—till she really knows her own mind.'

'Certainly, Mr Drew,' said Debrett; "'Wait' is the word; there's no immediate hurry. I only ask you to give my friend a chance—a sufficient chance. And let me say this; look as high as you like, you won't find a better fellow, all round, than Ferrers. You will admit, Mr Drew, that I know something of Society?'

'Certainly,' said Mr Drew.

'Well, I prefer Ferrers for a friend to any man I know. I have known him for twelve years—I have seen him under all sorts of circumstances, in barracks, on the march, and in battle in the Soudan, and at home with my own people (he has often stayed with me). He is a staunch comrade—and a staunch comrade can't miss being a good husband—he's got all his wits about him'—

'And he has the finest health,' put in Drumly.

'Yes,' said Debrett; 'sound as a bell, and as hard as nails.'

'Oh,' said Drew, 'I've nothing to say against him as a man.'

'There is nothing against him,' said Debrett, 'but this affair, and that, as you've heard, he was led into. It was a pity; it was wrong; but he has come out of it as well as any man could.'

'Yes,' admitted Drew, 'all things considered I think he has. But you see the thing is he has neither property nor prospect, and, of course—well, he is not what we call a gentleman.'

'That depends,' said Debrett, 'on what you mean by a gentleman. If you should happen to mean a man that would never do anything mean and that always keeps his head, and that can reckon back his people as having been of the same sort for hundreds of years, then George Ferrers is a better gentleman than I am. And as to property—well, he's not rich, and his people are not rich; but they have owned and cultivated the same land since the old days of fighting between England and Scotland.'

'Then,' said Drew, with a final burst of petulance, 'why doesn't he go home and inherit his father's farm and not come here asking for heiresses?'

'No, no,' said Drumly, 'do him justice, Drew; he has not asked for anything; it's we are asking on his behalf.'

'Then about prospects,' said Debrett, keeping to the subject—'there, Mr Drew, you might help him.'

'Me?' exclaimed Drew.

'You might offer him,' said Debrett, 'a place in your bank: he can tot up figures like one o'clock.'

Drew stared from Debrett to Drumly, and Drumly laughed 'Ho, ho!' in the depth of his beard.

'I'll be responsible for him,' said Debrett, 'to any amount.'

'My dear Lord Debrett,' said Drumly, 'you don't quite understand my partner's astonishment. Banking is something like soldiering: you must be put to it, or take to it, pretty young to make anything of it. No; I think the prospect for your friend is to look after an estate, because he understands farming.'

'Yes,' said Debrett, 'I suppose that's better.'

'I daresay,' said Drew lightly, as if it were no concern of his, 'he might get a situation of that sort.'

'I hope he will,' said Drumly: 'and I have a definite proposal to make, Drew, to that end. We can't let Sir William's mortgage be foreclosed: we agree on that. We must take it up. But we can't leave Sir William in charge of the estate. Suppose we put Mr Ferrers in charge, and see if he can make it pay?'

That looked merely like business; and Drew, after pulling his whisker a moment, said: 'I have no objection. Very well now; I agree to our taking up the mortgage, pensioning Sir William off for the sake of his brother, and putting Mr Ferrers in charge of the estate, on condition that I hear no more of his marrying Miss Dawlish.'

'You shall hear no more at present,' said

Drumly: 'there is plenty for him to do before he thinks of marrying.'

'Let me only ask this of you, Mr Drew,' said the wily Debrett: 'permit me and my friend Ferrers to visit your house.' Debrett, of course, reckoned that if his friend were admitted to Drew's house, he could hardly be forbidden to speak to Miss Dawlish, who lived there.

'Always be delighted to see you, my lord,' said Drew, 'and I can't in common courtesy refuse to see your friend.'

It was impossible to insist further; and Lord Debrett was withdrawing somewhat disappointed with the result of his efforts on Ferrers' behalf, when Mr Drumly took his arm and drew him aside, and said: 'Don't be impatient; we'll conquer Drew. He thinks he's as sharp as steel, but he isn't; he thinks he can see round a corner, but he can't. I believe in your friend; he'll come out all right; and I'm going to make him my heir to-morrow.'

It is not surprising that next morning before breakfast (the party was to break up immediately after) Drumly should have got out the pony-chaise, and, accompanied by Dolly and Debrett—of course, quite without pre-arrangement—should have driven down the avenue and out by the great gate towards the little inn on the edge of the common. Nor is it surprising that before they had been well on the road they should have encountered Ferrers, who looked very shame-faced. Like an honest man, he attempted no limping excuse of his being found where he was; and Drumly, leaving Debrett and Dolly to drive on a little together, walked along the grassy margin of the road with his arm in that of Ferrers, and told him all the news of the night before. The proposal that he should take charge of the estate Ferrers unhesitatingly accepted, inwardly resolving that at any cost he would be found equal to the confidence placed in him.

'It is awfully good of you,' said he to Mr Drumly, 'to take so much trouble for a man about whom you know next to nothing.'

'You see,' said Drumly, with a grim smile, 'I have the misfortune to like the man and believe in him, and so has Lord Debrett. You have really to thank him more than me for winning Drew over to this arrangement. And this done, it depends on yourself, my son—perhaps a little on your good friend Debrett—how all the rest follows.'

They then met Lord Debrett and Dolly driving back. There were no lingering adieus; for they were all likely to meet in London next day or the day after. Ferrers' heart was full: what had he done to deserve all this kindness?

'I have to thank you,' said he, gripping Lord Debrett's hand.

'Oh, it's all right, old chap,' said Debrett. 'See you in town to-morrow.'

'Good-bye,' said Dolly and he together: their hands and their eyes met, and that was all.

So they parted for a little while. They drove back to Dawlish Place, and he stood looking after them till the turn of the road hid them from sight, and then he returned to the little inn, whence in an hour or two he departed for London.

There are but these facts further to record:

Ferrers won more and more the favour of the business-like Drew; within a year he had brought the administration of the estate and the Home Farm to a surprising pitch of order and economy; in little more than the year he was overwhelmed by the receipt from Drumly of the title-deeds of the estate—Drumly had bought the estate, and the one condition he attached to his gift to Ferrers was that the young man should take the name of Dawlish, so that his late partner's desire might be fulfilled that the Dawlish name and the Dawlish land should keep together; and within eighteen months it was announced in the newspapers that 'George Ferrers Dawlish, of Dawlish Place,' had married 'Dorothy (Dolly) Dawlish, only child of the late Robert Dawlish, Esquire, of the City of London.'

STRANGE DISEASES AND STRANGE REMEDIES.

SUPERSTITION is still rife in Ireland to an almost incredible extent. It is almost a religion with the lower orders; it is indeed part of their religion, being composed largely of an unwavering faith in the power of prayer to heal diseases; but not in prayer alone—here comes in the superstitions element, which requires that prayer should be aided by the use of some charm more or less absurd. These charms, they believe, are hereditary, descending from father to daughter, or from mother to son, but never to the same sex. Where they suppose they were originally procured, we have never been able to find out; but imagine, from the mysterious and reluctant air with which they answer such inquiries, that they fully believe that the charms were in the first instance a Divine gift.

It is strange to observe how surely an element of the ridiculous pervades all Irish observances. In their sorrows, their joys, even their religion, a shade of the grotesque is sure to be found; and that 'heritage of woe,' the bodily sufferings of poor humanity, are turned almost into a farce, when they describe them from their own point of view, their ideas of cause and effect being of the most primitive kind. It is not very long since I went to visit a very poor woman who had been for some time in delicate health. I was surprised to find her standing at a table making some oatmeal bread.

She answered my greetings by saying: 'Deed, thin, your honour, ye find me doin' what I couldn't do this many a long day. I didn't shtand at that table to make bread for six months till to-day.'

In replying, I rashly concluded that in some of her frequent visits to the dispensary she had at last procured a bottle from the doctor which had done her good.

She sniffed disdainfully. 'The docthor is it. Ah, the docthor never done me a ha'porth o' good. I quit takin' his medicines entirely. It was a while ago; I was that bad in me *hart* that I thought I'd do no good at all, at all. It'd be here, it'd be there within in me. I never knew where it'd be; but it wasn't in the right place at all. Well, ma'am, I heerd there was an ould woman beyant at Cruxty that had a charrum for the like o' that, an' done great cures. "Wid the help o' God,"

says I, "I'll go into the town on Monda' to the market, an' maybe I'll meet wid her there." It was long since I shtood in the market indeed; an' whin I got in, I was fairly *bet up* wid the inward pain. Well, I met the ould woman, an' axed her woud she do the charrum for me. "Throth, I will, acushla," says she, "wid a heart an' a half; but it's only ov a Thursda' I can do it; so, av ye'll come to me next Thursda', I'll be ready for ye, an' wid the help o' God, ye'll be cured." "Oh wirra, wirra!" says I; "I couldn't go next Thursda', for Mick has to go to the fair at Bally-James-Duff wid the pigs, an' he'll want the cart; an' if I have to wait till the Thursda' affther, it's dead an' buried I'll be." Well, whin she seen the shtate I was in, an' how bad I looked, she studied a while, and thin says she: "Well, we'll see what we can do, an' maybe, wid the help o' God, it'll come out right. On next Thursda' at twelve o'clock be thinkin' o' me," says she; "be thinkin' o' nothin' else but me, an' I'll say the prayer for ye, an' maybe it's what it'll save ye, as ye can't come. But ye'll have to come the next Thursda', for it must be done three times."—Well, your honour, I woke this mornin' [this *was* Thursday] as wake an' donny as ever, an' at twelve o'clock I began to think o' the ould woman at Cruxty. I bethought an' I bethought of her long enough, an' affther a while, "Biddens," says I, "wipe that table an' put the male on it an' bring in a sup o' wather."—"Oh mamma," says she, "you're not going to make bread, are ye, an' you not able to shtand." "Do what you're tould, child," says I, "an' lave me alone." Well, wid that I got up an' wint to the table where your honour found me, an' med the bread, an' sorra a ha'porth on me the worse. I'm thinkin' the charrum's workin', an' next Thursda' I'll go to her meself.

I left the cottage musing over what she had told me, and much interested in this new faith-cure; and the following week went to see her again to hear how the charm progressed. She had been to Cruxty, and had seen her old woman. All that occurred there was that the old woman had taken both her hands in hers and repeated a mysterious form of words over three times. What the words were, no one knew but the old woman herself, who received the formula from her dying father, and had them written out to be sent to her son in America, on her own death. But they are believed to be a prayer.

My friend did not look very much better; but she said the charm was working; but as it took as long to cure you as you were ill before you tried it, it would be long before she could expect to be quite well.

As I spent that summer away from home, some months elapsed before I saw her again. Soon after my return in the autumn I looked in one evening to see how the charm was progressing. I found her as usual seated by the fire on a low stool, leaning against a sack of chaff. The 'childhre' were all out, and her only companions were some hens pecking about the floor. Of course my first inquiry was for her health.

"Deed, thin, your honour, I'm donny enough; but I'm bether nor I was; an' wid the help o' God, I'll be gaily in short."

"Has the old woman's charm not cured you yet, then?"

'Is it th' ould woman's charrum? Ah! sure that done me no good. I'm thryin' another wan now. Maybe it wasn't the right cure for me. Anyway, I wasn't gettin bether, an' I heerd ov a man up at Ballynagrancy has a grand charrum; an' ye needn't go to him yerself naither, for it's all done be manes ov an egg.'

'An egg!'

'Yes, your honour; an' I'll tell you all about it. I sent Briny to him wid the egg last week; an' where did he find the man but out rapin' in the field. So he threw down the rapin'-hook. "Come an," says he to Briny; "come over to the hedge there.—Now, gossoon," says he, "tell me is it the *hartache* your mother has?"—"Sure, I dunno," says the gossoon.—"Well, gim me the egg," says the man; "the *hartache* is the only thing I have a cure for, an' I'll know soon enough if that's what it is, whin I take the egg in me hand."—Well, ma'am, he tuk the egg from Briny, an' shut his hand on it, an' began to say the prayer. Well, your honour, if it wasn't the *hartache* I had he wouldn't be able to say wan word o' the prayer! But it's the *hartache* I have, sure enough; for he said the prayer all through; an' then he gev the egg back to Briny, an', savin your presence, ma'am, the egg all shweated in his hand.—"Now, Briny," says he, "take that egg back to your mother an' tell her to boil it on the fire; but nothin' must come betune her an' the fire while it's boilin'; an' when it's boiled, she must take it off the fire an' open it; then she must throw the first spoonful athrough the house an' ait the rest ov it. An' she must ait three eggs like that in three weeks; an' plaze God, she'll be cured ov the *hartache*."

'And did you follow all his directions?'

'Throth I did, your honour. I'm affther aitin' the second egg yestherda', an' I think the charrum is workin' well in me. This mornin', when I woke first, I felt terrible bad. I couldn't scarce breathe, an' I sat up in the bed to thry to get aise. Well, ma'am, when I sat up, me hart gave a great lep an' fell down into me ribs; it shtayed there a while, an' then it gev another lep an' got round into me back. Well, it played away a while in the small o' me back, an' then it crep' round in under me arrum an' fell back into its right place. So that's what the charrum done for me, ma'am; an' plaze God, now me hart is in its right place, I'll soon be cured all out.'

Poor old woman! her belief in charm and charm-worker was unbounded, and we knew not whether to admire most her amazing credulity or extraordinary ideas of anatomy.

But credulity and superstition are not confined to the lower classes alone. I think a story told me as an actual fact by an educated lady, the daughter and sister of a clergyman, might very well be classed with our poorer friend's as an instance of both. We were discussing the subject of charms, and I was surprised to see that she believed in them herself, as did also her reverend brother.

'I cannot doubt what I know to be true myself,' she said; and told us the following tale, which I give in her own words.

'There was a man in our village, a respectable shopkeeper, who was afflicted with an enormous tumour in his cheek. I well remember the feelings of awe and curiosity with which I used

to inspect his profile in church when I was a child. He sat a few pews in front of us, and I could not resist the temptation of watching him all through the service, and looking for the grotesque effects of his enormously exaggerated cheek. His infirmity seemed to increase with years, and the poor man was a frightful object. One day not long ago I passed a man in the village street whose face I seemed to know, and yet I could not think of his name. It suddenly dawned upon me it was Mr — without his swollen cheek! I could hardly believe my senses, and followed him into a shop on purpose to see if it really could be the man I had seen only the Sunday before, so marvellously changed in such a short time. Yes, it certainly was Mr —. He addressed me first, saying: "I suppose you hardly recognise me;" and he then told me how he was cured. It was by a charm! He was advised to go out the first night the new moon was visible, and after saying, "In the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost," to wave a dinner plate round his head nine times towards the new moon. He did so; and in the morning his tumour had completely disappeared!

Such was the tale told to me and implicitly believed in by an educated Irish lady.

The lower orders of Irish are as a rule rather hypochondriacal, and they are fond of trying peculiar remedies for their ailments. A favourite poultice for wounds is a paraffin candle scraped and some cabbage, all boiled together. A simple but rather unpleasant remedy for a cut leg was recommended to an old man—it was to sit with his leg in a boghole all night. This he tried with perfect success. His leg got quite well; but as he died of bronchitis a few days afterwards, he did not long enjoy his 'perfect cure.'

A carpenter who in chopping wood had cut a slice off his shinbone with the hatchet, first applied a poultice of nettles and salt. This not healing it immediately, he put on a bandage soaked in Venice turpentine. As the wound remained obstinate, and even got worse under his gentle treatment, he determined to be firm with it, and show it he would stand no more nonsense, so he burned it with blue-stone! He did not lose the leg; but it did not recover until less heroic remedies were used.

A poor man suffering from inflammation of the eye caused by a thorn, had blue-stone blown in. He *did* lose the eye.

If they have peculiar cures, they have also most peculiar diseases. A respectable coachman complained of illness, and described his symptoms thus: 'A creepin' an' a crawlin' in the furnace of his head, a bingin' an' a bingin' in his brow, an' a dazzlin' in his eyes.' It must be a terrible complaint!

A favourite remedy for every kind of internal pain is hot vinegar punch; indeed, vinegar taken either cold or hot is considered almost a specific for everything. It must be comforting in some cases! It is much used for a 'squeezein' on the hart,' which is the commonest complaint of all.

They are a kindly and sympathetic race, always ready to help each other in cases of sickness, either with nursing or good advice; but I fear in most cases the remedies prescribed are far worse than the disease.

A village tragedy occurred in my own know-

ledge. A young blacksmith whose wife had presented him with their first baby was much horrified to find that the infant had been born with teeth. So unusual an event must be unlucky; so the poor baby's teeth were drawn by the unskilled hand of the blacksmith. The baby died; and the mother, shocked and grieved by the scene, died soon afterwards. 'But sure, he'd never have had luck or grace if them unlucky teeth hadn't been dhrew.'

Of course their terror of a dog's bite is unbounded, and they have many superstitions about the danger of it and the best means of averting hydrophobia. A pet dachshund being seized with a sudden and unaccountable desire to taste human flesh, tried a bit from the leg of a boy passing by. The boy took it good-humouredly, and did not seem unduly alarmed, only begging the dog's mistress to give him 'a few ribs of the dog's hair' to dress the wound with. This is the commonest idea of a safeguard, and a very expensive one.

I could add many more to the list of 'strange diseases and strange remedies;' but think I have given enough instances to show the extreme ignorance and extreme credulity of the Irish. Both very ridiculous, perhaps; and yet it is touching, amid all its absurdity, to see the simplicity and trustfulness of these poor people, so humbly submissive to the 'will of God,' in which they acquiesce so patiently in sickness and sorrow; so ready to 'believe all things,' a command they most literally obey, and which is so impossible to the more educated and sophisticated class. They are, in fact, like unruly children—troublesome, warm-hearted, easily led by those they love and trust; and if fierce passions smoulder under a light-hearted exterior, ready to be kindled at a touch; yet for everyday life, 'Paddy at home' is a delightful companion; gay, sympathetic, with an inexhaustible fund of humour; above all things, fervently religious, and with capabilities of faith almost sufficient to 'remove mountains.'

A SCRATCH IN PLAY.

PART I.

Beware, my friends, of fiends and their grimaces.

Of little angels' wiles yet more beware thee.

Just such a one to kiss her did ensnare me,

But coming, I got wounds, and not embraces.

Beware of old black cats with evil faces;

Yet more of kittens white and soft be wary.

My sweetheart was just such a little fairy,

And yet she well-nigh scratched my heart to pieces.

O child! O sweet love! dear beyond all measure,

How could those eyes so bright and clear deceive me?

That little paw so sore a heart-wound give me?

My kitten's tender paw, thou soft, small treasure,

Oh! could I to my burning lips but press thee,

My heart the while might bleed to death and bless thee.

I AM very sorry to have to say it, yet I must speak the truth even of her I love most; and I repeat, what I always have maintained, not only that she was completely in the wrong, but that she ought to confess it.

We had loved each other all our lives. Our fathers were old brother-officers and the closest of friends; and each being widowed and the father of an only child, what was more natural than that when they left the service and her father settled on his estate, my father should

take up his quarters in a pretty cottage on his friend's domains? What plans the two old fellows used to make for their children's future! I, of course, should enter the old regiment; and she, of course, should marry me. Alas! I myself was the cause of the shattering of the first dream; and subsequent events very nearly put an end to all chance of the second's being realised.

When I had reached the age of seventeen, when my brain ought to have been on fire for the sound of the drum, and my sleep disturbed by dreams of the glories of war, my dear old father discovered—through an intolerable odour which pervaded the house, and was traced to a mysterious box in my bedroom—that my mind turned towards science, and that a macerating pot or the dissecting table was more to me than the extermination of the entire British army. I often sigh now as I think of the sad head-shakings the poor old gentlemen must have indulged in as they discussed my extraordinary fancy over their wine; and I know that my little playfellow, Avis, treated me to a good deal of contempt when it was confessed that I actually turned from 'the only profession suitable for a gentleman,' and deliberately chose that of a mere sawbones.

Poor old father! He loved me too well to oppose me; and one dull autumn morning I left the old home to enter upon my studies at the university of Edinburgh. Why did I go to Edinburgh, and not London? Well, I think it was partly because I had a feeling that I was breaking with all the old life; and therefore wanted to put hundreds of miles between me and the old home, as I had put hundreds of difficulties between my father and the realisation of his old hope.

How well I remember my arrival, that cold, gray morning, in the beautiful city! I left my luggage at the station, and climbed up the steep hill that leads from the land of steam and noise to the most beautiful street I have yet seen in my wanderings. How grandly, away to my left, rose the magnificent 'Old Town,' topped with its castle; and to my right, the gardens and splendid buildings of Princes Street; while behind me couched the 'Lion,' watching over the safety of the maiden city! How lonely I felt among it all—how utterly lost! I think that, if all had approved my design to become a doctor, I should at that moment have turned and gone back to England, and promised my old father to do anything he might wish. But the vision of a child with long flowing hair, defiant face, and hands fast clasped behind her, came across my mental vision. She had refused to bid me good-bye. How she would triumph if I came home again, my work undone! No! I must go on. So I plucked up heart, and wandered on alone in that unknown city, looking for a place wherein to lay my weary head. Before long, I found lodgings, and had my things removed to a little street near the theatre. And not many weeks had passed before I was as happy as a king, drinking in all the new mysteries of my chosen profession. Ah! that first enthusiasm, why doesn't it last? Why, as the years go on, does there come in its stead such utter loathing of each fresh step? I did not in the least mind the dissecting room; but the operating

theatre—the hospital—the horror of it all! Well, it is over; and to that supercilious little figure with the flying hair and the clenched hands do I owe the obstinacy that carried me through these four years of sunshine and shadow. Give in, when she had said: 'I *know* you will hate it. I hope you will give it up!' Shall I give it up? Never! The thought of the look of triumph I should see in the eyes of that young girl acted as a spur to me.

I worked on. I hardly ever went home; for I was really 'keen on' my work, and spent most of my spare time among the foreign hospitals and schools. Then a serious illness, coming upon me just as I had completed my course, made me decide, on my recovery, to go as doctor on board a great ship sailing to the other ends of the earth. So, thanks to one thing and another, it was not till the slim, awkward boy of eighteen had changed into a great weather-beaten man of four or five and twenty, that I once more stood on the old walled terrace of the home of my little love. And by my side was the little love herself! And *such* a little love! At twenty she was no bigger than she had been at fifteen; but oh! so much prettier. The hair that had then been often dragged back into a stiff pigtail now wandered in wondrous waves over her little head, poised like a flower on her sweet neck. No more ink-bespattered pinafores and scratched hands; no more long thin spindle-shanks showing under a short and skimpy skirt! No; she was as dainty as a fairy, and took now as much pains to adorn her already perfect little self as at one time she had seemed to expend on trying to personate a scarecrow. Yes; I stood by her once again, and knew that I was likely to be near her for the rest of our lives. For my dear father was getting old, and longed to have his only son beside him. So I was only too delighted when the offer came of a practice in the neighbourhood. Yes, I had come home 'to live and die,' as my aged nurse cheerfully put it, in the home of my childhood; and I could hardly believe I was not a child again, as once more I settled into the well-known routine: dined with the two old gentlemen; strolled out as of old on the terrace with my early playmate; climbed at night once more to the familiar room under the thatch; and listened as in years gone by to the murmur of the stream that ran from her home to mine. Yes, it was all the same! The old women seemed not a day older; the trees very little bigger; the river just as it had always been. Only, how different it all was: how different the thoughts that thrilled through my brain—the feelings that throbbed in my heart!

Well, well, we need not go over all that strange, miserable, happy time when my mind was filled with doubt and fear; when I knew not whether I was to be the most blessed or the most wretched of men; whether I was to stay contentedly at home for the rest of my life, or start once more on my travels to heal a broken heart as best I could among foreign lands and unknown faces. I sometimes fancy that if we could but turn back the 'forward-flowing tide of time,' I would live these weeks over again.

But at length they came to an end. One still June evening, when the moon was but a crescent in the sky, and the nightingales were singing

with all the strength of their tiny throats and fervour of their great hearts, my little love laid her golden head somewhere about the lower edge of my breast-pocket, and gazing up in my face, promised to overlook the fact that I was only a sawbones and no gallant officer.

'Well, you see,' whispered the little voice, 'you are so big and strong and handsome, it is no use trying to fight against you. I love you, I love you! and after all, you are my own dear old Clinton; and I'd marry you if you were a sweep, which is even worse than a doctor.' And the brave blue eyes looked up at me so proudly and so trustingly, that I thought no man had ever before such loving glances cast upon him.

Oh, what a happy time we had! I thought that trouble could never touch me more. As I strode home through the soft air to tell my father the glad news, I felt like an archangel.

Yes, I fancied my troubles were at an end—that I was going to be blessed beyond all human flesh; but I did not yet realise what it is to be an engaged man! No sooner were we safely and firmly betrothed, than my young lady contracted such a habit of flirting as made me stand agape. I maintain that she flirted. *She* insists that she did not! She says she was only making herself agreeable for the sake of my practice. She repeats that she smiled on the curates, youths from Oxford, retired military men, &c., not as men at all, but purely as possible future patients. Future patients! Did I want them bought with her smiles? Still, such an injured saint did she look when I ventured to expostulate, that I hardly knew how to bear myself; and I used to wonder whether I really was the most suspicious brute on the face of the green earth.

At length matters reached a climax, and I turned at last.

It was in the week of the 'Lawn Tennis Tournament'—the one great excitement of our little country-side—when a young hussar made his appearance, and contrived to get himself drawn as her partner in the doubles! *She* declares I am simply talking nonsense when I assert that he *got* himself drawn as her partner; and she says that it is all done by lots, and that people *must* play with just whoever falls to their lot! Well, that is neither here nor there. She need not have behaved as she did. He did not live in these parts of the world: he could not be considered as a possible patient; yet the interest she took in him was most marked. If it is a fact that she could not help having him for her partner in the 'doubles'—as they call the thing—need she have stood watching him with all her eyes in the 'singles,' clapping her hands at each stroke he won, or have been the first to congratulate him the moment he had put on his abominable loud 'blazer' and marched off the field, or court, victorious?

I do not play tennis, having more important matters to attend to; nor do I dance particularly well; still, at their insufferably dull 'Tennis Ball,' she need not have thrown me over for him in the pronounced way she chose to do.

'Oh, Clinton, may I give Captain Smyth one of your dances? You won't mind, *will* you?'

'Oh, certainly not; give him the lot, if you like,' I answered blandly.

I did not know till that moment that the sweetest of blue eyes can flash sparks of ice; but I saw them do it then.

'Oh, thank you *so* much.—There, Captain Smyth; that is delightful: you can have three more than I promised you at first.'

And without waiting to listen to my angry expostulation, she sailed away on his arm. I knew I had been rude, and wanted to apologise; and tried hard to catch her eye as she swam round with the handsome captain, who *could* dance. But never once were the long dark lashes lifted, never once did the old smile play across the sweet little face.

I went home utterly wretched. Ah, how the little paw could wound my big stupid heart! I lay awake nearly all night, and during the long hours I made up my mind to hasten, the very first thing in the morning, to 'make friends' with her. I should tell her I was sorry I had been rude, but should also make her understand that I considered I had a good deal of cause to feel injured.

'Clinton,' she began very quietly the moment she entered the room, 'I am glad you have come. There are some things I must say to you. I consider that the way in which you have behaved since our engagement has been most humiliating to me.'

'To you! I do not see what cause *you* have to speak,' I broke out.

'*I am* going to speak,' her soft, even voice went on. 'I consider your unreasonable jealousy as nothing short of an insult. If you cannot trust me, you had better bid me good-bye. There can be no happiness in a marriage without absolute trust.'

I hardly know what I said then, whether I pleaded or upbraided. I remember little of what befell till I found myself striding through the fields, their corn-flowers blue like those angry eyes, and their poppies bright like her scornful red mouth.

Was it all at an end, then, the dream of my life? Yes, of course it was—over, all over! I must get away, away back to the sea and the wild strange lands: away, somewhere, anywhere—from all this. But my poor old father! I could not leave him. I must not leave my work: some of my cases were in a critical condition. There was no escape. Here I must stay; meet her constantly; shake hands with her; and yet be as if the world stretched between us. And the dreadful part of it all was that she seemed not to care one little bit. She was the same bright, merry, dainty little creature that she had always been. Why was she so cruel? Why would she not once look at me with a glance of pity, love, remorse? How gladly, at her smallest overture of grace, would I have cast myself utterly on her mercy, and vowed anything she chose to demand of me. But she gave no sign; and I was too proud to approach her unless she herself seemed to summon me.

What a wretched time it was! How fiercely week by week did I try to harden my heart against her! But everything conspired to make that impossible. Hardly a cottage did I enter but I heard of her loving-kindness. She seemed to go about like a sunbeam, smoothing coarse pillows, comforting sad hearts, calling smiles to

parched and fevered lips, and looks of love to heavy eyes.

How was it that she, who could be so tender to others, could so hurt the heart that loved her? How *could* she keep up our quarrel all this time, when she must see how it was wounding me, killing me? If only she would say she was sorry she had vexed me, I should not whisper a word of blame. But say it she would not. And so the summer passed: autumn came with its storms and decay; and yet we were no nearer being friends again.

PART II.

Ye who have scorned each other,
Or injured friend or brother,
In this fast-fading year:
Ye who, by word or deed,
Have made a kind heart bleed,
Come gather here.

Let sinned against and sinning
Forget their strife's beginning,
And join in friendship now:
Be links no longer broken,
Be sweet forgiveness spoken
Under the holly bough.

So the wretched months passed till mid-winter was reached. And what a winter! Long before Christmas, the snow lay thick on the ground; and my poor patients learned full well the joys of a 'real old-fashioned winter.' I had enough and more than enough work to do; but I was thankful for it. Only in helping and relieving the sufferings of others could I succeed in forgetting my own pain. As the dull days dragged themselves along, one of my favourite patients began to fade away; and at length I had to face the painful task of telling her that, ere the new year came, she would have to enter on the world of the unknown. She was a decent woman, the wife of a dissipated husband, for whom she had toiled till her poor worn-out body could work no more. And now she lay apparently dying in her cold little room, thanking God each day that none of her children had been left to struggle on without her.

'Except my poor big child,' she said, with that spark of pathetic humour one sees now and again among our rustics—chiefly among the women. 'But I seem to have brought him up very badly, doctor. I must just hope he may be able to bring himself home at last.'

'Is there any one you would care to see, Mrs Clerk?' I asked her, late one bitter, cold afternoon.

'Why do you ask, doctor? Is the end at hand?'

'I can hardly say that. Yet, if there is any one I could send for to come to you, it might be as well not to put it off.'

A light gleamed over the tired, plain features. 'Oh doctor, if I *could* see the little Lady, I think it would make it easier for me.—But'—and the weary eyes wandered to the uncurtained window—'it be getting dark, and the snow lays thick on the ground. Her couldn't come now.' And she sighed that patient sigh that speaks of a life of renunciation.

'Have you no relation, no sister, you would care to see?' I asked.

'No, sir, no. I'd have liked to see the dear Lady this very night. I think if she had sung

me to sleep, I'd have woken better.—But it is no use. She couldn't come out, a night like this.'

'I'll fetch her in my sledge,' I said.

The tired eyes opened with such a glad light, that, had it been Queen Victoria I had promised to snatch off her throne and bring to this poor cottage, I should have had a try to fulfil my word.

'Will you, sir—oh, will you?'

'Yes.'

And away over the snow I dashed, nor paused to think till I drew up at the door of the Manor.

'Is Lady Avis in?' I asked the footman; and made my way unannounced to the drawing-room. The lamp was burning, subdued by its flower-like shade: the tea-table was drawn up near the fire; and she, in one of her soft, silken tea-gowns, was standing warming one perfectly shod little foot at the flame of the blazing logs which roared up the chimney and danced on the steel grate. Close to her sat a young fellow whom I had never seen. I learned afterwards that he was a cousin, who, during the years I had been away, had been like a brother to her; but I did not know this then.

Did her face grow pale in the red light as she saw me enter? It seemed so; yet she came quietly forward and offered me tea.

'No, thank you,' I said as shortly as I could; 'there is no time for tea. There is a woman dying who wants to see you.'

All her face grew soft in a moment. 'A woman dying! Oh, where? What woman?'

'Mrs Clerk, at the old Farm cottages. Will you come? The sledge is there. It will save time if you will come in it with me now.'

'I will come.'

'Nonsense, Avis,' cried the young man. 'It is sheer nonsense to think of going out in such an evening in an open sledge. The brougham can be brought round in twenty minutes.'

'Are the horses roughed?' I asked.

'No,' said Avis; 'and it would take a long time to get them ready. I will go with you.'

'And I shall wait outside, as I don't suppose the footman relishes holding the horses in the snow.'

'I have no doubt he has sent for a groom,' said Avis, her blue eyes turned coldly away. 'You had better drink some tea.—Harold, come with me for a moment;' and she swept from the room, the young man following. Drink tea in the room where that fellow had been! Never! I flung out of the room, and hastened into the night-air. A groom had relieved John Thomas at the horses' heads; and I had the gratification of observing the contemptuous looks with which he surveyed my scratch team and makeshift sledge.

A courteous footman in the hall asked whether I would not step into the library, and threw the door invitingly open, displaying the wainscoted room, on whose old oak carvings and brightly-bound volumes the firelight danced deliciously. Holly and mistletoe glistened and twinkled from all corners. It was Christmas eve.

'No, no; I will wait here,' I answered curtly.

At this moment, her light footstep sounded on the stair; and her ladyship herself tripped into

the lamplight. And what a ladyship! She had not even taken time to change her dainty shoes; but her silken dress was covered over with her great white mantle. On her soft fair curls rested a little white fur cap; and about her neck was bound a feathery boa like a glorified snow-flake. Her hands were hidden away in a snowy muff. Harold was with her.

'Well, my snow-queen,' he was saying, 'you will frighten the country folks if they meet you like that. You look as if you were playing at Queen Matilda escaping from Oxford Castle.'

'Clever boy,' laughed Avis, 'to remember his history so well.'

'Meantime, history is repeating itself in the most commonplace fashion in Mrs Clerk's cottage,' I remarked grimly. 'Perhaps you had better not come. You look too gorgeous for that poor room.'

'Am I? I never thought. This was the warmest, so I put it on,' she began, her great eyes full of distress.

'It's all right, dear,' cried Harold; 'you know they love you when you look beautiful.'

'They must always love her, then,' I thought within my bitter heart.

In another moment I was seated beside her; the horses' heads were let go; the bells jangled out; and the sledge slid over the snow. It was a glorious night. Above us stretched the sapphire sky, gemmed with myriads of flashing stars; while all around us was silence and the gleaming snow. All the well-known landscape was rendered strange and unfamiliar under its pure covering—as a dear dead face is rendered awesome under the thin sheet we spread after death.

The bells jangled; the horses' hoofs clinked against each other now and again as the sledge sped on; but all else was silent. Not a word did we speak. I caught a glimpse of her face once as she turned it to watch a great white owl slowly gliding over our heads. How white and still the beautiful face was! Was there a tremble about the mouth?

On we sped. When we had started, my heart had been ablaze with hot anger. Who was this youth who had usurped my place? Why had I been cast out of my place? Why had we quarrelled? Why had we not made it up again? It was all her fault—all. I had been ready to make friends, yearning for the old companionship, breaking my heart for her cruel sake; and she had never cared in the least. Cared! She had been filling up her time and thoughts with this young Herbert—Harold—whatever his name might be, and probably a dozen more. She was a mere flirt. In her heart she still despised me for being a doctor—'Only a sawbones,' as she used to say. She was the daughter of the lord of the Manor: I—well, I was as good as she. I was a man with a man's heart, head, hands. She had no right to play with me. Had she played with me?

At that moment I caught the pure profile against the lamplight. She had leaned suddenly forward, and was gazing ahead with a strange, far-away look in her eyes. She worthless! She a flirt! How pure and cold she looked! pure like the snow; yes, and cold like the snow. Ah no, not cold. With those deep dark eyes, those sensitive nostrils, that exquisite mouth. And

yet why not? It is ever the most beautiful women who are most cruel.

And so went on the foolish, proud, unreasoning thoughts within my brain, while my heart grew warmer in its love for her at every stride the horses took. How could I help loving her with her dear presence so near me, her garments touching me, her breath rising like incense to heaven through the clear air?

Oh, what a long drive! What a sad sore heart! I felt as if I could bear it no longer—when the welcome cottage came in sight. Silently we drove up to the door.

'If you will go in, I will drive on, and leave some medicine for another patient, and come back for you,' I said, breaking the silence for the first time.

Without a word, she left me.

I drove on about a mile farther, and then returned slowly through the still night. Mrs Clerk's dwelling had once been a fine old farmhouse in the days when farmers were opulent and liked their homes to be roomy. It had 'come down' in the world, however; and was now divided off among several families of labourers. But outwardly it was still beautiful to the eye. From where I sat alone in the sledge, I looked through an archway of dark yews towards the old rambling building with its low eaves and mullioned windows. The steep tiled roof was covered with the gleaming snow; the tall irregular chimney stacks rose black against the deep-blue sky; and from one uncurtained window, the ruddy light shone out upon the snow-clad lawn. How still it was! Was the whole world dead? The bells on the horses' heads sounded painfully loud as the animals moved restlessly from time to time. I felt vaguely that I ought to walk them up and down; but the spirit of stillness seemed to have got the better of all my senses. I could not move. Above was the still, silent sky: around, the still, silent world; and in my heart a strange sensation of unfeelingness. The world was dead. I was dead; everything was dead. Nothing mattered any more. I felt nothing, nothing. Why trouble whether she loved me or no? It would all be the same when I was dead. My heart was dead now. The spirit of stillness had wrapped the world in its cold embrace, and my soul was at rest within its arms. I did not mind the delay; I did not feel impatient for her return; only, I wished the horses would stand still and the bells not jangle so.

Then, all at once, through the silence stole a beautiful sound, falling like golden snow from somewhere above me. A woman's voice! Singing softly, tenderly, gloriously! I held my breath to listen. No words reached me—only the sweet clear notes; and even they seemed to come from the voice of a singer in a dream. The voice ceased. A little wind uprose and swayed the trees, as if protesting against the cessation of the wonderful music—then suddenly there came to me over the snow the sound of bells.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
The moon is hid, the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other through the mist.

Peace and good-will, good-will and peace,
Peace and good-will to all mankind.

The door opened gently—closed; and, to the music of the bells, a white figure moved towards me through the whiteness. Under the arch of black yews she stepped. Did she do it on purpose? Did she know that the light of the carriage lamp fell full upon her? Did she dream how beautiful she was with the spirit of her song still on her lips; with the light of her tender action still in her eyes? She stopped and listened. How sweetly, ghostly, sounded those far-off bells, those strange dream-bells. Not a sound, but their thin beauty dying and growing and dying again! And there she stood and listened 'with the wonder growing in her face.'

'Peace and good-will—peace;' and then she looked at me, and came quickly forward—next moment she was beside me in the sledge.

'She is asleep,' she whispered. 'I think she will get well.'

'Then let us get home,' I answered; and that was all.

Jangle, jangle, jangle went the sleigh bells; and once more we moved through the silent world. But we went slowly now. Why? Was it because of the surrounding stillness, which one feared to disturb? Or was it because my whole soul was filled and thrilled with the knowledge of her nearness, with the knowledge that here were she and I alone in this sleeping—this dead world: the only living creatures in this great silence?

Slower and slower went the horses; and yet the road seemed to melt before us; and ever nearer came 'home' and parting. But yet we did not speak. The sweet precious moments slipped by; and once more my heart came alive and beat and throbbed and suffered. I longed to throw myself down in the snow before her and humble myself utterly, if only, by my doing so, we might be again as once we had been. But still I could not do it. She had been wrong too. She *must* meet me half-way. Oh! she must feel it. Why would she not confess it? Could she not see how much braver, nobler, worthier of herself it would be than this indifferent unconcern, this obstinate silence?

'I've dropped my muff,' the clear voice suddenly said quietly.

I started as if I had been shot, and came back from my world of thought to gaze with uncomprehending eyes on the sweet face at my side. How sweet it was, how calm, how contented! Why was it not full of shame and contrition? It ought to have been; but no, not a bit of it! The blue eyes were looking up at me with the utmost friendliness; the rosy mouth had a smile on it.

'Please,' she cried—'please, stop the horses. I've dropped my muff.'

I stopped the horses.

'Will you please get out and find it for me?' went on the purring voice. 'I will hold the horses.'

'I may not be able to find it in the dark,' said I. 'It is white like the snow.'

'It's whiter,' she answered, still smiling.

I got out, and strode along the way that we had come. My heart was vexed within me; for I knew she had dropped that wretched muff on purpose that she might order me to go back and fetch it.

At that moment my foot touched something soft. The little white muff! I picked it up; and something dropped out. I stooped and lifted it from the snow. A glove! Such a little glove! Not thinking what I did, I spread it out on my broad palm and laughed a bitter laugh as words that I had read somewhere came to my mind, 'That hand withal looketh somewhat soft and small for so large a will in sooth.'

I walked back to the sledge. The lamps were shining with two golden eyes over the snow: the horses' bells were jangling; but the little white lady was sitting very still. I came to her side of the carriage. What a great fellow I seemed! for, standing there on the road, my head was on a level with hers as she sat in the sledge.

I held out the muff. She did not take it. Her face was turned away. Was she crying? Was that why she kept her face hidden? Was she ashamed at last? This was well, ah! this was well. I was glad she had come to see the error of her ways. She had taken a long time about it, certainly; but still I would be generous; I would pardon her at once.

I still held the muff out. 'Avis, this is your property.'

'Which!' and a face, not bathed in tears, not blushing with shame, but sparkling and dimpling with laughter, was turned to mine. 'Which?' she repeated, looking at me with a world of mischief shining in her eyes.

'This,' I said severely—but my hand shook.

'Oh! is that all?' she said, taking the white fluffy thing in one hand very slowly and looking in my eyes all the time; while gradually a warm little bare hand stole out from under the wraps. 'I thought you meant *this*'—and the warm little hand was about my neck.

For one wild moment I tried to remember my anger; but the shining eyes were still smiling into mine; and next moment the laughing mouth was warm on my lips.

Ah! well, who could have resisted it? In an instant my arms were about her, and I was straining her to my heart.

How could two young people who loved each other have been so foolish?

A FEN PARISH.

Four miles north of Spalding, which its good folk are pleased to dub the 'Metropolis of the Fens,' lies the village of Surfleet, Lincolnshire. Close by the parish church, which stands beside the main highway from Spalding to Boston, flows the river Glen, the principal affluent of the Welland, which it meets two and a half miles to the east of the village. Below the confluence, the sluggish Welland used formerly to find its way to the Wash through wide marshes, that at seasons of high tide were covered with the inflowing sea.

Two hundred years ago the inhabitants of this parish elected every Easter, in addition to the churchwardens, overseers of the poor, surveyors of highways, and constables, the usual parish officers everywhere, also an ale-taster, a swine-

ringer, a pinder and field-tenter, a marsh shepherd, a marsh reeve, and two dike reeves. The ale-taster—called also ale-conner—was appointed to assay or test the strength and quality of the beer brewed by the brewers. If it was below the standard, he ordered it to be sold at a price lower than that fixed by law for good beer. The duties of the swine-ringer were to see that the owners of swine 'ringed' them properly—that is, put an iron nail into their noses, to prevent them from rooting up the turf. At that period, large herds of swine seem to have been kept, chiefly on the open common-land of the parish. The roads, too, were wide, and had broad grassy margins. The pigs, therefore, if not ringed, would have done damage to the turf by ploughing it up with their snouts. The Court of the Duchy of Lancaster, which had jurisdiction over the fens or part of them, issued a special code of laws or orders to regulate the use of common right and pasturage. One of these orders was to the effect that 'No swine were to be put in the Fens unringed.' The churchwardens' account-book shows the great amount of damage that swine sometimes did to the roads in the following entry in the year 1771: 'To two days filling in the swine rootings and cleaning the roads in several places, three shillings.'

The pinder had charge of the pound or pinfold, into which all cattle, sheep, horses, or swine that were found straying on the roads were put, and detained until claimed and ransomed by their owners. In 1697 this official was empowered to charge 'for every horse, twopence; for every beast, twopence; for every swine, fourpence, for every time that they shall trespass in the open fields of Surfleet; and for every score of sheep, fourpence.' Thus every pig was accounted as troublesome as two horses or two beasts, or even twenty sheep.

The marsh shepherd was elected by the inhabitants—that is, the farmers and owners of stock—to take charge of their sheep that were sent to be grazed on the Welland marshes. He was paid for his trouble all through the eighteenth century at the rate of four shillings a score for sheep, and one penny a piece for lambs, for the year.

To the marsh reeve was entrusted the important duty of maintaining the sea-banks, and keeping watch upon them in times of high tide or heavy rains, when the inland streams and channels were swollen with water. The office was of course one of great responsibility. The bed of the river (Welland), and the beds of the drainage water-courses that emptied into it, were in many cases higher than the level of the adjoining lands; and their waters were only kept in by high grassy banks. Consequently, any neglect of these banks exposed the entire district to inundation. In 1777 the marshes were enclosed, and about the same time the river was deepened and its channel improved; since then, the marsh reeve has acted as factor, or steward,

or bailiff for the inhabitants of the parish in respect of that portion of the marshes which was assigned to them in common ownership.

The dike reeve—in the Fens the ditches are called 'dykes' or 'dikes'—were, and are, officers appointed to inspect the parish drains, sewers, and dykes connected with the artificial drainage-works of the district. They were charged to keep them free from weeds and reeds, to preserve their sides or banks in good order, to maintain the efficiency of the tunnels and bridges and sluices, and let in the water from the rivers, or shut it out, according as occasion might require. Every year, between the 1st of September and the following 25th of March, they 'rode the sewers' and larger ditches or drains—a duty which engaged one man for eight days. This was for the purpose of inspecting them preparatory to presenting their annual Report before the nearest Court of Sewers at Boston. The dike reeves were allowed five shillings each for every day spent in 'riding the sewers.'

The account-books of the parish are full of entries for matters peculiar to a Fen parish, such as payments for cleaning out dykes; heightening and repairing river-banks; watching the water night and day in times of flood; maintaining banks, bridges, tunnels; opening the outfalls of drains and other water-courses choked up with mud; 'cradging' banks—that is, heightening and backing them temporarily with clay, to prevent the water running over them or percolating through them—and such-like things, as well as for purchasing timber, thorns, bricks and stones for making and repairing these various drainage-works.

On these wide marshes travellers were sometimes belated and drowned; nor were the natives themselves exempt from fatal disasters on them. The seamen, shepherds, wild-duck hunters, fishermen, fowlers, and others whose callings took them on those lonely expanses, were occasionally overtaken by the waters and lost. Whether the following entries in the parish registers refer to cases of this nature is not stated; it is probable that they were: '17 $\frac{2}{3}$ February 16, Wm. Foresigh, a Scotchman of the parish of Middleby, in the county of Annandale, buried; and '1729, April 18, Dunkin Camoll, Passenger, of Stirling-bridge, in Scotland, buried. These entries were evidently made by one who was no great adept at spelling, and spelt phonetically; the names are presumably 'Wm. Forsyth' and 'Duncan Campbell.' Another parish functionary there was who should be named—a dog-whipper, to whip the dogs out of the churchyard; he was in receipt of an annual salary of twenty-one shillings for performing the no doubt onerous duties of his office. The payment, though not the name, was continued until past the middle of the present century.

Here are some 'curiosities' from the records of the parish. A payment of one shilling to this or the other person for 'killing an otter,' and the same sum for 'killing a fox,' are frequent items between 1753 and 1780. Under Christmas Day, 1760, stands, 'Paid for a foxes foot, one shilling.' Under 1759, 'For carrying the Command^{ts} to Donington, four shillings;' and 'For the Command^{ts} coming home, four shillings.' Not that Donington, a town six miles distant, was above

all its neighbours godless and wicked, and Surfleet especially holy; the reference is no doubt to some painted or printed copy of the Ten Commandments, such as frequently hang on church walls, which was sent to Donington to be repainted or mended.

The following entries seem to indicate that the inhabitants of Surfleet were certainly not holy above their fellows, but, on the contrary, lawless, fond of wanton mischief, and given to rough practical joking: '1762, April 11th. Spent sixpence upon Jno. Perkins for helping me to set a boy in y^e stocks;' several items for locks for the churchyard gates and the various doors of the church; for new gates on more than one occasion; a reward 'for getting back the churchyard gates;' 'for pulling the churchyard stones out of the river [Glen], sixpence;' and 'the constables to be allowed one guinea for putting a stop to the nuisances on a Sunday by boys and men playing at marbles and chuck, and people getting drunk on the Sabbath, or any other disorderly conduct' (March 25th, 1828). 'Ale for washing the church when cleaned one shilling' reads very funnily; the ale was of course wanted not for washing the church, but for washing the throats of those who washed the church.

During the first half of the present century sparrows seem to have been a plague in Surfleet; at a vestry meeting held on the 26th of March 1840, the surveyors of the highways were empowered to purchase them at the rate of one penny per dozen eggs, twopence for young birds, and fourpence for old birds; and at a still earlier date the contractor for the poor in the poorhouse was expressly relieved of the expense of destroying them. April 7th 1801. 'At this meeting [of the vestry] the question was put whether the ringing days shall be continued, the ringers [who received 10s. 6d. to 12s. 6d. a day] not doing their duty. The voices were as follows: ayes, 6; noes, 13.' The churches of the Fens are noted for their fine rings of bells.

THE MONTH:

SCIENCE AND ARTS.

THE United States Consul at Nassau has recently reported in a very interesting manner upon the sponge-trade of the Bahama Islands, an industry which employs between five and six thousand persons, the majority of whom are blacks. The sponges are dragged from their beds by means of long poles, to which are attached iron hooks, after their locality has been ascertained by means of a water-glass. This contrivance consists simply of a wooden box about nine inches square with a plate-glass bottom. When floated on the water, this apparatus will enable a person looking into it to see plainly objects at the bottom of the sea, even though they be three or four fathoms distant. An attempt, some years ago, to do away with this primitive system of obtaining sponges by the introduction of dredges was frustrated, for it was feared that the new method would have the effect of extirpating the sponges. It is not known exactly how long a sponge takes in growing to a marketable size, and there are many

contradictory opinions on the subject; but it appears that from twelve to eighteen months is approximately correct.

A new form of wood-paving is now being put on its trial in the streets of Paris. Oak-blocks four inches in depth are split up as if they were intended for firewood, and are laid loosely on end upon a foundation of sand. Sand is then thrown over them, so that all crevices are filled up, and a layer of finer sand is covered over all. The roadway thus made is alternately beaten and watered, the moisture causing the wood to swell, and so compressing the materials into a homogeneous mass. It is claimed for this description of paving that it will last a long time, and will sustain the heaviest traffic without giving way.

Some experiments have lately been reported as having taken place in France with the object of determining the effect of electricity upon the growth of plants. The apparatus used was simple enough, for it consisted only of a zinc plate and a copper plate placed one at each end of a seedbed and connected above by a copper wire. A row of hemp grown in the electrified seedbed produced stalks which were forty-three inches longer than those of plants growing under normal conditions. Potatoes nearly doubled their output of tubers under the influence of the current, while tomatoes were made to ripen eight days earlier than those to which no electricity was applied. These results, if correctly reported, are very extraordinary, but confirmation is needed.

It is a matter of common knowledge that during the initial stage of a fire a very small quantity of water is sufficient to extinguish it, hence it has become usual to place in buildings various forms of extinguishing apparatus, from the humble bucket to the elaborate chemical contrivance charged with carbonic acid. But in the case of the buckets it is too often found at the critical moment that they have become half empty by evaporation. A noteworthy improvement in such apparatus is exhibited in Messer & Thorpe's Patent Bucket and Fire-extinguisher. The peculiar feature of this invention is that the buckets are kept in a kind of square tank, which may be made ornamental if desired, and that they telescope one inside the other to the number of twenty or more, and are always full of water; that is to say, the tank is of such a size that it holds a little more water than the capacity of the twenty buckets. These fit one inside the other; and at an alarm of fire, the lid of the tank would be opened, and the buckets taken out one by one, each being quite full of the liquid. Apart from the efficiency of this system, it is a great advantage that the buckets should be hidden away in the manner described. The invention was shown at the recent Naval Exhibition, and attracted much attention.

Another invention of quite a different kind was shown at the same Exhibition during the last few weeks that it was open; this is Kelway's

Marine and General Electrical Signalling Apparatus. This contrivance consists of a frame or shallow box which can conveniently be about six feet high by four feet in breadth. It contains fifty incandescent electric lamps, connected in such a manner that part of them can be illuminated at the will of the operator. Upon a small keyboard arrangement is provided a button for each letter of the alphabet, and on pressure of the particular button denoting the letter, certain lamps in the box forming that letter are illuminated. In this way luminous signals which any one can understand can be rapidly spelt out. Such a box can be affixed to the rigging of a ship or against any building on shore, or in any other situation desired. The apparatus acts perfectly; and the letters being six feet in height, can be read from a very great distance. The electric lamp has now become so common that there would be no difficulty in any large town, or indeed on shipboard, in finding the necessary current to furnish the energy for this excellent method of signalling. It is evident that the letters can be made to spell words direct, or any form of private code could be used.

A correspondent of *Nature* describes a method for the destruction of mosquitoes which we believe is not commonly known; and he tells us of an English resident on the Riviera who had freed his property from this pest. Fresh water on the Riviera, as many of our readers well know, is scarce, and therefore it is treasured accordingly. The inhabitants store it for use in tanks and other receptacles. Now, the larvæ of the mosquito, it is asserted, can live only in fresh water, and the carp happens to be a fish which is particularly fond of that larvæ as an article of diet. The gentleman referred to exterminated the insects by the simple device of placing a pair of carp in each tank attached to his premises. We feel certain that there are many places abroad where the conditions are similar and where this experiment might be tried with advantage.

A new method of brickmaking has been invented by Mr Kennedy of the United States, and a company has been formed to work the patent in this country. The brickmaking machine was recently shown at Southall, and proved in a conclusive manner the efficient nature of the process. The most noteworthy feature in this mechanical brickmaker is that the clay is used perfectly dry. After being reduced to powder in a disintegrator, it is strained through a sieve, and then falls into the hopper of the machine, the coarse particles being returned to the disintegrator to be reduced once more. From the hopper the powdered clay is fed into moulds, which are four in number, and a pressure of one hundred and sixty tons is then brought to bear upon each. This is equal to about one ton per square inch, and this great pressure is secured by compound levers of the first order. When the bricks so made leave the moulds they are very hard and compact, and they are at once taken away to the kiln to be fired. The machine is strictly automatic, self-feeding and self-discharging, and the work being done under shelter, can go on all the year round without interruption. The machine in question has an output of twenty thousand bricks per day of ten hours.

Long before the gelatine dry plate had fur-

nished photographers with a means of taking so-called instantaneous pictures, a collodion dry plate had been employed, and although its qualities were good, it possessed the demerit of extreme slowness, and so its use was discarded. Two years ago, at the Birmingham Photographic Convention, Dr Hill-Norris announced that he had succeeded in producing a collodion dry plate which rivalled gelatine in rapidity; and he promised at that time that the new plates should be presently placed upon the market. We now learn that this promise is to be fulfilled in a very few weeks, and photographers are looking forward to the revival of an old process which had several advantages, and which may possibly prove a formidable rival to the more modern form of photographic dry plate.

The English sparrow is regarded in certain transatlantic towns in much the same way as the English rabbit is looked upon in Australia and New Zealand. In other words, he has been so prolific that he has become a nuisance; and many sufferers have endeavoured to invent the best means of destroying him. In one of the American papers it is advocated that the sparrows should be exterminated by the administration of poisoned food; and the method recommended is to soak grain in strongly sweetened water and then to sprinkle dry arsenic upon it. But the sparrow is such a cunning bird that he must be tempted for a few days to the food by spreading unadulterated grain in a certain locality, to which he will gradually become accustomed. This grain can afterwards be replaced with the poisoned variety to the discomfiture of the poor birds.

It has often been complained that the use of modern explosives in mines leads to the production of such poisonous fumes that a grave danger to the workmen is thus incurred. A short time ago a Committee was appointed by the Durham Coal-owners' Association, consisting of representatives of both masters and men, to consider this important question. Careful experiments having been made, the Committee came to the conclusion that the fumes produced are not more dangerous than those from gunpowder; that carbon monoxide—the irrespirable gas which is produced by the combustion of charcoal, and which has led to so many deaths—is present only in traces; that an interval of five minutes should be allowed to elapse before the men re-enter the gallery in which the charge has been fired; and that as they find a portion of the deleterious gases are due to the fuse employed, the charges should be invariably fired by electricity.

Telegraphic wires in China are invariably placed under ground, and the reason why the familiar poles and aerial wires to which we are so accustomed in this country are not adopted in the land of the rising sun is a curious one. There are no cemeteries or burial-grounds in China, each family providing for the sepulture of the dead upon its own premises. Dead ancestors are held in such peculiar reverence among the Celestials, that a shadow cast upon the grave of such is looked upon as an insult that must on no account be passed over. It was found that when the first Telegraph Company began to put up poles on which to hang their wires, that the shadows of these poles were sure at some time of the day to fall upon the grave of somebody's

ancestor, and there were constant disputes between the workmen and the inhabitants. The men, in fact, could not get on with their work; and being unfamiliar with the Chinese language, were unable to understand what the uproar meant which their work occasioned. The Government was then appealed to, and the secret came out; thenceforward, for their own protection, the company were forced to lay their wires below ground.

The *Papermaker* reminds its readers that in the International Exhibition of 1891 a specimen of iron paper was shown. This led to some competition among iron-masters as to the thinness to which cold iron could be rolled. One maker produced a sheet of paper so thin that eighteen hundred layers of it piled upon one another measured only one inch in thickness. The fineness of the iron-foil referred to may be understood when it is remembered that twelve hundred sheets of the thinnest tissue-paper arranged in the same manner measure a fraction more than one inch in thickness. The iron paper was perfectly smooth and easy to write upon; but when held up to the light, it was porous. We are not aware of any practical use to which iron paper could be put, for, owing to its liability to rust, it would be far inferior to the paper that we are accustomed to.

Oranges, figs, olives, and grapes are now freely grown in Australia, and find their way to most European countries. It is reported that a Greek gardener has expressed the opinion that the colonial fruit is inferior in quality to that grown at Smyrna and Athens. This report having been brought to the notice of the Department of Agriculture at New South Wales, the British consuls at Naples and Marseilles were appealed to for a consignment of the best varieties of grapes, figs, and olives grown in Italy and France; and when the cuttings arrive in Australia, experiments are to be carried out at the various stations throughout the colony with a view to produce the finest possible varieties of the respective fruits.

It is often desirable to relieve the tedium of travelling by rail by testing the speed at which the train is running along, and many persons amuse themselves by timing this speed by noting, watch in hand, the time at which the various mile-posts are passed. There is a rule, however, which gives approximately correct results, which any one may practise without reference to a time-keeper. The rails average about thirty feet in length; and the number passed over in twenty seconds equals, roughly, the number of miles per hour at which the train is travelling. Unless the train is running at a very high speed, say over sixty miles per hour, there is no difficulty in counting the number of rails passed over, as there is a distinct click as the joint between each pair of rails is covered by the wheel.

A great deal of misconception exists with regard to the actual speed at which a modern locomotive engine can travel, and wild statements have lately been made as to the wonderful pace at which posterity will glide along the rails. Mr Stretton, C.E., speaking at Leicester recently, gave a statement of the highest speeds yet attained, and places the limit at eighty miles per hour. At this speed, he tells us, the resistance of the air and the back-pressure in the cylinders become so

great that they absorb the whole power of the engine. It is then useless to attempt to still further open the regulator and try to go faster, as the back-pressure instantly increases, as the exhaust steam cannot be got out of the cylinders fast enough.

Mr Maxim, whose name is well known in connection with the machine gun which bears his name, is now engaged upon the construction of a novel flying-machine, the completion of which must be looked forward to with great interest. This flying-machine, or ship, will measure about eighty feet long by thirty feet in breadth, and is mostly made of extremely thin but strong steel plates. The motive-power will be steam generated by some hydro-carbon such as petroleum. The machine will differ from all others previously devised in dispensing altogether with the balloon principle; in fact, it will resemble more than anything else a huge kite. Whether it will succeed is an open question, about which many doubts must exist; but there is no doubt that its inventor believes in it and will carry it to completion.

We have constantly to record the utilisation of waste products, and it is always an agreeable task to do so, because it is evident that such utilisation means a distinct gain to the wealth of the country. The last invention of the kind must be credited to Mr W. L. Brookway, who has pointed out a way to save the waste tin plate from the cans, cases, and other receptacles for preserved foods which now find their way into every household. The tins are first heated in a special form of furnace, and it is stated that in about three or four minutes the tin and solder are completely separated from the iron which forms the base of the so-called tin plate, and falls to the bottom of the furnace. The iron itself is left in such a condition that, after cleaning, cold-rolling, and annealing, it makes a tough high-class iron plate, which is fit for a number of different applications. It need hardly be said that the separated tin and solder are not the least valuable of the metals saved.

We have heard a great deal recently about so-called hypnotism, and as it is a subject upon which the general public seem extremely ignorant, and one which has led very often to mischievous results, we think it as well to quote the opinion of Dr Calderwood, Professor of Moral Philosophy at Edinburgh. Lecturing a short time ago on the subject of Hypnotism, he said it was merely a new name for mesmerism. With regard to the method of producing the artificially induced sleep, he stated that there was nothing in the nature of electricity or magnetism about it, and, contrary to the general belief, no influence whatever emanated from the body of the operator. The results are really brought about by the tiring of a single line of nerve, and he believed that many people, if not all, were liable to it, but not against their will. The condition during the sleep was akin to the cataleptic state, or the state of the sleep-walker, and he warned his audience against having anything to do with it.

An investigation into the condition of animal life in the depths of the Black Sea has led to a curious discovery. Experiments in this direction have been going on for the past two years, and an interesting Report is now being prepared by the scientists who have been engaged in the work.

From this it appears that from one end to the other of the Sea, the water below a certain depth is impregnated with sulphuretted hydrogen, and in consequence of this no animal life is found below that depth. A satisfactory explanation of this phenomenon has as yet not been found.

A well-known bee-master of the Gironde, Mr Teynac, has conceived the idea of utilising the interesting insects under his care in an altogether novel manner. He has found that they show the same instinct which is exhibited by the carrier-pigeon in returning to their hives from long distances. A bee-line has become an expression which is understood to mean a straight course from one place to another, the little insect flying in this direct manner to its home. Mr Teynac's plan is to attract the wandering bee by means of a saucer of sugar or honey; to take it between a pair of tweezers, and to affix to its thorax a small ticket by means of fish-glue. This ticket might bear microscopic writing, or might indeed consist of a photo-micrograph such as was commonly used during the siege of Paris for conveyance of news by pigeon post. It is not pretended that the bees will cover the immense distances which

the birds are known to travel; indeed, their flight must be limited to perhaps three or four miles. Still, the system might be found useful in the absence of the feathered messengers.

SONNET TO THE NEW YEAR.

FOR ever doth our Mother Earth repeat
Her happy welcome to the young New Year,
Unstained as yet by human sigh or tear.
What marvel his bright presence doth she greet,
And pours her winter treasures at his feet.
On naked branch her frost-gems sparkle clear;
Her snow-wreaths hide the leaves decayed and sere.
All must be beautiful his step to meet,
Who brings again the glory of her youth.
The saddest heart forbears awhile to grieve,
As o'er its threshold steps the fair New Year.
'What gift?' it cries. 'Now answer me in truth.'
The New Year whispers: 'Nay, thy questioning
leave;
My gifts are all from God—then wherefore fear?'

MARY GORGES.

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